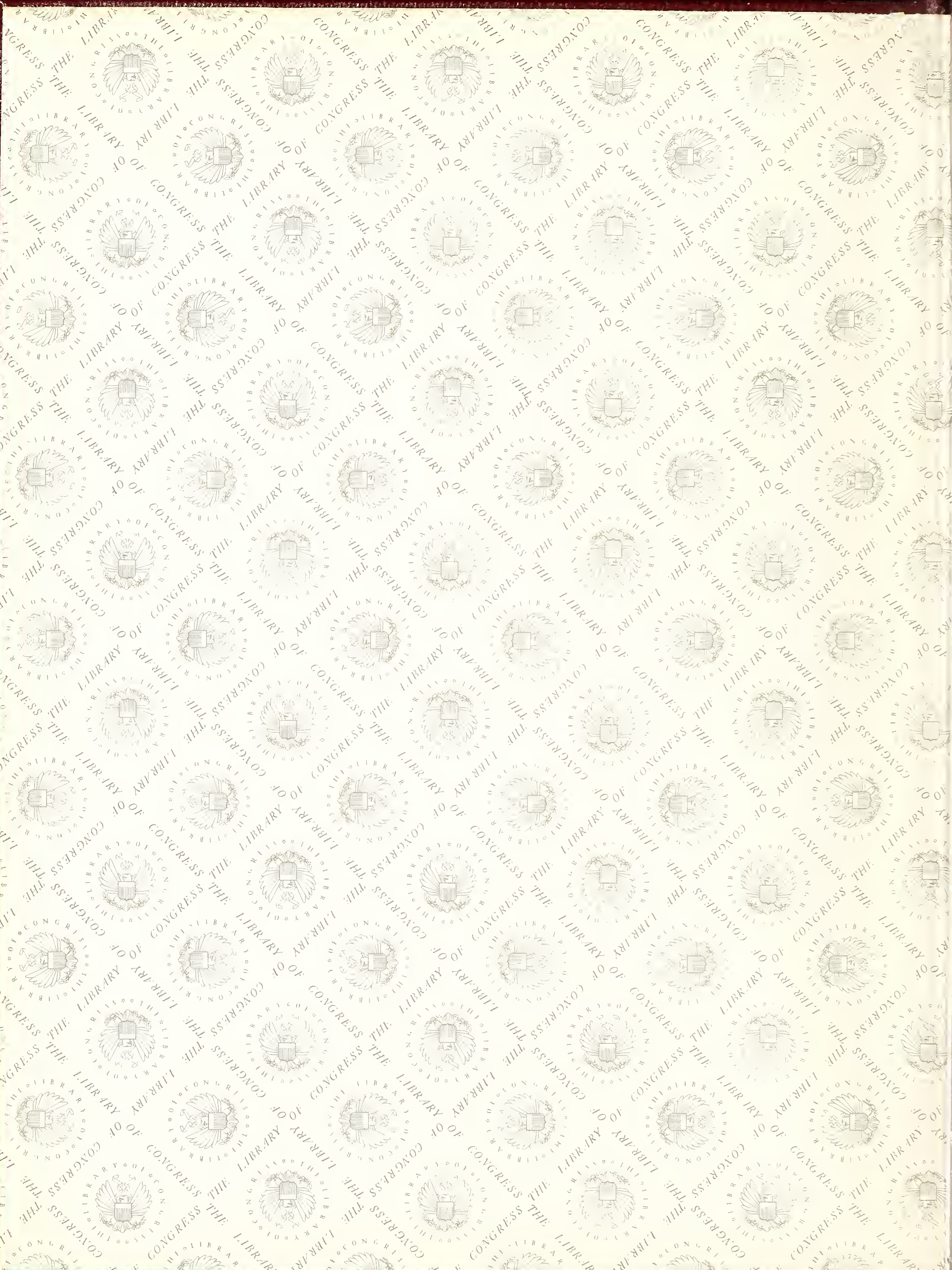
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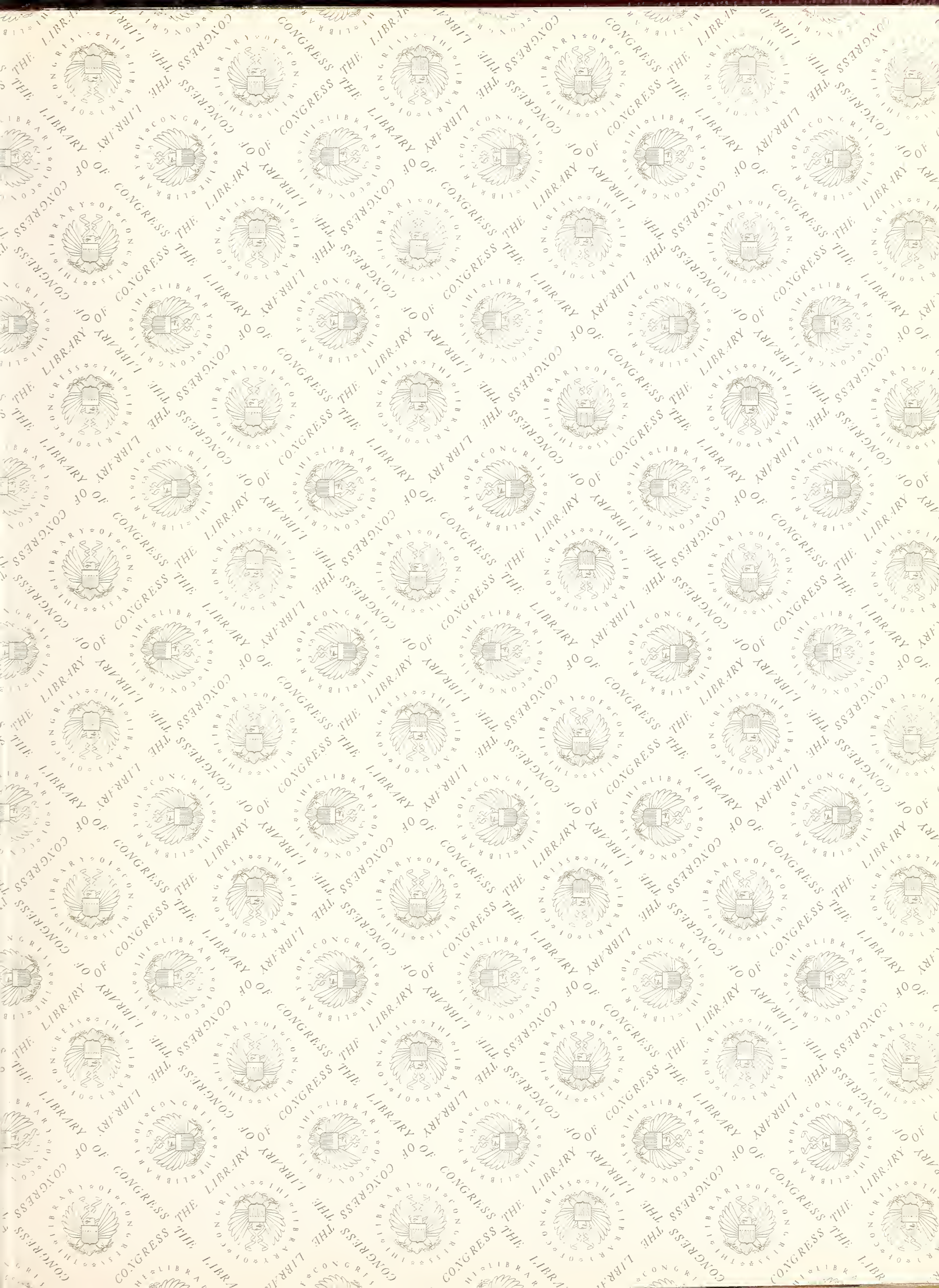

Modern Screen

ULY

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A DELL MAGAZINE
DELL

JUNE HAVER

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Give *Everything* to that Perfect Kiss

Let This Flower-Fragrant Talc Make You Sweetly Ready for its Bliss!

Now time for love is short, kisses happen fast. So always be alluring to meet your big moment. You're simply adorable—as if you were bathed in flowers—when you shower yourself with Lander's Talc. Try Lilacs and Roses for tender romance. Or Spicy Apple Blossom for a deeper thrill. But *beware*... the heavenly enchantment it creates may stir a bit of the devil in his heart!

Be sure to get one of these exotic talcs at your 10¢ store next time you shop.

LANDER'S TALCS

10¢ EACH

YOUR LOVELY LIPS deserve the flattery of this exquisite style creation—Dorothy Reed Lipstick. In smart, new *thrill-seeking* reds and *delicious* new pinks. Jumbo size, swivel case—sensationally priced at only 25¢. Ask for it at your favorite 10¢ store.

Dorothy Reed

COSMETIC STYLISTS
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PN1993
.M337

"You're a big help!"

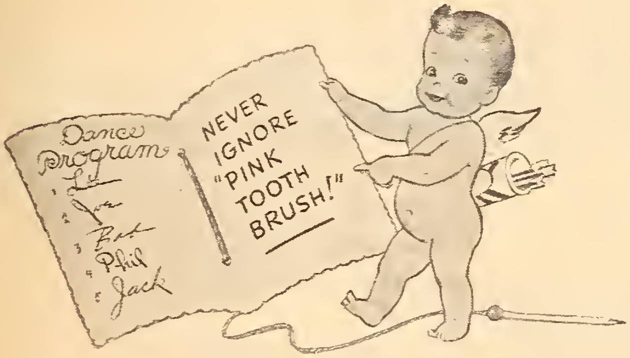
GIRL: Maybe I'm not a cover girl, Cupid. But it's moonlight. It's a party. And where's my date? Inside talking politics, that's where!

CUPID: Oh?

GIRL: Yes! And what're you doing about it? *Nothing!*

CUPID: How about *you,* Honey? What'd *you* do to keep him here? Did you turn on your sparkling-est smile? No! Did—

GIRL: Pardon, Cupid. But *my* sparkling-est smile is *no sparkler*. I brush my teeth, but—



CUPID: No sparkle, huh, Sis? And, lately, "pink" on your tooth brush? Right . . . ? *Right!* And what d'you *do* about it? *Nothing!* You just go gleeping along day after day with dull teeth! Don't you know that "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist!*

GIRL: Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

CUPID: Dentists aren't just for toothaches, Sugar. See yours now. He may find your gums are being robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But what's that got to do with my smile?

CUPID: Lots! Because Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. And massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help them to healthier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder, brighter teeth. And a smile that keeps your date from talking politics at parties! Get going, Child!

Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty **IPANA AND MASSAGE**

Singer Julie Adams (J. Leslie) loves Geo. Gershwin (Bob Alda), yet relinquishes him to his music, later, to death.

Fannie Hurst SELECTS "RHAPSODY IN BLUE"

■ If "Rhapsody In Blue" were not a title that has a beauty and identity all its own, this picture might significantly be called: "Rhapsody in Red, White and Blue."

Here is a story that has its source in the heart of every American. It is about one of our own—a boy born out of our soil, reared in our native idiom, matured in the streets of our greatest metropolis.

It is the story of George Gershwin, translated graphically and with fidelity to the screen.

And George Gershwin is someone we love because we understand him, and by those tokens "Rhapsody In Blue" is sure to find a place in the nostalgic heart of the American public.

Directed by Irving Rapper, it takes its title, of course, from this American composer's best-known work. By way of a combination of happy circumstances, the screen rhapsody comes to vivid life by way of sensitive direction, sensitive acting and respect for the subject.

All of this, naturally, is heightened to the nth degree by a brilliant and flooding accompaniment of Gershwin music. His more serious works and the most popular of his song hits stud the picture with the (*Continued on page* 10)

HERE'S THE MIRACLE MUSICAL AS BIG, AS NEW, AS DIFFERENT AS ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED! ALL ON THE SCREEN! AND YOU'RE NOT DREAMING!

"A cross-century girl-hunt with Fred, G. Washington, C. Columbus and the U.S. Marines hot on the trail of joyous Joan and luscious June! . . . Laugh at its Gags! Marvel at its Magnificence! Thrill to its Romance! Sing its Songs! . . . There's Never Been Anything Like It Before! *The Funniest Picture Ever Set to Music!*

Fred MacMURRAY
Joan LESLIE
June HAVER

SONGS!
"Morale"
"If Love Remains"
"All At Once"
"Song of The Rhineland"
"Columbus"

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?" *IN TECHNICOLOR!*

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

with
GENE SHELDON · ANTHONY QUINN · CARLOS RAMIREZ · ALAN MOWBRAY
FORTUNIO BONONOVA · HERMAN BING · HOWARD FREEMAN
Directed by GREGORY RATOFF Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG Screen Play by MORRIE RYSKIND
Story by MORRIE RYSKIND and SIG HERZIG · Lyrics and Music by Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill · Dances Staged by Fanchon

TO THE DAINTY BELONG THE MEN

HER
Invisible Charm
IS THE SILKEN
FRAGRANCE OF MAVIS

However hot the day, she walks in cool, heavenly fragrance. For she showers with sweet Mavis Talcum, after her bath. Mavis leaves skin smooth, pretty, dry; armpits truly dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. She starts fresh . . keeps fresh . . appealing, adorable.

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MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis, too!

The same delightful
MAVIS fragrance in
Talc Mit, 69¢ and $1.00
Dusting Powder
with Puff $1.00

MAVIS
talcum
FOR BODY BEAUTY

At all cosmetic counters, 59¢, 39¢, 23¢, 10¢
All prices plus tax

V. VIVAUDOU, INC., Distributors

CO-ED

Sure, "boy-meets-girl" is an oldie. But to repeat the obvious, we present these guarantees for making you the gal in any summer love story

■ Comes summer—comes sunburn and poison ivy—and love! If you know your first aid, you can cope with the first pair, and we're right here to help with the last, so your summer should be daisy.

First of all, you may as well know that summer love is tricky stuff. It's beautiful as moonlight, but usually it's just about as lasting. If you don't expect too much of it, your summer can be gay and beau-studded. And even if it doesn't net you a deathless romance, it can help you grow in poise and experience, in humor and understanding, in the things that will eventually snag you a permanent man.

Have Fun! Now's your big, fat chance to get to know the boys you see all winter long but don't dare speak to. Where? At the tennis court, the beach, the community garden. At bond concerts and at ball games. They're all over the place, and if you are, too, (looking cute as a bunny, being friendly as can be), things are bound to happen. They'll ask you to have a Pepsi after your swim, a hot dog during the ball game. They'll show you how to tie up your tomato plants, they'll sing off key in your ear at the concerts. Those things just happen in the summertime to the gals who make the most of their opportunities. Are you making the most of yours?

Be Careful! Summertime is sort of perpetual fiesta time. Everyone's less inhibited, more relaxed. A guy who wouldn't hold your hand in December will kiss you goodnight in July and think nothing of it. If *you* try to make something of it, you'll scare him away forever. Handle the whole business in a kidding, light-hearted way and you'll hang on to his friendship a long while.

If you vacation away from home beware of wolves. Summer resorts are favorite hangouts for married guys on the loose, older men who talk a swell wedding but rarely follow through, adventures of (*Continued on page 10*)

JEAN KINKEAD

CO-ED LETTERBOX

■ How do you get the boy across the street to look at you—with a glint in his eye—when for years he's been thinking of you as "Bob's little sister?" I'm sixteen; he's seventeen. J. L., Cicero, Ill.

First thing to do is to stop acting like "Bob's little sister." You know you do. You boss him, tease him, tussle with him—just the way you do with your brother. Why, you even let him see you in curlers, we'll bet. Be just as friendly with him as you've ever been, but instead of diving into all their rough housing, stay a little bit aloof. Go in for a touch of glamour when he's around. A flower in your hair; a shot of perfume. Have another girl over some afternoon when he and brother's there and lure them in for some records and a snack. They might even break down and dance with you. Don't swing into the new routine too suddenly, but by degrees you can get him to think of you as kind of a queen.

■ Can you do anything at all for so-called adolescent skin or do we just have to grow out of it? Betty Jane and Mary Anne, Toronto, Can. (*Continued on page 26*)

How Could It Be Anything Else But

GREAT...

Because its story comes from the pen of the great John Steinbeck, in collaboration with Jack Wagner—Because its script was written by the man who helped put all the delightful, deep-down heart-appeal in "Going My Way"... Frank Butler—Because, like Barry Fitzgerald in "Going My Way," J. Carrol Naish makes screen history in a brilliant new supporting role....

Because two great stars grow greater in brilliant dramatic performances —And because it has a theme as unusual, a story as tenderly moving as "Going My Way," *how could it be anything else but* GREAT!

Paramount *presents*

Dorothy LAMOUR **Arturo deCORDOVA**

in

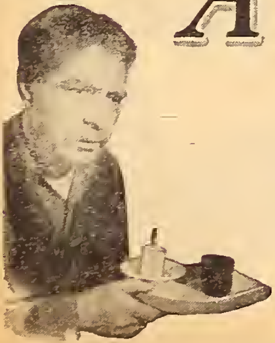
"A MEDAL for BENNY"

From the story by **JOHN STEINBECK** and Jack Wagner

with **J. CARROL NAISH** • Mikhail Rasumny • Fernando Alvarado

Frank McHugh • Directed by IRVING PICHEL

Screen Play by Frank Butler



Legs are bared by fashion...the underarm by every gesture... and so you need double protection— NEET Cream Depilatory that removes hair, and NEET Cream Deodorant that halts perspiration, for the assurance that comes of being well-groomed.

BETTER GET NEET TODAY

neet

at cosmetic counters in stores everywhere

CO-ED

(Continued from page 8)

all kinds. Be sure you know something about the place. Inquire about it through a travel bureau or the Chamber of Commerce in the town where it's located. Go with at least one other girl and stay together as much as you can. You can have just as much fun, and you'll be twice as safe.

If you've got a summer job or are going to summer school, you'll find yourself in closer contact with the great wide world than ever before. Be reserved and make friends slowly. Steer clear of pick-ups. Double-date if you don't know a boy well. Avoid blind dates unless you know and trust the girl who's arranging them.

Postage stamp sunsuits and bathing suits are peachy for your own backyard, but a lot of lads are going to get the wrong idea if you wear them around. Be a little conservative and you'll spare yourself a lot of passes from all the wrong people.

And if you do get Burned: You ignore all the warnings, and you go and fall for a boy who doesn't fall back! Or maybe he does for a while and then tosses you over for a pint-sized blond. . . . Anyway, your heart is black and blue, and you're through with woo. Ah, no you're not, baby. You can drop that torch in short order if you really want to. First, take the halo off the guy's head and see him with all his faults. His lack of consideration, his awful posture, his inability to laugh at *your* jokes. He wasn't so red hot, taken all in all, was he? Dwell on his defects. That's step one. Next, put away all the records, poetry, dead corsages that remind you of him. There's no future in living in the past, now is there? Especially when living in same makes you all red-eyed and haggy. Stop talking about him to everyone. Lay off writing him letters that you know perfectly well you'll never mail. Stop seeking him out and shadowing him. Censor him from your life and substitute a new interest. A hobby will do for a while—learning Spanish maybe. Or learning how to make your own clothes. Gradually, as the hurt goes away, the new interest will be a new man. You think we're kidding? Try it and see!

* * *

If we didn't hit on your special problem this time, won't you write and tell us about it? Whether you're in a stew over a guy, a parent, a career—anything at all, there's a solution, and we've got it. Write to Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

FANNIE HURST SELECTS

(Continued from page 6)

brilliancy of jewels.

Make up your minds that you are in for entertainment, heart-beat, heart-ache and ebullient music of Grade-A variety.

Warner Brothers, careful to preserve the motivating forces behind George Gershwin's life and works, are equally meticulous in casting this memorial film.

Robert Alda, a comparative newcomer, gives a finished and believable performance in the difficult title role. Joan Leslie and Alexis Smith, as the two women beloved of the young genius, are rightly cast. Charles Coburn, as usual, leaves no stone unturned in the completeness of his characterization of the producer. Morris Carnovsky and Rosemary DeCamp play the parents and thus round out an excellent casting achievement.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Is your boy in blue and off to the sea? Then here's a nifty secret just among the three of us. We have autographs of all the stars listed below and they're for you—that is, if you send a quarter for each one you want. And where does that sailor lad come in? Well, those quarters heap up in great big piles for the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND that is doing so much to help our seamen and their families. And now, I guess we'd better let everyone in on this: You can get FIVE for the price of FOUR! So ship-ahoy and unanchor those coins, for even the canniest Scot would go for this investment.

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Dana Andrews
Lois Andrews

Lauren Bacall
Jane Ball
Lucille Ball
Jess Barker
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Julie Bishop
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Marguerite Chapman
Dane Clark
Claudette Colbert
Nancy Coleman
Ronald Colman
Richard Conte
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Stephen Crane
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Ted Donaldson
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Dunn
Irene Dunne
Jimmy Durante

Nelson Eddy
William Eythe

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Errol Flynn

Clark Gable
Ava Gardner
John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson

Jon Hall
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Sonja Henie
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Skippy Homeier
Bob Hope
Lena Horne
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson

Jennifer Jones
Arline Judge

Danny Kaye
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Peter Lawford
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Fred MacMurray
Lon McCallister
Joel McCrea
Roddy McDowall
Fibber McGee & Molly
Dorothy McGuire
Alan Marshal
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Carmen Miranda
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Tom Neal
Lloyd Nolan

Merle Oberon
Edmund O'Brien
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Kevin O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

Frances Rafferty
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Walter Reed
George Reeves
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Gail Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Phyllis Thaxter
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

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City...

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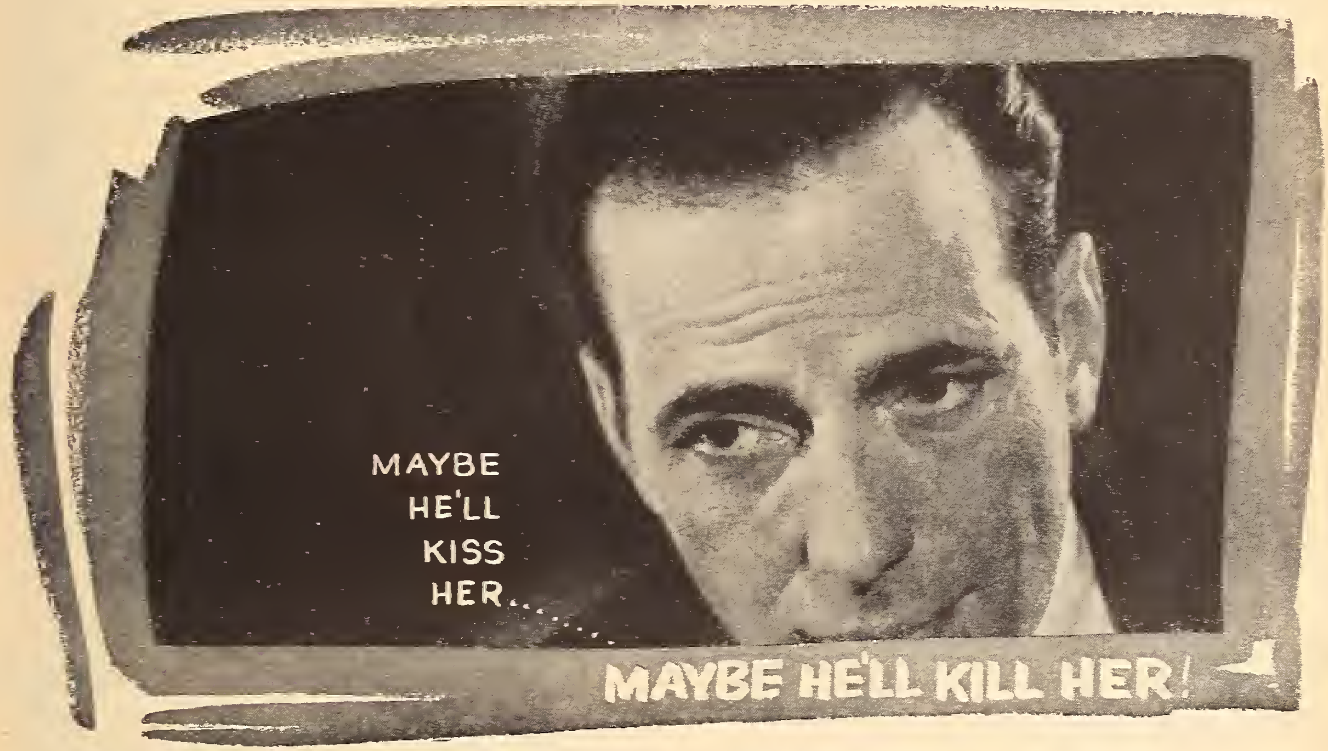
Now comes a

HUMPHREY BOGART

you'd never suspect!

(....or would you?)


MAYBE HE'LL KISS HER...
MAYBE HE'LL KILL HER!

WARNERS

BRING YOU SUSPENSE, SUSPICION AND MAN-WOMAN MADNESS —MORE EXCITINGLY THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE!

She's got plenty to be afraid of!

Co-starring

ALEXIS SMITH · SYDNEY (The fat-man) GREENSTREET

"Conflict"

The two mighty men of menace!

Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT
Screen Play by ARTHUR T. HORMAN and DWIGHT TAYLOR · Based on Original Story by Robert Siodmak and Alfred Neumann
Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

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New, beautifully designed, figure-flattering! Tailored in rich rayon gabardine; becoming low round neckline; contrasting bows at neck and waist. Skirt shirred for slim waist and smart front drape. Sizes 10 to 20. **Lime, Aqua, Powder, Melon Red, Black. $8.98** plus postage.

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Please send "Carefree Casual" at $8.98, plus postage
Lime ☐ Aqua ☐ Powder ☐ Black ☐
Melon Red ☐ (Mark 1st & 2nd choice of color)
Size: 10 12 14 16 18 20 (Circle size wanted)
(Please print name, etc plainly)
Name__________
Street__________
City__________ Zone____ State______

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

BOND RALLY

■ Didn't you always have a yen to see our Frankie and Bing in a picture together? Here they are, and it's quite an experience! And with Bob Hope, Betty Grable, Harpo Marx and Harry James' band tossed in for good measure.

Naturally, it takes something pretty special to rate such an assemblage of talent. It *is* something pretty special—the Seventh War Bond Drive. And look, kids, there just couldn't be anything more important than War Bonds! Not that white "formal" you saw in the window, or the cute suit with the flirt skirt— or *anything*. Because the war isn't over by a long way. There are still the Japs, and the Japs, remember, are the ones responsible for Bataan and Corregidor and the loss of more American boys than we can bear to think about. So buy all the bonds you possibly can—*please?*

When you see this picture (it's a short, and your local theater is sure to show it), you'll feel that you're getting your bond's worth of entertainment right there. Bob Hope is master of ceremonies, so the wisecracks float through the air with the greatest of ease. Harpo Marx chases a blonde (I hate to think what would happen if he ever caught one!), Betty Grable sings and dances while her husband supplies the music. The high moment comes when Frankie sings "Saturday Night" and Bing is listening from the wings. It's terrific! Then Bing gives with a few notes himself and makes a little speech which says all that about buying bonds a lot better than I can.

Those stars give their services, so it looks as if we'd better repay them by buying more bonds than we ever have before. Okay? (*Continued on page* 16)

There's Bing and blondes, gags and songs galore in this "Buy Bonds" short—*plus* Frankie!

"Try that on for size...you would-be world conqueror!"

Her eyes widened in loving wonder!

This Yank newsman was battling the toughest rats in Tokyo singlehanded! Alone—he dared to reveal their devil's plan of conquest to an unwary world!

JAMES
CAGNEY
SYLVIA SIDNEY
in
"BLOOD ON THE SUN"
A
WILLIAM CAGNEY
PRODUCTION

Lotus-lovely Sylvia Sidney—a woman of mystery, too beautiful to be trusted.

Now you can see battling Jimmy in the mightiest fight of his career — beating the Japs at their own jiu-jitsu game!

PORTER HALL · JOHN EMERY · ROBERT ARMSTRONG · WALLACE FORD · ROSEMARY DE CAMP · JOHN HALLORAN

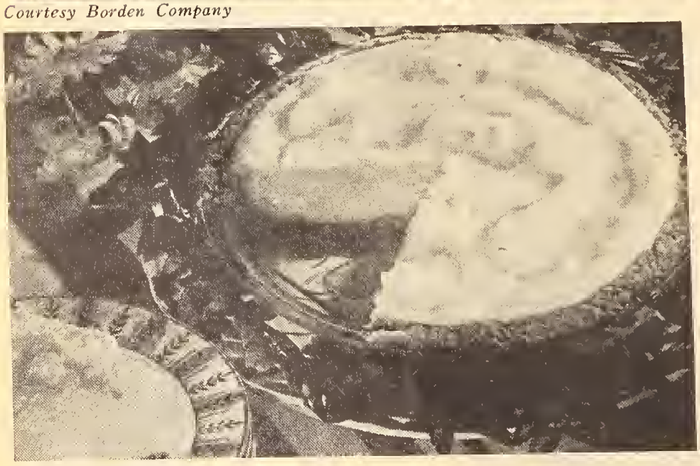
Directed by FRANK LLOYD *Released thru United Artists*

"Those endearing young charms"

Not the least of these young charms is a well-developed ability to cook!

Judy Garland shows you what we mean!

Courtesy Borden Company


Courtesy Knox Gelatine

Courtesy National Peanut Council

■ "What's cookin'?" Cooking is a very highly esteemed art. You may take your harp to a party and nobody asks you to play, but just try going into the kitchen and giving the egg beater a whirl and everybody in the house troops in, sniffing hungrily, to see what you're preparing!

Not only does an ability to make good things to eat boost you socially—think of how practical it is! A hungry chick goes to the family refrigerator looking for snacks. She sees only raw eggs, raw lemons, a slice of raw liver, a can of evaporated milk and a package of shortening. If she can't cook, she says, "Oh, dear me" in a blue little voice and goes away disappointed. If she can cook, she gets an inspiration —"I think I'll make a batch of jam cookies! Right this minute!"

And that's just what she does. She measures and mixes carefully and they turn out swell!

JAM COOKIES

3 cups sifted flour
4 tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
⅔ cup shortening
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg, well beaten
1 tsp. vanilla
⅓ cup milk
1 cup raspberry jam or marmalade

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla; then add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Chill until firm enough to roll. Roll ⅛ inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with 2½-inch cookie cutter. Place 1 teaspoon jam on a circle, and place another circle on top, pressing edges together. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in hot oven (425°F.) 6 to 8 minutes. Makes 2 dozen filled cookies.

You and the gang are sitting on the porch playing your favorite crooner's records. "June—moon—spoon!" Spoons! That reminds you that now is your proud moment for serving the dainty pink and delicious strawberry ice cream you've made.

By **NANCY WOOD**

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM

⅔ cup condensed milk
⅓ cup water
1 cup strawberries
¼ cup sugar (4x)
1 cup light cream

Set refrigerator control at coldest point. Blend sweetened condensed milk and water thoroughly. Add strawberries which have been crushed and sweetened with sugar. Chill. Add chilled cream and blend. Pour into freezing tray. Freeze until half frozen. Remove from freezing unit. Beat until smooth, but not melted. Smooth and replace in freezing unit. Beat again just before completely frozen. Freeze firm. Serves 4 to 6.

Does Pop need a little high-pressuring? There's no better way to get him in a bargaining mood than to make him a fluffy, delicately tart lemon chiffon pie.

LEMON CHIFFON PIE

1 tbsp. gelatine
¼ cup cold water
3 eggs, separated
¾ cup corn syrup
½ cup lemon juice
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
¼ cup sugar
1 baked pie shell (9 in.)

Soften gelatine in cold water. Beat egg yolks. Add corn syrup, lemon juice, and salt. Cook in top of double boiler, stirring constantly, until of soft custard consistency. Add softened gelatine and stir until dissolved. Add grated lemon rind. Chill and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which sugar has been added. Turn into baked pie shell or crumb crust and chill.

Here's a quick bread you ought to know about, full of crunchy ground peanuts. Serve it with cream cheese and jam.

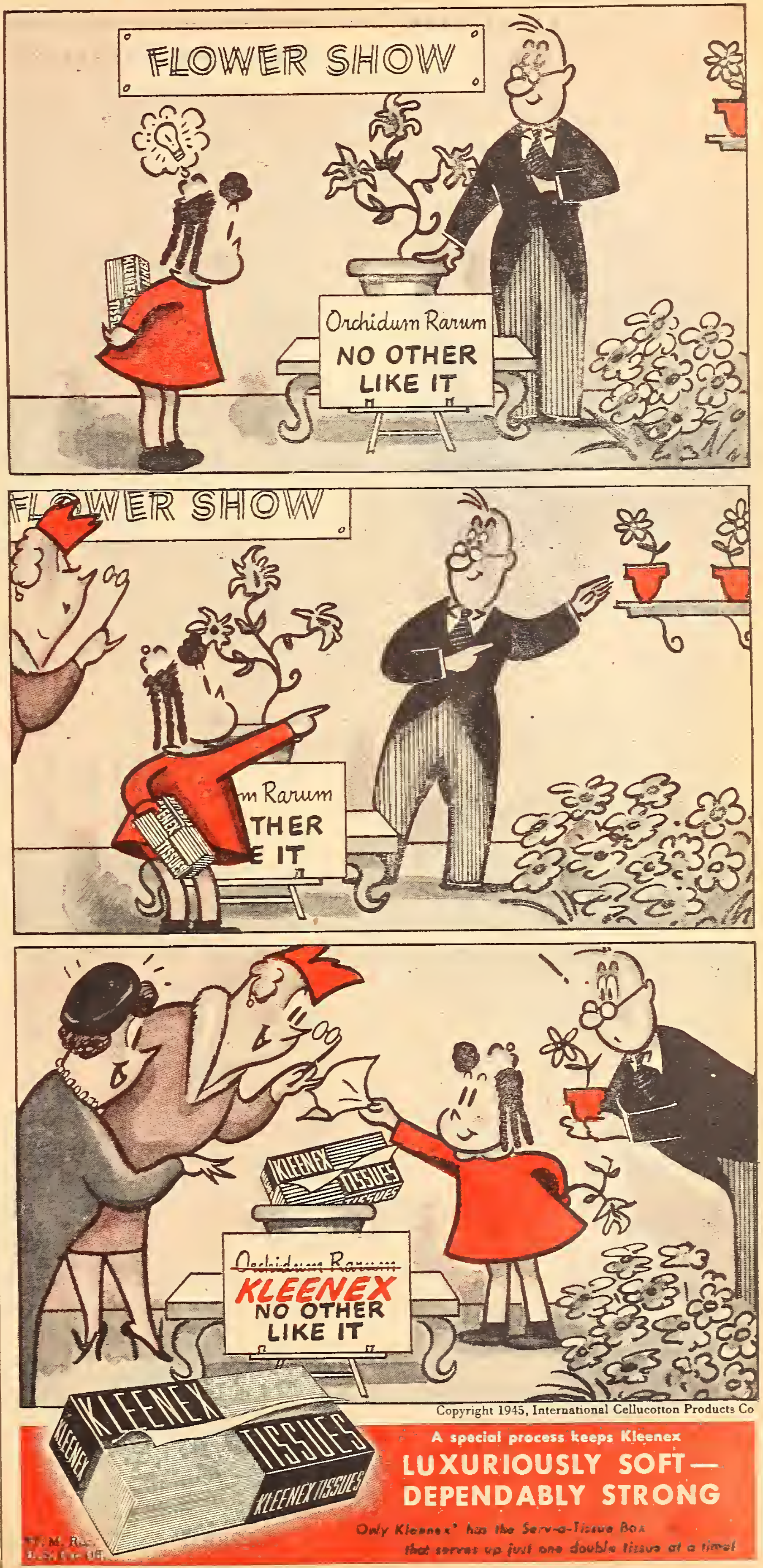
PEANUT SANDWICH BREAD

3 cups flour
5 tsps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
½ cup sugar
1 cup peanuts
1 egg
1¼ cups milk
⅓ cup melted shortening

Sift dry ingredients, add coarsely ground peanuts. Beat egg, add milk and shortening. Add to dry ingredients and mix carefully. Bake in greased loaf pan in slow oven (325°F.) 1¼ hours or until done.

If you're making definite plans to enchant the boy friend with your culinary skill, let your old friend Nancy in on the secret. Let me know what kind of recipes you'd like to see in this column and, so help me, I'll see that you get them! Meanwhile, I'd like to send you recipes I like—Chocolate Frosted Orange Cake, Baked Peach Custard, Korn Kobblers, Shrimp and Peas Supper Dish and Apple Cheese Pie. Just send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address The Modern Hostess, Dept. J.G., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

LITTLE LULU by Marge



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*T. M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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Miss **DAPHNE ADAMS**

A descendant of John Adams and the Earl of Caithness, Scotland, Miss Daphne Adams is the daughter of the noted portrait painter, Lawson Adams, of Philadelphia. She was born and educated in France.

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"I'm a painter," says Miss Adams, "and I know that just as a certain color complements another, a certain fragrance enhances a woman — makes her infinitely lovely. That's why I use Djer-Kiss perfume. It is the final perfect touch to the woman who values her charm." Have you tried Djer-Kiss perfume?

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DJER-KISS PERFUME

THE WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

BY Kerkoff

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 12*)

VALLEY OF DECISION

It's been a long while since you've seen as heart warming a love story as Greer Garson and Gregory Peck bring you in "Valley Of Decision." It's so real that you seem to become part of it as you watch, and you will cry as if it were happening to you when things go wrong.

Greer plays an Irish girl named Mary Rafferty. In Pittsburgh in the late 1800's, the Irish lived down on "the flats" near the steel mills. Mary gets a job as maid in the household of William Scott (Donald Crisp), the owner of the mills. She goes there with her father's curse on the house of Scott ringing in her ears, for Pat Rafferty (Lionel Barrymore) lost his legs in the mills years before, and he is bitter to the point of madness.

Mary loves the Scott home. Mrs. Scott (Gladys Cooper) couldn't be nicer, and makes Mary feel that any blunders she commits will be forgiven with a smile. Mr. Scott is kind, too, in a remote sort of way. Even Connie (Marsha Hunt) and young Ted, who are difficult, to say the least, are conquered by Mary's Irish charm and wit. Paul (Gregory Peck), the eldest son, falls in love with her. Servant or not, he wants to marry her.

It isn't a sudden thing. It's deep and serious, and as much a part of him as his love for the mills. It comes gradually, as Mary becomes more and more a part of the household. They all seem to turn to her, and to Paul she is essential to happiness. The situation can't go on, and Mary realizes it. She won't marry him. It wouldn't be fair to the Scotts, who have done so much for a lonely Irish girl. She feels a deep and abiding loyalty to the whole family, and she won't let even the tremendous love she has for Paul cause them trouble.

So when Connie marries an English lord, Mary goes along with her, more as a companion than as a maid. She doesn't answer Paul's letters, and she stays there until at last a cable from Mr. Scott tells her to come home. He meets her at the station and tells her he wishes she would marry Paul and make him happy. At last it looks as if a good life lies ahead. But now the black curse of Pat Rafferty seems to take effect. Tragedy prevents the marriage, and Paul eventually marries another girl. Mary's love for him and his for her remain steadfast even then—and as the picture ends you feel that eventually they will be together.—*M-G-M.*

THRILL OF A ROMANCE

What chance does a mere husband have against Van Johnson? Obviously, none whatever, especially when the husband is an eighteen-carat dope, who leaves his bride on their wedding night and whisks off to a business conference in Washington. The lovely "kissless bride" is Esther Williams, so the opening scene of the picture naturally takes place in a swimming pool.

FREE OFFER!

Going, going—500 FREE copies of DELL mags to 500 prompt readers of MODERN SCREEN who rush to fill out the Questionnaire below and mail it to us—but pronto! These mags are fun—filled with stories, star pics, star doings! Send in your answers no later than the 20th of June, and you may be one of the smart ones to get a Dell Mag—FREE!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

- *Wise Guy! (Joe Cotten)* .... ☐
- *Memo on June (June Haver)* ...... ☐
- *Those Reagans!* .... ☐
- *Good Luck, Shirley! (Shirley Temple)* .... ☐
- *That Old Feeling . . . (Tom Drake)* ☐
- *My Son by Dennis Morgan's father* ☐
- *The Town Goes Wilde (Cornel Wilde)* .... ☐
- *Hot Copy by Hedda Hopper* .... ☐
- *"It's Lon McCallister!"* .... ☐
- *Pennies From Heaven (Bing Crosby Life Story)* .... ☐
- *Cockeyed Wonder (Dane Clark)* .... ☐
- *Good News by Louella Parsons* ..... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?..............................

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference..............................

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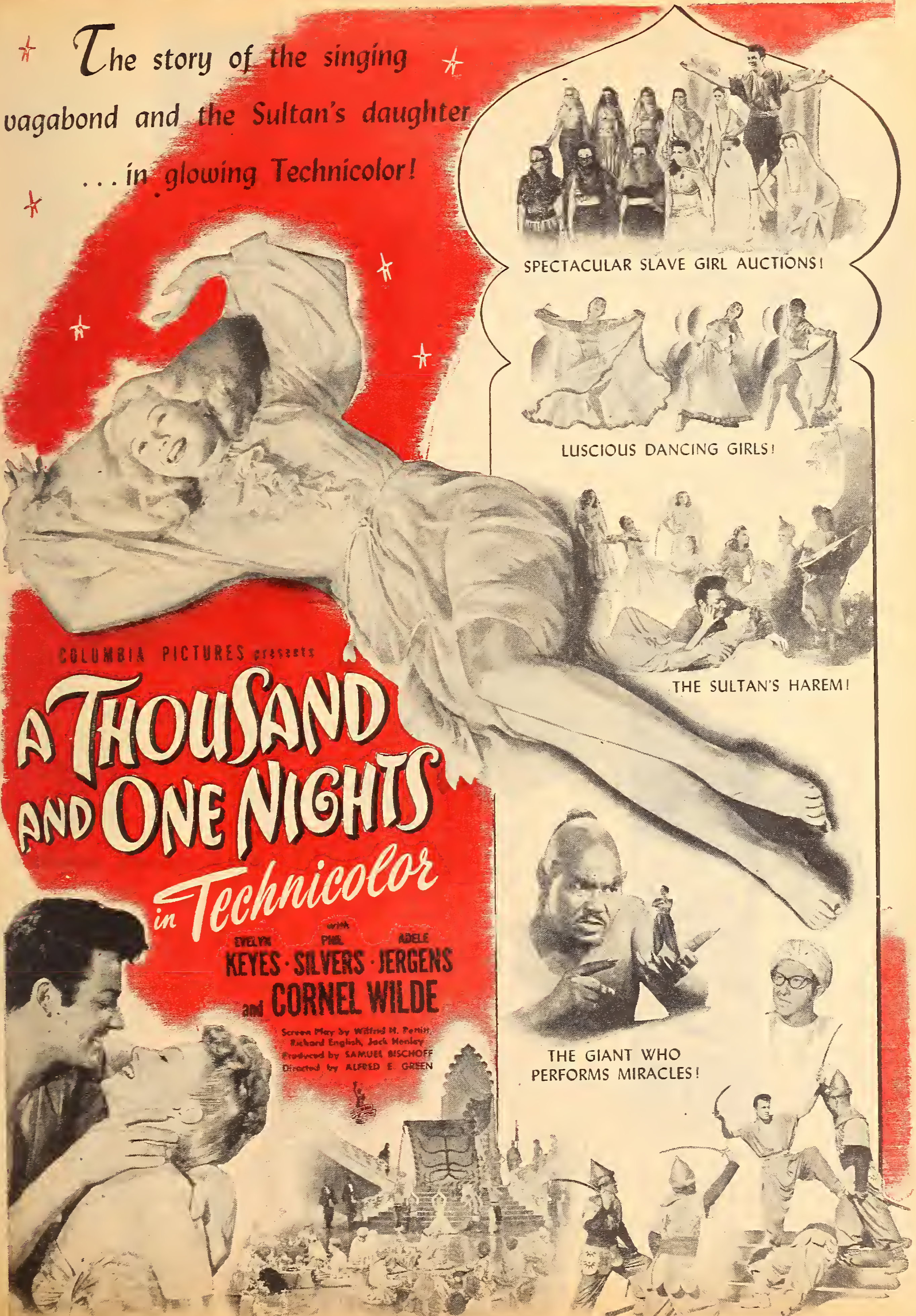
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Cynthia Glenn (Esther Williams) is demonstrating a swan dive for a group of small boys when a limousine stops by the Municipal pool, and an impressive looking young man gazes at her with obvious admiration. When she gets home, she finds three dozen roses waiting. A copy of FORTUNE arrives shortly after with the page turned down at an article on that rising young tycoon, Robert G. Delbar. Then Robert G. (Carleton Young), who is the young man of the limousine, arrives in person. Being an executive type, he has not only succeeded in obtaining her address, but has mapped out an immediate campaign to win her. Or rather his secretary has—Robert G. is a busy guy.

Cynthia receives his suit with more enthusiasm than her aunt and uncle do. They are vague, charming people, who dislike efficiency, system and all the other virtues of Robert G. But they mind their own business, and if Cynthia wants him, it's all right with them. So comes the wedding night. Comes the arrival at Arrowhead Inn for the honeymoon. But before Cynthia and Robert are even unpacked, he is summoned to Washington. Cynthia is left alone to listen to Tommy Dorsey's orchestra and the songs of a Metropolitan tenor named Knudsen (Lauritz Melchior).

It isn't Knudsen who is the romantic threat, however. He, in fact, plays Cupid for the real menace—the war hero, Major Thomas Milvaine (Van Johnson). Not that Milvaine means to be a menace, but he falls in love with Cynthia before he knows what's hit him. They keep it all very platonic, and it's just unfortunate that they get lost in the woods on the night Robert G. returns to his bride. After all, as Robert says, "Major Milvaine found his way out of a *jungle* in Africa!" And you can't help thinking he's got something there.

Your Van is devastating, as usual. And the cast includes, besides the above mentioned, Henry Travers and Spring Byington.—*M-G-M.*

COLONEL BLIMP

Colonel Blimp is to English cartoons what Dick Tracy is to American comic strips. He's a blustering old gentleman who believes wars are won on the playing fields of Eton. In this picture, however, he is metamorphosed into a romantic figure, and his name is changed to Clive Candy.

Candy (Roger Livesey) is a Boer War hero, complete with Victoria Cross. Home on leave, he reads a letter from a mysterious Miss Hunter, telling about a man named Kaunitz who is circulating anti-British propaganda in Berlin. Candy makes an unofficial—very unofficial—trip to Berlin. He meets Miss Hunter, who is so beautiful that he promptly falls in love with her. They encounter Kaunitz in a cafe, Candy knocks him down, and insults the entire German Army. Result: An elaborate duel, with sabers and scarlet coats and all the trimmings. His opponent, who was drawn by lot, is a German officer, Theo Kretschman-Shuldorff (Anton Walbrook). The duel ends when they are both wounded. They meet again in the convalescent hospital over a friendly card game. Edith Hunter acts as interpreter, and during the weeks they are there, Theo, too, falls in love with her. Candy, with true British sportsmanship, steps aside and lets Theo marry her, while he returns to England alone. He and Theo remain friends, and correspond for several years.

When World War I comes along, Candy is a brigadier-general. He has made a successful career of the Army, but he fights by Marquess of Queensbury rules. Romance enters the picture again when he meets a Red Cross nurse who reminds him of Edith Hunter, and marries her. Candy finds that Theo is a prisoner of war in a British camp. But when Candy and his wife go to see him, Theo, with Prussian arrogance, refuses to speak to his old friend. He reconsiders later, however, and apologizes before he goes home to Germany.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

During one of the football games of the Petersburg High School there seemed to be a great deal of excitement at one end of the field. As I followed the stream of curious spectators, I saw a tall man standing with a crowd of boys and girls clustered around him. At once, I recognized him as Petersburg's own Joseph Cotten. Laughing and talking, he answered the many questions that were asked him. But he really wanted to see the football game. With a huge gang of kids around him, it was impossible to see the players. Suddenly, he made a run for the steps and went up to the top of the hill that overlooks the ball field. The crowd didn't follow him, but they surely wanted to. Imagine how happy we all were, then, when Joseph Cotten came down after the game and talked to us like a regular fellow. He's a swell person!

Betty Jane Steger
Petersburg, Virginia

In World War II, Theo comes to England as an anti-Nazi refugee, but it takes Candy's influence to persuade the Alien Board that Theo is sincere. Their friendship is soon re-established. Candy shows Theo a picture of his wife, now dead, and Theo is struck by the resemblance between her and Edith. He later notes a similar resemblance in the pretty ATS chauffeur who drives Candy around.

Candy is still a sportsman of the old school, fighting a kid glove war. But Theo and the pretty chauffeur's boy friend teach him that *this* war is not a "pukka sahib" affair.

"Colonel Blimp" manages to be both leisurely and exciting. It is definitely worth seeing.—*U.A.*

INCENDIARY BLONDE

"Hello, suckers!" That's the way Texas Guinan used to greet the customers at her night club and they loved it. Tex was one of the most flamboyant and colorful figures of the Prohibition era. She had everything in the world she wanted, except the one thing she wanted most of all. That (at least in this Paramount version of her life) was a guy named Kilgannon. Betty Hutton, an incendiary blonde if ever there was one, plays Tex, and Kilgannon is played by Arturo De Cordova, who is an even more romantic figure here than he was in "Frenchman's Creek." Barry Fitzgerald as Mike Guinan, Tex's father, contributes one of his classic performances.

Texas Guinan is quite a girl. She proves that way back in 1910. Mike Guinan has just lost his shirt trying to corner the potato market, and Tex decides it's up to her to take over. She rides a bucking broncho, wins fifty dollars, and gets a job with Cherokee Joe's Wild West Show. Only the show doesn't really belong to Cherokee (Charlie Ruggles) any more. He lost it in a poker game to a handsome gambler named Kilgannon. The new owner sees immediate possibilities in Texas, and between them they develop quite an act for her. Her personality wows the custom-

They'll Kill You —with laughter!

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FRED

MacMURRAY

Maw has bats in the belfry — and coffins in the cellar!

Elany's nuttier than a Christmas fruit cake!

Granmaw gets lit when the lights go out!

Bert'll smash you, bash you and then he'll crash you!

Bonnie's the pin-up girl of the police department and the only thing that makes sense to Fearless Fred!

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ers—she has more vitality than any seventeen people you can name. She is also a practical gal whose favorite phrase is "put it in writing." But she isn't practical about love. She proposes to Kilgannon, when he doesn't get around to saying anything about marriage, although he is obviously in love with her. He tells her brusquely that he has a wife.

Tex, bitterly hurt, leaves the show and marries a press agent named Callahan (Bill Goodwin). He takes her to New York where he gets her a job in a chorus. With that personality she doesn't stay a chorus girl long. But when she has become a star, she and Callahan get a divorce—he knows she really loves Kilgannon. She proves it by dropping her career when she finds out that Kilgannon's wife is insane, and going to California to find him.

Their reunion doesn't last long. Mike Guinan gets to speculating again, and this time he lands in real trouble. Kilgannon takes the rap and Tex, who doesn't know it's her father who is actually guilty, leaves for New York. There she starts her famous night club. It's quite a place. The customers are insulted, overcharged, and laughed at, but they have a wonderful time and come back for more. Kilgannon turns up again, and if it hadn't been for a couple of gangsters, everything might have worked out all right. Texas Guinan, unfortunately, just wasn't destined for happiness.

The picture is in Technicolor, it's exciting, Hutton is wonderful, and don't miss it.—*Par.*

BACK TO BATAAN

John Wayne switches from cowboy heroes to an Army colonel in his new picture, and wears his eagles with distinction. "Back To Bataan" has more excitement per reel than anything you've come across in some time and explodes the theory that war pictures are necessarily dated. It begins with the liberation of American prisoners in Luzon by Rangers and Filipino guerrillas. Then it flashes back to the dark days of Bataan and Corregidor.

In those days there were no such things as organized Filipino guerrilla groups. Some Scouts, yes. A detachment of these under Captain Bonifacio (Anthony Quinn) is fighting by the side of American troops commanded by Colonel Madden (John Wayne). Bonifacio's sweetheart, Dalisay Delgado, former movie star, is broadcasting Jap propaganda over the radio. Her apparent betrayal of her countrymen has made Bonifacio so bitter that his judgment is warped. He takes unnecessary risks, with a fatalism resulting from his belief that the war is lost.

When Bataan falls, Colonel Madden is put in charge of organizing guerrilla resistance in the Islands. It is a slow task, but as word spreads, more and more Filipinos rally to his side. Bonifacio at first does little to help. "What's the use?" he demands. "Where are the supplies and troops that America has promised for so long?" The question is unanswerable, but when he finds out that his sweetheart has been sending secret information to MacArthur through her radio broadcasts, he regains hope.

"Incidents" occur throughout the Island with growing frequency. The theft of a few Jap trucks here, the bombing of a supply depot there. The Japs become alarmed. They decide to propitiate the Filipinos by granting them "independence." The announcement is to be made at an impressive public ceremony. It turns out to be quite a ceremony, for Madden's men attack in the middle of it. The picture ends with the return of the American Army to the Philippines, in a climax that really shoots the works!

Agnes Moorehead, as a school teacher who tries to keep her pupils' minds on their books in the midst of battle, is very effective. So is a small boy named Ducky Louis, who plays one of the pupils.—*RKO*

LADY ON A TRAIN

There's nothing like a good mystery to take your mind off your troubles, and this is a good mystery. Deanna Durbin is the heroine who tries to solve a murder and almost gets bopped on the head for her pains. All the characters are fascinating people, including the murderer, Ralph Bellamy, Allen Jenkins, David Bruce and Edward Everett Horton do their best to confuse you thoroughly.

Suppose you were riding along in a train and saw a murder being committed in a room overlooking the railroad tracks. Would you forget the whole thing as hastily as possible, or go to the police? Nicki Collins (Deanna Durbin) goes to the police. They take one look at the lurid murder novel tucked under her arm, and tell her to run along and not bother them. So she goes to the mystery writer, Wayne Morgan (David Bruce), but he has a jealous fiancee. He doesn't dare get mixed up with anyone as attractive as Deanna.

The next day the papers carry a story about Saul Waring, financier, who has died from a fall in the bathtub at his Long Island home. Nicki recognizes his picture—he is the man she saw being murdered, and it wasn't on Long Island. She goes out to his estate to do a spot of investigating, and finds his family assembled for the reading of the will. They mistake her for Margo Martin, a night club singer who was engaged to Saul. Since they have just learned that he left his whole fortune to Margo, she isn't received with enthusiasm, but two brothers, Arnold (Dan Duryea) and Jonathan (Ralph Bellamy), are very nice to her. She locates a beautiful, shiny clue during her visit—a pair of blood stained slippers. She takes them back to New York with her, and from that moment she is in grave danger.

She sees Wayne Morgan again, and this time he decides to dish his fiancee in favor of helping Nicki hunt the murderer. A sinister character named Saunders (George Coulouris) keeps popping in and out of the proceedings, until he pops once too often

(*Continued on page 24*)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last year, I was visiting a friend at Sugar Hill, New Hampshire. It happened that her home was near that of a famous movie star. One day I decided to walk to the village, a jaunt of at least two miles. As I started down the road, a station wagon drove by. Much to my surprise, the car slowed up and stopped a short distance up the road. The driver, a charming woman, offered me a ride to the village. Of course, I accepted. No wonder, because it was Bette Davis! When I returned, it was easy for everyone to see that something very exciting had occurred. My breathless recital was greeted with, "Oh, that's nothing. She's always doing that!" Yes, that's right. Bette Davis is always doing something for someone. I can't imagine there being a kinder, more natural person in all of stardom.

Esther Graham
Brookline, Mass.

"...Ready to Kiss Me Now?"

Uh-huh! But she plans to make it stick, brother!...and if this flying wolf thinks she's just another furlough date . . . he's making the mistake of his love life!

ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINE DAY

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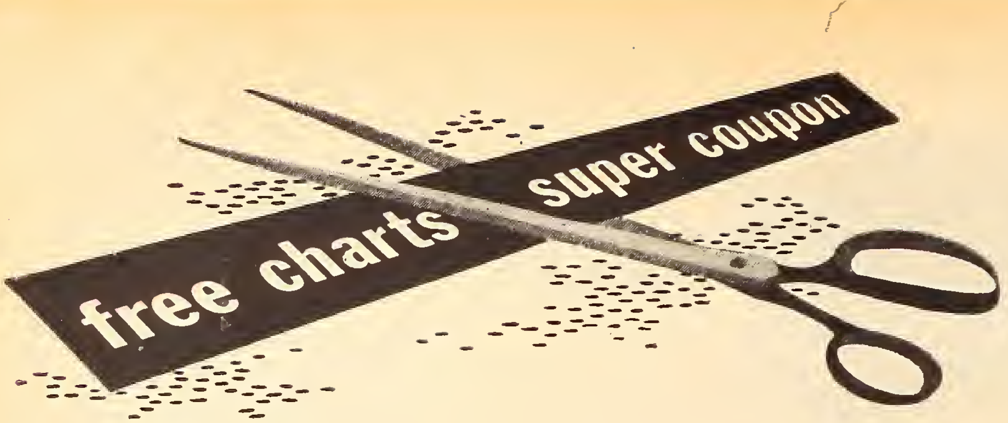

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Ernie Pyle's human story
of your G. I. Joe!

The real inside story of the mud, dust, fear and rugged good humor of the foot-weary, fun-loving infantry!

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

"Pardon me, Miss Bandini. There goes that war again!"

"Go ahead! With every third drink you get a furlough!"

"I believe in love at first sight. It saves so much time!"

starring

BURGESS MEREDITH

as Ernie Pyle

Released thru United Artists

and is found murdered. By now, Nicki realizes that she may be the next victim, and she's scared silly. So silly that she goes for a walk alone with the murderer. . . .—*Univ.*

NOB HILL

This is George Raft's first picture since he came back from his USO tour. He is teamed with (a) one beautiful brunette—Joan Bennett, and (b) one strawberry blonde—Vivian Blaine, which should be reward enough even for a trip to the front line trenches. The story is set in San Francisco, and the title comes from a part of town called officially Nob Hill, but known to people who don't live there as "Snob Hill."

One of those who don't live there is Johnny Angel (George Raft). Everyone in San Francisco knows Johnny. He owns the Gold Coast, an elaborate, expensive night club. The star of the Gold Coast show is Sally (Vivian Blaine) who sings and makes eyes at the male audience with vast success, but keeps her heart for Johnny. The question is, does Johnny want it? Sally has thought he does for the last couple of years. Now, however, the situation has changed. Johnny has met Harriet Carruthers (Joan Bennett), who lives on Nob Hill and is the sister of Lash Carruthers (Edgar Barrier), Reform candidate for District Attorney.

Johnny meets Harriet through little Katie (Peggy Ann Garner), an Irish orphan whom he has taken under his wing. Class distinctions don't mean a thing to Katie. As far as she is concerned, Harriet is just a nice, pretty lady, whom Johnny ought to like. Johnny does like her, and that's what's bothering Sally. Is he really in love with this girl from Snob Hill, and if he is, what will come of it? Sally cares enough about him to want him to be happy, yet she can't see how this new attachment will bring him happiness. She tries to tell him so, but Johnny gets angry and they quarrel. So—the first thing the Barbary Coast knows, its leading saloon keeper has come out for Reform candidate Lash Carruthers, and Sally is singing at El Dorado, a rival night club. Katie, aghast at the effect of her friendly efforts, disappears the night that Carruthers is elected. Johnny's search for her has unexpected results.

SAVE A LIFE!

Listen! Yes, we mean you, all curled up in an easy chair with your MODERN SCREEN. You, who are comfortable and whole and clean. This is about those who are not any of these things. This is about the wounded who are fed life from a Red Cross bottle marked "Blood Plasma."

Since 1941, American adults have filled more than 12,000,000 of these precious containers destined to reach every battlefield where men fight. They have lent life to boys who otherwise would have had to give theirs. Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy, insists that plasma has been the greatest single life saver of the war. And on craggy Iwo Jima, the U. S. Marines who scaled Mount Suribachi and raised the American flag over it renamed the heights "Mount Plasma."

Last year, the Army and Navy started flying whole blood as well as plasma to Europe—a new, second-to-second race against death. And in the far Pacific, ten minutes after whole blood arrives at field stations, civilian blood is flowing into the veins of wounded GIs. Today, in any of the thirty-one donor centers throughout the United States, you may dedicate your blood to a serviceman dear to you and sign your name upon the label to be attached to the container. Already, men wounded thousands of miles away have returned and made a bee-line to thank donors whose blood saved them. So, give your blood! The need is deep and ever growing. What better gift can you offer than life itself?

Little Peggy Ann Garner is as appealing as she was in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." She isn't a bit pretty, but she makes you want to hug her.—*20th-Fox.*

THAT'S THE SPIRIT

"That's the spirit," and the "spirit," believe it or not, is Jack Oakie. Jack isn't the ethereal type you usually associate with ghosts, but this is a very unusual ghost. For one thing, its shoes squeak. There isn't a clanking chain in the whole picture, which disappointed me a little. But clanking chains, it seems, are corny.

Jack doesn't start right out being a ghost. In the beginning, he's a vaudeville comedian named Steve Gogarty. He is minding his own business and not looking for any trouble when he meets pretty Libby Cawthorne (June Vincent). Libby has been brought up with painful strictness by her disciplinarian father, Jasper (Gene Lockhart). On this particular day she has sneaked off to come to the local theater, which Jasper considers a den of iniquity. When Steve asks for a volunteer from the audience, Libby steps up on the stage—and into love.

She brings Steve home to meet the family, and Jasper almost has apoplexy. He pulls enough wires to get the theater raided, only to discover Libby in Steve's dressing room, apparently clad in a thin

ADVERTISEMENT

"They say he drinks only Pepsi-Cola."

negligee. He calls off the raid hastily, and demands that Steve marry the girl, which is what Libby had in mind all along. She and Steve are very happy for a year. Then their daughter, Sheila, is born, and Libby is at death's door. But Steve (here we go on the ghost part) bribes the messenger of death to take him instead.

He is a very restless spirit when he gets to heaven, and after seventeen years or so of "probation," persuades them to give him a seven-day pass back to earth. He is sure that his daughter needs him, and he's so right. Sheila (Peggy Ryan) has too much Gogarty blood in her veins to knuckle down to old Jasper. When Steve arrives she is the only one who can hear him or see him. She thinks he's swell, and isn't in the least perturbed by the fact that he's a ghost. Steve determines to get her on the stage, but of course Jasper is equally determined that she shall "stay home where she belongs." The rest of the picture is a tug of war between Jasper's earthly influence and Steve's celestial power which isn't as strong as it might be. There's romance thrown in, and it's all fun.—*Univ.*

THE MAN FROM OKLAHOMA

You've heard of the feuding Hatfields and McCoys. They're just a bunch of sissies beside the feuding Whittakers and Lanes in Roy Rogers' latest picture. Roy plays a Whittaker and so does Gabby Hayes. The Sons of the Pioneers are Whittakers to a man. The Lane family, however, has dwindled to Grandma Lane, a fierce, shotgun-toting old beldame, and her attractive granddaughter, Peggy (Dale Evans).

When the story opens, Peggy is the singing sensation of a New York night club. Roy and the boys turn up there to try and

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Back in 1939, I attended a junior prom at Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel. Ted Weems' orchestra was playing there. Singing with the band was a pretty little strawberry blonde named Marvel Maxwell, and when intermission came, all of us fellows scrambled up to this lush thrush and pleaded for her autograph. I decided to go the rest of the guys one better. I asked Miss Maxwell for an autographed photo, promising "to keep and cherish it forever." Marvel replied that she had no more photographs, but remembering a portrait painter in the hotel lobby she promised that she would have him paint a picture of her the next day, and that she would send it to me, autographed and everything.

Not wanting to be a bore, but possessing a feeling of disbelief, I gave her my address, implying that I would wait in suspense for the picture.

The next afternoon, believe it or not, the painting did arrive. I sent Miss Maxwell a telegram expressing my deepest appreciation. To this day that painting is one of my most prized possessions. But imagine my surprise to find, upon seeing the movie "Lost in a Harem," that the lovely blonde star in it was none other than my "portrait girl," Marilyn Maxwell!

William Lane,
Jackson, Michigan

Give the Boss a Break, Sister!

Every day the same mistake! Yet just half a minute would prevent it!

Something's wrong all right—and it's *you,* Sugar! But don't expect your *boss* to point out a fault like underarm odor. It's up to *you* to avoid offending. So step on it, before he buzzes again, and buy a jar of Mum.

Mum does the trick—in 30 seconds. You're safe all day from risk of underarm odor. When you ask for Mum, you say bye-bye to the blues a girl gets when she's frowned on—and doesn't know why.

You're going over big with the boss. And doing fine, thanks, with the rest of the office force, too. Yes—*thanks to Mum*—one of the most dependable little partners in charm a working girl ever had.

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Mum's Quick—Only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even *after* you're dressed, even when you're busy, you still have time for Mum.

Mum's Safe—Won't irritate skin. Won't harm fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering.

Mum's Certain—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening.

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.*

She's very very...

SHE'S VARVACIOUS!

The moment she enters, all else stops; she wins eyes and hearts effortlessly, without seeking them ... for she is *varvacious!* Varva's perfumes "Follow Me" and "Nonchalant" are the subtle reasons she's so very *very*...

Varva extracts—$1 to $15 • Bath Powder, $1
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, $1 • Bubble Foam, $1
Sachet, $1 and $1.75 • Talc, 55c
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PARFUMS Nonchalant
The Devil-May-Care Perfume

and Follow Me
The Perfume That Lasts and Lasts

VARVA

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

borrow carfare back to Oklahoma. Borrowing from a Lane is definitely the last resort department, but they *must* get back to the ranch. They've been getting frantic wires that Gabby, who was left in charge, is very ill. Maybe dying. Peggy is definitely not pleased to see them but softens when she hears about Gabby. After she's lent them the dough and they've left the club, she gets a wire from Grandma:

"Come home. Those Whittakers are causing trouble again." Peggy is furious, thinking Roy has lied to her.

She is sure of it when they all land in Oklahoma on the same train and find Gabby not only alive but brandishing a gun and threatening to shoot all Lanes on sight. He has sent the wires so Roy and the boys would get back in a hurry. He claims that the Lanes have stolen their horses and broken their fences. Grandma tells Peggy the same thing about the Whittakers. Roy soon decides that all the trouble has been stirred up by Jim Gardner, a smart crook who wants to get possession of Pine Valley. That's a little strip of land owned jointly by the Whittakers and Lanes. Roy can't figure why Gardner wants it, till he goes over there secretly and finds that Gardner has been drilling for oil there—and hit it! Now the cat is really out of the bag. There's a wagon race, with the property as a prize, that has all the thrills and chills you expect from the climax of a Roy Rogers epic. P.S. Trigger is a Whittaker, too.—*Rep.*

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(*Continued from page 8*)

You can do lots of things, and believe it or not, just about the most important of all is to stop stewing about it. Because the more jittery you are, the worse it gets. Much has been said about eating green vegetables and fresh fruits, but not half enough—for our dough—about lots of rest. Be sure about getting nine or ten hours every single night. Drink eight glasses of water a day. Eliminate sweet drinks, rich candies and gooey desserts. Keep your face immaculately clean. Apply a soothing camouflaging lotion and then let it alone. Don't touch it at all. Having done your best by it, forget it. To you it's absolutely awful, but to the rest of the world it's hardly noticeable, and we mean that. Follow our advice and you'll really get results, we promise.

■ How can you tell if a girl likes you? What symptoms does she give? And how can you tell whether she likes you a little or a lot or not at all? Bill J., Philadelphia, Pa.

The best test of whether or not she likes you is whether or not she likes to be with you. We think asking her for a date is the quickest way of seeing where you stand. If she says 'no' once, give her a second chance. If it's still 'no,' forget about her for a while. Date some other gals, let her see what a smoothie you are, then—if you still care—try her again. She'll say 'yes!'

■ I'm so confused. Tell me, is it possible to fall in love via correspondence? When Joe left for the Pacific a year ago, we were good friends but no more. Now we're exchanging love letters, and I find myself mad about the boy. How come? N. M., Boonville, N. Y.

Lots of friendships have grown into deep love through letters. Take Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, for instance. However, it sometimes happens that people fall more in love with love (if you can forgive an overworked expression) through letter writing than they do with the correspondent. It's kind of a thrill to open a letter and read a dozen terms of endearment. It's fun to write back in the same vein. It gets to be kind of a game. To see how you really feel about Joe, get out all your letters from him and arrange them in order; then sit down and read them. Do you find his character developing before your eyes as you read? Do you keep seeing fine new traits? Shining qualities? Attributes of mind and soul that attract you more and more as he makes himself known to you through written words? If so, then we think you've truly fallen in love with him. If, however, the letters are just the same old stuff, routine, uninspired chatter enlivened by a lot of "darlings" and protestations of love, we'd say it wasn't love after all.

■ My newly returned soldier husband can't stand the least bit of noise. My small talk irritates him, the children drive him wild and if a door slams he jumps a mile. He has to walk out of a newsreel or movie that has any shooting in it. Do you think he will ever be his placid, jolly self again? H. M., Fresno, Calif.

Sure he will, but it will take some time and a bit of doing on your part. Don't comment on his jumpiness, for one thing. He knows he's terribly jittery, and the less attention you pay to it the sooner he'll be able to control it. Don't force him to rest more than he wants to. Some form of relaxation like working in the garden, going to a baseball game or just lazying in the sun will do him much more good than tossing sleeplessly in bed. If your children can be made to realize that their dad has been through an awful lot and is very, very tired they will go all out in their efforts to be quiet, and their sweetness and consideration for him will be ever so important a factor in his readjustment. It may take a little time, but don't worry too much about your husband, H. M., he's going to be fine again.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I had never before met a celebrity, so it wasn't unnatural for me to be very nervous as I waited at the home of my girl friend. I absolutely shook. Then the bell rang and a second later she stood in the doorway. I was introduced and we were shaking hands. I forgot my nervousness and was surprised to discover that she was able to put me entirely at ease. I spent four-and-a-half hours with this lady of the cinema city. We talked about everything and everyone—everyone, that is, except her. Words fail me to tell everyone how really sweet and lovely she is. But I hadn't met a movie star in a way. I had met the girl down the street, anyone's big sister. I had just met June Allyson!

Doris Cohen
Los Angeles, Calif.

Donna Reed

in "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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Give your lips the exciting appeal of lifelike red... exquisite Color Harmony Shades, all based on an original, patented* color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood* and all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick. Glamorous reds, lovely reds, dramatic reds... there's a shade for your type for your most thrilling lipstick experience...$1.00

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No other Shampoo . . .

only Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Right away . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. ✓*Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair. This soap film dulls the lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene is different. It leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓*Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful Hair Conditioning action! ✓*Complete removal of dandruff,* the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Learn about Hair-dos from the girls who know!

Here's DORIAN LEIGH, one of New York's most glamorous fashion models, Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl." On this page she shows you what just a hair-do can do to change your personality!

(*Above*) THE SMOOTH, SOPHISTICATED LOOK! Smart, new one-braid arrangement. All hair is combed up, but over to one side, then tied securely with ribbon. To braid, divide hair into two sections, use ribbon as third section. (Ribbon three inches wide.) Small bow conceals end of braid. For glamorous hair, Dorian always uses Drene with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

THE DEMURE, DISARMING LOOK! For this beguiling effect, Dorian uses an Alice-in-Wonderland comb to push all her front hair straight back from her face. Ends of front hair blend in with back hair. Not a wave or curl, except for the smoothly turned-under ends. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action deserves the credit for that gleaming smoothness. No other shampoo can make your hair look so lovely!

THE DASHING, DARING LOOK! From Paris—through Drene's Paris correspondent—comes the idea for this stunning arrangement! All hair is combed sleekly to one side—straight across back (held with combs at far side). Dorian's hair was washed in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Drene Shampoo

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

TO OUR READERS . . .

■ Don't look now, but I sneaked the idea for this month's editorial right out of TIME magazine! There's a high-powered gent on their staff who signs himself modestly: P. I. Prentiss, Publisher. Any week you'll see by his column that TIME has a throttle-hold on the world pulse. TIME somehow fires the opening gun of any invasion ahead of the Marines. This minute a TIMEman is hiding in your closet. Watch the door, or he'll fall out on his typewriter! Doesn't it give you goose pimples?

Ever since MODERN SCREEN's circulation reached a million-and-a-half, Henry and I have brooded about frightening *our* readers too. Don't you think we owe it to you?

So for MODERN SCREEN's own version of the "spy-in-every-closet" school of journalism, read "Pennies From Heaven," which starts on page 46. It's Bing Crosby's life story. To bring it to you, we dislocated Bing's hometown, Spokane, Washington. We invaded Gonzaga College. We put a man on Paul Whiteman. With the Rhythm Boys (there were three of 'em: Al Rinker, Harry Barris, and Crosby), we drank toasts to the the dear departed days of corn. Al, incidentally, is a big shot in radio, and his sister, Mildred Bailey, was chosen top vocalist for 1944 in the Annual Esquire poll. And Harry became a big-time composer, writing Bing's great torch number, "I Surrender, Dear."

We pumped the Ladds. Sue knew Bing when. As for Laddie, he's such a fan, our operatives suspect him of leading an underground Crosby organization!

So now we know more about Bing than any person or institution in the world including P. I. Prentiss, Publisher.

Of course, Spokane isn't Chungking, and Gonzaga isn't Heidelberg, and Bing, thank God, is a nice guy. So maybe we lack that global touch, and maybe we haven't frightened you out of a year's growth.

But you'll have to admit that "Pennies From Heaven" is the best story ever written for the love of Bing!

Al Delacorte

Executive Editor

Tom never falls asleep till one A.M.; goes for current novels in the late hours. He hates routine of any sort and abhors formal clothes.

That Old Feeling...

Tom Drake just couldn't forget—the summer stock gang, New York breaks—and his Chris.

■ The telephone rang like a five-alarm fire at Tom Drake's house after he and his new bride, Chris, got back from their Las Vegas elopement. Like blissful dopes, that love-happy pair had wired all their Eastern friends to call them collect and get the good news in person and already a dozen long distance congratulations had mortgaged Tom's salary for the next fiscal year, when Christopher's mother in Stroudsburg, Pa., came on the line. That was the call that counted and both Tom and Chris shouted the big news into the mouthpiece, as excited as kids and eager as beavers.

"Josie," they cried, "it's Tom and Chris. We're married!"

"Ha-ha-ha-ha," they heard over the wire. "This is very amusing."

"But we just got home from Las Vegas—"

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha," trilled Mrs. Josephine Dunne, "you two can think up the silliest jokes!"

"B-but—," cried Tom and Chris desperately. "Josie, Mother, listen—we're *really* married. The license, the

By George Benjamin

Tom adores kids; likes to see a mob of 'em running around the yard with wee Chris. He keeps plates of candy around for them. Misses sis Claire's two since they went back to New York.

When waiting for Chris, Tom bangs on piano, chews on candy if there's any in sight. Dick Tracy's his idol but all other comic strips are scorned: They're just not funny! Catch Tom's latest pic, "Hold High the Torch."

ring, the Justice of the Peace, the witnesses—everything. Honest!"

"Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho! Ha-ha-ha-ha!" Tom's new mother-in-law nearly died laughing at this very absurd thought. It went on for minutes—and more minutes, while Tom and Chris stared at each other dismally and counted the long distance toll dollars ticking off. Whenever they'd sputter the true Word into the receiver, a roar of incredulous chuckles blasted their ears. "Stop

(Continued on page 33)

In gals' fashions, Tom prefers black suits, detests satin evening gowns. Enjoys buying gifts, especially small pieces of jewelry—from St. Christopher medals to Zircons.

That Old Feeling...

No singer, Tom studies voice with Metro's Harriet Lee. They agree he's a "threat" but don't know to whom or what! Favorites: "One Meat Ball," "I'll Remember April."

SHIRLEY!"

To prove that "that dee-vine creature" had come a'calling, Shirl wheedled a pic of Guy for her school chums. Just "one of the gang," she's forever snatching at menus, matches, etc., to prove her glamor treks.

Vith Guy back in his Coast Guard Reserve togs, Shirl joshed his danc ng, thrilled to his plans for a post-war bow and arrow big game hun-

(Continued on following page)

"GOOD LUCK, SHIRLEY!"

Shirley's brother George, a Marine flier since the year before Pearl Harbor, has received an honorable discharge and plans to become a H'wood personal representative—press agent, to us!

Now that Westlake gals have an engagement to thrill over, they'll forget the objections and fuss over Shirl's first screen kiss in "Kiss and Tell," her latest pic. (With Mom.)

Remember when Shirley announced her "retirement" in 1940? It didn't last a year. She recently got LOOK Mag' award for "growing up so gracefully on the screen."

Fiance Jack confesses he had never been particularly interested in Shirley as an actress. Shirl confides his sincerity is what rated. (With Danny Kaye at Ciros.)

IT was late, the twenty-six news photographers had left, Mom and Dad Temple were sleeping the sleep of the weary and the house was chill and quiet and dark. Very dark. The next a.m., a rested Mrs. Temple called down cheerfully, "Shirley, I heard you and Jack in the library until about one this morning. What *were* you doing?"

The answer came, brightly. "Reading the National Geographic, Mother."

There's no doubt, no doubt about it at all, "Little Miss Marker's" grown up. She's seventeen, five-feet-two and reddish haired with a three-carat square-cut diamond ring and a fella she's going to marry in two-three years. It was all very story-book and fairy-tale, how they got together, Shirley and her Sergeant. It was at a tea party Ann Gallery, Zasu Pitts' daughter, held back in 1943. There were little pink cakes and punch and the radio playing and an introduction that went something like this: "Shirley, I'd like you to meet a very dear friend of mine, Sergeant Jack Agar. Jack, you've probably *seen* Shirl before but now I want you to *know* her. We're schoolmates and next-door neighbors and pals—so don't believe anything she says about me! Now play nicely, chillun. I've got to flit off and play hostess."

Well, it's highly doubtful as to whether the "chillun" even noticed the flitting-off process. Because one-two-three they were agreeing, yes, wasn't it odd that his first names were George John, a combination of her two big brothers' names! And no, she didn't mind being called "Red" and f'heaven's sake, *you* think a dancing date at the Cocoanut Grove is simply copasetic, too? They found lots to talk about and later, as the months flew, lots to plan for. Then Jack was a GI and Shirley made a terrific comeback in "Since You Went Away" and "I'll Be Seeing You" and letters didn't seem as satisfying as they once were and suddenly it was 9:30 one evening, the evening of April sixth. They were coming home from a date in Jack's black Buick sedan, limp from all the dancing, and strangely silent. Jack pulled up to the curb on Sunset Boulevard, cleared his throat, cracked his knuckles a few times to ease the stiffness and started, "Shirley, uh . . . Shirl . . . Shirl! There's something I . . . Aw, darling here. . . ." Out shot the big, shaky hand clutching a tiny black box.

And sitting there in the moonlight with the stars quivering and the bang-bang-honk noises of street traffic, there was very little but just the two of them on an island of quiet, all filled with wonder and throat-choked with love. Until a car nudged them gently from behind trying to park and they woke from the trance and when Jack tried to put the ring on her finger it was about fourteen sizes too large and she wore it all the way home on her thumb, feeling guilty because she knew this was supposed to be such an awe-inspiring moment and she couldn't stop giggling.

Mother, of course, wasn't too surprised, although she cried a little and made glad sounds over the ring. Seems she and Jack had had a long, pre-engagement conference and when her "But Shirley's only a baby" and "Think of the embarrassing publicity you'll be subjected to, son" arguments didn't convince him (all he kept repeating was "I don't care, Mrs. Temple. I can't live without Shirley!"), she extracted two promises from him: That they wouldn't marry while he's in the Army and that the engagement would be kept a secret until Shirley's seventeenth birthday—the 23rd of April.

Next day, there was a luncheon for the members of Westlake School's senior class.

"Don't wear your ring, dear, it's so obvious."

"Oh, Mums, I simply *can't* take it off. I'll keep my gloves on, even when I eat. Nobody in the world'll notice it."

And nobody did. Until the Lobster Thermidor. Then the heavenly aroma went to her head and caution flew to the winds. Off came the gloves and out came an ear destroying chorus of shrieks, gurgles and "*But Shirley, we never dreamed. . . .*" From all but a very smug Joyce Agar, Jack's eighteen-year-old sister. "I knew something was up all the time," she placidly commented. "Jack's been mooning for months."

Back home, Mums sighed and nearly, but not quite, murmured, "I told you so."

"Now we'll have to issue a formal announcement."

"But Mums, only forty girls *know!*"

"*And* tell your boss, Mr. Selznick."

Mr. Selznick was told. "Best of luck, Shirley dear—but you're so *young!*"

That didn't faze her. "I'll get older in time."

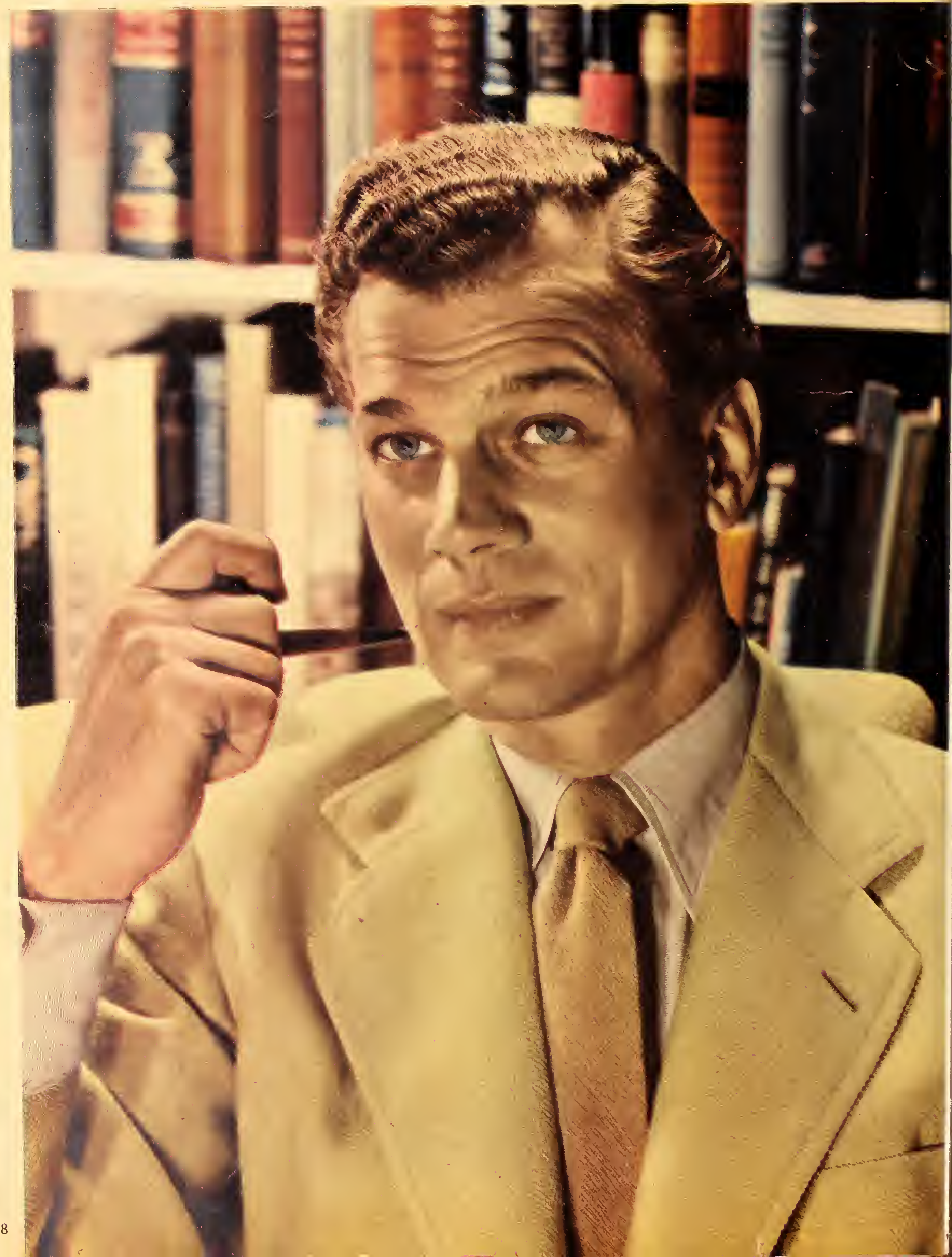
"Oh well, if you don't *mind* being bored. As an engaged woman, no more dating with boys. You'll have to be satisfied with just your ring for company."

That did it. She flew to Jack. "'Course I love you, but Ja-a-ack, *so lonesome. . . .*"

"Uh-uh, Red darling. Relax. You've got 100% freedom. Just as long as I've got 100% of your heart."

And that's what you've got, son, that's what you've got!

by Mickey Ghidalia



Joe Cotten's as frank

as a poke in the nose—

just ask Boss Selznick!

WISE GUY!

Joe had to go in training for "Duel in the Sun"—a cowpoke in the pic, he's scared o' hosses! Went on location in Tucson equipped with stocks of records 'cause he can't stand cowboy ballads!

The Cottens' first thought of a room: is it big enough to dance in? They're one of H'wood's best-couples in the ballroom! Joe's with Ingrid Bergman in "The Scarlet Lily." (With Mrs. C. at Ciro's.)

by James Carson

Not long after Joe Cotten made "Since You Went Away" he traveled through the South on a Red Cross Blood Bank tour. One night in Baltimore, at a swing-shift theater for defense workers, the manager led Joe down the wall aisle in the dark to make his plasma plug up on the stage. It all seemed queer and unreal to Joe, anyway, a theater all lit up like a birthday cake at 3:00 A.M. and the screwy prospect of saying "Good morning" to an audience for the first time in his life.

"S-h-h-h-h," whispered the manager, "down this way." He guided Joe toward the stage. "Watch this step," he hissed. But Joe was watching himself instead. Because there he was up on the screen in "Since You Went Away," twice as big as life, coming through a kitchen door gnawing on a huge chicken leg. So Joe stumbled at the step, finally made the stage, gave his blood donor pitch and sneaked out again. They hustled him on a plane and pretty soon he was in Atlanta, Georgia, at another defense worker show. It was still just as dark and just as fantastic barging into a theater in the inky pre-dawn, and to make matters even screwier, this theater was called the Grant—and in Atlanta, Georgia!

There was the manager again, saying "Sh-h-h-h!" and sneaking Joe in along the pitch dark wall. (*Continued on page 110*)

U.S.

Maureen *cannot* refrain from greasepoint orgies—it's in the blood! Just over pneumonia, Jane's making H'wood "halo hair-do" conscious.

THOSE REAGANS!

■ You certainly wouldn't think it to look at her, but Miss Maureen Reagan is one young soul whose type of amusement has to be carefully censored. In short, she is not allowed to see any of her mother's pictures.

There is, of course, a very good reason. One afternoon Maureen's nurse took Maureen and a buddy of Miss Reagan's to the movies to see Jane Wyman's latest picture, "The Doughgirls." You will probably remember that, in one alleged comedy scene in the picture, Jack Carson gives Jane a shove that sends her spinning to land in an outraged heap on the floor.

Maureen knows Jack, of course, and likes him well enough. Maureen also knows Jack-a-boy, *(Continued on page 122)*

by Fredda Dudley

No frills to their love, no fancy words. Just enough spilling over for Maureen and Mike.

With "Animal Kingdom" completed, Janie's constantly with baby Michael Edward, whose "birth" announcements were in the form of military orders.

Mom's the gal taking voice lessons in the hope of title-roling Helen Morgan. M.'s the babe insisting that *her* piano's not off-key—like *some* folks'!

MEMO ON JUNE

Did you know: June and Farley aren't engaged, the Haver-Grable password is "sis," and Junie's house is a dream-plus?

BY ABIGAIL PUTNAM

June Haver, that diesel-powered dream boat currently dancing her way through "The Dolly Sisters," has three things on her mind at present, to wit:

1. Contrary to the report of a writer in a national magazine, she is carrying on NO feud with Jeanne Crain. She and Jeanne got their start in the same picture, "Home in Indiana," and their careers have progressed apace. They are friends, each interested in the progress of the other even though they don't spend their entire time trying to dress alike in private life, muttering secrets in one another's ear, or otherwise acting like School Days at dear old Poly High. Jeanne is quiet, thoughtful, ethereal. June is gay, enthusiastic, active.

The rumor that when the girls went on a bond tour they disagreed so desperately that one girl was sent to Cincinnati and the other to Indianapolis, is one thousand percent false. The plans for dividing the troupe were made long before the 20th Caravan left Hollywood; they were based upon the need to cover as much territory as possible within time limitations.

(Continued on page 79)

The studio picks June's "big occasion" escorts but, on her own, it's often Eddie Ryan for Coconut Groving and home by one! She buys things by the half dozen and *will* get something new for every date, even if it's only a hanky!

June's painted since she was 13 and makes the family Xmas cards—plus penning the verses. Her needlepoint's expert and she's composing a jazz symphony.

Perfume's a "must" with June and she loves to swish in satins, furs. Waiting at restaurants is unbearable except when she's dating. Then time flies! Don't miss her latest, "Where Do We Go From Here?"

"Junie-Bee" swipes the family shoe coupons, but the three Haver sisters never swap clothes. She's scared of mobs, and mopes if ma doesn't visit the set daily when she's working. (With her sister Evelyn, 17.)

A home gal, Junie has a horror of divorce, is sweet to old folk and fond of kids. She's teaching Betty Grable's Vicky to call her "Auntie."

"I remember . . ." begins Dennis Morgan's father.

Enjoy these heartwarming anecdotes of an American boy.

MY SON

by **FRANK MORNER** as told to Ida Zeitlin

■ When they first asked me to do this, I shied away. It's a little hard to write about your own son. You'd like to say what you think, yet there's always the danger of sounding prejudiced. Of course, I've yet to meet the father who's not just a shade biased in his son's favor, and that's fine between friends. It makes for a certain give-and-take. You brag about your son and I'll brag about mine. But on paper, the whole thing takes a different slant. You feel you've got to be objective up to a point, and you're not sure you can be.

So I'll start with a confession. When the idea was broached, my impulse was to say no. But I couldn't think an excuse up fast *(Continued on page 101)*

The huge library and 2 guest houses lured Dennis (he's in "Xmas In Conn.") into buying Adrian's Valley home. But for the kids—let 'em at those mirrored bathrooms! (Stan, Dad Morner).

Last month, D. and pal Jack Carson threw a shindig for the town's cops. Come time to leave, Dennis discovered a ticket for parking in a red zone! (Kristen, Dad, Jimmy and Stan.)

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY...

■ I'm writing this a week after the death of FDR and I'm not in the mood for clowning—not even over Bing. For this once I'd like to play it straight.

There was something different about the Groaner when he got back from overseas—there had to be. You can read every paper printed and hear every newscast, your heart can bleed and your imagination work overtime, and you still don't know what it's like over there till you've seen a piece of it with your own eyes.

The change in Bing was nothing you could put your finger on. He's always been the kind of guy that people took to without half trying. He and Father O'Malley have lots in common—same humor, same warmth, same tolerance, same easy approach to folks. And the same unwillingness to dress up emotions in words. Only Bing was more so. Feelings were okay. But talking about 'em was murder. That bird could outrun his own horses to give a simple thank-you the slip.

Well, he got back and, if you didn't look too hard, he was still Old Throw-it-away, doing business as usual. Pushing his four young scalawags around—and I mean push. There's not a coddled bone in the whole quartet. Pop gives 'em plenty of rope, but they know the voice of authority when they hear it. At a Command Performance not long ago, they were horsing around before the show started. Things got a little rough, and Bing sauntered up. "Okay, scram, over there—" and whoosh! they were off in a corner like dust before a broom. No, he's not going mushy. But sometimes, when the talk's about war and the kids happen to be playing around, his eyes go to them with a certain look. You don't have to be a mind reader or a sentimental sob sister to interpret that look. All you have to be is a father.

We were down at the San Diego Hospital together. Before singing, he'd visit with the boys, go up to each bed. "My name's Crosby. How long you been here, bud? Where'd you get it?" He knew what to say and—more important—what not to say. Coming out of one ward, filled with men off Saipan, there was that look in Bing's eyes again. And this time he talked. "What a price to pay! How little the country realizes—! In Europe they know the pain and the tragedy. Here the only ones who know are the ones who've suffered personal loss. All it takes is knowing. If they knew, they'd rise to a man and *make* this war the last—"

Then came April 12th, and the thunderbolt that sent a whole world crashing to its knees.

When I saw Bing, the same memory returned to us both.

"Maybe they know now," I said.

He said, "Maybe they do."

There was nothing else to say.

Bob Hope

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

Bing never did need an umbrella "'cause when it rained it always rained pennies from heaven!" Life Story, part 1

■ When Gary Cooper handed Bing Crosby his "Going My Way" Oscar last February at the Academy Award dinner, Bing felt called on to say something to the glittering crowd of famous Hollywood stars gathered to do him honor for the best screen acting performance of 1944.

Collecting awards is nothing new in Bing's life, but being called an actor is. The Crooner gazed bashfully around the vast banquet hall, grinned and bent his big, blue eyes sheepishly on the gilded, plastic victory model Oscar. When he spoke, his voice was more husky than usual.

"All I can say," drawled Bing, "is that it sure is a wonderful world when a tired old crooner like me can walk away with *this* hunk of crockery!"

It's typical of Bing Crosby to sound off at a time like that with a self-deprecating (*Continued on page 50*)

Dixie Lee had given up the screen for Bing and in July '33, three weeks old Gary Evans was being lullaby-ed. She did do "Redheads on Parade" four years later, but now gets her "drama" by imitating Bing to perfection.

Boss Whiteman was in England, so "Rhythm Boys" Al Rinker, Harry Barris and Bing made a wild-oats vaudeville tour, ending up minus curtains and costumes. Then trekked west with Paul for "King of Jazz."

Kate Crosby refuses to hire a maid; sews, gardens, and guards the Bing scrapbooks she's saved for years. (Bing, Mom, J. Cagney at Gary's christening, '34.)

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Cocky Bing landed in jail after an auto smash-up when he first hit Universal's lot in '30. Brother Everett found the jail-bird, became his chief manager. (Bob, Bing, and Everett.)

In '24, the Gonzaga Musicaloders had a four number repertoire. They played 'em—first as a fox-trot, then a waltz and a one-step for variety! (Bing, as law student.)

Pop Bing doesn't believe in fancy private schools, paddles his "Irishers" if necessary. (Gary, twins Philip and Michael as babes.)

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

remark like that, lazily delivered and slangily off-the-cuff. By now people expect it, chuckle good-naturedly as did the bunch at the Academy banquet. They laugh, "That guy Crosby—never serious about anything!" and wonder who writes his gag lines. It never occurs to them that underneath Bing's flippant—and always spontaneous—comebacks when he tenders himself a poke in the ribs lies the solid core of his own philosophy. He really thinks it is a wonderful world. And just why it has been so wonderful to Bing Crosby has ever been and always will be something for him to scratch his thinly thatched head over and ponder. Bing's afraid to take himself seriously—or maybe he just knows better by instinct.

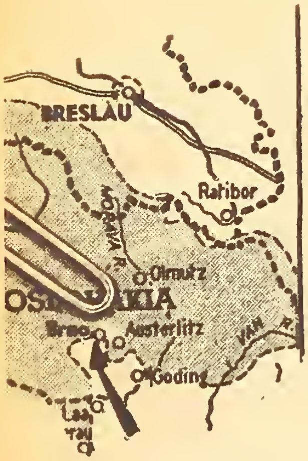
No living American is more widely popular or better known than Bing Crosby. At 42 he's a legend of two U. S. generations and a basic element of twentieth century American culture whether you like it or not, but chances are you do. To soldiers overseas he's known as "Uncle Sam without the whiskers." To the krauts, "Der Bingle" and a secret *(Continued on page 84)*

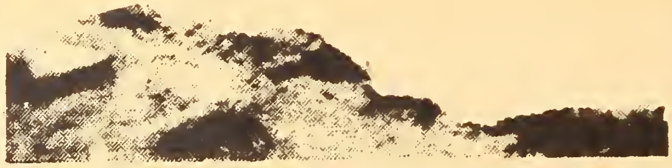
In "Road to Singapore," '40, Bing was stealing Dorothy Lamour from his favorite foil, Bob Hope. Larry Crosby had become Bing's "Director of Public Relations" and Dad his courier and mail supervisor.

U. S. Marines now train at Bing's Del Mar track, but his ambition's still to breed and train a Kentucky Derby winner on the "Binglin Stock Farm" partnered by Lindsay Howard; Latest pic: "Road to Utopia."

In '38, Bing was working on "Paris Honeymoon" while his pal, Bob did "Give Me a Sailor." That was the year Lindsay Harry was born, too, on January fifth, and "East Side of Heaven" was filmed. (With Bob.)

Bing had become a sizzling success by the time he starred in "Sing You Sinners" with Fred MacMurray and Donald O'Connor. Donald became his first singing pupil and was heard chirping in on tunes like "Small Fry."





HOT COPY!

By HEDDA HOPPER

San Francisco, April 25.—We're a united United
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If a giant book rolls up to your door 'n Scarlett O'Hara pops out, it's no dream—it's Hollywood!!

■ "Why do movie players need press agents?" asked the man I was lunching with.

I choked on my vitamins. "Are you kidding, or just simple?"

Well, he *wasn't* kidding. And since I love to pour useless information into people's ears, I'm assuming, dear readers, that maybe you don't know, either. If you do, turn the page.

Movie players need press agents to get their names into print. The more often they get into print, the more you talk about them. The more you talk about them, the more tickets they sell. When they stop selling tickets, they're dead, and who wants to be dead? That's all there is to it.

Of course I could mention a few—and will—who get along fine without benefit of the praise boys. Our more impetuous (*Continued on page 105*)

Poor Dennis Morgan was victim of his own good heart and phony GI's racket. (With Laraine Day.)

"Zaza" made headlines when C. Colbert played hostess—to two trained fleas! (With J. Waldo.)

Faye Emerson Roosevelt (with Brig. Gen. Elliott R.) just thought aloud about a long-lost sister. She had 200 by the next mail!

ore his Silver Star, Lieut.-Cmdr. days, just-arrived Doug, Jr. had a sorority
g up on him and kiss like *mad!* (At Stork Club with Mrs. Fairbanks.)

With Sex toned down and dressed up for her debut, Rita Hayworth got 5 pages in Look and Orson, too!

Maria Montez had to get attention before she got a career. (She's dressed true to form at "gingham, ice cream" party.)

The town goes Wilde

Cornel's the guy who played a piano-pounding genius without touching a note—and ran some swordplay into a paycheck!

Just past two, Wendy's been endowed with her daddy's looks and her mom's personality—make way for Miss Movie Queen of 1960.

An Olympic fencing champ, his new pic, "Captain From Castile," will be another rogue role à la Doug Fairbanks, Sr. That "rest" at Palm Springs got his second play completed; the first, "Legend," hits B'way this spring.

Cornel loves yodeling. "That's no blonde, that's my wife!" She was B'way's Pat Blake, but tests for two major studios list her as P. Knight. C's okayed the plans, thinks she's "swell actress."

by Nancy Winslow Squire

■ Cornel Wilde came rampaging into the world, in New York City, several weeks before his surprised mother expected him; he dashed through high school in three years and finished his college course (premedic) in three years. He fell in love at first sight, and acted promptly—that he wasn't married three days later can't be charged against him, on account of marriage is a two-party system.

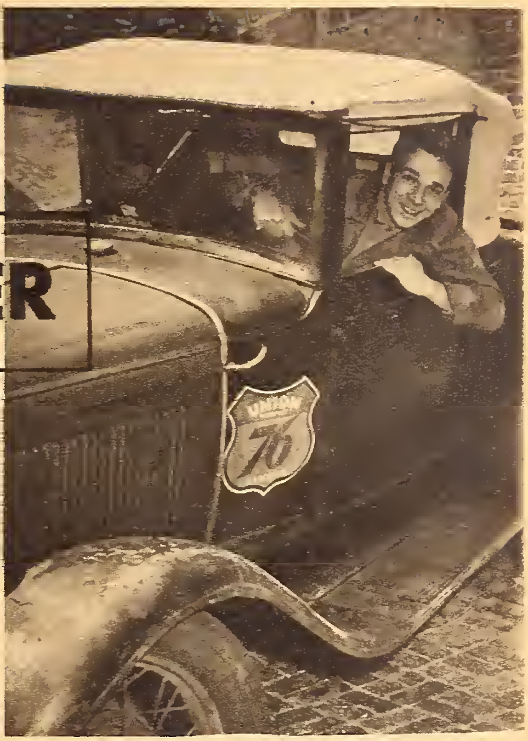
He's a perfectionist—a trait first revealed at the age of eight. At that tender period, having taken piano lessons for eight months, he was called upon by his teacher to participate in a recital. His older sister also was to perform. She protested bitterly. "He'll disgrace us, that's what!" she moaned, little dreaming that he was to be our generation's Frederic Chopin.

Cornel, a shy and bashful boy, thought this over and decided that he would render his part of the program with a perfection never before seen in one so young. When, as the youngest musician playing, he marched out on the platform, he was given a round of applause. He figured that this was recognition of his mother's supreme (*Continued on page 82*)

By Cynthia Miller

COCKEYED WONDER

There was boxing and baseball and law and while Dane Clark's not very *pretty*, he's smart—and very, very talented.



Even pals like Garfield, Kelly and Keenan Wynn won't trust their necks to Dane's hiccoughing '31 coupe.

Dane's a perfectionist, says actors must know all phases of theater—and joined a UCLA class in direction to prove it! (With Garfield in "Pride Of The Marines.")

■ "Why the hell don't they get an actor?" Bogey muttered.

The new guy curled up inside of himself and died. This is Hollywood, he thought, where they don't let you live. Are you good? do you stink?—they don't wait to find out. Kick-'em-in-the-teeth, that's their policy, what can they lose?

His first break. "Action in the North Atlantic," starring Humphrey Bogart. Every time he looked at Bogart, he'd get a level stare. Every time he came within earshot, he'd get a crack. "Where do they dig these hams up?" Every time the action took him anywhere near Bogart, he'd steel himself, waiting for the axe to fall . . .

One morning a fellow actor stopped him. "Bogey was raving about you at the Mocambo last night—"

"About *me?* Are you crazy?"

"Say, you haven't been falling for that line of his—?" The other let out a whoop. "That's how Bogey operates. It'd kill him to come out with a compliment. If he likes you he insults you. Otherwise, he keeps his trap shut—"

With producing his aim, he's learning movie mechanics by writing a script, but his I.Q. worries him. "I belong to book clubs and read till dawn—but I still can't understand poetry!"

A weight watcher, he's on buttermilk and toast. (Chatting with Garfield and composer Franz Waxman.)

This scene with DeCamp, Garfield is a personal preview—'cause Dane's 1A now.

The new guy walked out on the set, toward Bogey. "Is that drip still around?" The new guy grinned and Bogey grinned back. The new guy felt like a colt, kicking its heels up on a fine spring day.

He's no longer the new guy. He's Dane Clark, zooming high on MODERN SCREEN's poll, playing second lead to Bette Davis in "A Stolen Life." When the powers turned thumbs down on his real name, Bernard Zaneville, it was Bogey in a puckish moment who dreamed up Dane Clark. Dane's howls of mirth turned to howls of anguish when he found himself stuck with it. As times goes on, he grows hardened—submits to Great Dane and Melancholy Dane without wincing too much, but thinks *Say-it-Dane-So* or *Great Day 'n the Morning* is hitting below the belt.

He's spent most of his life using his head as a battering ram to get through brick walls. The walls were breached and his head survived, not without scars. His hates are as cordial and staunch as his affections. He hates the man who promised him a junior law partnership and reneged—thanks heaven it happened but goes right on hating him for breaking his word. Hates the fellow who fired him from his first

(Continued on page 125)

"I shake," he kids, "remembering my first role in 'Night Remembers.' Say, d'ya think the critics'll ever forget?"

COCKEYED WONDER

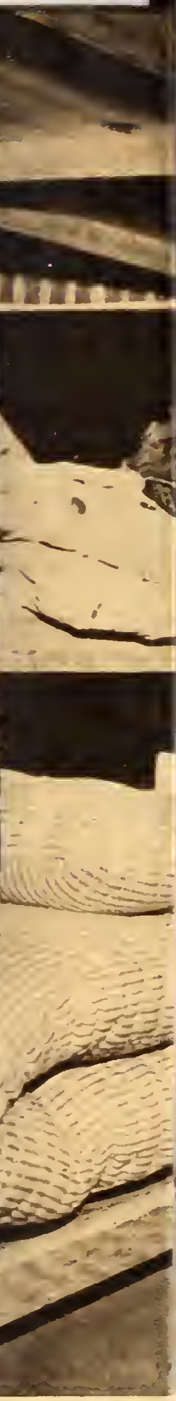
■ All high school cafeterias are noisy, and this one was no exception. Dishes rattled, kids laughed and shouted to each other across the room, someone was doing a jitterbug routine in the corner. So at first no one noticed the new arrival. He was a small, brown-haired lad in a private's uniform. He stood in the doorway a little uncertainly, and then all of a sudden there was a shriek. Two shrieks. A dozen. "It's Lon McCallister!" A tray dropped with a crash of china. There was a wild surge toward the doorway, and Lon was escorted like visiting nobility to a table at the center of the room. Questions poured over him in a crazy wave, and he was asked to autograph everything from a bobby sock to a baked apple. Lon answered all the questions with the friendly, happy grin that's the first thing you notice about him. The mob got a bit out of hand eventually, and when it was time for Lon to leave they wouldn't let him go.

"Hey, gang," he protested good naturedly, "I've got to get back to the theater. 'Winged Victory' has a matinee this afternoon."

They didn't care about that. They wanted him to stay right there and let "Winged Victory" struggle along as best it could. It isn't every day that a high school cafeteria gets a movie star to visit them. Finally as matinee time approached, Lon got desperate.

(*Continued on page 116*)

Lon's been a whizz at shooting pool ever since grandpa gave him a miniature set when a kid. Carries autographed pic of Betty Groble.



"Winged Victory" folded Apr. 20 at Richmond, Va., so Lon had a 3-day Malibu furlough. Ma's recently posted birthday cake arrived in pieces.

on and Sgt. George Reeves (above) are both in A.A.F.'s "Report to the Nation," but "Winged Victory" was Lon's last pic till after the war.

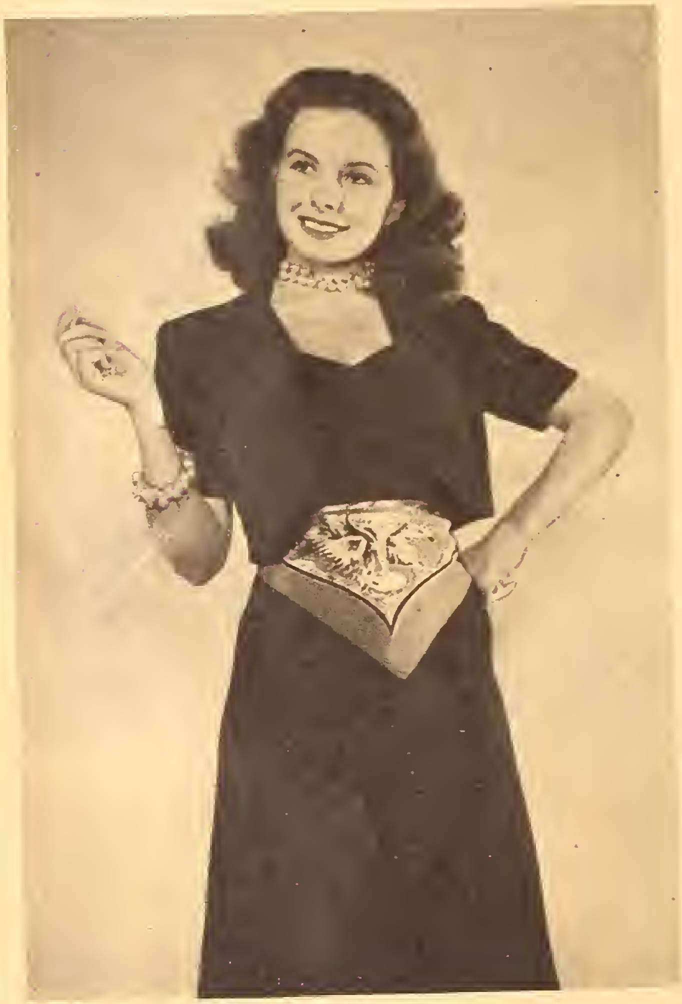
"It's Lon McCallister!"

Those fans roar, they shriek it when Lon appears—he's their special guy with his G.I. grin and pal's hello.

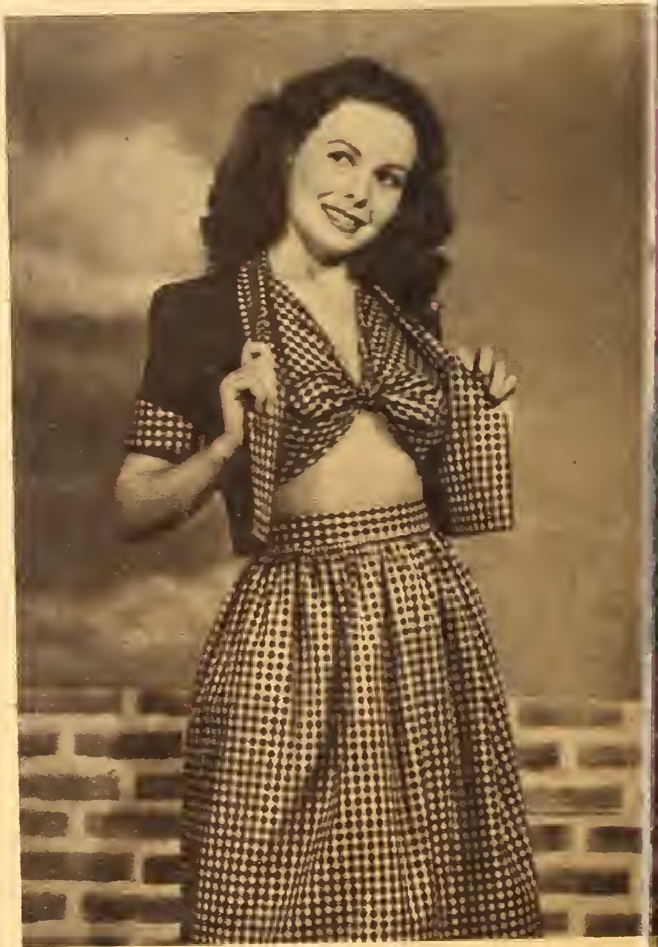
By Virginia Wilson

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide

The bare look is *the* look fo summer. Bare fashions from desk to dusk, worn by Jeanne Crain



Black magic in this butcher linen strap top dress 'n' jacket by McKettrick. Crease-resistant, expensive looking, it goes happily on from desk to date.



This double-duty honey from McKettrick takes Jeanne from city to beach. She just removes the tiny jacket—presto! a midriff play dress!

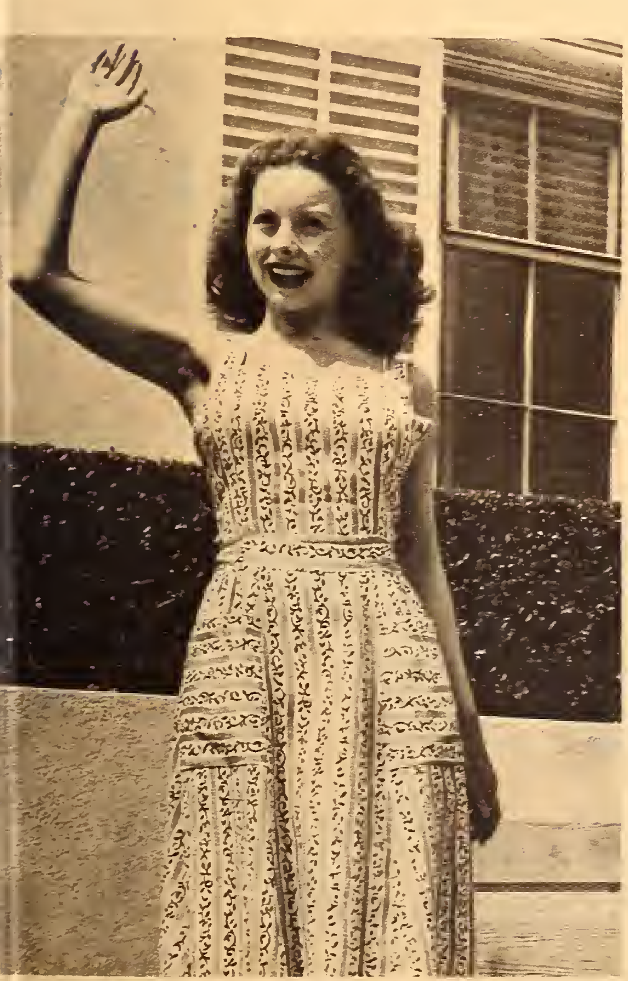
By Jean Kinkead and Toussia Pines

■ There are two ways of looking in the summer: There's the limp, disheveled look of a tired lettuce leaf, and there's the clean, dewy look of a fresh gardenia. The first way is the line of least resistance. It's the way we all *could* look if we let ourselves. The second way takes some doing. It's a combination of things—a neat summer hairdo. ungooey summer make-up, the right clothes. Especially the right clothes. Choose dresses that are stark and uncluttered. Be sure that they're washable, and that they are always whistle clean. For town clothes, for traveling clothes, try to get crease-resistant material. Always stick to cool, cool colors like lemon, lime and raspberry. Swear by chalk white; and remember that of all colors, black is the coolest to wear, the coolest to look at. We've selected these four ice-makers—all of them tubbable, all of them lovable—to do right by you when the mercury is wa-ay up there.

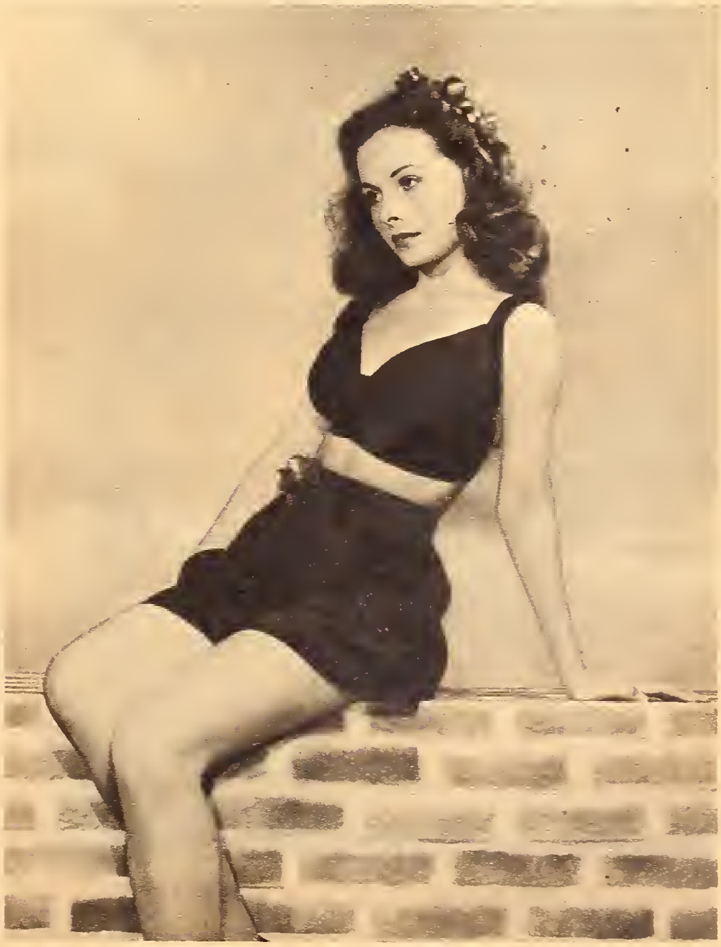
Black Magic: For brewing up a romance from a casual friendship, for rekindling the old stuff with the guy you married. there's nothing like a touch of the siren. Nothing like this inspired little dress of butcher linen—black as a moonless night. There's romance in the heart-shaped neckline, in the princess lines, in the full, graceful cut of the skirt. The tiny bolero jacket stays on for street wear, comes off for rooftop dancing, for candlelight evenings at home. Either way, it's an exciting, important little dress that will go places and do things well into September. Of Tebilized butcher linen, it's crease-resistant and expensive-looking, and it's guaranteed to unbalance the beau but not the budget. Price? Just about $9. Pink scarf by Glentex—but beautiful pearls by Coro.

Double Duty: Countrybound of a Friday afternoon, and you in a Jeykll-Hyde gingham that fools all of the people all of the time. At the office and on the train, you're a well-turned out career gal in a wide black and white skirt, a wee, black jacket. You're cool, trim, chaste as the Mona Lisa. At the seashore, on the farm, you doff the jacket, and there you are, bare of arms, bare of midriff. A sun-

(*Continued on page 75*)



or fun in the sun—have this colorful, washable play dress by Korday. Jeanne loves the huge atch pockets, the squared-off neckline.



Nothing's smarter under the sun than Jeanne's all-black Korday playsuit, made blacker by rows of white stitching. Plastic roses by Coro in her hair.

Housekeeping woes sent the Dana Andrews (with Lana Barry, center) off to relax at Mocambo. Their just-won phone is a plug-in. Each time it rings, the family races to discover what room it's in!

With wife Jennifer Jones suing for divorce, Bob Walker's been playing the field, with accent on Diana Lynn, who's grown 5 inches in a year. (At Mocambo.) MS's Louella Parsons fixed their first date.

LOUELLA

Junie Allyson hasn't a hat in her wardrobe! Wore first one in "Music
Millions." You'll see Barbara with Humphrey Bogart in "The Two
Carrolls." Linda's busy going on tours of the town with blinded seam

Ingrid completely won over the kid cast of "Bells of St. Mary" by throwing parties—and developing a terrific pitching arm! (With "Coop" at a CBS show.)

Nora will sue papa Flynn for divorce—Baxter-Hodiak dreams are called off—La Hepburn and Laddie miss by a mile

PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

■ If you think for a minute that curly headed Shirley Temple is ac-cent-u-a-ting the dignity now she's officially engaged, you can think again.

Shirley is still just as much of a cut-up as she was before the handsome Sergeant Agar slipped the three-carat square-cut sparkler on her engagement finger.

She came over to see me just a few days after her engagement was announced. She thinks John is "everything and more" and she's taking on all bets that state she *won't* marry him at the end of two years. "Don't you worry that I won't collect every cent of that cynical money," she laughs gleefully. "I'm Dutch and thrifty!"

Shirley says the news of the engagement leaked out when she attended a luncheon for 40 girls and refused to remove her glove from her left hand. "The girls could see there was a ring under the glove—and they chased me all over the place until they caught me, took off the glove—and there it was! Isn't it *smooth*," she said, holding out the finger with the fine sparkler glittering in the sunlight.

But engaged or not—Shirley is still very much the mischievous kid and loves to talk about the gags she pulls.

"I had more fun the other day," she told me, "a girl friend and I were entertaining two boys who had just arrived from overseas. They wanted to see some stars. I breezily said, 'Oh, I know them all,' and showing off like mad, drove them up to Gary Cooper's house.

"I rang the bell and said, 'I want to see my *father*.' (He once played her father on the screen when she was very small.) The maid looked at me as though I were crazy and slammed the door in my face! I rang the bell again and told the girl my name and that I must use the telephone. I don't think she ever believed me because all the time I was talking she was guarding the house like she expected us to walk away with the furniture.

"Just as we were leaving Gary's house, we were stopped by a dashing soldier who asked where Keenan Wynn lived. The officer, in case you want to know, was Jean Pierre Aumont—and so, having nothing better to do, we followed him to the Wynn home.

"We could tell they were (*Continued on page 66*)

having a party from all the cars outside—so what did we do but walk in? Keenan was just home from the hospital and everyone was in the back yard.

"The funny part of it is that no one seemed surprised that we were there. Keenan thought Mrs. Wynn had invited us—and she thought he might have extended the invitation. It was all very silly—but fun!"

At the time I saw her, everyone in Hollywood was still saddened by the death of President Roosevelt. Shirley told me about her meeting with the President when she was about eight years old.

"Just that day my front tooth had come out and so I wasn't doing much smiling. The President said, 'Shirley, where are those famous dimples?' I smiled and he saw what was the matter. 'Well,' he said, 'that doesn't matter. You'll get another one. I've lost a lot of teeth, too, but they aren't the variety that grow *back*!' "

* * *

You would be surprised to know the name of the actress who puts up her husband's hair in pin curls every night! Yes, he's in the movies, too—and has such wavy hair, girls!

* * *

Don't let anybody tell you that Humphrey Bogart has changed the name of his boat from "The Sluggy" (in honor of his former wife, Mayo Methot) to "Baby" (in honor of Lauren).

Yep, Bogey and Lauren go sailing often—but it's still "The Sluggy."

* * *

Several months ago we told you that the alarmist rumors being circulated about Van Johnson were assuming serious proportions. I still can't reveal all I know about this story—but it isn't just an accident that almost every month or so there are "flashes" to radio commentators and newspaper offices that Van has been seriously injured, that he is getting married, or that he is dying!

Just before my broadcast one Sunday, I was called to the telephone and informed that "Van Johnson just died on the operating table!" It was a terrible shock—but I'm glad to say that I took time out to check the report before putting such an awful thing on the air.

It was false, of course—but apparently someone had wanted me to flash the report, not knowing that I always check every story.

The person who is doing all this is *suspected* by the studio and the authorities. All I can say is that no matter on whose shoulders the blame falls, he or she will be exposed and the reasons for the persecution made public!

* * *

Carmen Miranda couldn't have been more surprised than she was the other night when her doorbell rang and she found Esther Williams and Van Johnson standing on the porch.

Carmen had never met either one of them before—proving that Hollywood isn't as small as it's painted.

Esther said, "We hope you'll excuse us, Miss Miranda—but we have to do a hip-wiggling Samba in 'Early to Wed' and we decided to come to an expert on the subject for instruction!"

Carmen roared with laughter and said she was very flattered. So for two hours la Miranda "swung it" while Van and Esther looked on and learned.

* * *

Thoughts in passing: Wonder why Gloria de Haven *always* wears her hair the same way?

The best looking hats in Hollywood are worn by Joan Fontaine. She had on a honey at Ciro's the other night, a small black chapeau with two deep roses at the nape of the neck.

The best letter writer among actors is Lieut. Richard Ney. If Richard ever wants to give up his career before the cameras he would make a darn colorful reporter.

The best letter writer among the women is Gypsy Rose Lee. Is that gal a salty wit!

* * *

All of you who have written me inquiring about Donald O'Connor's health will be glad to know he is much improved. So much better, in fact, he has been making a few appearances on bond drives and things like that.

EASY PICKIN'S—FIVE-SPOT FOR A MEMORY!

Gather round chillun 'cause here's a true story: Once upon a time a true-blue, nice-as-a-screen-star, Modern Screen *reader saw something happen. And she sat right down and wrote us all about it. But she didn't win a prize and she didn't get her name in print. She was very sad—and so were we! But do you know why she didn't succeed? Because she forgot all about making the story about a real movie celebrity, and the only thing that seemed to be important was the fact that she was there.*

Moral? Honestly, you don't have to live in a garret and wear horn-rimmed specs to rate printer's ink! Just don't forget that it's the star that counts and do your story up proud—full of laughs, or tears, or just plain interest. Write yourself that five dollar happy ending! Send your brain storm to the I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, Modern Screen, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Last month we were so full of "Happy Birthdays" for our fifteenth anniversary, that there just wasn't much room for your accounts of adventures with the stars, but we'll make up for lost time! And why don't you make up for past disappointments by sending us a real gem-eroo!*

Everyone believes that Don's illness, right after he went into service, was just a matter of a very high strung boy suddenly transplanted into strange and unusual conditions.

* * *

Just a lot of eyewash that report that Bing Crosby and Bob Hope had had an argument that almost resulted in fisticuffs.

Those two guys are still the best of friends and always will be. I betcha.

* * *

The reason you haven't seen any pictures of the beautiful baby of Errol Flynn and Nora Eddington is because Errol has objected.

Nora, who tells me she will sue for a divorce in a couple of months, but who is still very friendly with Errol, tells me. "Errol has asked that the baby not be photographed Not that he isn't proud of her! He thinks she is the prettiest little girl in town—but he says she is so small and just getting a good star in life and he thinks the flash light bulbs and smoke might be bad for her.

"Anyway, he was so sweet to me when she was born in Mexico City and so tender and thoughtful at that time, I wouldn't want to do anything he would not approve of."

I still believe that Nora is very much in love with Flynn—divorce or no divorce.

* * *

Such a lot of things happened before Clark Gable's return movie, "Strange Adventure" or whatever it is to be called, actually went before the cameras.

First, Greer Garson was very, very sick and had to take ten days off before the movi started. Then, Clark got himself all scarred up in an automobile accident and delayed the starting another week.

Just when both Greer and Clark were read to go to work, Gable's favorite director, Victo Fleming, broke out with an attack of tempera ment and walked off the lot. Vic, who objected to having to present a pass at the gate and t the parking attendant, after working on th lot for fifteen years, stayed away anothe seven days.

Clark used his influence to get him to retur and now Vic is back. Everybody's happy— we hope!

* * *

Alan Ladd may be "all and all" to Mis America and the Bobby Socks brigade—bu Katharine Hepburn never knows him whe she sees him.

I suppose everyone has heard by now how Katharine was sitting in a cafe in Ne York with a stage producer, spied Alan whe he walked in, and sent someone over to ask he would be interested in an acting caree It's been told (and gleefully by Alan, I mig add) many times.

But the pay-off came later, on the sam jaunt to New York, when Katie tried to mak amends for her "boner." At a cocktail part Alan was standing with a young attorne talking, when la Hep blew in. Taking th young lawyer's hand, and totally ignorin Alan, she said, "Oh. *Mr. Ladd!* I'm so e barrassed about the other day!"

* * *

Too bad about Anne Baxter and John H diak. This romance is colder than an i cube. Now I hear that the man in Anne's li is her old flame, Richard Derr, now in t service. We'll see. She seems to be a la who changes her mind.

* * *

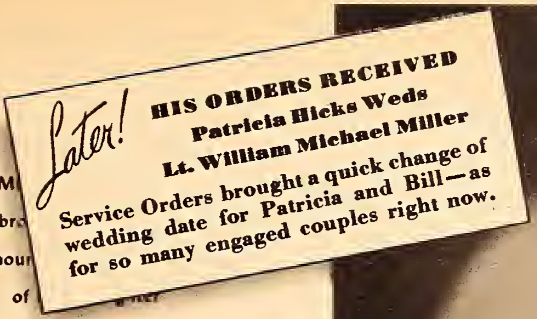
One of the funniest imitations I've ev heard is Betty Hutton's take off on all *thr* of the Andrews Sisters singing "Rum and Co Cola." Betty actually sounds like the record and all by herself.

Speaking of the little Hutton, she's certai a subdued girl most of the time, these da There was a time when she was very mu like her screen personality. But lately, for reason anyone can uncover, she seems sive and quiet.

A little "heart" trouble, Betty?

Major and M
of Stonybro
announ
of

Patricia
to
William Michael Miller
U.S.M.C.R.



Later!

HIS ORDERS RECEIVED
Patricia Hicks Weds
Lt. William Michael Miller

Service Orders brought a quick change of wedding date for Patricia and Bill—as for so many engaged couples right now.

COME AND HELP! Patricia puts in as much work on her college farm as studies allow. Victory Gardens are more important than ever this year, and farms need workers. Ask the Women's Land Army in your locality where you can help.

PATRICIA HICKS—red-gold hair, brown eyes, translucently clear complexion!

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

She is very young and very lovely—another darling girl with a charming soft-smooth Pond's look about her exquisitely cared-for skin.

"I'm ever so grateful to Pond's Cold Cream," Patricia confided to us. "It has such a nice way of giving my face the clean, fresh, smooth look I like it to have."

HOW PATRICIA USES POND'S . . .

She slips Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream all over her face and throat, patting gently to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

She rinses with *more* luscious Pond's, sending cream-tipped fingers quickly round and round her face. "This *double* creaming makes all the difference," Patricia says. "Leaves my skin feeling ever so much cleaner and softer."

You'll love a big, luxury-size jar!

Use Pond's like this—every night and morning, for clean-ups during the day, too. It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll enjoy dipping the fingers of *both* hands in the wide-topped big Pond's jar.

HER RING—On Christmas Eve, Bill gave Patricia this beautiful ring—a round diamond in a square platinum setting.

A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Lady Edward Montagu
Miss Theodora Roosevelt
Mrs. George Jay Gould, Jr.
Joyce, Countess Howe
Miss Evelyn Byrd La Prade

NEWEST MAKE-UP IDEA... SENSATIONAL ON BROADWAY

Two make you twice as Lovely

Jergens
Make-up Cake
+
Matching
Jergens Powder

PENNY EDWARDS... APPEARING ON BROADWAY IN THE NEW OLSEN AND JOHNSON LAUGH HIT, "LAFFING ROOM ONLY"

"QUICKER THAN A FLICKER, you're *super-fascinating* with this new Jergens Twin Make-up!" says beautiful Penny Edwards.

FIRST, sponge on new Jergens Make-up Cake (made with special skin-softening oils) ... to *color-tone* your complexion, bring it a *flawless* look—smooth and radiant!

SECOND, fluff on the *matching* shade of velvetized Jergens Powder. To give your complexion *twice the loveliness.* Yes... for hours and hours!

MATCHING CAKE AND POWDER ... a $2.00 value for $1.00 ... *that's* Jergens Twin Make-up! Today, choose *your* shade for a twice-as-lovely look!

JERGENS POWDER "TRY-IT" SIZES, 25¢, 10¢*

Jergens Twin Make-up

Both in one box—both for $1.00 (*$2.00 Value*)

*Plus Tax

THAT OLD FEELING

(*Continued from page 33*)

hey first met under a summer moon as een-age kids and fell head over heels in ove. In fact, ever since Tom Drake's bright rown eyes, silky voice and attractive male creen talents in general popped him out of he bottom of nowhere to the Hollywood rush circle of feminine fans, he's been retty much written off by the gossips as mystery man and a four-F in the real ife romance department.

lue bachelor . . .

Whenever anyone would corner him nd demand, "Now, give, Tom—who's your est girl?" he'd return a blank stare and ay innocently, "Why, nobody." And the unny part was—he himself thought he was uoting gospel—until a certain lonesome lew Year's Eve in Hollywood when a eartache out of the past caught up with im.

Tom Drake was seventeen when he first aw Chris and she was just fifteen, a pert nd pretty young Irish-Dutch butterball rom the Poconos, with peaches-and-cream kin and yellow-gold hair, just like she is oday. Only then she had braces on her eeth. Tom had those same darting hazel yes, those same long lashes and brown urls that flopped down over his eyes if he idn't watch out. Tom was Alfred Alderice, a New Rochelle boy just out of Merersburg Academy, and Christopher was une Dunne, who wanted to be an actress nd had talked her mother into letting her tart young. To show you how close they ll became from then on—June took the ame Christopher for her professional ame after Tom's sister, Claire, named her rst baby Christopher. And later, Chris Tom's new wife) named *her* little girl hristopher, too. Which makes three hrises in the family now. But away ack then (around 1936) it was June and Bud," because that's always what Tom's lose friends have called him. Bud and is sister Claire both were at the Reginald oode summer drama school near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., because they had the same lea Chris had then. They wanted to act. o it wasn't exactly fate that put Bud and ttle June Dunne in the cast of their very rst play. Practically the whole school cted in the plays. Only maybe it was fate iat played the little trick that Tom and hris remember as their very first romantic moment.

That was when Tom slashed his hand ght before opening night curtain trying to ack a can of milk and the doctor umped an anti-tetanus shot into him.

Well, that was okay, and he didn't even el woozy until the second act, when all a sudden he broke out in a mess of itchy ives that made him feel like an army of its had invaded every item of his costume. robably what Tom Drake would do now ould be yell, "Cut!" scram off to his essing room and just scratch luxuriously, ut in those days he was Sir Galahad in easepaint and he'd heard the show must on. So he wriggled himself through e show miserably, but when it was over rushed up to his sister's room, peeled his shorts and yelled "Do something!"

Chris was there and together the amaur nurses took over poor Tom, who at at point resembled a walking boiled toato.

And it was at that very unromantic juncre, both Chris and Tom swear, that love opped in for tea. Chris will admit she ad a desperate crush on Bud anyway, the inute she saw the 17-year-old dream boy, e thought he was about the cutest thing ver invented. But seeing him looking so darned, helpless—well, the first thing she knew she was leaning over and giving him a very sweet (but lingering) good night kiss.

All this happened right before sister Claire's eyes and that's the way it was from then on. One for all and all for one, Claire and Chris and Tom and the little group of Reginald Gooders who cut their acting eye teeth up in darkest Poughkeepsie. They all lived—about fifty of them—in a vast boarding house, took a bus to the theater together and had their off-hour fun around the hot spots of Poughkeepsie, like coke and hamburger stands, movie houses and juke joints. They had picnics in the woods and they took moonlight rides in somebody's jaloppy and trudged around Poughkeepsie selling tickets to the reluctant merchants for their colossal productions. They sat together in the audience when they were not acting and formed an applause claque and they talked at night in somebody's room until all hours about art and the theater and what great stars they'd all be some day. They were all thicker than thieves, but Chris and Bud were something special.

manhattan reunion . . .

But it was in New York City that Tom and Chris really got serious. When their mother died suddenly to leave Tom and Claire orphans (his father had passed on earlier), they moved into Manhattan, taking an old remodeled apartment house on Riverside Drive. Their first visitor, of course, was Chris Dunne and the Poughkeepsie gang of summer stockers, all of whom had moved on to the big city to pursue their art. Chris was Claire's best friend by then, they corresponded constantly and she'd always say in her letters, "give my love to Bud." So when Tom and his sister moved into town the gang, Chris included, rallied around to fix up the place. They painted the poor old Gay Nineties house a modern white and blue and moved in their heavy Victorian furniture from New Rochelle and, while the artistic effect was pretty awful, it was their very own nest and they loved it. And somehow Chris Dunne was over there more than the others. And Tom found himself telling her about everything that happened to him and calling her on the phone every night to report every rosy prospect he could glean out of his long, dull day haunting agents' offices and tramping up and down Broadway looking for a job. He'll probably never forget the first job he landed, either—because it was Chris he called first to brag expansively about it. It was Chris who'd be most thrilled at the news—Tom knew that.

He rushed to a phone booth and dialed Chris. Tom was so impressed with himself at that point he could barely button his coat. But he pulled a world weary, nonchalant tone out of his diaphragm.

"Hello, Chris," greeted Tom, "just thought I'd call to say hello."

"Oh, hello, darling," came back Chris, "anything new?"

"No," yawned Tom, "not much. Oh, by the way, I'm starting a new show."

"What! Oh, darling, how *wonderful!*"

"Yes," sighed Tom in his best bored tones. "I'm working, just joined Actor's Equity. Director said they'd been looking all over. Start rehearsals tomorrow."

Chris said she'd never been so thrilled. She said she was sooo happy for Tom. Sure he'd be a terrific hit. She was impressed to pieces and the guy glowed like neon.

And so the next day he strutted down

"IT HAPPENED IN SPRINGFIELD"

Mary was only a little girl. Maybe seven or eight years old at most. So when the teacher brought all those visitors to her school in Springfield to see how this "experiment in democracy" was working out, no one expected a very good answer to their question, "Do you know what democracy is?" Until she piped up, flushed and sure, "Democracy is, my daddy is a Democrat, and my grand-daddy is a Republican, and I love 'em both!"

"It Happened In Springfield" is a short movie, maybe twenty minutes long. And yet in those twenty minutes is covered the whole fight America is putting up against the men with the fascist by-lines, the clever men with the hunger to split up America.

They tried some of that talk on John Knudson. He was a simple man who loved the wooden Indian outside his general store, and the little children with their precious two pennies for jelly beans, a good man who couldn't wait until his son, Bill, came home on furlough. But John never did get to meet him. Because a bunch of kids ganged up on "the dirty foreigner" and tore his store down. And beat him unconscious. And when Bill heard about it he cried, "My father was a friend to everybody, why pick on him?" Somebody sputtered, "They're only a gang of hoodlums, only kids, they don't know any better." And Bill retorted, "But where did they get the idea? They didn't cook it up themselves. This race hatred was passed on to them, deliberately and viciously, by men who knew what they were doing!"

Ann Carter used to buy all her school supplies from John Knudson. She liked him, just as she liked all the Johns and Isaacs and Pasquales and Patricks in the world. And liking them, she became a teacher in one of the many elementary schools operating on "The Springfield System." To explain in Ann's words, "Young children know nothing about racial hatreds. They get that sort of thing from older people. Under this method, we teach them not only the true meaning of democracy, but they learn to live it from the very beginning of their days at school." And to prove America's wisdom to Bill, she took him on a tour of her school. She let him meet little Mary, she showed him the classes where aliens were studying for their citizenship exams and where Mrs. Perelli was using the new word "pray," in this sentence, "I pray God He make me a good Americano!"

Yes, Ann Carter showed Bill the Springfield System. She was also showing him a glimpse of America as she could be. And as she will be, with your help. And yours. And yours.

* * *

You MODERN SCREEN readers have never needed your bitter medicine sugar-coated, you've never worn rose-colored glasses to those newsreels of Tarawa and Iwo Jima and the bloody butcher camps of Germany. That's why we'd like you to see "It Happened In Springfield" when it reaches your neighborhood theater. You *cannot* afford to miss it.

Blondes—take a bow! Famous artist shows how to bring out delicate skin tones with original* "Flower-fresh" shade of

CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder

Want to see your skin look fairer, smoother, more beautifully blonde? Then dust it tenderly with Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" *Natural*, and see those blonde blush-tones come alive. Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" face powder clings for hours; veiling tiny blemishes with a satin-smooth finish. And remember Cashmere Bouquet comes in "Flower-fresh" shades to complement *all* skin types from an exotic brunette to a red head's pale ivory complexion.

Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for *you!*

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural*, Rachel Nos. 1 and 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
Rose Brunette, Even Tan

Broadway and into the theater for rehearsals and who do you think was his leading lady, right there on the stage with just as big a part as he had, and ever more money? Yep, cagey Chris!

always together . . .

From then on it was Poughkeepsie al
over again for Tom Drake and Christopher Dunne. It seemed like half the flops
that Tom worked and hoped in, Chris
landed a chance to work and hope in, too.
They kept in touch all summer whenever
Tom would dash off to Westboro, Mass., for
the Red Barn theater and Chris would go
home to the Pocono hills and Stroudsburg
And Tom would find he wanted to see
Chris—but bad—and take a train down to
Stroudsburg to visit Chris and her friendl
mother, Josie. But autumn would find ther
back in Manhattan again, catching up wit
the gang which somehow seemed to stic
together after Poughkeepsie.

Then they all moved into the Tudor Cit
section, and Tom and Claire and Chris ha
an apartment there, too. And Peter Cookson, Tom's best friend (and best man at hi
wedding) and about a half dozen more
And Maggie Ledbetter and K. T. Steven
when she was in New York getting a star
on her own away from her Hollywood pap
director, Sam Wood. And they found them
selves closer than ever because half th
time some of the gang would be in th
chips and the rest broke, and then it wa
a case of eat off the flush party while
lasted and then stake him when a chec
came from home or some other lucky plac
like a fast soap opera job up in Radio Cit
or a turn at a night club, or sometimes
Broadway play that lasted longer than
hours.

Sometimes Tom and Claire, when the
bank guardian paid off the first of th
month, would be the meatballs and th
meal tickets. Sometimes, broke, they
eagerly riffle through K. T. Stevens' ma
for Papa Wood's check from Hollywoo
Once, Chris came up, she remembers, wi
a hundred bucks from home—earmark
"dancing lessons." Chris has a swell sin
ing voice and she can act too, but h
main talent was dancing and this hundr
dollars was to polish up her taps. U
fortunately, hungry Tom and some mo
of the lean Tudor City wolves happen
to be around and poor Chris never did g
her lessons. The check got gobbled up
like that. That's the way it was—but
Tom and Chris look back they had mo
fun than they've ever had since. Ce
tainly Tom Drake had clung like fly pap
to the fellow travelers of those days. So
of them like Peter Cookson and his wi
Maurine, are right next door in Beve
Hills today and they're the closest p
Tom has. It was a homesick nostalgia
those carefree Bohemian Broadway da
too, maybe, that wound up in Chris a
Tom becoming Mr. and Mrs. Drake
Hollywood the other day. It was the Tu
City Blues that brought Tom and Ch
back together way out in Hollywood.
of course, they'd had marriage plans
fore. Several times before.

"yes," but . . .

In fact, whenever Tom would snag hi
self a job or even the promise of a job
New York, he'd rush down the hall
propose to Chris. And Chris would alw
say "Yes." What kept them from mat
up when they were still kids was just t
—they were still kids. The first time t
set a date and Tom went to a flash jewe
store on Broadway and bought a ring
twenty dollars. Then they got on the ph
and called Josie, Chris's maw.

"We're going to get married—Chris
I," announced Tom in his most bass
grown up voice.

"Oh, no you're not," replied Josie in a no-if-ands-or-buts voice. "You're much too young."

"I'm nineteen," began Tom.

"And June's seventeen," pointed out Mrs. Dunne.

But trouble always seems to muscle in on little private paradises like Tom and Chris had in their brave young Manhattan world. Like that song, "Together," they'd both pretended it would never end. But it did—it always does, if you keep on doing nothing about it. Pretty soon the gang started to break up. Sister Claire got married and moved away. K. T. came back home to Hollywood and after Tom was all pepped up over a chance in the new show, "Life With Father," and then missed it by a mile, the greener fields of Hollywood looked mighty attractive. He made plans to take a crack at Movieland with a couple of other guys who were sick of getting batted in the nose by Broadway. He wanted Chris to come along but she had a show in rehearsal that looked good—and was for her ("Schoolhouse on the Lot" ran thirteen weeks instead of the usual fast one)—and that's the way it went. Tom came to Hollywood, Chris stayed in New York and absence didn't make the hearts grow fonder. When you're young like that with a million things to see and do and get worked up about, it's usually a case of out of sight, out of mind—not down deep, maybe, but—anyway, things just weren't the same with Chris and Tom after that.

He landed a contract with Frank Lloyd, the Hollywood director, and even though he was twenty-one, Tom found himself playing a son of Cary Grant and Martha Scott in "The Howards of Virginia." One day Martha asked Tom into the projection booth to see the rushes. It was the first time Bud Drake had ever seen himself on the screen and he sat bolt upright in his seat and stumbled out of the place feeling as empty as a punctured balloon.

"Was—was that *me?*" he asked Martha.

Her eyes twinkled. She'd been through the same thing long ago. "It sure is."

"Why," marvelled Tom, "why didn't somebody *tell* me? I'm skinny and ugly and white as a ghost! And worst of all, I look like I'm thirteen years old!"

"You're supposed to."

"But I'm twenty-one!" cried Tom in his agony. He hated Hollywood. By the time the Eastern snows melted he was on a plane heading home. But it was a different New York when he got there. Tom wouldn't be bothering about Broadway for one thing. A war was cooking and Tom thought it was the Army for him. There was another difference. A big one—Chris was married. She'd met another young actor, Michael Ames, and well—she was sure Tom must have found a girl in Hollywood, she was sure this romance was the real thing for her. The old times were gone for good.

singin' the blues . . .

Tom stayed with Claire and her husband down in the Village and got ready for the Army. He had three physicals and before each one his friends told him goodbye and loaded him with presents. He flunked all three examinations—something wrong with his wiring or his plumbing. So he traipsed back on up Broadway one day, low as a snake in a swamp, looking for maybe some of the old gang, because he was lonesome. He had those Poughkeepsie-Tudor-City-Blues and he could sure stand the sight of a friendly face. He tried not to think of the friendly face he'd like to see most, with its milky, rosebud cheeks and laughing blue eyes. Just any friendly face from the old bunch. Tom never found one, but hunting them around the agents' offices, he found something else—a job in "Janie," and that was going to be a hit and send

Glamorous
Joan Blondell
Famous Hollywood
Screen Star
says:

"You bet I use Arrid! I wouldn't be without its wonderful protection for a moment. Some people may think it isn't nice to talk about underarm perspiration, but it's a whole lot worse to neglect perspiration and have it spoil a dress you treasure. So I unhesitatingly shout the praises of Arrid deodorant cream."

Joan Blondell

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT
which Safely helps
STOP *under-arm* PERSPIRATION

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus Tax
(Also 59¢ size)
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE Overglo BY WESTMORE

DOROTHY LAMOUR
Starring in
"A MEDAL FOR BENNY"
A Paramount Picture

FROM HOLLYWOOD...WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE... NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

WALLY WESTMORE, *Director of Make-up at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, using House of Westmore cosmetics to make up Dorothy Lamour.*

TONIGHT... today... in just one minute... look your loveliest. Apply one drop of Westmore's new liquid-cream Overglo before you powder and rouge. See how it camouflages large pores and little lines. Never gives a mask-like appearance. Watch it add youthful radiance. Enjoy a smooth, well-groomed, flawless-looking face-do all day or night. *Non-drying, definitely!* Overglo has an emollient lanolin and oil base. Protects against dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts months. Six flattering shades. *$1.50, plus tax.*

NEW... ONE-SHADE... OVERGLO FACE POWDER

A make-up discovery! *Practically colorless*—permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with youthful beauty. A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any *tinted* cake, cream or liquid foundation. $1 *plus tax.*

PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

Tom Drake right back to Hollywood with an M-G-M contract.

Here's the report New York wired the studio after his first test.

"Tom Drake—A skinny kid on the Dead End boy type. Hard face to photograph. Ready for the next draft."

After "Janie" clicked and Tom was draft deferred and they looked again with a test camera, came back this gem:

"Tom Drake—fairly decent actor—draft exempt but cross-eyed." I don't know where they got that cross-eyed stuff unless it's the way Tom shoots his sparkling eyes around, they're lined up as straight as railroad tracks. Anyway, it didn't faze Hollywood. The wire they shot back said, "Sign up the cross-eyed boy. Everyone else is in the Army!"

But after a few pictures like "Two Girls and a Sailor," "Maisie Goes to Reno," "Mrs. Parkington," "This Man's Army" and "Meet Me in St. Louis," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer became very fond of their "cross-eyed boy," thanks.

There have been lots of thrills for Tom Drake. Having Judy Garland see him in "Two Girls and a Sailor," for instance, and say "That's the boy for 'Meet Me in St. Louis'" and getting the part that helped him click in a big way without even a test. It has been a pleasant surprise for Tom to rocket up so high on the fan mail lists and find out that people all over the world like him plenty. To get letters from people he doesn't even know saying, "You remind me of my son I lost in the war," or "you're just like my husband overseas," or "my brother," or "my best beau." It has been great to put over a real acting job on his own like his last in "Hold High the Torch." So, professionally, Tom Drake had no real kicks from the start—this last trip to Hollywood.

pencil memories . . .

But when he slumped on the set in the long waits between takes, he'd find himself doodling with a pencil on the pages of his script. And—funny thing—what he doodled, absent-mindedly, was always the same doodle. A girl's face, always the same girl's face.

Judy Garland caught him at it a few times. "Who's the girl, Tom?" she'd tease him.

And Tom would start like he'd had a hotfoot. "What? Oh—I—I don't know. I just draw those things when I'm not thinking. I don't know who it is." But he knew down deep inside he was lying to himself. He knew who it was. It was Chris.

That's how his private life kept kicking around in the air and getting nowhere—until a year ago last New Year's Eve.

New Year's is a time to be with old friends and that's where Tom was, with Peter and Maurine Cookson and some other old pals of his from the East whose names don't matter because you wouldn't know them anyway. They were all at Peter's house for a private party. Surrounded by all those personal strings back to his happy days, Tom couldn't help a lump of loneliness and a longing for yesterday to sneak up in his throat.

And then a kid he hadn't seen for years, who was fresh out from New York, came in. "Hi, Tom," he cried and the first thing he said after that was only natural to this guy who remembered when. "Say, do you know that Chris is out here?"

Tom felt that old feeling, hitting him like an electric shock up his spine.

"No!" he said.

"Sure—right here in Hollywood."

Then Tom remembered. Of course. She'd married this actor fellow and he was in Hollywood. Very natural. He also remembered the fact that that let him out—long ago. "I'd like to see Chris," he said a little wistfully.

"Why don't you? Call her up. Here's her number. I just saw her," said the guy, "a few days ago and she's the same old Chris—looks swell."

Tom said, "You kidding? Chris is married."

"Not any more."

In two seconds flat Tom was on the phone. He told about the party and all the kids they both knew there. He asked Chris if she had a date. She hadn't. "Neither have I," said Tom, "but we'll fix both ends of that situation pronto."

So that's when it all started up again with Tom and Chris, just as if nothing had happened in between, except that both of them were a little bit older—but not much—and Chris had a darling two-year-old baby girl named Christopher, of course, after Claire's little girl, which suited Tom fine, because he's crazy about kids.

The funny thing was that in the more than a year that Tom and Chris were romancing again around Hollywood, nobody ever knew about it. And it wasn't as though they sneaked around like a pair of Garbos, either.

steppin' out . . .

When Tom and Chris stepped out, it's true, it was usually to some quiet little restaurant like Vesuvio's in Hollywood or the Casa di Amor, but sometimes they went dancing, too, to the Grove and other bright light spots. Maybe the reason no one ever got hep to what was going on is because Tom wasn't exactly front page Hollywood news all that time and Christopher Dunne certainly wasn't. She'd given up acting long before, so the flash bulb boys hadn't the slightest hint that she and Tom Drake were worth a picture, even if they'd sat ringside at Mocambo and held hands right out in public.

They'd have eloped sooner, if Tom had his way. He proposed so many times he couldn't keep count, but there was always something, it seemed, to keep them from skipping off to Las Vegas or Reno or Yuma or somewhere where the California three-day gin-marriage law wasn't working. Usually it was a studio job for Tom or an interview, or a gallery sitting or something that wouldn't let him get out of town. And Chris, from the start, has been cautious as a cat about Tom's budding Hollywood career. For one thing, because she's a sensible gal and for another because both of them remember only too well what a tough time they had getting a break back in the old Broadway days.

I think the funniest fear that Chris latched on to, though, was one she popped not very long before they eloped—and it's one where MODERN SCREEN (of all people) plays the role of an anti-cupid villain, blitzing true love right and left. Chris got the idea somewhere that her marriage to Tom would be bad medicine for his new career (yep, she *does* love him) and when she found out that her true love had landed in seventh place on the MODERN SCREEN Popularity Poll, she was impressed, but also leery of what wedding bells would do. So when Tom pleaded, as usual, "Chris, dear, let's get married," she'd argue, "But darling, you're seventh on the Poll now—and if we get married you might be *twenty-seventh!*"

off to the wedding . . .

It wasn't exactly the kind of wedding you picture Hollywood stars staging, but you can't boob it to Chris and Tom Drake. Typically Tom, he simply yawned to M-G-M that he was running down to Palm Springs for a few days. But instead, he and Chris rushed around Hollywood like ants that busy day after they decided on the fatal step. Bought a ring, plane tickets,

Happy Ironings to You!

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Shirts of ev'ry handsome hue,
Join the chorus, sing with Sunny,
"Linit Starch will save you money."

"See how Linit keeps our collars
Neat and clean as new-made
dollars.
How ev'ry neckband, ev'ry cuff
Feels sleek and smooth and
never rough."

A solo then by Master Linit—
"You can mix me in a minute.
Best of all, it matters not
If the water's cold or hot."

"Then any starching that you
please
You'll do with pleasure, speed
and ease
And when you iron, you'll agree
'Linit is the starch for me.'"

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"LINIT IRONINGS NEVER BORE US"!

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YES, MRS. BOYER, my new shades in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks really are going places . . . they're going on the smartest lips in America. You'll find, also, that these heavenly colors have a perfectly delightful habit of staying on for many extra hours. There's no run . . . no smear. Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish insures lips that are not too dry—not too moist . . . lips with a soft, satin-smooth radiance that works wonders for your charm . . . In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.

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Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

and thought they'd made reservations at Las Vegas' fanciest tavern—but nobody ever heard of the course of true love sailing smoothly along, even in such an ideal a match as Chris and Tom.

First off, the weather switched and their plane was grounded.

"You can fly tomorrow probably," said the airport.

"Not me," gritted Tom, "I'm leaving today if I have to walk," and Chris felt that way too, once they'd made up their minds. But the train people shook their heads too, and it looked like a pair of hitchhikers over the Mojave desert for sure if love was ever to bloom. But then Peter Cookson and Maurine came to the rescue, like the old friends they were, and hauled them over the border to Nevada. They've only been married nine or ten years, the Cooksons, but you'd have thought *they* were the bride and groom, the way they carried off that sentimental mood. But at that, Tom and Chris admit, all that cooing and sentimental sighing set the stage a bit for themselves—and it could certainly have stood a little setting.

Because right off, the minute they rolled into Las Vegas they knew it wasn't going to be all orange blossoms and flower girls for that wedding. Las Vegas is a war boom town and as wide open as a barn door. It's smack on the desert and the main business, outside of defense work, is gambling. There wasn't a flower in the place, although Tom was dying to buy Chris some gardenias, her favorite posy. When he got back to Hollywood, by the way, a reporter asked him about the wedding flowers and Tom tried to think fast. "I gave her petunias," he said, "Chris wore petunias," and he wondered about that funny look he got.

But the flower shortage wasn't half. The little chapel in the Last Frontier, Las Vegas' snazz hostelry, was supposed to be all gussied up for the event, but something went wrong. So Tom and Chris and their wedding party ended up at a house called "Wee Kirk of the Heather" although if there was any kirk or any heather around it was keeping out of sight. A big sign stretched across this place, announcing, "Complete Wedding Ceremony including everything—$12." You couldn't go wrong at those prices and besides it was the Wee Kirk or nothing. So in Tom and Chris pranced—in a Mendelssohn mood and for twelve bucks it was cheap at half the price—although they had to stand in line while a 6-foot woman and a spouse half her height got hitched (marrying is another major industry in Las Vegas) and in between ceremonies the local marryin' Sam had to heed his wife who hollered from the kitchen, "Hey, come in here and get your eggs and coffee before you marry them folks!"

And to top it off, of course, Tom couldn't jam the ring on Chris' finger—so she had to put it on herself!

lucky omen . . .

Tom and the new Mrs. did Las Vegas up brown after Peter and Maurine started back home. M-G-M thought Drake was in Palm Springs and no local Las Vegas news hawk guessed that Alfred Alderdice (Tom used his real name) and June Dunne were anybody worth looking at twice. So they had their honeymoon alone together They visited all the cafes and the houses of chance in Las Vegas, and it was before the curfew so that meant all night, all over town, dollars clinking, wheels spinning dice clicking. At the spots—Last Frontier El Rancho Vegas and all of them—Tom and Chris made merry, and Tom ran smack into a good omen that their marriage was going to be loaded with luck.

He walked up to the first roulette table

"How do you play this game?" he asked. The croupier did a take—here was a nice fat pigeon who didn't even know the rules. He explained them patiently. The easiest way was to play the red or black. "Oh, I see," said Tom, plunking down 150 bucks on the red. The wheel spun. Red! "Thanks," drawled Tom, "nice game," and he picked up his winnings, and walked away while the house man muttered.

That happened five times the wedding evening. Tom Drake could do nothing but win. He couldn't lose. He put his arm around Chris and they walked out the last lurid play palace door and strolled under the stars up the lane to Ye Wayside Inne.

Then at last Tom Drake knew why he felt like he did—walking on air, right on top of the world, loaded with luck. They opened the door and he squeezed her hand, the familiar hand of familiar Chris that now wore his wedding ring.

Tom knew it would always be like this in everything from now on—as long as he had Chris by his side, holding his hand.

M. S. FASHION GUIDE

(*Continued from page 63*)

worshiping sprite who never fought tooth and nail for a subway seat, never soiled hands on a typewriter ribbon. You'll enchant the commuters in your fitted butcher linen jacket, captivate the farmer's boy with your brief cap sleeves, pert gingham bow. Can you possibly miss in this darling McKettrick? It's a gift at about $7.

Bareback: Here's that heavenly, once-in-a-lifetime item—a dress that you whip on at 8 AM and that still looks like a cool million at 8 PM. It's a dress for gardening, for marketing, for playing. Practical as red flannel, alluring as black lace. Another Korday honey, it features an irresistible strap neckline, a pair of out-sized patch pockets, a clever belt arrangement that whittles your waistline. It comes in a Crown Soap 'n' Water Fabric in a good-looking black and white print on raspberry or turquoise. A hunk of smoothness for around $6.

Beach lure: Let who will wear flowered prints and screaming colors, nothing's smarter under the sun than a really good looking black play-suit. Our pet is this baby with its dead white stitching, sturdily made of Loomshire cotton poplin. The bra, jersey lined, is cut for flattery and security; the shorts have the slick, slim look of a small boy's pants. The whole business is head turning without being censorable. You'll love the way it charms your figure into smooth lines even if you *are* an imperfect Venus. Korday makes it, so you know that the workmanship is beautiful, the styling the best, the price right. This one is under $8. Plastic roses by Coro.

Your letters are wonderful, and it's a good feeling to know that we're actually pointing the way to charm for you. It's a thrill, for instance to know that you landed a job in a suit we showed you, that you landed your guy in one of our cotton heartbreakers. Thank you for telling us. Keep on writing us your clothes problems, won't you? We want to help, and we know we can.

* * *

There's a store near you that carries these MODERN SCREEN *fashions, and if you'll drop us a note we'll tell you where it is, what sizes the clothes come in, the exact price and anything else you can think of to ask us. Better do it now, don't you think? This is where to write: Toussia Pines, Fashion Editor,* MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

'Teen-age' girls

glamour-bathe *your* hair like gorgeous

Powers Models

Miss Athalia Ponselle, another divinely beautiful Powers Girl, who has discovered the remarkable beautifying action of Kreml Shampoo

Leaves Hair 'Spanking Clean' Silken-Soft, Bright and Glossy for Days!

Here's a beauty tip from some of the world's most gorgeous girls — those 'million dollar' Powers Models—many of whom are still 'teen-age' lassies themselves.

Powers girls — noted for their enchantingly lovely hair — are advised to use *only* Kreml Shampoo to wash it and here's why:

1. Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp clean of dirt and loose dandruff.
2. It actually 'unlocks' the natural sparkling beauty and highlights that lie concealed in *your* and *every girl's* hair.
3. Leaves hair shining bright for days.
4. Positively contains no harsh drying chemicals.
5. Instead, its beneficial oil base helps keep hair from becoming dry.
6. Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It rinses out like a charm and helps keep your hair looking its ravishingly beautiful best for days.

Buy Large FAMILY SIZE. All drug, dept. and 10¢ stores

What Powers Models say about Kreml Shampoo

JOHN ROBERT POWERS (one of America's foremost beauty authorities) advises his models to use *only* Kreml Shampoo. And here's what some of these lovely beauties say about it:

DORIS ANNE MOORE: "Kreml Shampoo brings out the natural highlights in my hair. As it's necessary for me to re-arrange my hair style several times each day —my shampoo must not dry out the hair. It's *always* Kreml Shampoo for me!"

RUTH STUART, another enchantress, says "Kreml Shampoo gives my hair a natural sheen that lasts for days. It certainly makes my hair look and feel like a million."

SHIRLEY POIRIER: "Kreml Shampoo makes my hair feel silky as a baby's. It brings out all the natural lustre."

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping · REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Footing the Beauty Bill

Want twinkling toes and smooth, tanned legs? Then work out this Beauty Dept. quiz!

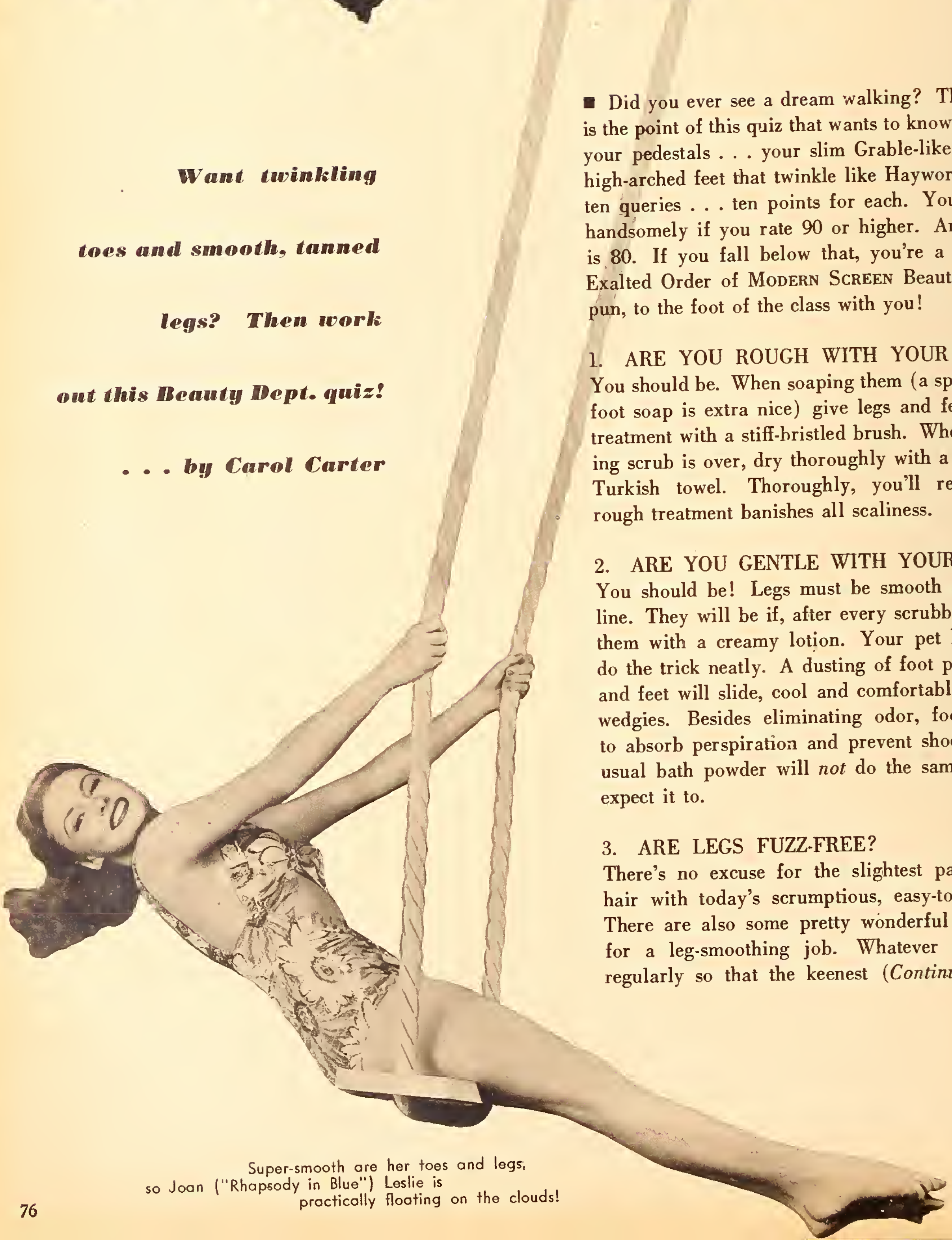
. . . by Carol Carter

■ Did you ever see a dream walking? That, my lassies, is the point of this quiz that wants to know so much about your pedestals . . . your slim Grable-like legs and trim, high-arched feet that twinkle like Hayworth's. There are ten queries . . . ten points for each. You'll be stepping handsomely if you rate 90 or higher. An average mark is 80. If you fall below that, you're a disgrace to the Exalted Order of Modern Screen Beauties. Pun or no pun, to the foot of the class with you!

1. ARE YOU ROUGH WITH YOUR PEDESTALS?
You should be. When soaping them (a special granulated foot soap is extra nice) give legs and feet a circulation treatment with a stiff-bristled brush. When the exhilarating scrub is over, dry thoroughly with a flourish of your Turkish towel. Thoroughly, you'll remember? This rough treatment banishes all scaliness.

2. ARE YOU GENTLE WITH YOUR PEDESTALS?
You should be! Legs must be smooth as Turhan Bey's line. They will be if, after every scrubbing, you pamper them with a creamy lotion. Your pet hand lotion will do the trick neatly. A dusting of foot powder to follow, and feet will slide, cool and comfortable, into your new wedgies. Besides eliminating odor, foot powder helps to absorb perspiration and prevent shoe friction. Your usual bath powder will *not* do the same work, so don't expect it to.

3. ARE LEGS FUZZ-FREE?
There's no excuse for the slightest patch of unwanted hair with today's scrumptious, easy-to-use depilatories. There are also some pretty wonderful abrasive gadgets for a leg-smoothing job. Whatever your pet, use it regularly so that the keenest (*Continued on page 79*)



Super-smooth are her toes and legs, so Joan ("Rhapsody in Blue") Leslie is practically floating on the clouds!

"I feel like Cupid!

Sister Sally's complexion has that Ivory Look . . .

. . . and here's the beauty tip that did the trick!"

How do you get that Ivory Look—that softer, smoother, lovelier complexion? The answer's simple—Ivory care! Stop being careless about your skin—change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap!

More doctors advise Ivory than all other brands put together. It has no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try a cake today—then see how soon your skin gets lovelier—gets that Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory
—than all other brands put together!

99 44/100% PURE

Important: Don't Waste Ivory Soap. It contains materials which have important war uses. Make every cake last!

letter-perfect!

good news, plus these marvelous Jantzen shorts and addenda are enough to keep a girl feeling cool, calm and confident… looking magazine-coverish all summer! Tailoring and fabrics are super as in everything "Jantzen," colors joyous! Left: rayon and cotton covert shorts 3.95, combed cotton shirt 2.00…right: "Green light," washable rayon shorts 4.95, bra 2.95

(quantities limited)

Jantzen
sun clothes

tan with Jan

Jantzen's new sun lotion for a smooth soft skin

MEMO ON JUNE

(*Continued from page 43*)

Got that straight? There *is* no feud, there has never been, and there will never be. Moreover, don't expect to see any rumors of feuding between June and Betty because, when preliminary tests were being made for "The Dolly Sisters," June broached the subject bravely. "Because this is my first picture with you, because we're both blondes and both dancers, and because I'm new and you're established," she said to Betty, "some bright brain might get the idea that there might be some jealousy between us. Let's not let it happen, huh?"

hi, sis . . .

"You're my sis in the picture, and my sis in the commissary or wherever I see you from now on," agreed Betty. The first day of shooting, Betty shouted at June when she came on the set, "Hi, Sis—glad to see you." And that is the attitude that has prevailed.

Item 2: It has been published here and there that June is engaged to Farley Granger. 'Tisn't true. They are good friends; they exchange letters regularly; if Farley were here they would undoubtedly be dating frequently. But Farley is a long way away (in Honolulu) and this will probably be a long war. June wants it understood that, much as she likes and admires Farley, there is no formal understanding between them.

Item 3: June has a new house, a dream department, that is taking up every possible spare moment of her time.

No, this isn't the house she thought she had bought in a Wilshire district lane amid a settlement of elegant, but rather austere mansions. There is a story about that original purchase that failed, investing the Haver honey with some theories about one's not getting the thing one thinks she wants most of all.

Take the instance of her car. One night she, her mother and her sisters, were touring the town's used car lots. On an apparently deserted lot they found exactly what June had been seeking: A low-slung blue convertible with radio built in, plenty of pre-war chromium trim, and fairly new white side-wall tires. "That's for me," she jubilated, sliding under the wheel.

The next morning, as soon as she imagined the proprietor of the car lot would be in attendance, June and her family rushed down. They arrived in time to see another lucky customer driving away in the blue blaze. But, a few weeks later, June found her present car, newer, neater, a hotter job on every count. "Everything happens for the best," she confided sagely.

To get back to the Haver housing situation, after having made all the arrangements to buy this Wilshire place, June learned that a series of legal documents forbade the purchase. The woman seeking to sell the house could not do so as her title wasn't clear. But June had planned a circus playroom and had bought a dozen clever accessories; she had told everyone about her plans and had driven past the address whenever she had time and gas.

So instead of being floored by the disappointing news that she couldn't buy this property, June and her family began to devote Sundays to finding another home. And, as reward for their patience, they finally located a Colonial house in Cheviot Hills—not far from the studio—that could be had reasonably.

The lower floor consists of a living room, dining room, kitchen, breakfast room and maid's quarters, a formal entrance hall distinguished by a romantic stairway ("I'll walk down that when I get married," June bubbled to her mother), and a library. Upstairs there are three bedrooms and three baths.

June is buying the vacant lot next door and on that will have constructed a swimming pool and an outdoors playroom, the decorating motif of which will be music. In a shadow box she is going to have a miniature orchestra that—when agitated by an electrical current—will appear to play a recording. The coffee table is to be a discarded bass viol, fitted with legs and planted in the middle.

June's room has pale blue walls, a huge blue tufted headboard bed, and a dark blue rug; her dressing room has cupboards for hats, shoes, coats and dresses, and there is a mirror arrangement that will reflect June in triplicate. Her bath, even the tile, is pink.

So far her favorite room is the breakfast nook because it is papered with red strawberry decorations, and the kitchen is done in red and white.

Everywhere in the house the inquisitive guest will find music boxes that June has collected: There will be that green leather box playing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" that was sent by a fan after the picture of the same name was released. She also owns a yellow china friar who plays the Illinois loyalty song, as well as several powder boxes that sing when the lids are removed, and a little gold grand piano.

At no time will there ever be a shortage of guests among the happy Havers. For example: A few weeks ago, a stationer friend of June's (who had printed her name on a huge box of pink stationery, then displayed it in his window) telephoned to say that three returned service men, taking a day off from the hospital, had noticed the stationery, entered the shop, and asked if the man knew June.

When he said that he did, they asked if he would telephone June and ask her to allow them to visit her. June said that afternoon would be great. When the bell rang around two o'clock, she opened the door—not to the original three—but to *thirty-five* men!

music à la carte . . .

They trooped into the living room, sat on lounges, on tables and on the floor. "Play for us," they said, so June gave them an energetic hour of music. Then everyone adjourned to the yard and spent nearly two hours taking pictures. June changed clothes twice to give them three different poses, one in slacks, one in the dress she had been wearing when the delegation arrived, and one in a bathing suit.

The boys had a glorious time, June had ditto, and so did her mother and two sisters, who swore afterward that when the gang left the living room it looked like a Disney short in which a platoon of Mickeys trailed out of a toy-town cab.

You can see why June needs a big house; she intends to have walking wounded from all the nearby hospitals as frequent guests. News of this sort naturally gets around, which fact explains the couplet recently received in a fan letter from the South Pacific:

Others may hanker for spring, winter
 or fall,
But I call 12 months of June the best
 year of all.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Be sure to take a supply of Tampax with you (Slip it in your purse)

Why not insure your vacation against all those belt-and-pin troubles and inconveniences that are so familiar? The *Tampax* form of monthly sanitary protection liberates you completely from belts, pins and external pads, and being worn internally, it can cause no chafing, no odor. Just imagine *those* advantages during hot summer days! You don't even need to use a sanitary deodorant!

WHILE TRAVELING you will appreciate the compactness of these neat, dainty Tampax, made of pure surgical cotton and each compressed into a patented individual applicator. A whole month's supply will slip into a purse . . . Tampax can be changed quickly and disposed of easily and inconspicuously.

WITH VARIOUS COSTUMES you will find Tampax a real comfort and a help to your morale. It causes no bulge or ridge under a sheer evening gown or a 1945 swim suit. You cannot feel Tampax when in place and you can wear it in shower, pool or ocean. Invented by a doctor. Sold at drug and notion counters. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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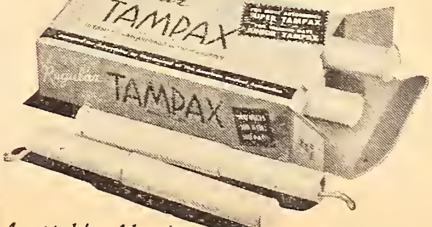


Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Say, how do you like our new style? Now, all you do is flip your glance to the beginning of each paragraph, and there you have, in big, black letters, the object of your current musical affections, with much straight-from-the-horse's mouth chit chat about sundry performances and people sandwiched in between.

And by the by, we've whipped up a list at the end of the article that should make you the gladsome object of any music clerk's heart. 'Cause all you do now is tear it out, tote it to the nearest disc shoppe and say, "I'll take one o' dem and one o' dem and one o' dose." The gang will yell, "Super!" Okay? Okay.—The Editors.

Kitty Kallen and Leonard F. swap Armenian vittles at H'wood's Haromar Restaurant.

■ Well, here's another month, and we're off again with some really great records—guaranteed to make your blood pressure leave your tired old body six miles back in the road. But who cares about a body, long as you've got a soul? In which prayerful mood, we give you, first off:

YAH-TA-TA YAH-TA-TA (Talk, Talk, Talk)—This is a novelty that won't stay novel for too long. Bing's done it with Judy Garland for Decca, the King Sisters have waxed it with Freddy Martin for Victor, and Harry James has given it a going-over on Columbia.

Harry's the boy who's married to Betty Grable, as you may have heard, and instead of retiring, as you'd expect, he goes on making money. He just bought a piece of a Sacramento ball team, and that'll probably complicate his income tax some more.

Incidentally, there's a reissue of "Shoe Shiner's Drag" with Harry playing side man out now in the Victor Album called simply:

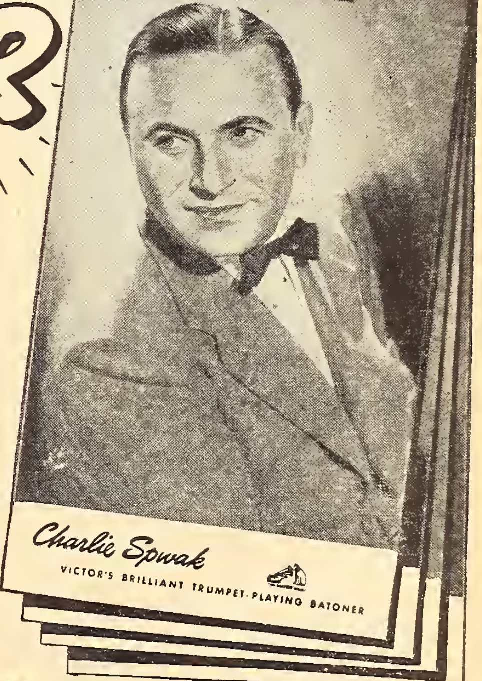
LIONEL HAMPTON—And this is really a terrific thing. The Shoe Shine number was made when Lionel and Harry were both with Benny Goodman and if you listen real close, you can pick out Benny Carter on it. Dave Matthews, too. Dave used to be James' arranger

(*Continued on page 97*)

The King Sisters
VICTOR'S CAPTIVATING HARMONY QUARTET
Hal McIntyre
VICTOR'S TERRIFIC YOUNG BANDLEADER
Artie Shaw
VICTOR'S FAMOUS CLARINETIST-MAESTRO

16 POST CARD PIN-UPS IN RADIANT COLOR

of your favorite Victor band leaders and singers!



Perry Como
Tommy Dorsey
Duke Ellington
Lena Horne
Spike Jones
Sammy Kaye
King Sisters
Freddy Martin
Hal McIntyre
Glenn Miller
Vaughn Monroe
David Rose
Artie Shaw
Dinah Shore
Charlie Spivak
Fats Waller

GET YOUR SET TODAY! While they last, you can get this full set of 16 pin-up portraits . . . printed from breath-taking oil paintings by Albert Fisher! Each is in glowing *color* . . . on a heavy, glossy card 5½" x 3¼" (actual post card size). Highlights of the star's life are on back. You get the full set of 16 pictures for only 25 cents! But don't wait till they're gone. Send your name and address, with 25 cents per set, to Dept. 12, Box 23, Camden, N. J. Or see your VICTOR RECORD DEALER. Do it now!

Ask your dealer for records of these Victor and Bluebird artists

Perry Como · Tommy Dorsey · Duke Ellington · Shep Fields · Erskine Hawkins · Lena Horne · Spike Jones · Sammy Kaye · King Sisters · Wayne King · Freddy Martin · Hal McIntyre · Glenn Miller · Vaughn Monroe · Phil Moore Four · Tony Pastor · Alvino Rey David Rose · Artie Shaw · Dinah Shore · Charlie Spivak · Martha Stewart · David Street

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Please send me __ sets of 16 portraits, for which I enclose 25¢ per set. *PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY OR PRINT.*

Name____________________

Street____________________

City________________State________

Look your loveliest always

Guard against "Wayward Skin"... keep loveliness fresh as a bright new morning... with these two creams that make CARE a CARESS...

Phillips' MILK OF MAGNESIA Creams

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CLEANSING CREAM
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Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream—*Rich and really cleansing! Removes make-up, surface dirt, any accumulations from outer pore openings... easily and quickly. Leaves your skin feeling sparkling, dewy-fresh! 60¢, plus tax.*

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

(*Continued from page 51*)

weapon. Like Mickey Mouse, Crosby has a double-dozen affectionate tags in faraway lands. Any American citizen from six to sixty—and then some—can spot his voice at the first deep husky note, because Bing Crosby's voice has been heard by more human beings than that of any man who ever lived on this weary old world. For over a decade he's been crooning out records at the rate of two a month and over 75,000,000 have been sold like the hotcakes they invariably are. Since coast-to-coast radio began, Bing Crosby has never had a program that wasn't solidly high in the top ten. Since he started making movies seriously, he's never skipped a season when a Crosby film classic wasn't a box-office record *schmeiser.*

tradition maker . . .

In fact, listing Bing's honors get to be a bit of a bore. By now, when you tick off his interminable triumphs, it's tiresome. The first star to write a million dollar contract. The first to incorporate himself as big business. The first crooner to win a Doctor of Music degree from a university. To raise a husky family of boys. To turn into a sports magnate on the side. To run a defense plant. To win a golf championship. To cop an Academy Award. To set a style in singing that's been copied more than any other style in history. To have nothing but success—and still nothing but friends and worshippers, male and female—including even his hottest rivals. To roll on—and on—and still on—getting bigger, deeper, stronger all the time, like Old Man River.

You'll never get the answer as to how he does it from Bing Crosby. Not in a million years. Not only because he won't talk (which he won't) but because he doesn't know. It's all as much a mystery to Bing himself as it is to the rest of the world.

Fifteen years ago, when a hit tune, "Crosby, Columbo and Vallee" proved that Bing Crosby had arrived nationally, Bing himself considered his fame a flash in the pan. To a pal, he confided, "I guess I've got about two more years to make myself some hay before they take up some other crooner and give me the pitch."

Five years later, when Bing Crosby had graduated from mere mike music to movies

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Even as a child, Ann Sheridan was my favorite actress. One afternoon she was visiting our local theater, and after the show I went back to get her autograph. But many other kids had the same idea. I was pushed back and Ann left before I could get her signature. I started to cry. Soon I heard a voice asking me what had happened. My eyes were filled with tears, so I didn't know who it was. I answered by telling about missing Miss Sheridan. Then I realized that it was Ann Sheridan, herself! She gave me her autograph and one of her cigarettes as a souvenir. I wonder if she would like that cigarette back. How about it, Ann?

Rita Murphy
Berwyn, Ill.

and was hot on records, too, he was interviewed over the air. His quizzer asked Bing what he wanted out of life. Said Bing wistfully, "Why, I guess I want what everybody wants—steady work and security for myself and my family. But I'm not kidding myself. That's a crazy pipe dream for a song hustler like me."

And that amazed, slightly guilty, when-will-they-get-wise to me? theme still lards Bing's thinking.

One reason Bing feels that way is because for him things are so absurdly easy. He creates without birth pangs, an artist without agony. He has no more nerves than a possum; he has never even been seriously sick a day in his life. Nothing bothers him—not even Sinatra. When Bob Hope first heard Frankie sing in a New York night club and called Bing long distance in the middle of the night to rib him with—"I'm bringing a kid to Hollywood who'll make you go to work!" Bing laughed sleepily back into the receiver, "Hurry up—I'm getting fat and lazy."

One Sunday morning a few weeks ago, Bing called up Bob disgustingly early and suggested a game of golf. Bob was momentarily speechless with surprise. He knew what Bing had done that week—recorded all his songs for "The Bells of St. Mary," waxed two new Decca records, acted every day at Paramount until nightfall, knocked off a Command Performance with Bob for GIs overseas besides his regular Thursday night Kraft broadcast. In addition, he had checked up on his Del Mar War plant and staged an army camp show 500 miles from Hollywood.

"Go back to bed, Merry Sunshine," growled Hope at last, "and restore your tissues. I wouldn't pick on a dying man."

But Bing pestered Bob out on the Lakeside course and proceeded to wipe up the links with him. He was fresh as a daisy.

Bing has the reputation for being the laziest man in Hollywood. Bing is lazy like a bee in blossom time. But the false impression is understandable. He makes work look like play—and for Bing Crosby that's actually what it is. And always has been.

A boyhood friend of Bing's who knew Bing away back when, told me, "Bing Crosby doesn't deserve one bit of credit for his success, silly as that sounds. He couldn't help it. He couldn't miss. He was a natural, right from the start and that's what he is today!" Another word is genius, or, as the Irish say—"sure the bhoy has a gift." For that Bing Crosby has indeed, the golden gift of the Irish—and that's not too strange, considering that Harry Lillis Crosby is as Irish as Paddy's pig.

blarneyin' son o' erin . . .

When occasionally today Bing lets himself go with the rollicking lyrics, "H-A-uh-doble-uh-R-I—G-A-N spells Harrigan—

"Proud of all the Irish blood that's in me—

"Divil the man can say a word agin me—"

—he's not just loosening up his tonsils. Bing's mother was Kate Harrigan, whose folks came from County Mayo in the Ould Sod. They settled in Minnesota and a lot of them cut their livings from the dark forests as lumbermen. But Bing's grandfather Harrigan was a plumber by trade and he migrated West to the Coast to make his fortune.

The Crosbys came from Erin and England, too, but farther back, because the legend around the State of Maine is that the first American Crosbys came over on the Mayflower; 'way back yonder, Bing's Yankee ancestors were mostly salty old skippers from the rocky shores who sailed their clipper ships around the stormy Horn

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

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to the Pacific Coast on their way to China. Several of them liked the Oregon territory so well that they stuck around and helped build the present day cities of Portland, Oregon, and Olympia, Washington. Other Crosbys were Forty-Niners who invaded California for the gold rush, as Bing himself did later on—but in a very different way. Not long ago, Bing was called up to his home state of Washington to christen a Liberty ship, the *S. S. Nathaniel Crosby* named after a hardy forebear of those rugged rigging days. Bing's dad, Harry Crosby, was born in Washington and there he met his wife, Kate. They were living in Tacoma by the time Harry, Jr., came along, and being good Catholics, had already started a big family, a circumstance which made Bing Crosby's first appearance in this world a definite flop.

That historic event occurred the rainy morning of May 2, 1902, in a small, white, wooden cottage on North Jay Street in Tacoma. Bing was a flop because he was a disappointment. The Crosbys wanted a girl.

That was understandable, because all three other children were boys, Larry, Everett and Ted, although later, the next two children were Bing's sisters, Catherine and Mary Rose. The most disappointed member of the family, perhaps, was Papa Harry Crosby. He had had his heart set on a little Crosby colleen. It was hard to disguise his disappointment as he walked out of the bedroom into the parlor, his wife's voice calling after him.

"We'll call him 'Harry,' dear," she said. That would take out some of the disappointment, to have a son carry on his own name. So the Crosby babe became Harry Crosby middle name Lillis, after a family name in Kate Harrigan's line.

pretty boy toughie . . .

Bing was a good looking—almost pretty kid—from the start. Maybe his father's wish for a girl had something to do with the peaches and cream complexion, the gold-brown hair with a little wave in it, the even, pearly teeth and the enormous china-blue eyes that grew up to roll soulfully around the Cocoanut Grove and make the flappers of the early Thirties swoon. From the start, too, Bing was a chunky, almost roly poly youngster, soft looking, far from tough. All this added up very soon to the most deceptive kid in Spokane. Because while Bing looked like a mama's pretty boy (except maybe for his always generous ears) that was just one of nature's come-ons. Later on, numberless pugnacious moppets, sensing a soft touch, found themselves wiping their bloody noses and running home in tears with a very different impression.

Bing Crosby always calls Spokane, Washington, his home town, rather than Tacoma. He was five when Harry Crosby, who worked as an auditor in the county treasurer's office at Tacoma, landed a better job over in Spokane as bookkeeper for a big brewery. Harry, Sr., could use a good job by then. He had a family of six kids on his hands to feed. Because by then Catherine was three and Mary Rose a baby in Kate Crosby's arms.

evolution of a name . . .

So one hot, dusty July day the Crosbys left the little white cottage on North Jay Street to ride a day coach clear across the state to Spokane. Harry Crosby had gone ahead and found a two-storied yellow house on Sinto Avenue on the north side of the Spokane River which bisected the town. Only three blocks away was Webster grade school and not much farther the Jesuit college of St. Aloysius of Gonzaga. The convent of the Holy Name wasn't very far, either. Kate Crosby noted this and approved. The Jesuits were famous teachers. Her boys and girls could get a good, thorough Catholic education right at their own doorstep. What impressed Bing were the school baseball diamonds, football fields, the long pond at McGolderick's sawmill nearby and the dangerously thrilling invitation of the swift Spokane River. Also, the flocks of kids his age in the neighborhood—regular kids with good Irish names like his own—Ralph Foley, Bill Kelly, Johnny and Mike Dunne, Phil Sweeney and Frank Corkery. He teamed up with the gang at once.

Bing got along swell with other kids. He hadn't been in the neighborhood a month before he got the nickname that he was to carry the rest of his life. The Spokane paper had a Sunday feature called "The Bingville Bugle" which laid young Harry right in the aisles. It became his favorite reading matter and he lugged it along in the hip pocket of his corduroy knickers wherever he went. The kids began to call him "Bingo from Bingville" and one day a freckle-faced moppet showed up at Kate Crosby's back door.

"Kin Bingo come out and play?"

"Who?"

"Bingo—I mean Harry."

"No—" snapped Mrs. Crosby. "Harry's busy with his chores. His name's not 'Bingo'—it's Harry. It's a nice name and you call him that."

"Yes, ma'am," agreed the kid, edging away. "Well, you tell Bingo that Mike was here."

"Bingo" was soon trimmed down to Bing and it stuck. All his family adopted it—except Kate Crosby. To her, Bing is still Harry and ever will be, and Bing doesn't mind. But if anyone else calls him that, they'd better smile.

There's another story about how Bing got his name. That in playing cowboy and Indians, he'd go around pointing his wooden six-shooter and shouting "Bing! Bing."

Either way, Bing lived up to his nickname. He was full of bounce, absolutely fearless and full of confidence.

One hot summer vacation day the gang was lousing idly around the barn saloon when somebody got the idea of cooling off with a swim in the river. That was strictly forbidden by all the kids' parents. The Spokane was treacherous and deep, especially around McGolderick's mill, where Bing and his mob knew the older boys, including Brother Everett, were already diving and splashing luxuriously. The more they talked, the more deliciously tempting the swim loomed. "Nuts, let's go!" said Bing. He led the race down to where the older kids were swimming. Ev told Bing to go home. Bing ignored him, calmly peeled off his shirt and pants and, to his brother's horror, jumped in the icy waters. Ev knew what Bing knew and the rest of the kids didn't. His brother Bing couldn't swim a lick!

water and ducks' backs . . .

He dove in after him, swearing at what he knew his mother would do to him when he brought little brother Bing, half drowned, home. To his surprise, he couldn't catch his little brother. Bing took to the water like a duckling. Threshing and splashing noisily, he was still actually swimming, out into the deep water, too. Pretty soon he was back on the sandbar lying nonchalantly in the sun. The gang never did know that Bing had never stayed afloat before in his life. Ev was too amazed to say anything.

As usual, he could do anything he wanted to and right away he was good. It was the same way with his first scrap, which was the mere matter of knocking the stuffings out of the town bully for jeering "Fatty!"

(*Continued on page 89*)

Precious Cargo!

Good company is the making of a picnic. The beer that made Milwaukee famous makes it perfect . . . if you have *him* and he has *you* and you *both* have Schlitz. On an outing, or at home in your refrigerator, SCHLITZ is always "precious cargo."

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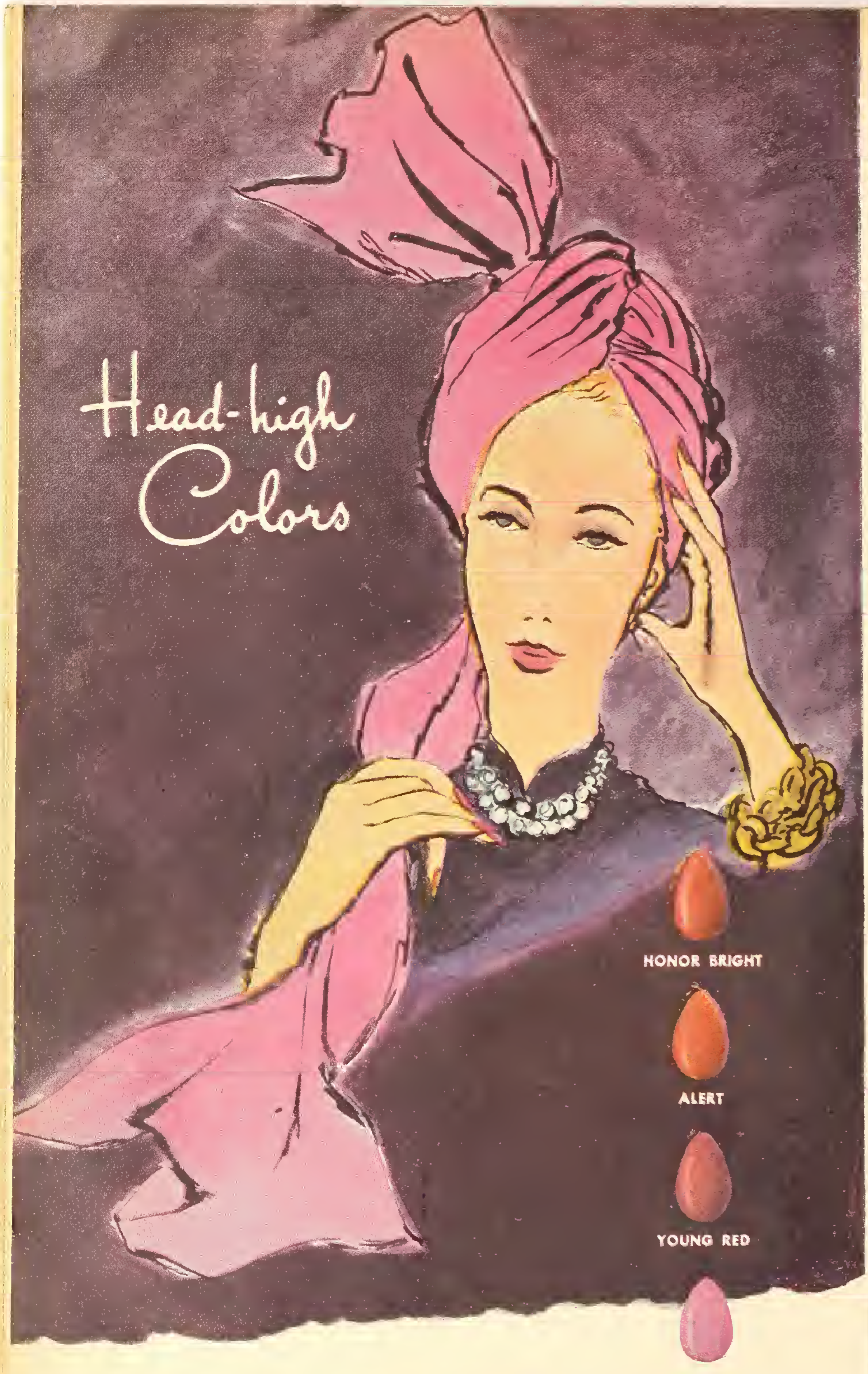

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INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi:

Those questions have been pouring in like mad but don't think for a moment that I don't love every single one, for I certainly do. Since I've an awful lot of info to cover in this space, I'll make this short, but please keep them coming, for I'll tell you almost anything you want to know . . . and all you'll have to worry about remembering is that SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE sent to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, *MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Don't forget now!!*

Your— Bev.

Vincent Fischera, Texas: . . . ARE THERE ANY FAN CLUBS FOR LAUREN BACALL, TOM DRAKE, VAN JOHNSON, ALAN LADD, AND INGRID BERGMAN? Sure thing! Annette Dworkin, 2480 West Buena Vista, Detroit, Michigan, has one for Lauren . . . and Viola Payner, 317 West Windsor Road, Glendale, California has Drake . . . Laddie Spungin, General Delivery, Hartford, has Ladd. . . . Ruth Maloney, 99 Hampton Court, Lexington, Kentucky has Ingrid, and for the time being Van prefers NOT to have a club. If there is any change there it will be announced in this column.

Philip Pearlman, Jr., Putnam, Conn.: . . . WHO WERE THE FOLLOWING IN "OBJECTIVE, BURMA" AND WHERE CAN THEY BE REACHED?

Pilot—STEPHEN RICHARDS
Co-Pilot—JOHN SHERIDAN
Hollis—WILLIAM HUDSON
Brophy—JOEL ALLEN
Nebraska—DICK ERDMAN

Write them at Warner Brothers, Burbank, California.

Eddie Rothkrug, New Guinea: . . . WHO WAS "LON" IN "MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS," AND THE BOMBARDIER IN "30 SECONDS OVER TOKYO," AND SOME INFO ON EACH PLEASE. That was Hank Daniels as Lon, born in Plainfield, N. J., one Jan. 27th. He has blue eyes and blonde hair and is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, and is unmarried. Next pic, "They Were Expendable." Gordon MacDonald was the Bombardier and he was born in Long Beach, Cal., one May 17th, and has blue eyes, brown hair and is 6 feet tall, 165 pounds, unmarried. Write them both at M-G-M, Culver City.

Rosalind Gelfond, Long Beach: . . . HOW CAN I GET IN TOUCH WITH ELLIOTT REID WHO WAS "ANDY" IN "DR. WASSELL," AND WITH DON TAYLOR WHO WAS "PINKY" IN "WINGED VICTORY?" HAVE THEY FAN CLUBS?

Elliott Reid is now in the Navy in Newport, R. I., but all mail sent to him at Paramount, Hollywood, is forwarded and answered. No club. Send your mail to Don at M-G-M, Culver City, as every bit counts in keeping him "up there" where he belongs. Adele Schneider, 1280 B. Sheridan, Bronx, has his club. Dues are 75c yearly and she'd love to have you as a member.

at baby sister Mary Rose.

That fistic affair handed Bing quite a school rep as a battler which started a long series of challenges and after-school bouts, and while he was never invincible or anything like that, he was a terrific scrapper forever after—which came in handy in his early crooner days when some indiscreet males tagged him for a cream puff—although he never gave boxing a serious thought. It was just his meat—as was everything else—except lady killing—and at that Handsome Harry got a pretty low mark at first.

Her name was Helen Lemon, a glamorous new girl at Webster, who dazzled Bing with her fluffy golden ringlets and baby doll beauty. He bent his big eyes worshipfully on her all day long in class. And tagged along home with her after school even though the outraged and forsaken gang of Kellys, Foleys, Corkerys and Dunnes peppered him with jeers and catcalls. When Helen invited Bing to his first big social soiree, her birthday party, he was in Seventh Heaven.

He kept the news to himself as long as he could, but it was impossible to keep secrets around the Crosby clan. Goldfish had more privacy than a Crosby kid. Brothers Everett, Larry and Ted found out about Helen Lemon in nothing flat. "Makes you a Lemon-squeezer, Bing," drawled Larry. "Ha-ha."

"Stop that," colored Bing miserably, "or I'll punch your teeth in!" But his rage was futile. Both Ev and Larry were too big for that threat to work and he knew it. They passed on their gag to the gang and "Lemon-Squeezer!" jeers brought Bing agony for days and a flock of fistfights. However, it wasn't ridicule that broke up the romance. It was just plain discomfort.

Bing had always hated uncomfortable dress-up clothes, (and he's no better today as his failing for sloppy sports clothes shows only too plainly.) For Helen's party his proud mother togged him out in a new suit, tight shoes and a high stiff collar. At the party, even Helen's party dress glamor, ice cream and fancy favors left Bing cold under the torture of his unaccustomed finery. Next day after school he circled clear around the block to avoid Helen, and hustled on down to MacGowan's barn and the gang. Chivalry had taken a beating.

Bing failed to improve as a cavalier as he grew into his teens. More and more he became a man's man. He played center on the "Sinto Athletic Club" sandlot team and third base on the Webster baseball nine. And from the time he plunged calmly into the Spokane river, he lived all summer in the water like a fish, and when the city opened the new Sinto public pool and playground a few blocks from Crosby's, Bing practically lived there. But he was bashful about his talents. He hated to show off.

medal copper . . .

One day a swimming tournament at Sinto was announced in the paper and Bing, backed by the whole Crosby clan, waltzed away with eleven medals, nine first places and two seconds. It was a breeze. He still hadn't taken a lesson.

But it wasn't all play and fun for the boy Bing—not by a long sight. Pop Crosby fed and clothed them and kept them in school, but from kidhood on they had to make their own pocket money and later, their own tuition at Gonzaga. A family of eight hungry, healthy mouths is no easy supply problem for an auditor and Harry Crosby had his business ups and downs. The manufacturing plant failed and he got a job bookkeeping in a brewery. That later turned into a pickle factory and today whenever Bing Crosby strikes a sour note or feels a bit blue, he'll say, "Well, I guess it's back to the pickle works for me!"

All the Crosby boys had to hustle. Larry clerked in a drug store in his off school hours. Ted ran telegrams. On top of his household chores—mowing the lawn, filling the wood box and helping his mother clean house—Bing raised chickens in the back yard and sold eggs to the neighbors. Spokane was the center of Washington's "Inland Empire," the best apple country in America, and all the Crosby kids raced out to the orchards to pick apples in the harvest season. Mining and lumbering made up the rest of the "Empire's" wealth and the Crosbys tried their hand at lumberjacking, too. Bing spent one whole vacation from Gonzaga later on lumberjacking in the woods, until he swung an axe at a tree and hit his own leg.

fun pays off . . .

But somehow, Bing managed to blend his sporting with his business interests. He liked the Mission pool, so when his swimming craze was at its peak he wangled the job of locker boy there. Then he got golf happy and caddied at the country club, making money and qualifying to play free on Monday, caddy's day, with some golf clubs he'd talked the members out of. When he was only a kid, Bing could drive, pitch and putt with the best of them. Today, of course, Bing's the best amateur golfer in the film colony, the three times champ of Lakeside Club and his links exhibitions with Bob Hope, Weissmuller and various top-hole pros have coined thousands for various war charities.

The job Bing hated worst of all in his kiddie hustling days was his paper route. He hated getting up at four a.m. in all weather to toss the rolls around at his neighbors' doors, so to cheer himself he sang and whistled as he pedalled his bike around. Sometimes that brought complaints. More than one irate neighbor stalked over to Harry Crosby's and banged on the door, red-eyed and angry.

"For heaven's sake, Crosby," they'd shout at Papa Harry, "tell that damn kid of yours to stop that infernal bellowing at all hours!"

But Bing couldn't stop. Because a short time before something had happened that made his head spin with new melodies.

One day Harry Crosby came home heaving a mysterious square package. "Fellow at the office I've done some favors for gave this to me," he said. He cranked up the victrola and put on a record. "The Merry Widow Waltz" filled the room. Then "The Stars and Stripes Forever March." From then on the victrola played from morn 'til night—especially if Bing was home.

All the Crosbys were naturally musical, and Sunday night was the family sing night. Harry, Sr., still had a mandolin preserved from his reckless youth and he plinked away on that. Sister Catherine, who always bothered Bing with her monotonous piano practice, accompanied on the ivories. Everybody sang. Old timers, usually—even "Sweet Adeline" although the Crosby clambakes were strictly dry. Kate Crosby had no use for the demon "creature" whatever. No Crosby—male, female, child or adult—smoked or drank in her house. Pop had to keep a bit of a nip stashed in a shoe somewhere if he wanted any—and he still does. No Crosby son, although all are well grown up now, takes a drink or even smokes in Kate Crosby's house today.

Bing rallied around for these family chorals, but it was down at the Sinto Athletic Club in the barn that he sopped up a different kind of music. Buck Williams' pop had the new Columbia phonograph agency in Spokane and he'd brought a machine out to Buck, along with some records. A lot of Hawaiian tunes and some of those snappy new jazz bands, like the

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VICTORY SETS THE HEADLINES OF THE WORLD

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Dixieland, Art Hickman. Bing began to spend all his spare change for new records to bring down to the club—the Four Brown Brothers, Al Jolson. Funnies too, like "Cohen on the Telephone" and "No News, or What Killed the Dog." They sent Bing and his pals rolling on the floor with their antiquated comic gags.

But there was a more serious educational side coming up for Bing after he graduated from Webster High. Already Larry and Everett were in Gonzaga University and Ted was in the high school division. By now the Crosbys had moved from the yellow Sinto house to an ambitious nine-room tub-bathroom place they'd built, and automatically, Bing enrolled in Gonzaga.

Kate Crosby had always had a sharp lookout for her boys' spiritual upbringing. Living as near as they did to Gonzaga's great church with its many altars, a Crosby was usually serving one as altar boy.

But it wasn't only devotion to their faith that landed every Crosby boy in Gonzaga. The Jesuits were exacting teachers. And the Jesuit fathers saw to it that the cocky Crosby kids got some education pounded into their skulls, whether they liked it or not. Bing arrived at Gonzaga interested mainly in making the Junior baseball and football teams. Husky big brother Ev was already on the Gonzaga varsity.

The first day Bing met Father Kennelly, "Big Jim" the boys all called him, a mammoth 300-pounder who always swung a great bunch of keys from a chain at his belt. Big Jim welcomed Bing and Buck Williams and Phil Sweeney to Gonzaga and then asked them genially what they hoped to get out of the school.

brain vs. brawn . . .

"Oh," cracked Bing. "Some baseball and maybe a little football, I guess."

Father Kennelly fingered his key chain, he let Bing expand on his one-track scholastic ambitions and then smote him a mighty lick with the keys.

"Is that so?" roared Big Jim as Bing tottered back, drop-jawed. "It's not for play you're coming to Gonzaga, me lad! It's learnin'—and don't ye forget that!"

Bing didn't. Nor did he ever forget Father Kennelly and his swinging keys. Not in the light of a menace but with affection and gratitude for a million efforts to make him a scholar and gentleman.

With his usual ease, Bing made the Junior basketball, football (although he was light) and the baseball (although he was short) teams—and later the Varsity squad at that, but still he got a respectable kick when Father Kennelly patted him on the back and told him his grades were excellent. As usual, even lessons came easy. He could skim through a text book and absord it like blotting paper; his memory was photographic and he was glib as a side-show spieler.

The elegance of Bing's vocabulary—well known over the radio by now—is not, as most people believe, entirely due to his various radio script writers, notably Carroll Carroll, who for years ground out Bing's nifties on the Kraft Music Hall. No scribbling ghost has ever put many words into Bing's mouth. When they do they find them soon twisted à la Crosby.

Once Father Kennelly bawled him out about a temporary lag in chemistry and told him he'd have to improve. "Well, Father," replied Bing airily, "there's no use of *both* of us worrying about it!" The keys swished dangerously past as Bing ducked.

The first World War took Bing's mind temporarily off his pleasantly distant professional career. He was too young, of course, to go but Ev joined the cavalry and Larry went off to officers' training. That left Ted, only slightly older, and Bing at sixteen, the senior members of the Crosby clan. There was no one around to slap him down. Freed of big brother restraint, Bing began to feel his oats.

Bing's war effort in 1917-18 wasn't impressive, but he did what a kid could. He joined an R.O.T.C. unit at Gonzaga, canvassed for the Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives around Spokane. But mainly, he took up the job of helping out the family finances, with Ev and Larry gone. With all his activities at Gonzaga, Bing still had to work. He tossed packages and mail bags around the postoffice during the Christmas holidays. And he sweated out a janitor's job at the Loggers Club, down in tough "skid row" on the seamy side of Spokane. Bing had to get there by five o'clock in the morning—and it was clear across town—have the place cleaned up by seven, then high-tail it out home, breakfast and on to school. But he never beefed. It paid a buck a day and that was fair money for a school kid then. When that gave out he drove a grocery truck.

But Bing managed to blossom out in spite of this rugged life. Adolescence was creepup on Kid Crosby and—funny—the fillies didn't look nearly so bad as they used to. Bing started smoking Piedmonts and Melachrinos on the sly. He saved up for his first long pants suit. Bing's idea of red hot night life was the dance pavilion at Newman Lake, where a four-piece band ragged out solid numbers like "Smiles," "Dardanella" and "How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?" He learned to two-step, one-step and fox-trot and sometimes he even danced, but usually he and his pals just hung around the stand and watched the sax, piano, fiddle and drums. At that time, as now, Bing couldn't read music. He couldn't play any instrument—as he still can't. Once, after the Buck Williams phonograph arrival at the "club," there'd been plans to get up a jazz band and then all Bing could think of to play was the drums. But he didn't have a set and nobody else had anything so the orchestra deal flopped. By now, though, Bing had managed to team with some of his Gonzaga classmates into a harmony quartet. He sang baritone—he had an ear for harmony even if he didn't know one note from the other—and the usual gallery was the convent girls at Holy Name who hung out the window until the Mother Superior passed. Bing and his pals started tossing victrola dances Saturday nights at various kids' houses, too, and inviting the girls. As usual, Bing was glib and snappy with his dance partners. They called him "cute," but he never settled on any steady date. He had too many other interests.

The war was over, it seemed, almost as

(*Continued on page 92*)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Gloria Jean recently appeared at the Capitol Theater, she dedicated her last song, "The Lord's Prayer," to the "Angels of Mercy," the Red Cross nurses.

I was sitting very close to the stage and as Gloria Jean sang the lovely strains of the song, there were tears glistening in her eyes. The audience was so quiet that you could have heard a pin drop. I am sure that Gloria Jean made the nicest dedication that a nurse could receive.

Lexie Fields
New York, N. Y.

Are you in the know?

Should a house-guest make her own bed?

☐ Yes
☐ No

Whether you're staying for weeks or a week-end, the answer is *yes*, these servantless days. A thoughtful guest helps her hostess. Make your bed . . . take a turn with the dishes . . . and you'll never lack invitations. You needn't decline them, either, when your calendar warns "stay home!" Pack a supply of Kotex—and *go*, for Kotex will keep you more comfortable. You'll find Kotex unlike pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no bunching, no roping. Kotex *stays soft while wearing!*

What would you do about this back view?

☐ *Wear a shawl*
☐ *Go informally*
☐ *Make up the difference*

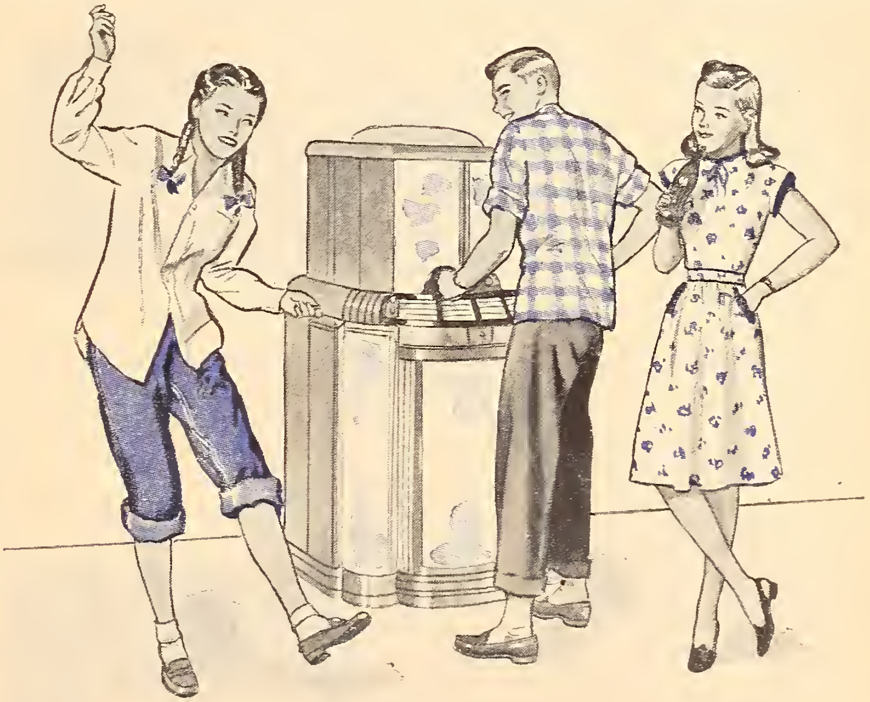
If *your* swim-suit back has branded you, relax! Make up the difference—by "tanning" the paler skin with leg make-up. Maybe Sis will do it. Be fastidious about your *daintiness*, too. On problem days, choose Kotex, the napkin with a *deodorant*.

Yes, now there's a deodorant safely locked inside each Kotex. The deodorant can't shake out because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. See how this new Kotex "extra" helps keep you dainty, confident.

Is the pattern of his sport jacket a—

☐ *Gun Club Check*
☐ *Glen Plaid*
☐ *Herringbone*

When your date appears in new duds—take notice. He's probably duked up just for you. If his jacket is a Gun Club Check (as above), show him you know. Boys, too, need reassuring. As for you, sometimes reassurance comes from just being worry-free. Like when you have the special protection that Kotex sanitary napkins give. For the patented *safety center* of Kotex keeps moisture away from the edges. It provides you with a safety *plus* — so you're sure (and serene!) with Kotex!



Which chick will get the dance?

☐ *The one on the left*
☐ *The one on the right*

Why should he dance with a dolly in denims—when there's a swish dish to charm the eye? A fellow likes his females *feminine* (see the girl on the right). So, go easy on the tomboy get-up. Prinking pays! Wear your swooniest frock and be confident—even at "certain" times. With Kotex you risk no revealing lines, for of all leading napkins only Kotex has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't show. Different from thick, stubby pads, Kotex banishes revealing outlines.

Now—a DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Theodora Roosevelt

Like her famous grandfather, Theodore Roosevelt, charming young Theodora Roosevelt loves action . . . travel . . . and hard work. An accomplished ballet dancer, she has a slight, exquisite figure . . . hair and eyes of wonderful rich amber. "I'm *always* in a rush," Theodora says. "So the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream is an ideal complexion pick-up for me. It does such a marvelously quick job of smoothing and freshening up my skin!"

Theodora Roosevelt has a 1-Minute Mask 3 or 4 times weekly

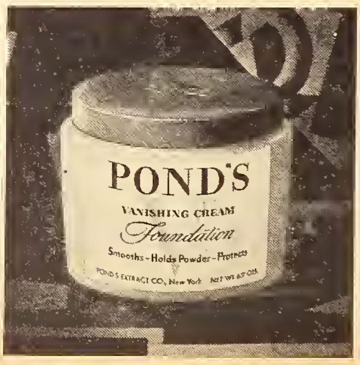
"Re-style" your face to smoother, fresher beauty

Spread a cool, refreshing coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your face. Use generous white fingerfuls, covering your chin, cheeks, forehead, nose—everything except your eyes.

Leave this Mask on for one *full* minute. "Keratolytic" action of the cream works quickly! Loosens tiny particles of dead skin and stubbornly imbedded specks of dirt. *Dissolves* them. Now tissue them off with the cream!

Your re-styled complexion looks shades lighter and brighter! And it's so much *smoother* —ready for softer, longer-lasting make-up.

For quick make-up base—smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. An ideal foundation—non-greasy . . . lasting!



Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

soon as it started and Everett and Larry were back home—and broke. They had a tough time finding jobs, but finally Larry landed one teaching high school and reporting nights on the newspaper, and Ev left home for Portland where he said he had a good job working in a hotel. By then, too, Bing was itching to travel. He'd graduated from high school. He had a job ushering at prizefights which was fun because he still liked to scrap himself.

But Bing didn't want to spend that summer, as he had all the rest, in Spokane. He would start college at Gonzaga that fall and before he dug into law books (because that was still his plan), Bing wanted to see the world and have some adventure.

With his pal, Buck, Bing answered a farm help wanted ad and worked a few weeks near the town of Cheney. But they were both just kids and the ranch work was tough. They soon quit and hopped a freight, on Bing's inspiration, to Portland where Ev had his "good job." Only when Bing arrived he discovered that big brother was indulging in a little amateur bootlegging, a popular pursuit in the Prohibition days of ex-GIs who didn't like the idea of having been voted out of their fun while they were away. Bing promptly spoiled Ev's set-up, though, by skipping a Chinese restaurant check one night and getting the cops after him. They came to Everett's hotel room on the trail of Bing—and uncovered Ev's illegal racket, too.

That night the Black Maria hauled Buck, Bing, and his very disgusted big brother down to the Portland cooler. Relatives had to bail them out. Later on in Hollywood, Bing was to sample under pressure that city's hospitality, too. But he never did like it. Bing wound up his summer's Odyssey lumberjacking in the forests of Washington's Olympic Peninsula—until he almost wrecked his knee with an axe. By fall, he was back in Spokane and ready to settle down in school with his law books. He'd seen and done plenty and he felt grown up as all Hell. In many ways, too, Bing was. He'd slimmed out, his face was longer, his jaw leaner. His voice was deeper too, the nasal business was gone.

common bonds . . .

Things were different at Gonzaga. Bing's gang had busted up. Some of the old "club" kids Bing had grown up with had quit to take jobs. Others had left town. A couple dedicated themselves to the Catholic priesthood. Bing made new friends. Their common denominator of friendship seemed to be music. There was Art Dugan, who collected a crowd around him over at the Gym when he sat down at the piano there and started thumping it. Bing found himself drifting over that way and letting go with the vocal when Art broke into something he knew. One day Art eyed him quizzically. "Say, kid," he said, "you're pretty good, you know it?"

"So's your old man," grinned Bing. But he got to hustling over there every time he heard the tinkle of Art's keys and pretty soon the kids clustered around would ask him to sing this and that. Bing wasn't bashful—he isn't today. As much of a beating as his voice takes now, he'll still let go at anybody's house if they want him to and sometimes sing half the night. Why not? He likes it.

In college, there was not so much competition from athletics, either. Bing tried out for the football squad but he was too light. He landed on the varsity horsehide squad at third base, but basketball was out and Gonzaga didn't have a swimming team. He switched a lot of his enthusiasm to melody and hot licks—and it was funny how his new pals lined up that way.

There were Fat and Bob Pritchard, who

tortured the neighbors with their brace of saxes. Jimmy Heaton who played a cornet. And a tall kid with black wavy hair named Al Rinker, who, like Bing, couldn't read "Chopsticks" from notes, but who could pick out piano melodies all day long by ear, and fake with a combination.

Al was to be the spark plug for Bing's career. He was their first band leader, a jazz-struck kid who could play and sing a little himself, but his main talent was organizing. Al held the Rhythm Boys together later on when Bing got his first important break. Today he's a radio producer in Hollywood. Just as musically ignorant as Bing in Spokane, Al could listen to a record of the Cottonpickers, Paul Whiteman's, Benny Kreuger's or Isham Jones' and peck out the arrangement. The gang took to collecting around Al and his vic after school and on holidays and a new social circuit opened up for Bing. When vacations rolled around again, Bing got a steady man's job at his dad's brewery and rolled out the barrels to earn himself some solid change. He had jack in his jeans for the first time and he began to chase around with the sporty musical gang. They had a bunch of hangouts.

One was Benny Stubeck's cigar stand in downtown Spokane, a dinky little place where you could get a sandwich, cigarettes, a free look at the latest hot bathing beauty magazines and arrange for a kid to drop by with a pint of bootleg booze. Because by now, Bing, like all sports of his day, had learned what Prohibition white mule tasted like. He thought it was pretty smart and reckless and grown up to snort the fiery, gagging stuff and pretend he was tight. He also knew that if Kate Crosby ever found out she'd explode. Saturday nights it was always the Garden, a public hall, where if you slipped on the dance floor you almost got trampled to death and where every now and then a barnstorming "name" band, like Vic Meyers, Abe Lyman, Dwight Johnson or George Olson, hit town for a one-night stand. Bing, Al, Fat, Bob and the bunch were the original "alligators" at the Garden, on those red letter occasions. It was natural that they should get together with a pick-up band of their own.

law be darned . . .

It was Al Rinker's idea. School at Gonzaga had started again and law was still on the docket for Bing. To get the practical side, he landed a job working in a Spokane law office afternoons. But the day he was supposed to start, Al and Bing and the bunch strolled past Bailey's Music Store. Bailey's had all the latest records—the "Mound City Blue Blowers" and all. Al twirled a platter, "The Beale Street Blues"—a clarinet wailed and a piano tinkled, a sleepy voice crooned a low moan. Bing forgot all about the new job in the law office. He played another disc. They went right on through the record stack like a farmhand through hotcakes. Al was carried away.

"Hell," he said, "we can do that—us guys! Let's get up a band of our own!" Bob and Fat and Miles Rinker, Al's brother and Jimmy Heaton chimed in,

"We'd be terrific!"

"Jeez, think of the dough we'll make!"

"I can double on banjo."

"I can fake 'Royal Garden Blues.' "

They all yelled at once. Everybody had an idea. Inspiration was running wild. But Bing as usual was calm and relaxed.

"That's just swell, you guys," he said. "But you all play something. What do I do—take tickets?"

Al thought a minute. "Drums," he said. "we'll need drums."

Bing pulled a current nifty. "If I had some bread I could have a ham sandwich

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Gabytan. Just apply GABY...
America's most popular Suntan
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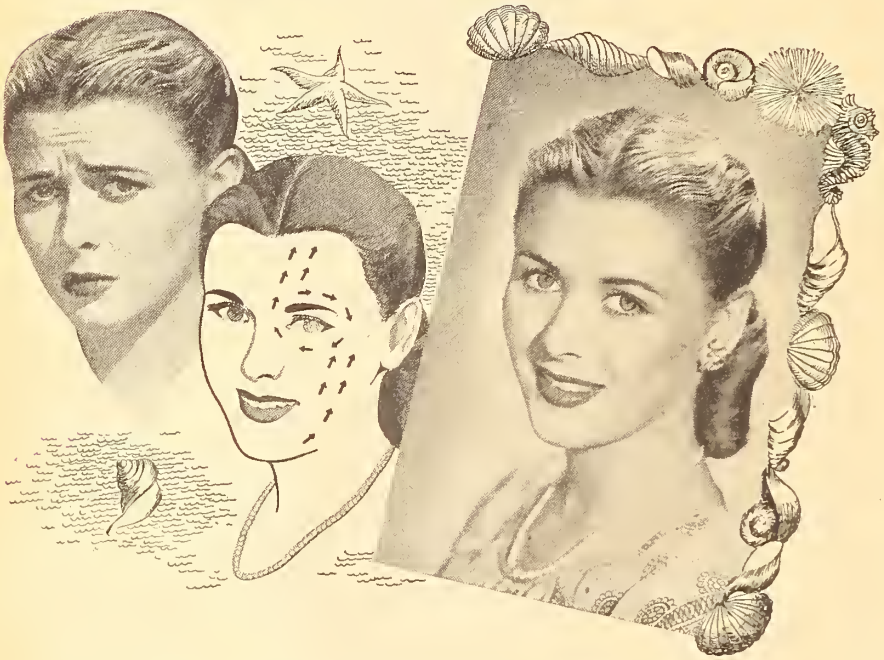

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To quickly improve the appearance of such skin, here's a very easy home treatment—an *homogenized* facial which possesses *super-lubricating* qualities.

All you need is this *one* cream—famous Edna Wallace Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream!

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Just pat Hopper's Facial Cream briskly over the face and neck. Then gently press an *extra* amount of cream over any lines or wrinkles. Leave on at least 8 minutes. For best results—leave on *overnight.*

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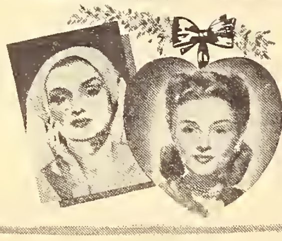
Faithful nightly use helps maintain *natural* radiant beauty thruout the years. Buy Hopper's Facial Cream at any cosmetic counter.



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Edna Wallace **HOPPER'S HOMOGENIZED FACIAL CREAM**

—if I had some ham. Who's got drums?" But Al Rinker was a promoter by nature. He looked around Bailey's and spied a set of skins decorated with a glorious sunburst. "Wait a minute," he said. "Mr. Bailey!" Bailey was glad enough at the prospect of finally cashing in on the crowd of record players. He sold Bing the drums for a dollar down and fifty cents a week.

Bing lugged them out the door. "Now you'll have to learn to play those, Bing," said Al soberly. "Oh, sure," Bing said. "That's simple." Al looked unconvinced. "Anyway, Bing," he said, "maybe you can sing a song every now and then."

That's how Bing joined his first jazz band, the Musicaladers. Al Rinker named it and he was the head man. Al played the piano, brother Miles the clarinet, Bob Pritchard, C Melody sax, Fat Pritchard, banjo, Jimmy Heaton, trumpet, or cornet as they called it then. Bing Crosby on the skins, with occasional vocals.

They rehearsed as Al Rinker had learned his tunes—getting together around the victrola, spinning a record over and over, stealing breaks and bars from the hot bands of the day. Sheet music was out of the question; nobody read notes. Finally they got together a selection of current favorites, their hodge-podge arrangements of victrola steals, improvisations and plain corn. When they landed their first paying job at the Manito Park Social Club—eighteen bucks for the six piece band—Bing, Al and the bunch were sure they had arrived. The next day in law class Crosby yawned over his lessons. The prof sent him out of the room. From then on, although Bing didn't know it, law could go lump it. His subconscious self had room for only one double idea—melody, rhythm.

The Musicaladers snagged other jobs. School dances, private parties, business clubs around Spokane who had tiny entertainment budgets. The Musicaladers weren't good—but they were loud and cheap. They muddled around Bailey's free records and actually bought a few new ones to copycat out at Al's. "For Me and My Gal," "St. Louis Blues," "Wang Wang Blues," "Do It Again." Edgie Hogle, a non-playing gang member, started taking on the booker's job. Bing sang his first vocal at a high school club dance. He stepped away from the drums and sang, "For Me and My Gal." It was effortless but loud—because the band kept tooting away behind him. Part way through, Bing forgot some of the words. He filled in with *bu-buh-buh-boos.* It was a natural way for him to fake and finally it started a fad. To this day Bing has the worst memory in the world for words. On camp shows he hauls along a little song pony—a book with words of all the favorites. He reads them off over the radio, too. For while no tune ever escapes him, words are slippery.

The Musicaladers blossomed into the Spokane big time when Edgie Hogle landed them a spot in Finney's variety show at the Auditorium Theater. That lasted three months. Then came a spot playing at the Pekin Cafe, a big Chinese restaurant. But they really went to town in the summer when they copped themselves the contract to open Larieda's new big open air dance pavillion out from town.

For this auspicious event they invested in red-and-white striped coats, white flannels and gaudy beach umbrellas over each musician. It was pretty classy, all right, and opening night they really strutted.

wild oats and jazz . . .

With the easy money coming in, Bing turned into quite a young sport-about-town. He went in for loud plaid sweaters (instead of loud shirts) knickers, which were the stuff then, and dazzling golf stocks. He liked bow ties, fancy shoes, straw sailor hats with striped bands. He chipped in fifty bucks with Al Rinker on a coughing, gasping, hand-cranked Ford which they painted up with collegiate wisecracks on the chassis. And he started dropping in on a Spokane speakeasy and taking along a pint sometimes to the dance jobs. The girls still thought Bing Crosby was cute and tried to trap him—but he was too big an operator. They got many a wink, grin and wisecrack from Bing—but mighty few dates. He was still sport-happy, but he'd cut his range down to golf. Some of the band bonanza had gone for a new set of clubs.

But soon the band began to break up. A college band at Washington State lured the Pritchard boys so they switched schools. One day the manager of Spokane's Glemmer Theater, where Bing had seen many a Hollywood thriller as a boy, offered him a job singing baritone with a quartet in the stage show. He joined the new bunch for two weeks. That broke it up more. Finally, only Bing and Al Rinker were left. They still spent every spare minute working out harmony combinations with tricky rhythms—all by ear. But there was no market for their act around Spokane and by now Bing had decided to give his law career the old heave-ho. That decision brewed a cloud of disapproval around home for Bing. It all added up, he thought, to getting out of town.

One day when he and Al were rippling through their tunes, they felt particularly solid. "Let's go on the road," said Bing.

"What road?"

"Any road. Let's try Seattle. Maybe we'll hit."

"What if we don't—what'll we use for money?" Al was always practical.

"The Lord will provide," replied Bing airily. "Pennies from Heaven."

AUGUST ISSUE

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick! He'll have to be to get our August issue when it reaches the newsstands on July 10—'cause MODERN SCREEN is no wallflower!

The Crosbys, Harry and Kate, were puzzled and disappointed when Bing packed his set of drums in the fifty dollar flivver with Al Rinker and set out. But they kissed the boy goodbye and wished him luck. He was going to need it.

The big noises from Spokane rolled into Washington's top metropolis after a couple of days on the road. They'd ironed out a neat singing duo act, with Bing handling the fancy vocals and Al taking care of trick piano and harmony. But Seattle wasn't having any. All Bing and Al got there was some good advice from one of their band leader idols, Vic Meyers, who used to bring his band to the Garden every now and then.

Vic remembered the kids who alligatored around his outfit in Spokane. He listened to their act and nodded. "It's okay," he said, "but you'll have to polish off the edges and develop your own style. When you've got something nobody else has got—then you've got something. And," he added, "get to a big show business town where there's lots of work."

"How about Los Angeles and Hollywood?"

"Now you've got something."

"California, here we come," said Bing.

It wasn't a sudden bright brainstorm. There were two practical reasons, besides the magic name of Hollywood: Bing's brother, Everett, had moved to Los Angeles and was selling automobiles. And Al's sister, who called herself Mildred Bailey, (and whom the whole swing world was to know and love) was singing in a night club. Those were two interesting bets for a bunk and meals if things flopped.

Bing Crosby dates his show business career from that rugged trip down the coast. He was a barnstormer, a ham-and-egger, a bum playing for getaway money all the time, singing for his supper. It's two thousand miles from Seattle to Los Angeles and all the way it was strictly hunger and an empty gas tank.

i'm a singer . . .

Up above Santa Barbara the Ford had gasped to a shuddering stop. Bing and Al pushed it down the road to the nearest station. But they were dead broke and they knew it. Bing turned on what Irish blarney he could summon in his depleted state and he made a deal with the station man. Ten gallons of gas and five dollars cash for the pride of Bailey's Music Store show window, sunburst and all.

"Now what you gonna do without your skins?" asked Al hopelessly.

"Hell," said Bing. "I'm no drummer. I'm a singer. If I get anywhere it's on me pipes. Good riddance." He never played another drum.

Ev was not exactly overjoyed to see Bing and Al moving in on him. Maybe he remembered the disastrous wind-up to Bing's last visit in Portland when they all landed in jail. But when he heard Bing and Al run through their act he was sold. He lent Bing his tuxedo and, through a pal, got them an audition with Fanchon and Marco, a show business firm who booked Coastwise talent into movie palaces. Rube Wolfe, a Los Angeles emcee of that era,

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PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

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tried them out. They had a sixteen weeks contract before they knew it. "Two Boys and a Piano," they called themselves. They toured California and got over heavy with the strictly rah-rah set, but other places they didn't click. Frankly, Al and Bing were on the noisy side and they were very hey-hey and Fanchon and Marco used them for the one tour only.

But back in Los Angeles, they landed a job in Will Morrisey's Music Hall Revue, for another tour. The show stumbled up and down the Coast, dropping acts as it went and as the bankroll melted. For some reason, Bing and Al survived—mainly because they didn't give a damn.

Because Bing was an entirely different young bucko those days from the sober solid citizen he is today. In a way, this trip was his first wild oats fling. He was full of trick licks and snappy stuff, but the rich, deep melody that's forever Crosby today wasn't there yet. Bing and Al were flashy, that about sums it up—and clever. Their giddy young heads were turned by the glamorous, exciting, hell-for-breakfast show business life. They acted like what they were—hot-spot rah-rah jelly beans turned loose with no limits.

There were plenty of chorus cuties in the Music Hall Revue and nobody took their work too seriously. Bing and Al had a brief but torrid act. They sat on a piano in the orchestra pit under a baby spot. They could handle it with a hangover. So they had hangovers. The show finally blew up in a mighty whing-ding on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley, where somebody in the cast had the fatal idea of putting on a midnight show. A fraternity at Cal took them over after the show—or rather, took over the show. There were buckets of bathtub gin. Mix that with visiting chorus girls, a couple of fraternity houses full of boys and kids with Bing Crosby's wild haired enthusiasm for fun—result—Scandal, capital S.

The orgy spread to the college buildings, with chorines tossing a scanty here and a scanty there in the hallowed halls. The cops came and The Music Hall Revue went. That included Bing and Al.

So they were back in Los Angeles and broke—as usual—and out of a job, but no more downhearted than puppy dogs in a park. If they didn't work, they played, and in the lazy days around their hotel room, Bing and Al kept the victrola buzzing. Bix Biederbecke, Frankie Trumbauer, the Memphis Five—all the hot combos of those days. They learned a lot, ate it up and their razz-ma-tazz act improved. In no time they were booked again for a tour of West Coast theatres. All the movie temples then had stage shows. Bing and Al left again for San Francisco at $100 a week. They lugged their bags to the theatrical hotel and strolled down Market Street to look the movie house over. A block away a big marquee blazed with a magic name, "PAUL WHITEMAN." Bing was a little kid again listening to records at the Sinto Athletic Club in the Spokane barn. His eyes popped in awe.

"Al!" he whispered. "Look—and we're playing right on the same street!"

The first thing they did was take in Paul Whiteman's band, then in the peak of its fame and glory. They sat in the front row and dizzily drank in the offerings of the king of jazz with all his artists—Pingatore, Teagarden, Roy Bargy, Henry Busse. Here was the real stuff, solid, symphonic, terrific. They crept out of the holy place and down the street to their shabby little act. Later, back in the hotel room, all Bing could say to Al Rinker was, "Golly—imagine playing with a band like that!" He didn't say who. He didn't have to. Both minds were thinking of the same thing.

Days later, the great Paul himself waddled into their little show house to relax between performances and catch a movie. He saw something in the two youngsters knocking themselves out on the stage taht made him sit up and grin. Something young, different, positive, Western. He laughed. "Those kids would sure slay the Eastern jazz-hounds," he mused. "H-m-m-m."

And then when the great Paul Whiteman rolled on down to Los Angeles, who should be beating the piano and shouting the blues but these intriguing kids—again right down the block. Again, he dropped in to catch them. Again he smiled. "By gosh, I've got to see those kids!" Then he told the manager, "Ask them to drop by my dressing room tomorrow."

great day . . .

The next day an awestruck head with two big, saucer eyes and a tall, crinkly headed guy with weak knees stood before the maestro. It was like meeting the President of the United States or King of England. This *couldn't* be happening.

Paul Whiteman was saying, "Boys, how'd you like to go along with me?"

It was like saying, "How'd you like Heaven?" Paul Whiteman went on. "We'll use you as a specialty. Three hundred a week. When you wind up your act meet me in Chicago. Then we'll go East."

Bing found he could talk. "East?" he rasped in an uncertain whisper. "East? You mean— New, New—"

"Sure," grinned Paul. "New York. Broadway. How's about it?"

Bing gasped. "I'll have to write my Mother." Al gave him a terrified look. What a thing to say.

"I mean," said Bing, "I'll have to write home and tell the folks the news. Sure, Mister Whiteman, we'll join your band. Why, I'd, we'd rather sing with you than anybody in the world!"

Bing stayed up all that night. Most of it he spent writing a long letter back to Spokane. He told the big news to Harry and Kate Crosby and all the family. He said a lot of things in the intoxication of the big event. But among others Bing penned, "This means the Big Time. And now that I know what I want to do at last, I'm going to settle down and make good."

When he wrote that rash promise, Bing was just past twenty-one.

He was to make good, all right, almost in spite of himself, but he wasn't to settle down—not yet. It would be some time before Bing Crosby grew up and gave his golden gift to the world—and greatness to his own odd name.

(Bing Crosby's Life story will be concluded in next month's MODERN SCREEN.*)*

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 80)

and sax man, and he's just formed his own band on the Coast.

There's a Hampton Decca right now too, and it lets off more steam than a Turkish bath. It's:

LOOSE WIG—The title's not so funny if you know your swing. Record has no lyrics, but the words "loose wig" have atmosphere.

If you lose your wig, flip your lid, blow your top, snap your cap—well brother, that, in the language of jazzmen, means youse have gone crazy.

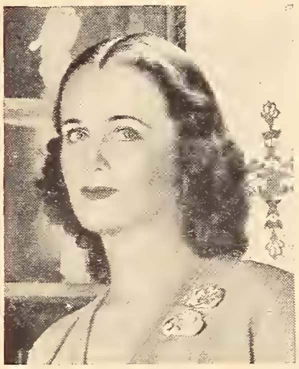
All the talk about democracy gets me to thinking of Frankie and the job he's doing with the juvenile crowd, so how about taking a Sinatra platter next. It's:

Society Beauties love it!

Pond's new Make-up Pat

"None of the stagey look that made me feel lukewarm about other blonde make-ups I've tried."

MRS. ROBERT BACON WHITNEY



"Pond's new Make-up Pat goes on so smoothly! And such flattering shades!"

MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON

New double-formula discovery means flattery in Every Shade!

Why do some *blonde* cake make-up shades show up thick and chalky on the skin?

Why do some *brunette* make-ups look so flat and yellowy?

Pond's tested shade after shade of cake make-up. They compared . . . improved . . . tested again, over and over until—

Pond's discovered that *no one formula* worked equally well on all shades!

—the lighter shades of Pond's Make-up Pat are made in a featherweight formula to go on sheer, fresh, *never* chalky.

—the darker shades are in a richer formula, for rosy glow. *Never* that sallow "faded-tan" look!

We know of no other cake make-up with this essential shade-and-formula *fit* . . . that goes on more *smoothly* . . . gives a more delicate, almost *poreless* look. 6 lovely shades—69¢, 39¢, plus tax.

"Camouflages" little blemishes—freckles, large pores. And without "coating" your face!

"De-Shines" a shiny face—gives a fresh, velvety, just-made-up look that lasts and *lasts!*

"Water-colors" your skin smoothly with a gorgeously clear, soft, natural tone.

Apply with damp-to-wet sponge. Let dry. Smooth out with fingertips. It protects your skin! Wear Pond's Make-up Pat every day.

Lovely lips that get kissed wear

Stadium Girl

LIPSTICK

—in the new, seductive shade

Invitation to romance — the soft, warm glow of Sunset Pink on your intriguing lips. An alluring medium shade — one of six of the season's smartest, available in Stadium Girl Lipstick. . . . Stadium Girl — favorite lipstick of many budget-wise, beauty-wise women — now has a smoother-than-ever texture. New, attractive, fast-acting, plastic push-up container. . . . Add the fascinating flattery of Stadium Girl Lipstick to *your* lips. Ask for it at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. 10¢ and 25¢ sizes (plus tax)

Six becoming shades:

CHERRY RED *(medium light)*
SUNSET PINK *(medium)*
ORCHID
TROPIC *(medium dark)*
RUBY *(dark)*
BURGUNDY *(very dark)*

Leading 10¢ stores also carry Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . and the new, beautiful Stadium Girl Compact.

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IRRITATES MEN!

GRIP-TUTH
HAIRTAINER
SECURITY FOR EVERY HAIRSTYLE
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DON'T be a hairfusser! *This continual, untidy habit irritates men — and other women, too!*

DO as movie stars do—use GRIP-TUTH HAIRTAINERS*. They make *any* hairstyle stay put. Their patented, exclusive spring-tooth action grips hair gently yet securely.

Card of two (or one extra-length) 25¢ at beauty salons and notion counters.

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HAIRTAINER* ***grips hair here***

ORDINARY COMB ***lets hair strands • slip through***

GRIP-TUTH HAIRTAINER

OLD MAN RIVER—This is a 12" Columbia disc, with "Stormy Weather" on the other side. And in case you're not up on the democracy angle passed lightly by in the paragraph above, here's a bit more.

I went to a party given by the company that distributes Frank's Columbia records. It was at the Hotel New Yorker, and when I came in, Frank was at the mike. He was kidding around with the audience, and the atmosphere was happy. Only thing was, he couldn't sing because his pianist hadn't shown up yet.

Afterward, I talked to Frank about the school tours he's been making, lecturing on tolerance. "It's a wonderful thing for you to come out in the open and fight race prejudice, because kids'll listen to you, while they won't bother about advice from well-meaning older people—but aren't you afraid you're sticking your neck out?"

"It's an important thing," Frank said. "And I want to do it no matter what kind of cracks are taken at me. I'm doing it quietly; sometimes I just walk into a meeting and they let me talk. I've tried to tell the kids how important it is to have a world without bigotry."

Maybe you've wondered, occasionally, why the big name bands haven't gone overseas in droves in this war. Between sets at the Commodore the other night, Hal McIntyre was telling me the difficulties besetting a civilian band attempting to get over there. But first, take down Hal's:

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY (Victor)—(Les Brown does the Columbia disc)—Hal was saying it was hard enough to get a band together these days, with all the men having to be 4Fs. And once this was accomplished, and the guys willing to make the trip, you found the insurance companies thought they were a bad risk, and they were supposed to be insured.

One band that *did* get across to England and France last year, was the Spike Jones crew whose latest is:

CHLOE (Victor)—(The other side has "Serenade to a Jerk")—Spike has plenty to say about how grateful the troops are. The screwy Jones boys brought home a lot closer to the boys by shouting to pappy about mammy's biscuits. And every cowbell sounded like a tinkle from heaven. And heaven, of course, reminds us of angels.

And angels of girls. Not necessarily? Oh, well. I'm going to give you the name of a girl Woody Herman discovered as soon as I tell you about Woody's:

CALDONIA—(Columbia)—(This has Louis Jordan on the Decca, Erskine Hawkins on the Victor and Louis Prima on the Majestic). Getting back to this chick Woody discovered—she's Marjorie Hyams, a vibraharpist. Her feeling for jazz is almost uncanny—she's being seriously compared with Hampton and Red Norvo!

I remember once saying that girls didn't have the instinctive feeling for, nor the physical ability to produce, first class swing. Encountered so many exceptions, though, that I got together a bunch of girls for a recorded jam session.

Besides Marjorie, there was little Jean Starr, barely five feet tall, who plays a lot of trumpet; Marion Gange, the guitarist (once with Ina Ray Hutton), Vicki Zimmer at the piano, and Rose Gottesman who plays fine drums. Plus Vivien Garry, a bass player and a swell singer.

But to go on to other things, there's the:

BENNY GOODMAN TRIO AND QUARTET (Victor)—And a couple of stories about Benny. They're old, but cute.

Seems B. G. got into a taxi one day, and asked the driver for a cigarette. The driver forked over a pack of Philip Morris, and off they drove. Benny absentmindedly pocketed the butts. After a while, the driver asked gently if he could maybe have his cigarettes? Equally absentmindedly, Benny reached into his pocket and gave the driver a pack of Luckies.

You think the driver was surprised? Not nearly so surprised as Benny. He swears he only smokes Old Golds!

Another Goodman tale concerns the time Benny and his wife got into a taxi, deeply engrossed in conversation, and the cabbie sat around, patiently awaiting their pleasure. Finally, he turned around and caught Benny's eye. "Oh, yes, yes," said Benny briskly. "How much is that?"

Johnny Mercer, whose newest is: *CANDY* (Capitol; Dinah Shore's on Victor), writes his own songs—if not the tunes always, at least the lyrics—sings 'em himself, owns a piece of Capitol Record company which waxes his numbers, and is generally a one-man music world.

Johnny started singing on records as a joke. He and Jack Teagarden would tear into a piece way back when they were with Paul Whiteman. Eventually, people even began to like the guy!

It's getting fashionable for song writers to lend a tonsil to a tune. Take Hoagy Carmichael. For years, he plodded along as a peaceful song-smith, and suddenly he makes with the vocal in "To Have and Have Not" and everybody forgets Lauren Bacall. Ladies cry for him, honest.

Coming back to Mercer, remember those swell discs he turned out with Bing Crosby? And coming back to Bing, there's: *JUST A PRAYER AWAY* (Decca; Kate Smith did the Columbia version.) Bing sings awful sweet on this. Brother Bob Crosby, Lieutenant with the U. S. Marines, dropped in at my radio program to say hello the other evening. He was back from nine months in the Pacific and in New York to organize a unit for the Fleet Marine Force.

"We traveled 16,000 miles on one tour with a 15-piece band. After I was sent back here, the boys went on to Iwo Jima. We were at Peleliu on D plus 30, and we were close to Leyte. I had a lot of young, spirited kids with me and the music was good, but the audiences were even better—they warmed your heart."

For blues there's nobody better than Satchmo and his Victor Album: *LOUIS ARMSTRONG*—These are reissues of 1932-33, including "Basin Street Blues," "St. Louis Blues," and Louis' theme, "Sleepy Time Down South." You can hear some smooth piano being played—by a kid who'd just hit Chicago from Texas, and got a break with Louis. He was barely out of his teens and he was known as Theodore Wilson.

Yep, Teddy himself, most noticeable on "I Got the World on a String."

When you think about pianists, though—even pianists excellent as Teddy—your thoughts just naturally gravitate to Art Tatum, the mightiest of them all, so how about lending an ear to Barney Bigard's: *BLUES FOR ART'S SAKE* (Black and White)—The title refers to Tatum, and this was a session I got together. Managed—a thing I'd always wanted to see done—the two Joe Thomases on one disc.

They're not related at all. One Joe Thomas is Jimmie Lunceford's tenor sax and vocalist; the other's a very fine trumpet player, and they'd never worked together before!

As a favor to Barney Bigard and me, Tatum himself played side man on this.

Speaking of the two Thomases reminds me of Coleman & Erskine Hawkins. They're not related either. Erskine's opening at the Lincoln, after literally years of playing the Savoy Ballroom and similar spots. This is a truly momentous step for Erskine, and now he too may have songpluggers chasing him down the streets with their little eyes shining.

THERE, I'VE SAID IT AGAIN—Pay no

Ann Rutherford
glamorous Hollywood star featured in "Bedside Manner," an Andrew Stone Production

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YOU'LL HAVE LOVELIER HAIR

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Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this *overnight* 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous! Prove it with the very first overnight application. Glover's will add beauty to your favorite hair-do. It will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try *all three* of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress.

Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon!

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VITA-BABY

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

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Serving the nation's health for over half a century

attention to the tricky build-up. This "There, I've Said It Again," has an odd twist. It was written five years ago by Redd Evans, and it went over with a flop you could hear in Pittsburgh.

Now, suddenly, Vaughn Monroe revives it for Victor, and it's hitting as hard as it flopped, in a wave of popularity that keeps rushin' along.

RUSSIAN LULLABY—This is a Keynote recording by Red Norvo and about the last we have time to cover this issue. Red's had an even worse experience than Hal McIntyre in trying to get overseas with some boys. He formed a group called "Overseas Spotlight Band" which Coca Cola was to send across. The band rehearsed like crazy for ten weeks, but red tape prevented their departure. In the end, they broke up. The only souvenirs of their existence are a couple of Soundie shorts, some V-discs, and a load of bills from the rehearsal hall!

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

A LITTLE ON THE LONELY SIDE—Phil Moore (Victor), Louis Prima (Majestic), Frankie Carle (Columbia)

CALDONIA—Woody Herman (Columbia), Louis Jordan (Decca), Erskine Hawkins (Victor), Louis Prima (Majestic)

CANDY—Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Dinah Shore (Victor)

JUST A PRAYER AWAY—Bing Crosby (Decca), Kate Smith (Columbia)

THE MORE I SEE YOU—Harry James (Columbia), Georgia Gibbs (Victor)

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY—Hal McIntyre (Victor), Les Brown (Columbia)

SWEETHEART OF ALL MY DREAMS—Charlie Spivak (Victor), Felix Knight (Decca), Benny Goodman (Columbia)

THERE! I'VE SAID IT AGAIN—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

YAH-TA-TA YAH-TA-TA (TALK, TALK, TALK)—Bing Crosby & Judy Garland (Decca), Harry James (Columbia), King Sisters & Freddy Martin (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

GEORGIE AULD—Georgie Porgie (Guild)

CHARLIE BARNET—West End Blues (Decca)

BARNEY BIGARD—Blues For Art's Sake (Black & White)

LIONEL HAMPTON—Loose Wig (Decca)

COLEMAN HAWKINS—Mary Lou Williams—This & That (Asch)

LOUIS JORDAN—Somebody Done Changed The Lock On My Door (Decca)

RED NORVO—Russian Lullaby (Keynote)

SLAM STEWART—Dark Eyesky (Savoy)

JOE TURNER & PETE JOHNSON—Johnson & Turner Blues (National)

HERBIE FIELDS—Mel's Idea (Savoy)

BEST ALBUMS

LOUIS ARMSTRONG (Victor)

CAN'T HELP SINGING—Deanna Durbin, Robert Paige (Decca)

BENNY GOODMAN TRIO & QUARTET (Victor)

LIONEL HAMPTON (Victor)

OKLAHOMA!—James Melton & Eleanor Steber (Victor)

SONGS OF JEROME KERN—Risë Stevens (Columbia)

STRAVINSKY: SCENES DE BALLET—Philharmonic Symphony of N. Y. (Columbia)

THRILL OF A ROMANCE—Lauritz Melchior (Victor)

MARY LOU WILLIAMS—Orch. (Asch)

UP IN CENTRAL PARK—Jeanette MacDonald (Victor)

Shampoo without Water

THIS NEW DRY WAY TAKES ONLY 10 MINUTES

- QUICK—No soap, no rinsing, no drying with Minipoo.
- EFFICIENT—cleanses the hair of dirt, grime, oil and odor.
- BEAUTIFYING—enhances wave, leaves hair soft, lovely.
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30 Shampoos with mitten applicator 1^{00}*
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in your charm!

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Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested. Please send me details of your Home Course.

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Occupation__________Age__________

MY SON

(Continued from page 45)

enough, and found myself saying yes instead.

Then I kept hoping it was just a passing fancy on the part of the magazine. "Maybe they'll forget it," I said to my wife.

She laughed. "What's the problem, anyway? *I* wouldn't have any trouble talking about Stan—"

That's where they made their mistake, of course. She's the one they should have tackled. Talk comes easier to women. Besides, nothing fusses my wife.

I take things a little harder. Not where it shows, but inside. For instance, when Stan sings on the radio—

But before going on with that, I'd better get his name straightened out, or you'll be asking who *is* this Stan anyway? He's my son, Stanley Morner. In the movies they call him Dennis Morgan. But he's Stan to us. Always will be.

fatherly fidgets . . .

Now to get back. As often as I've heard him sing on the radio, I still get nervous. Stan doesn't. Neither does Grace—or Dot, our daughter. They're pleased and proud, but they keep calm. For reasons not clear to myself, I can't sit still. I walk round the room. "How's he doing?" I ask them.

They all poke fun at this tendency of mine to get a little worked up over my son's doings. "Dad has to see Stan's pictures twice," says Dot. "The first time, all he sees is Stan. Then he goes again to find out what the story's about—."

I'm afraid she's got something there. Coming home from "Kitty Foyle," Grace heaved a long sigh. "I like that Jim Craig," she said. "But I do wish Stan could have kept the girl—."

I said, "Who's Jim Craig?" and I haven't heard the end of it yet.

It didn't take much coaxing to get us out here. Like so many Middle Westerners, we'd long felt the lure of sunny California. And with Stan and Lillian and the youngsters settled here, that was all we needed.

All the children call Grace, Bonny. That's Little Stan's baby version of grandma. As for me, I'm Frank, and that's my own doing. I don't like the sound of "grandpa" and never will. That provides the family with plenty of amusement too, which doesn't bother me. I *like* to hear them laugh. Anyway, I started Little Stan off right when we first came out. Lillian's father was still living then—.

"You've only got one grandpa," I said, "and he's in Marshfield."

"Then what are you?"

"I'm Frank."

Kris picked it up from him and now even Jimmy, the little fellow—two and a half—starts yelling *Frank* when my station wagon rolls in. I'm never quite sure if it's me or the wagon he's yelling at.

Having Little Stan with us is almost like living Big Stan's life over again. We're pals, just as his dad and I were. If he can't find a youngster to play with, he commandeers me to fly kites or get down on the floor for a game of marbles. His bedtime's a quarter of eight and, if I'm reading, he always jacks me up. "Come on Frank, time for bed."

I also have to get up when he does—and he's up at 6:30. David and he rout me out of bed. David's my daughter's young one, all of eighteen months. They're staying with us while her husband's in the service. Grace gets breakfast, I see Little Stan off on the bus and call for him in the afternoon. The minute we get home, he goes for the bat or the football. "Come on, Frank, time for a workout—."

"Miracle worker!" women say of proved

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YES, hailed as a real modern wonder—this proved-effective deodorant now sealed in each luxury-soft Modess napkin!

Proof established by 26 exhaustive tests in a famous impartial laboratory!

Seconded by women, themselves—thousands upon thousands of women—who acclaim its fast action, the unbelievable new peace of mind it brings!

Try the wonder-working new Modess and you'll join the chorus of praise for:

Modess' extra daintiness! No need for separate powder or endless fuss.

Modess' extra softness! Three out of four women voted Modess softer to the touch, in a recent nationwide poll.

Modess' extra safety! 209 nurses, in hospital tests, found Modess less likely to strike through than nationally known layer-type napkins.

You pay nothing extra for wonderful new Modess, the napkin with the proved-effective deodorant. Get it, today!

Your store has two kinds of Modess. If you'd rather have softer, safer Modess without deodorant, just ask for "Standard Modess."

"The deodorant powder makes it just perfect!" Miss H.T.

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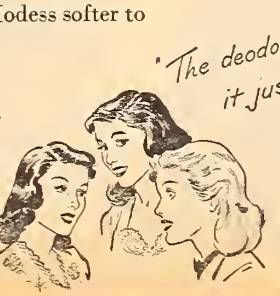

"No separate powder, which always spilt half on the floor" Mrs. F. de S.

He's a strenuous youngster, like his dad before him. When big Stan was a baby, you practically had to knock him out to get him to sleep. He was always on the go, then and later. It was lucky for all of us that his mother didn't scare easy. He couldn't have been more than seven or eight when a neighbor called one day. "Better go fetch Stanley. He's walking along the Town Hall parapet—"

The Town Hall parapet was two-and-a-half stories high. I gave him an impressive talking to and that was one stunt he never pulled again.

I can't say he ever gave us any real trouble. Stan was no goody-good, but you could reason with him. As a rule, I didn't hold with whaling. But like every rule, that one had its exceptions. I remember going to his room once to give him a walloping he richly deserved—I forget what for. When I opened the door, there he was on his knees, saying his prayers. I sneaked out like a thief in the night.

no sloppy joe . . .

Home belonged to the children just as it did to us, so they took their chores as much for granted as their fun. One thing you never had to tell Stan about was his clothes. He was born tidy. Whatever he took off—it might be a pair of old overalls—you'd find them neatly folded over the back of the chair and his shoes underneath, heels together, toes out, for all the world like a soldier on parade.

He mowed lawns in the summer, shoveled paths in the winter and hauled wood from the woodshed every afternoon. You didn't have to remind him, any more than you have to remind Little Stan to go to bed. He wasn't paid for his share in the household jobs and he got no allowance, but he knew where to come for money when it was needed.

In Prentice we lived close to a little river than ran right through town. One noon Stan came home all excited. "Dad, I just saw a big muskellunge down in the river and they're selling a new kind of bait at the store. If you'll give me seventy-five cents, I'll bring that fish home—"

"Expect him to sit there waiting for you?" But I thought the joke was worth more than six bits and gave him the money. As it turned out, the joke was on me. When I went to the window half an hour later, what did I see but Stan and another lad, with this huge fish slung on a stick between them. Struck me speechless.

He was all for outdoors—skiing, skating, fishing, hunting, trapping. First one out on the ice was Stan, to see if it would hold. And he set his own traps when he was no more than a shaver—would get up at six and make the rounds, trying to trap enough muskrat for a coat for his sister. Once he and another boy snared a skunk and hung it up back of the house to dry. Grace and I were out. We got home at about eleven that evening and didn't know whether to stay or leave—

"Didn't the smell bother you?" Grace asked him next morning.

"Smelled to me like a good, healthy animal smell," said Stan.

Hunting was the sport he loved best. I can't remember when I started taking him along, but he wasn't very big, and after the first time he wouldn't let me go without him. He had his .22 rifle and was covered with red like the rest of us. Grace bought red flannel by the yard, and she'd sew it down the back and front of his mackinaw, up the side of his pants and on his cap. In the woods, we'd station him at a certain spot, tell him to stay there and watch, and there he'd be when we got back, with three or four rabbits. Evenings, we'd build a fire and cook the venison, along with the bacon and stuff we'd brought from home. There was a log shack to sleep in, and we'd stay out in the woods for a week or so.

a voice is found . . .

Grace played and sang, and the children took music lessons—which is how we discovered that Stan had a voice. We couldn't get him to practice, so he gave the piano up—called it a waste of time. And while I didn't exactly agree with him, I could see what he meant. But he did enjoy singing. One day the music teacher was there, and Grace asked if she'd listen to him sing . . .

That night she told me about it. "He sang 'The End of a Perfect Day' and her eyes filled up—"

"Oh, well, it's a sad song—"

"Yes, but she also said he had a very sweet voice—"

From then on he sang whenever he got the chance—at school, in the choir, at Town Hall affairs. You didn't have to coax him, either. He wasn't bashful. In a small town, where boys have grown up together, they're inclined to avoid what sets them apart from others. And when it's singing, there's always the danger of being called sissy. If Stan had any trouble that way, we didn't hear about it. His nickname was Toughie, and he could take care of himself.

I'm sure he liked singing for its own sake, but he also had a sense of showmanship. That was obvious from his first day at kindergarten.

"Who sits in front of you, Stanley?" his mother asked.

"Nobody," Stanley said, "except the teacher."

Naturally, we took pleasure in his voice, but we didn't think of it as a serious asset. Not even after a program at Town Hall when the speaker of the evening said:

Better Together!

Boy and girl: hearts and flowers
It's a love-match, too, when
good chewing gum flavors wed.
Popular flavors are happily united
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In CIN-A-MINT, for instance,
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Try some today.

ASK FOR

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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD—WAR BONDS

"He's only a boy, but I think he'll make a fine singer some day." Being parents, that did our hearts good, but it stopped there. I know it never entered my head that he might sing for a living, and if Grace had any ideas, she kept them from me. Engineering was what I thought he might go in for, because he was pretty handy with our cars. He kept pestering me to let him drive, and I gave in long before I should.

contest coppin' . . .

By the time we moved to Marshfield, his voice had changed, and he seemed to have lost interest in singing. Then one night his mother was playing an Irish song and Stan moved over to the piano. We were sitting around, not paying much attention, when suddenly out rolled this rich tenor. I'm frank to say that I was dumbfounded. The paper dropped out of my hands and my jaw dropped open. In the midst of his singing, Stan started to laugh. "Look at Dad," he said.

Well, Grace got the head of the choir to hear him, and the upshot was that she offered to give him lessons if he'd join the choir. Which he did. But it wasn't till after he started at Carroll College that the thing really hit.

Wisconsin announced a statewide singing contest, and his teacher suggested that he try out. The state was divided into twenty-six districts. Stan won in his district, and the winners went to Milwaukee to compete. We didn't really believe he had a chance. We felt that most of the voices would be better trained than his. At any rate, that's what we kept telling each other —to keep from being disappointed, I suppose, while in our hearts we hoped against hope.

The night Stan sang we asked some friends in to listen with us. I paced the floor and, when his turn came, I didn't know how he sang, so help me. They all said it was good, but what would you expect them to say—?

It was a week before the verdict came in. I was in my office when the paper was delivered, and there was Stan's picture smack on the front page. I called my wife, then tore out and bought all the papers I could find. Meantime Stan had gone back to Carroll and sent a wire from there. So I called *him* up. He was pretty nonchalant about it, which didn't surprise me. I can't recall Stan's ever getting excited except on a hunting or fishing trip.

Well, that day I did it up brown. Seeing his picture in the papers, knowing he'd won so handily over the others, gave me the biggest thrill of my life. Plenty of fine things have happened since, but to me they've been almost anticlimax. Even if he pulled down an Oscar, it wouldn't bowl me over.

Then came the Atwater-Kent contest, when he pulled one of his typical tricks. He was playing football at Carroll. I told him he'd better quit and take care of his voice. But no, he had to play football. With the result that, three days before the contest, he played in a blizzard, caught a fine cold and still had a cold when he sang. At that he placed second. And knowing he had such a spirit meant more to us than the prize.

He'd come home Christmas and summers, and we'd go up to see him in the college plays where he had the lead for three years. Now you're not going to catch me calling him a fine actor. I heard some people say he was good, and I was perfectly willing to take their word for it. All I *know* is, whenever they called rehearsal, he was out playing ball and they couldn't drag him away till the game was finished.

Once he came to town as star soloist with the Glee Club. That was almost as big an event in our lives as his winning of the

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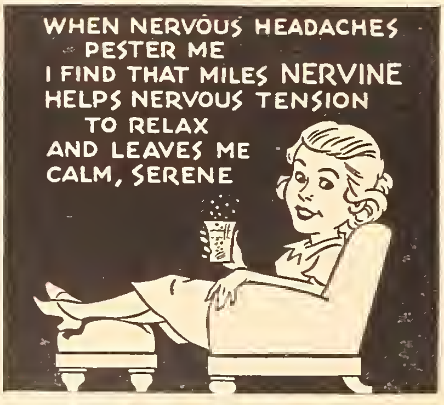
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contest. You know how it is in a small town—his picture in the store windows, the auditorium packed with friends and neighbors—and there you sit while this boy puts a kind of spell on them with his singing. You know he's your boy that you raised from a pup, yet it's hard to believe.

After college, Stan got a radio job in Milwaukee and we'd hear him announce. He'd always get home for the deer season, and never failed to bring back his deer. We'd moved to Park Falls by then, but Lillian's folks were in Marshfield, and that's where they were married. He'd been going with Lillian ever since their high school days. Stan wasn't the kind to come home and talk about it much, but we knew.

jittery groom . . .

They had the wedding in the garden, which gave me a chance to rove around. I can't give you the usual details—music and flowers and how the bride looked. The things I recall are the things I shouldn't. Like Stan coming down with laryngitis the day before. He had to keep steaming his throat till the last minute, so he could say "I do." He was a jittery boy that day—more jittery than he'd ever been on the stage. It wasn't till half an hour before the ceremony that he suddenly remembered he'd left his white flannels in Milwaukee. A fellow announcer of his was driving in. We caught him on the phone in the nick of time, and got him to bring along another pair.

(My wife's been looking over my shoulder. "Doesn't sound romantic, does it?"

"I suppose not. Maybe you'd better add a few fancy touches—"

"*I* don't know what went on. I was crying from start to finish—")

Well, they moved to Chicago, and for a while we didn't see much of them. But we'd hear Stan sing from the Empire Room at the Palmer House and we weren't the only ones. That's where Mary Garden heard him and that's when she introduced him to Irving Thalberg and that's an old story, so I won't go into it again.

But there's one more thing I *would* like to say, and it's this. My wife and I know how lucky we are. Not because Stan's doing well in the movies. That's fine, but it's incidental. To older folk, nothing matters so much as their young people. We've got ours around us—all but our daughter's husband and. God willing, we'll have him too, before long.

Week ends and holidays we get together at Stan's place. Christmas is just as it always was. We always trimmed the tree on the 20th, Stan's birthday, so he'd feel that Christmas wasn't crowding him out. Lillian keeps the custom up. We sing carols on Christmas Eve, and the only difference is that now there are more of us.

He and Kris have a special number—"Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley—oh." He smiles at her for encouragement, and her eyes get big and sparkly, and they sing with a will. And Big Stan watches them with a certain look on his face, which must be the way I looked years ago when *he* got up to sing. Years ago, my foot!—it's the way I looked now! Then he'll catch my eye and grin—

Well, I've talked long enough and I guess it's clear between the lines what I think of my son. But if words are needed, let me put it this way.

Little Stan came home from school one day when Walter Winchell's son was in the same school. "Junior says his father's the greatest man in the United States—"

"And what did you say to that?" I asked.

"Well, I didn't hardly believe it. I said, 'What about the President and General Eisenhower? Anyway,' I said, 'I've got a dad myself that's quite a fella—'"

That goes double with his dad's dad.

HOT COPY

(Continued from page 53)

citizens, let's call 'em—the Flynns and the Chaplins—little Lana every once in a while—here of late, your favorite Bogey man. These are talented space grabbers who can't be kept *off* the front page. But I'm talking of the rank-and-file.

Behind the rank-and-file stands an army of Press Agents—"p.a.'s" to Hollywood, and not to be confused with Personal Appearances. Some are employed by studios, others free lance, but they have this in common: Morning and evening, Sunday, Mondays and always, their brains bubble with bright schemes for boosting their babies.

Here's a sample of how they operate. Remember when Rita Hayworth was doing bits? Nobody'd look at her then, including her own studio. They gave her a whirl in "Only Angels Have Wings," then she sat for eight months. Then they said, "We're putting you into 'Blondie' "—a polite way of saying, "We're putting your neck in a noose."

come out, come out . . .

In desperation, she and Eddie Judson went to Henry Rogers, free lance p.a. Henry took one gander and came up with the answer: Sex. What the biggies had been blind to, he unmasked at a glance.

On Rita and Judson he impressed the importance of clothes, talked them into investing a couple of thousand in slinky gowns and tasty lingerie. Next, he invented an institution and its president—Jackson Carberry of International Fashion Trends—and dispatched a wire from Jackson to Rita. Then he took the wire over to LOOK magazine. At the time, Rita's name was nothing to conjure with. Carole Lombard's was. To make it look like the real thing, the message read: "After survey of department store buyers, designers, etc., Carole Lombard selected screen actress Rita Hayworth best dressed actress off screen. Congratulations."

When the LOOK man asked, "Who's Rita Hayworth?" Henry was ready for him. A kid, he said, a mere child, hardly more than a bit player, earning maybe two fifty a week. Yet, knowing that clothes made the woman in Hollywood, she and her husband had pinched pennies to the tune of fifteen thousand, which they'd now invested in glad rags for Rita.

Fifteen hundred was more like it, but the story listened good. They went out to inspect the wardrobe—with a couple of squints at Rita on the side. "Swell!" said the guy, "let's shoot it."

They shot her in evening gowns and lingerie. They shot her in bed, pulling up an embroidered stocking. (Nothing ever topped that one till Grable made history in a bathing suit). The whole thing was sent to New York and Rogers held his breath, hoping to get a page out of it. New York went wild, used an exotic shot as a cover and five pages inside.

So Rita got to play with Ty Power in "Blood and Sand." What's the connection? Well, you pop up with a cover and five pages in LOOK and, if you're presentable, *you'll* get a break on the screen. But a break is *all* you'll get. Don't expect the smartest p.a. in the world to make a star of you, lady. He can start you rolling, but after that you roll your own. If you get your break and have that indefinable something called screen personality too, you're in. Rita was in, thanks to the X-ray eye of Henry Rogers.

He shoved another girl in differently.

Tessie played tennis...Her strokes were alarming
But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair tidy and charming

• Why is a bobby pin? To *hold* your hair—smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends . . . and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.

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THE SPRING THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE

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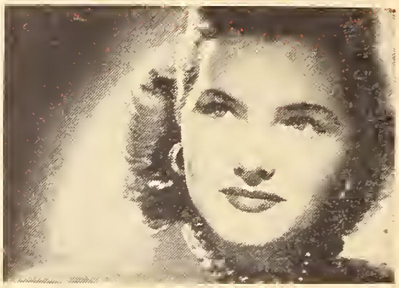

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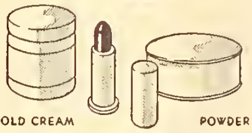

Hampden Cream Make-up gives you a glamorous new complexion immediately. Makes you look youthfully fresh; keeps your skin soft as a butterfly wing. Conceals skin flaws and holds powder on for hours.

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BEFORE
AFTER

Maria Montez met him at a nightclub. "Oh, I know you. You did that job on Rita Hayworth. I'd like to talk to you—"

For Montez, Henry had a new twist:

"To interest the papers, you've got to be one of two things—important or unusual. You're not important, so be unusual. be the exception. Step out and tell the world, 'I'm the great Montez, the most beautiful creature in Hollywood and the best actress.' Step out and say, 'Here I am, look at me!' They'll look, all right—"

"What will the reaction be?"

"The reaction'll be, who-the-hell-does-Montez-think-she-is! But they'll *say* Montez. I don't give a whoop if they praise you or damn you. Just let them talk about you. Then it's up to you—"

behold, ye great montez . . .

It took plenty of guts. At Universal, Montez was a contract player. Contract players may look at a king, but they know darn well the king'll never look back. Day after the confab, Maria walked into the commissary and stood at the door—just stood there till people's heads started turning—till every executive, including J. Cheever Cowdin, got an eyeful and the whole place was buzzing with "Montez—her name's Maria Montez."

That was the opening gun, followed by variations of the same at night spots and preems, with Maria dilating her charms to all who'd notice. People were amused or revolted, startled or pained. They were *not* indifferent. And boy! could she handle the scribes. Memorized their first names, cooed over them on the set, wrote thank-you notes for the barest line. The fourth estate's human, they went all out for Maria. Upshot: From unknown to legend inside of two months, and the lead in Wanger's "Arabian Nights."

When you're an agent, once your star's launched, you can't just sit back and play tiddledywinks. Now your money's on the horse and you have to keep him out front. You see the world in terms of black print on white paper. You hang on your client's lips, waiting for pearls. Anything's a potential story.

At Warners' one day, Ida Lupino idly mentioned the fact that she'd given a couple of war workers a hitch. From that seed grew a tree from which the p.a. almost hanged himself. Scrambling back to his desk, he pounded out a piece of fiction. That these two girls had just come to town, worked nights, and couldn't find living quarters. That the motor court which had taken them in was about to turn them out. That Ida had exclaimed, on hearing this dismal story, "Come over to my house, girls, and move right in."

A columnist ran it. Only he wanted to know where the girls came from. Thinking fast, the p.a. gave the name of his home town. He didn't know his own strength. Syndicates took it from there and went haywire. Where had the girls lived in this little town? They'd send photogs to the place and do a layout. The frantic p.a. phoned an uncle still living there. "If anyone calls, tell 'em these girls once rented a room from you, and that's all you know, and you don't want any publicity. No, you don't have to be polite to them, tell 'em to fry—." Uncle told them to fry, and the p.a. kept his job.

Here's another that backfired. If you saw "I Love A Soldier," you'll remember that Goddard and Sonny Tufts were married in socialite Beaulah Bondi's house. A p.a. at Paramount cooked up the idea of a real wedding. LIFE agreed to run it. Through the society editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, they dug up a socialite couple with a four story house who were willing to play. Through one of the service organizations they dug up a staff sergeant and his bride-to-be. The wedding was set for a Sunday, with Sonny Tufts as best man. They bought a ring for the kids, ordered a spread and a wedding cake, reserved a suite at the Mark Hopkins Hotel for the bridal night.

On Wednesday morning the bridegroom phoned. "We can't go through with it—."

"Why not?"

"My pop won't let me."

It seems Pop, the self-respecting father of ten, had hit the ceiling. "No son of mine will be married for stuckups on Nob Hill! For a ring and a piece of cake and his name in the paper!"

The p.a. pulled in his horns and silently stole away. He'd meant well. So had they all. But when the story got out, the cheers went to Pop. Personally, I threw my three best hats in the air for him.

Of all publicity kickbacks, I think Dennis Morgan's was the saddest. And poor Dennis hadn't even thought of it as a stunt.

There was a Marine at the Canteen just before Christmas—a limping Marine, loaded down with Purple Hearts, very modest about his exploits, so modest he refused to be photographed with Joan Crawford. Dennis asked him where he was spending Christmas. The Marine didn't know—

"Why not come home with me then? Nothing exciting—just kids and a tree and music and stuff and things—."

It was sheer good will, as I say, that motivated Dennis. But you couldn't expect Warner Brothers to keep it dark. So the story went out and the FBIs came in. Practically woke Dennis up on Christmas morning. The Marine was a phony—phony limp, phony exploits, phony medals. They'd been on his trail for weeks and had tracked him down through kindness of Dennis and the publicity gang.

First rule in the p.a. book: Build your stunt 'round a girl.

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., was just coming home after a prolonged stay in Europe, and something was needed to focus attention on him. The p.a. went into a huddle with a local sorority. The sorority called its pledges together, told them they'd met all the entrance conditions but one. "Before you qualify, you've got to kiss a movie star. Doug Fairbanks' train gets in at such-and-such a time. 'Nuff sed—."

To erase any hint of the p.a.'s cloven hoof, a boy on the campus had been hired to tip off the papers. As Doug hit the station, girls leaped from behind posts and smeared lipstick all over him. Doug's still looking for the guy who pulled it, and the guy still prefers to remain anonymous.

George Glass was responsible for the topper in girl stunts. "So Ends Our Night"—which started Glenn Ford zooming—needed a shot in the arm. One of the bits was played by a pretty Viennese named Greta Rozan, whose only sequence was being heavily cut. He got her to register protest by doing a strip-tease in front of the studio. Each day she'd picket, carrying a placard—"YOU KEEP SNIPPING AND I'LL KEEP STRIPPING—" with the name of the picture in letters a foot high. Each day she'd remove another article of clothing. By the fourth day she was down to her slip, and plastered over every front page in town. By the fifth day, even George got scared. He dashed out, threw a coat over her black bra and panties and dragged her inside. For conspicuous gallantry in action, they gave her a part in "Moon and Sixpence," but her strip-tease proved the climax of her career.

Rule No. 2: If you can't use a girl, use animals. In "Zaza," Colbert stepped off a French train, scratching herself. Implication: Fleas. Fleas aren't animals, but

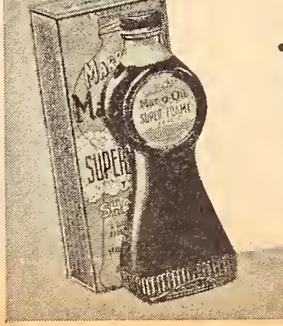
Benay Venuta

SAYS: "Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil leaves hair soft, clean, and brilliant."

Singing Star Benay Venuta, along with scores of other well-known stage, screen, and radio favorites, insists on Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil Shampoo because it produces many of the benefits of an oil shampoo. At the same time it cleanses quickly with billowy, abundant, light oily foam and brings an alluring, silky glow to your hair. It leaves your hair gloriously clean, glamorously soft and easy to manage, yet requires no lemon or vinegar rinse.

Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil is a pure, bland, skilfully blended shampoo, manufactured by the makers of the world's largest selling Oil Shampoo—Mar-o-Oil. It contains no harsh chemicals, alcohol, or caustic. You, too, will like the way it brings out the lovely, shimmering highlights in your hair. Removes dandruff flakes, too! Get a bottle today at your favorite drug, department, or ten-cent store. Or be sure to ask your hairdresser to give you a professional Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil shampoo. You'll *like* it!

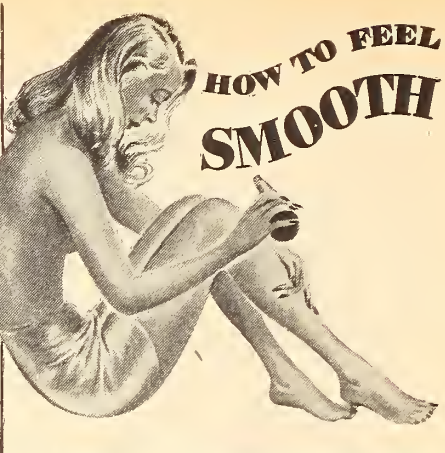
Try It Today!



Mar-o-Oil

Super-Foamy SHAMPOO

Slick trick! After your daily bath, shower Cashmere Bouquet Talc over your body. Pat it into every curve to dry up lingering moisture. There—you're *fresh!*



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Sweet treat! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc *often* on a long, hot day. It's a magic cooler-offer. And imparts to your person a beguiling scent . . . *the fragrance men love.*

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When Baby's Cry Rips Off The Roof Rub NUM-ZIT On That Coming Tooth

This new, modern formula relieves teething pains quickly. Just rub a few drops on sore gums. Effective! Non-injurious! No dosing. Does not upset baby's stomach. Costs little. Buy it at your drug store.

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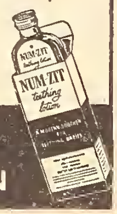

NUM-ZIT TEETHING LOTION

New! A HOME SHAMPOO MADE SPECIALLY FOR *Blondes*

Washes Hair Shades Lighter SAFELY

Made specially for blondes, this new shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

don't let's be technical. Bill Hebert wasn't. He wired the 42nd Street Flea Circus. "Want to engage your two star fleas to appear with Claudette Colbert in 'Zaza.'" Sam and Sadie were flown out—in a special box, with special food, in special charge of the airline hostess. Claudette, Herbert Marshall and the press formed a welcoming committee. At the studio, a little dressing room was built, with miniature appointments and a glass top—through which reporters peered to interview Sam and Sadie. Editors screamed for copy. All went merry as a marriage bell till a prop man forgot Sam and Sadie had to breathe and stuck 'em in an airless prop box. Next day they were dead.

Then there was the cow who chewed flowers off Barbara Stanwyck's hat in "Remember the Night." The p.a. in this case was staging a big premiere in Indianapolis, hoping to get Stanwyck or MacMurray as prize exhibits. At the last minute, neither could get away.

"Then send me the cow," he wired.

She arrived in a beribboned crate as big as a house. They hung posies round her neck, presented her with the keys of the city, then turned her over to a local orphanage. She copped more footage in the newsreels than they'd ever used on MacMurray or Stanwyck. When a cow makes a personal appearance, it's news.

Believe it or not, the best of the Gone-With-the-Wind gags was one David Selznick didn't invent. Not only that, he quashed it—and what agony that must have cost him, I shudder to think.

One morning his butler roused him. "I think you'd better go downstairs, Mr. Selznick. Something strange goes on."

In the hall stood a 7-foot replica of "Gone With the Wind." As David descended, rubbing his eyes, the book opened slowly and out stepped a girl he'd never seen before—in hoopskirts and a big picture hat. "I'm Scarlett O'Hara," says she.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Allyson, Bergman, and Colbert, too—they'll all send autographs to you! It's easy as ABC. Just turn to page 10 and see how you can get a genuine signature from any star on our list.

Never mind her name—you've never heard it and you never will. A phone operator, she'd had the book and costume made at her own expense, and hired a truck to deliver her.

"Don't let it get out," David moaned. "They'll never believe it, they'll razz the shirt off my back—."

And that wasn't all. Paulette Goddard, a leading contender at the time for the role of Scarlett, lived across the street. She'd seen the truck cruising around, decided she'd won and phoned, burbling: "Thank you, David, oh *thank* you—."

Agents don't dream everything up out of whole cloth. Some stunts are self-starters—spring from a genuine incident, an honest emotion. The boys aren't fussy. Faye Emerson was telling one of them the story of her life. Divorce of her parents. Remarriage of her father. Birth of a half-sister named Virginia. Faye spent summers with her dad till he and his second wife broke up. Second wife died, Virginia went to live with an aunt, Faye lost sight of them all—

"I wonder what ever happened to Virginia," she mused.

The p.a. swooped. "Why not write her an open letter in a magazine?"

The editor called it a broken-down gag and laughed his head off, but finally the letter got into print. "If you read this, Virginia," Faye wrote, "you'll remember your special name for me, and something I gave you as a farewell gift."

Answers poured in, two hundred fake sisters showed up at the studio, and the p.a. decided he should've stood in bed.

Meantime, a girl in Grand Rapids read the letter and tore over to show it to her friend, cashier at the phone company. "Look, Virginia. This sounds like you—."

Together, they composed a wire to Faye. "Dear Peggy, I think I might be your sister. If I am, you gave me a little mesh bag the last time we saw each other." Nobody else had ever called Faye, Peggy. Nobody else knew about the mesh bag.

Faye invited her to Hollywood, but the jubilant magazine insisted on footing the bills. It was their party, their baby and their story. What they didn't print were Virginia's reactions. She wasn't impressed. When they asked what movie stars she'd like to meet, she knocked them for a loop. "Lionel Barrymore and Marjorie Main," said Virginia. She wound up feeling terribly sorry for Faye who lived in a goldfish bowl with no life of her own.

Not long ago, the country rocked to the tremors of another self-starter. Back from a camp and hospital tour, Laraine Day phoned Henry Rogers, her publicity agent. "How was it?" asked Henry.

"Oh, I don't know. Unpleasant in some ways."

"What was wrong?"

"Well, look, I went out meaning to do a job. I can't sing, I can't dance, so I thought I'd talk to the boys about their homes and sweethearts and maybe tell them things about Hollywood. So the minute I set foot in camp, some colonel or major grabs me and I don't see ten percent of the boys I could have seen—."

all out for the gi's . . .

Henry'd heard squawks like that before. Other clients had come back, beefing—"You go to see soldiers, and officers are all you see—." He slept on it, then asked Laraine in, and tossed a bombshell.

"Are you game to bring this thing into the open? Would you send a report to the Hollywood Victory Committee and, at the same time, to the papers?"

"What for?"

"Because it's been hush-hushed long enough. Because somebody ought to have the guts to come out with it."

"Will I get into trouble?"

"Probably. They'll say you're exploiting the GIs for space. Or they'll say you've been victimized by some jerk of a p.a.—"

"Will it do any good?"

"Bound to. Next girl going out'll be turned over to a sergeant and do the job she's supposed to do—."

"Then I don't care if it *does* mean trouble. I'll do it—."

She sent the report on her own stationery, and hell broke loose. Under the pressure, Laraine never gave an inch.

Then the letters started—letters from GIs and their folks—from every spot in the world where Americans were stationed—twelve thousand letters to date and still coming strong, thanking the girl who went to bat for them.

This is no poke at officers. Officers too, have a right to like movie stars. At worst, they were thoughtless. Now their eyes are open. Now the players who go out to entertain GIs are left free to do just that. The Victory Committee, which hollered loudest at first, now agrees that Laraine had the right idea.

Even if it was a p.a.'s idea to begin with. When you publicize democracy, what's bad about that?

15 Year Old Girl LOSES 52 POUNDS

Long left out of school fun, Betty Parker of Tuckahoe, N.Y. is now slim, smart, popular.

"When you weigh 187 pounds and wear size 42," explains Betty Parker, "you can't take part in high school sports—dance, skate, hike, ride. I thought everyone was laughing at me, and probably they were!

"Then I read of the DuBarry Success Course, and my mother said I could take it if I earned the money myself. So I did—taking care of neighbors' children. I actually lost 52 pounds in four months. But that's only *part* of the change. I'm full of pep and ready to 'go places'. And I am *asked* to go to them! I dress like the other girls—wear lovely pullover sweaters and plaid skirts and bright frocks...cute young styles instead of women's dresses. My skin is creamy smooth, I know how to do my hair. And is my family proud of me!"

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There's a glamorous new self waiting for you to release it... concealed, perhaps, by extra weight, an unbecoming hair-do, a mistreated complexion. But *you* can bring it to light! No matter how busy you are—at home, in office, school or war work—you owe it to yourself and your job to feel and look your best. More than 200,000 women and girls have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to become fit and fair from top to toe.

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When the Course has meant so much to so many, why not use the coupon to find what it can do for you?

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With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

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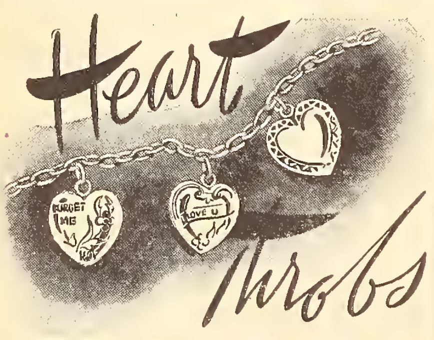

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Young girls everywhere are falling in love with these sentimental 10 karat gold hearts by Jordan. Sold at leading stores everywhere.

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Each month you just meekly endure pain. Why don't you try Chi-Ches-Ters Pills? * * * * Yes, they really deaden simple menstrual pain. And more! One ingredient tends to relax muscular tension usually associated with periodic pain. Chi-Ches-Ters contain iron, too. It tends to help build up your blood. You're apt to get better results if you begin taking Chi-Ches-Ters three days before your period. * * * * No, they're not expensive. Only 50¢ a box at druggists'. * * * * Yes, that's the name. Chi-Ches-Ters Pills. * * * *

CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS
For relief from "periodic functional distress"

WISE GUY!

(Continued from page 39)

"Down this way," he breathed. "Watch this step. Quiet." But again Joe wasn't watching any steps. Again his eyes were riveted on the screen. Again he saw himself, twice as big as life, coming through a kitchen door, gnawing a huge chicken leg.

"Hey!" yelled Joe.

"Quiet, quiet!" hissed the anxious manager. Joe didn't even hear him.

"Hey, Joe!" he yelled at himself on the screen, as the whole audience snapped around in their seats. "How the hell did you beat me down here?"

wicked wit . . .

In Hollywood and in a lot of other unreasonable places, Joseph Cotten seems to have picked up the sad reputation of being a staid and stuffy highbrow actor. with his funnybone all wrapped up in his art. Because Joe packs a wonderful wit, they call him "cerebral." Because he's busting with new ideas, they tag him revolutionary. Because he's got more spirit than a young colt, they brand Cotten difficult. Because he talks back to the Pooh-bahs, Joe gets "temperamental" tossed at him right and left. Because he's as frank as a poke in the nose they call him superior and impertinent.

Joe couldn't resist the temptation to pop off when his boss, David Selznick, launched that advertising campaign to put the official seal on "Since You Went Away" as the greatest picture ever made.

The mike was plugged in, the wax began to whirl, the monitor said "ready" and Joe stepped up with his script.

"'Since You Went Away,'" announced Joe in dignified, resounding tones, "is the *longest* motion picture I have ever made!"

If there's anything Joe Cotten loves to do it is puncture pomposity and pretense so that it explodes with a beautiful bang. He likes it even better when he finds himself afflicted with a rush of art to the head and somebody snaps him out of it with a realistic kick in the pants, like his pal, Alfred Hitchcock, did in "Shadow of a Doubt."

Joe got so worked up over the great impersonation of the murderous "Uncle Charley" that he couldn't make up his mind whether to do a Bluebeard, a Jack the Ripper, a Baby Face Nelson or a Billy the Kid and the more he tossed the various murder angles over in his mind the more confused Joe became. He took his troubles to "Hitch," the roly-poly Britisher with the chiller-diller touch.

"H-m-m-m-mm," mused Hitchcock, "let's take a walk."

They strolled downtown in the bustling crowds of Los Angeles and walked up and down Main Street, the boiling strip of humanity where you can find every type in the world—and a couple dozen to boot. "Now," said Hitch, "point me out a murderer."

Joe took up the challenge. He scanned the tough muggs ambling along and finally fastened on a bozo who had everything—spiky jaw, low hairline, narrow eyes, flat, murderous nose. "There!" exclaimed Joe. "I'll bet he fries little babies alive."

Hitchcock walked up to this character and slipped him a five-spot. "My man," he said, "tell us the story of your life." The man obliged. He was a bible salesman he said. He had a wife and five children. He'd never been in jail. He'd been arrested once for shooting off firecrackers inside the city limits.

From there Hitchcock strolled Joe over

to the city jail. A few words with the sergeant and they took a look at the cells. Joe's next quiz question was to pick out the most innocent man in the pokey. He found one, a meek Mister Milquetoast, about 100 pounds heavy and five feet tall, with an undernourished look and watery blue eyes behind steel rimmed cheaters.

"That guy?" said the sergeant. "Say—the newspapers call him 'Cleaver Killer'. He just chopped up his wife into twenty rib roasts!"

that hitchcock approach . . .

The lesson to Joe Cotten was plain. He decided to play deadly Uncle Charley as a straight leading man and let the script and the director do the rest. It worked, too, because Uncle C. turned out to be one of the most sinister gents ever to come out on celluloid and Joe put that right down in a corner of his brain, which is full of places for ideas to hide.

On the set, Joe Cotten is strictly sold on kidding away the kinks that create knots in the psyches of stars who get on each others nerves working in the tight, tense little box called a sound stage. He had a horrible example of what frayed nerves can cook up when he made "Journey Into Fear" with his pal, Orson Welles. That was the movie that Joe wrote with Orson, helped produce and acted in, all at the same time. They were knocking themselves out on the set trying to get through so Orson could catch a plane for Brazil when it happened. They'd worked for three days and three nights steady and they were groggy as hopheads when they came to a scene with Joe and Orson and another man whose script name was "Kopakin."

In his depleted state, Orson the Great couldn't get the man's name straight to save himself. He kept calling it "Knopkin" and Director Norman Foster kept yelling "Cut!" until finally every time Orson started to say the name he exploded in a gale of hysterical laughter. After four hours of that, Norman broke it up and the whole company went down the street to a saloon for coffee and a few straight shots to pull themselves together. But the minute they got back on the set and up came the scene, Orson said, "What the hell is that guy's name again?" They told him for the hundredth time, "Kopakin."

"Oh, sure," said Orson. "Knopkin." With that the whole outfit rolled on the floor raving mad and laughing like hyenas, so they all went home. "Journey into Fear," by the way, was a pretty bad picture, as Joe Cotten will freely admit. And a good half of the reason, he thinks, is a case of grinding along without breaking it up with laughs.

cotten's oldies . . .

Joe's funnybone has saved his own skin a couple of times when the going was rough and it's helped a fair colleague of his, Claudette Colbert, too, more than once. Claudette gets deeply depressed when things don't go right on her sets and so far the only prescription to get her back on the happiness beam are Joe Cotten's funny stories. When he made "Since You Went Away" with Claudette, Joe spent half his time between takes keeping Claudette from sinking into a brown study by rattling off his rib ticklers. But while Joe has a million of 'em, he ran out eventually and had to dig way back in his memory for all the spicy nifties of his schoolboy days. They wowed Claudette, of course, because she'd never heard any of them before. But one day a mutual friend of Joe's and hers called him up and said, "Look, Cotten, for Heaven's sake stop telling Colbert all those stale jokes of yours. She thinks they're brand new

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and I have to sit and listen to all those tired old chestnuts and pretend to laugh. My lip's about to split, so for Pete's sake lay off!"

In Joe's case his trouble wasn't a brown study, because he wouldn't know a case of the glooms if he met one walking down the street. He's an extrovert supreme, himself, but there have been times when it took a gag to pull him off a camera brain block, twice, in fact, in one picture, "I'll Be Seeing You," where Joe played that psycho GI. Oddly enough, in both instances it was Bill Dieterle, the Dutchman, who's supposed to be so heavy-handed and ponderous when he gives with a megaphone, who swung the gags.

One time was the day Joe had to hurdle the big scene he'd been dreading, where he sits in his tiny YMCA room and slowly goes to pieces. It was the big nervous breakdown and after a couple of days of breathing hard and sweating and shaking and quivering and going through all the symptoms of a mental case, Joe was just about able to punch his way out of a wet paper bag, but they still hadn't gotten the take they wanted. So he was sitting talking the scene over with Dieterle before they tried it again when the make-up man came up with the inevitable big powder puff and dabbed it on Joe's face. Ordinarily, Joe Cotten hates make-up people to dab at him like a cat hates water, but this time he was so bushed and Dieterle so intense in his talk that Joe never even noticed. When finally the director asked, "Are you ready?" Joe said, "Sure," but in a voice that didn't even convince himself.

But just before the camera rolled, Joe looked, as he always does, in his little pocket mirror to see that everything in the face department is in order—and he let out a yell. From his neck to his noggin he was in blackface! The guy had slipped him a make-up Mickey Finn, on Bill Dieterle's orders, with charcoal instead of powder. Joe roared so heartily that there wasn't a nerve left in his body and the next take was it.

The other time was even more baffling to Joe because the set Gremlins got him right in the middle of a laughing scene, and if there's one thing Cotten can't hold in, normally, it's a hearty guffaw, and sometimes even when it's not too tactful he raises the roof. But this day his particular job was to hah-hah all day long and right up to a climax in the late afternoon when he was booked to really let himself go. But when Joe went in for the grand closeup of his molars—he couldn't laugh a dribble. He was all laughed out or something, because when he opened his mouth, strange little dry squeaks seeped out, his smile was crooked and his eyes looked like glazed oysters. After a few "Cuts" even the crew got worried about Joe. They all gathered around and told him the most ghastly jokes—and Joe loves jokes—they made faces and did impersonations and even dug up a few old-time clown sure-fire favorites, and Joe adores clowns (his favorite collection is photographs of all the famous circus clowns that ever tumbled around a ring). But it was still no go. Every attempt at a belly laugh only brought on a belly ache for poor Joseph and things were in a pretty pass indeed. But they kept trying, more and more grimly, and then suddenly in the middle of a take a Western Union messenger gal dashed on the set yelling, "Telegram for Mr. Cotten!" Joe ripped it open, fearing the worst kind of black news, but as he read, while the crew watched with bated breaths, they saw him relax into the first genuine grin he'd come through with all day. Then he read it out loud—this wire from a group of well-known Hollywood shady ladies, complimenting Joe on the love scenes he'd made a few days before and making him various kinds of attractive offers. The wire was signed, "Bill Dieterle." Again it worked, because right away Joe stepped into his closeup and laughed the lens off the camera until they had to tell him to stop.

It's a cold day in July indeed when Joe Cotten finds himself limp as a dishrag on a movie set, and the brace of instances described just now are about the only times on record. Usually, Joe is as busy as a Mexican jumping bean. He's known as "the guy who won't park" by the grips and props and, as I said, make-up men try to catch him on the fly but rarely succeed. He's tried to relax, but it's not for Cotten. When he reads he finds himself looking right through the printed page; he can't even add up the score in gin-rummy, and when he goes in his dressing room and closes the door, as some stars do, he gets claustrophobia. So Joe has given up long ago. Now he never sits down. The nearest he ever comes to it is what he calls "the football squat" and he has an odd crotchet about that. He played a bit of football in school and it struck him that you never saw a football player who's been in a game park himself on the bench if he was due to go in the game again. They might squat, or kneel or stoop down a bit, but if they sit down they get dull and Joe likes to keep lively. He doesn't even keep a canvas chair on the set.

rehearsin' fool . . .

What Cotten prefers to do to pass the time in the long, irking waits between scenes that curse every Hollywood actor's life, is keep right on acting. Usually, he finds another actor who's glad of the chance to run over the next week's scenes. Joe worked that way with Teresa Wright all through "Shadow of a Doubt" and with Claudette Colbert in "Since You Went Away." Joe's a rehearsing fool, having been sold on that idea in his Broadway days when he'd prepare a play eight weeks or more sometimes before he ever saw an audience. He spent two weeks with Bill Dieterle on his own time running over dialogue and action before he ever saw the set of "I'll Be Seeing You," and his huddles with Alfred Hitchcock before "Shadow of a Doubt" were as drawn out as a WPA project.

But he refuses to memorize a line at home because when he does he poll-parrots it off the next day on the set like "a Fuller Brush salesman." Besides, he has a private conviction that lines memorized are the easiest forgotten. He never even learned them by heart when he did long plays before the footlights and it's a cinch he'll never start now. Joe's loaded with all kinds of hoodoos which are hang-overs from his days on Broadway. Frankly, he wishes he'd never heard of half of them but it doesn't do him any good now. The two most potent bits of black medicine he observes are the old stage spooks of hats on the bed and whistling in the dressing room.

Whenever anyone commits those theatrical sins in his presence Joe runs to the stage door, spins around like Lil' Abner's Mammy conjuring up her late, great-grandmammy, and chants a weird ritual that's too involved to print here and doesn't make much sense, anyway. However, it does two things, Joe's convinced, it keeps the guy who tossed the hat from getting fired and also it keeps Joe Cotten from getting fired (as if there was any chance of that). No superstitions make much sense when you analyze them, and Joe knows it, but he keeps right on being an abject slave to mumbo-jumbo.

The hat on the bed spook sticks with

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him so firmly that Joe even talked Hitchcock into inserting that tired old ghost into the script of "Shadow of a Doubt." Hitchcock was stumped for a sign of sinister portent when *Uncle Charley* first arrived in the little town to see his kinfolk. "What about the hat on the bed?" cracked Joe. So Hitch stuck it in the show, right where Joe says, "It's no use inviting trouble into this house," and then right away looks out the window blind and sees some trouble clouding up. It was a neat Hitchcock touch as it turned out, or rather a Cotten touch—because Joe generally manages to leave his mark on most of the movies he makes. He's a great kibitzer—can't help it. When he isn't busy with some of his own affairs on a set he watches everything every other star does and if they ask him for advice they get buckets of it. But sometimes, too, when Joe gives out with the dramatic dope, they get suspicious, like Ginger Rogers.

Joe and Ginger both have the same agent, and each packs a mutual respect for the other. But by now Joe had a fairly unsavory reputation as a scene thief around the movie lots and a lot of our better stars just aren't comfortable with him.

Ginger had a slight attack of that Cottenphobia during "I'll Be Seeing You," which made Joe grin wickedly. There was a scene that wasn't jelling just right and Ginger turned to Joe. "Think I ought to stand up or sit down?" she asked.

"Sit down," said Joe, and he explained why in detail. It did this and that to improve the scene. Ginger agreed to everything but when they lined up the scene—she stood up. The thing went on and on through the picture; whenever Joe would suggest one thing, Ginger'd do the other. Joe had no ulterior purpose in mind but he could see the little shadows of doubt gathering on Ginger's fair brow. But it all worked out okay and in the end Ginger saw that nothing shady was up and started accentuating the positive instead of latching on to the negative. But, knowing Joe, I'd say she was just lucky. Not that he's tricky or insincere, it's just that on that general scene stealing threat stuff he's always in there pitching. Matter of fact, Joe Cotten really likes everybody and gets along with everybody (except his boss; he just has to quarrel with whatever boss he has as a matter of principle.) But probably the greatest *faux pas* or just plain downright dumb boner he ever pulled with another star was with—of all people—Shirley Temple.

Poor Joe's early education, it seems, was sadly neglected. For some strange reason, he had never seen Shirley Temple. He'd heard about her, of course, but just checked her off as another precocious kid and skipped it. Then, when he moved out to Pacific Palisades where he lives now, Joe and his wife, Lenore, started going up the street to the Cary and Barbara Grant's to see movies of an evening. It happened that both Cary and Barbara are ardent Temple fans, have been for years. They've got every Shirley picture ever made: "Little Miss Marker," "Baby Take A Bow," "The Little Colonel" and all. Well, the minute Joe saw Shirley's bright little shoe button eyes, baby dimples and curls and saw her twinkle her toes and sing, he was a gone goose. And, believe me, Joe's a tough audience, too. Just the same, he joined the Shirley Temple fan club for keeps and so when they told him he was going to make a picture with Shirley, he was twice as thrilled as if he were going to dance at court with the Queen of England. I'm afraid Joe's impulsiveness got the best of him, or maybe it was just a lapse of memory. Because when the gala day arrived in "Since You Went Away" to meet his dream tot, he

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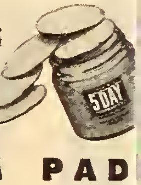

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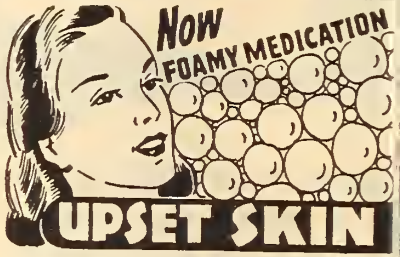

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went and bought a beautiful *doll* and lugged it along to the set! Needless to say, the error got rectified, pronto!

Joe's a stickler for punctuality on the set, although he's convinced that Hollywood's pretty silly to run an artistic business like a factory. No actor worth his salt, Joe believes, is at his best at 9 A.M. It just ain't hooman. So he proposed (and the Hollywood trade papers snapped his suggestion up for an editorial crusade) that pictures start shooting at 11 A.M. That they keep right on shooting until 7 P.M.—no lunch at all. But on the side of each set a little bar and buffet be set up, loaded with hot casseroles, coffee, sandwiches, salad and stuff—a sort of movie free lunch, where the actors can go and snatch a goodie whenever they darn well feel like it, while the show goes right on. The idea's not only more civilized Joe thinks (in Paris before the war all movie studios didn't open until 12 noon) but he's dead certain it will save thousands of dollars and—which is the important thing—brew lots better movies, unfettered by brain weary, food-bloated Thespians dragging themselves through their roles. You may be hearing about the "Cotten Plan" one of these days and wonder why nobody ever thought of it sooner. Because a big director has promised Joe to run his next production that way as a test case.

Joe has made hardly a movie for his boss, David Selznick, without sparring around for weeks. It turned into a cross-country mail order scrimmage for "I'll Be Seeing You," because Joe was in New York and his boss in Hollywood and the tug of war over "Duel in the Sun" kept half of Hollywood's communication systems exclusively devoted to the Cotten-Selznick tirades. Funny part is that socially and off-studio, the Cottens and the Selznicks see each other around at dinner parties and movie colony soirees all the time and are jolly and simpatico as kids at a Sunday School picnic.

Joe doesn't chip his shoulder much around directors because he really feels that the director is "the inspiration," the spark plug of every picture and why foul him up? Sometimes he can't resist a snide crack as he did in "Love Letters" when the direction missed fire in one scene. The usual big resolve had been made, as it often is in Hollywood, to shoot "pictures"; that is, cut the dialogue down and let the picture tell the story as all those artistic European movies do. Well, Joe had a scene with Jennifer Jones where he carried her in his arms to a buggy down the road and it was a long walk. Joe almost yawned, himself, trudging along. He knew there ought to be some dialogue in there to break it up, but for once he kept quiet and let the camera man catch it. He did right away.

"It's too long and too dull panning way down there," he said.

"Yes," agreed the director. "But we've got to shoot pictures. No dialogue. Joe, can't you break it up?"

"Sure," said Joe sarcastically, "Next time I'll drop her."

But the idea didn't get over, especially with Jenny Jones. Dialogue crept in, as it usually does, to save the day.

There's only one real pet peeve that Joe cherishes in his bosom, which you might tag as temperament, and it's one he freely admits. He doesn't like visitors on the set.

When he made "Love Letters," his last picture at Paramount, Joe got ganged by rubberneckers, it seemed to him, almost daily. After weeks of it, he gave forth with a typical Cottenism.

"What I want to know," he bellowed, eyeing the throng, "is just who the hell is going to see this picture when we finish it? Who's gonna be left to buy tickets?"

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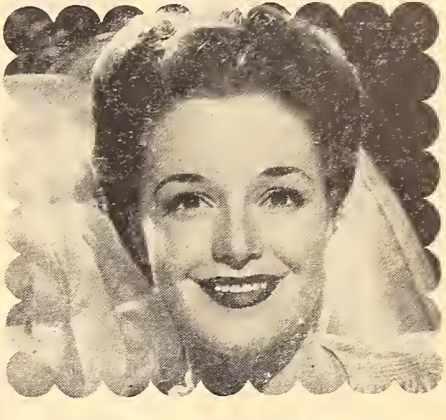

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So I guess you could call Joe Cotten an odd body, if you want to. He has his queer quirks and his crotchets, his piques and his peeves—but he also has more fun than a barrel of monkeys. And *nobody* will ever accuse Joe Cotten of being a bore.

Somebody once asked Joe what he thought of Ingrid Bergman and Joe came right back with a classic rejoinder. Said he, "The nicest thing I can say about Ingrid is that she doesn't look or act like anyone else in Hollywood—and it doesn't worry her a bit!"

I think Joe Cotten would be particularly pleased if some one said the very same thing about him.

"IT'S LON McCALLISTER!"

(Continued from page 61)

"Listen, I've really got to scram," he told one of the older boys. "Can't you get me out of here?"

The boy disappeared into the mob and Lon looked after him uncertainly. Was he going to do anything about it? He was. He was back in a few minutes with the school football team. They made a flying wedge and, with them running interference, Lon made his escape to a waiting taxi.

The driver surveyed him disapprovingly. "You look like you been fighting the Japs all by yourself, soldier. Better comb your hair, before an M.P. sees you."

Lon gave him a wide smile. "Those were no Japs. Those were my pals."

"Fine pals," the drive snorted, but he thawed out on the way to the theater and by the time he and Lon had discussed everything from postwar plans to baseball, he was as much a McCallister fan as the kids were.

backstage barracks . . .

When Lon entered the stage door of the theater, he went into a different world. Not the usual glamor and tinsel world of backstage, either. The backstage atmosphere at "Winged Victory" was as GI as an Army barracks. It was disciplined to the nth degree, but just the same it had overtones of greasepaint to lend it excitement. Lon shared a dressing room with a couple of other guys, and when he came in, one of them looked up and said, "You're late, kid. Better get into your clothes for the opening scene in a hell of a hurry."

"I'll be ready," Lon assured him. "I've never been late yet."

Usually, of course, the personal appearances were a bit more formal than the one today. Most of the high schools arranged for him to appear at Assembly and make a little speech. Then he'd sign autographs afterward. That was nice, and he got to meet a lot of fans that way, and say "Hello" to them. But he didn't get quite such a kick out of it as he had from the wild melee in the cafeteria today. Today had really been something, he thought, grinning to himself as he remembered it. It gave him a wonderful warm feeling to have the kids knock themselves out that way. As if they really *cared* about him!

Maybe Lon's mind was still on this during the matinee, so he wasn't quite as alert as usual. Anyway, a funny thing happened. "Winged Victory" used revolving stages for the various sets, to preclude long waits between scenes. Lon played a scene in his Army "fatigues," and then went offstage. He was standing there, thinking to himself how much could happen to a guy in a year or two, when he was conscious of a faint whirring. The stage revolved, and all of a sudden he was

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in the glare of the footlights again.

"You're not in this scene, you dope!" someone hissed in his ear. But it was too late. He *was* in this scene! The Army fatigues didn't belong in it any more than Lon did, because this wasn't an Army scene at all. There was a garden in it, though, and fortunately someone had left a rake there as a prop. Lon seized the rake desperately and made like a gardener, with his back to the footlights. Nobody in the audience noticed him and he got away with it. But for weeks he was ribbed by the rest of the cast.

"Trying to build up your part, huh?" they said. "Trying to get in every scene now!" And they'd laugh like maniacs.

Lon loves people but he likes to be alone sometimes, too. During the "Winged Victory" tour, he'd acquired a habit of wandering off by himself when they hit a new city. He went exploring, not just in the fancy parts of town but in the poorer quarters, too. He stooged along, gazing into shop windows, asking questions of passersby, learning more about the place in a couple of evenings than most people know who have lived there for years. When the show played San Francisco, there was no performance on Sunday night. Lon went on one of his strolls and eventually found himself in the Chinese quarter. Not the tourists' Chinatown, but the real Chinese residential section. And there on the corner was a movie house with "Lon McCallister in 'HOME IN INDIANA'" up in lights. He stood there, teetering back and forth in his GI shoes, and thinking soberly that he was the luckiest guy in the world. Then he heard soft footsteps behind him, and found himself suddenly surrounded by girls. Pretty little Chinese girls they were, with black eyes that tipped up, and white teeth, and excitement fairly bursting from their faces.

"You *are* Lon McCallister, aren't you?" one of them asked shyly.

He admitted it, blushing slightly. They must think he was an awful ham, standing there mooning over his name in lights. But they didn't seem to. They'd all seen the picture and loved it. They asked for autographs, of course, just like any other kids. He stood there talking with them for a long time. Just before he left them, one little girl touched his sleeve.

"I never thought anything so wonderful as meeting you could happen to me," she said. "I'll remember it always."

china-boy . . .

Lon will remember *that* always. He has intense admiration for the Chinese as a race, anyway, and he's liked all of them that he has met. In Chicago, during the tour, he dated a Chinese girl several times. She was almost unbelievably beautiful, and they had a lot of fun together. He met her by accident. He and his pal, Marty Ritt, wandered into a big Chinese restaurant after the theater one night. Lon, with his usual friendliness, got talking to the owner, who introduced them to his two daughters. The one Lon dated looked a lot like Gene Tierney, which was fine with Lon, who thinks that Gene is a dream walking. The other daughter was pretty, too, and the four of them had an elegant time doing Chicago together.

One thing struck Lon funny. You know how Americans are always saying, "I like Chinese food, but it just isn't filling." Well, he and Marty took the girls to a restaurant that served typical American food—tomato soup and steak and baked potatoes and ice cream. The girls seemed to enjoy it, but an hour later, Lon's date said plaintively, "I love American food, but it just doesn't fill me up. Let's go back to father's restaurant and *really* eat."

Lon's fans had given him an exciting

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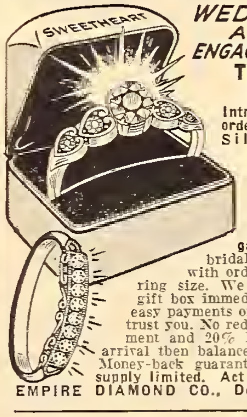
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reception all along the road on the tour. Sometimes they stopped the show completely when he came on stage. For a while Lon was in the Pacific scene in the last act. It took place on a hot little island at the other end of nowhere, and the actors wore shorts and body make-up. When Lon would appear, looking tanned and terrific, the fans would set up a yell that raised the roof at least a foot. Finally the powers-that-be took him out of the scene entirely.

Sometimes the newspapers in a new town would give Lon a lot of publicity when he arrived in their midst, and sometimes they would ignore him completely. The day he arrived in Cincinnati, there wasn't even a mention of him in a column. Then the mad melee in that high school cafeteria occurred and someone took some pictures of it, and the next day Lon hit the front pages, which amused him considerably. Neither publicity or the lack of it bothers him. He just goes along, minding his own business, doing his job, and making friends with everyone he meets. He gets a kick out of people recognizing him, sure, but sometimes he gets an equal kick out of their *not* recognizing him. Like the time he came to New York to do some advance publicity for the show. Not a soul knew he was in town, and Lon rode the Fifth Avenue busses, walked in sunlit Central Park and went to the movies, without anyone giving him an extra glance. He was just another soldier on leave, and he loved it. Then the next time he was in New York, word got around and he couldn't cross the street without being a traffic hazard. He and Nancy Walker, an old friend who was appearing in a show on Broadway, went to the Museum of Modern Art. They were wandering around, admiring the Picassos which are Lon's special weakness, when a nice looking woman came up to them. She smiled apologetically at Lon.

even exchange . . .

"I hate to bother you like this, Mr. McCallister, but I have an eleven-year-old daughter at home who would tear me limb from limb if she knew I'd seen you and done nothing about it. Would it be possible for you to send her an autographed picture?"

"I'd be glad to," Lon said warmly.

"That's very kind of you. She does admire you so much, and so do I."

Lon pulled a notebook from his pocket. "Would you give me your name and address, so I can mail the picture to you?"

She smiled at him. "I'm Mrs. Rex Stout."

If you happen to like mysteries (and Lon does), you know that Rex Stout is a name to conjure with in that field. Lon almost dropped his notebook. "Gosh," he said eagerly, "do you think your husband would autograph one of his books for me?"

"I'm sure it could be arranged," Mrs. Stout said. "We'll make that part of the bargain."

"Thanks. Thanks a lot, Mrs. Stout."

When she'd gone, he turned to Nancy. "What a break! This must be my day."

"H'ya, Lon!" interrupted a voice. He turned and saw a lad he had known in "basic" and with whom he had done a WAC recruiting show. They gabbed away like mad while Nancy stood first on one foot, then the other. Finally, Lon said a reluctant goodbye, and he and Nancy started for the door. "I told you this was my lucky day!" he said exultantly. "I'm meeting *everybody!*"

"You certainly are!" said Nancy grimly, as a tidal wave of autograph hunters swept over them. The kids had heard Lon was in the Museum, and the street looked like Junior High at assembly time. "Hold your hat!" Nancy advised.

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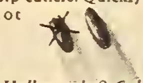

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She didn't really mind, though, any more than Lon did. Nancy was wonderful. She and Lon had known each other for ages. Back on the Coast, the two of them and Judy Garland and Van Johnson used to go to the beach together on Sundays. Lon's grandmother, who can cook like a magician, would make them a mouth-watering chocolate cake. They'd go to a place just above a fancy and very select beach club. Then they'd gradually work down till they were enjoying the same silver sands and turquoise sea as the most expensive names in Hollywood. That was the scene of Lon's first and only attempt at life saving. He and Nancy were walking along a bulkhead which stretched out into the water. Nancy had on her bathing suit, but Lon was still dressed. Suddenly Nancy slipped, and was in the water with a wild splash before he could grab her. Lon stood there a second in astonished panic, then poised for a dive. Nancy's head came up and as she saw Lon, in grey flannels and his best sports jacket, about to dive in, his expression was ludicrous. "Oh, no!" she gasped wetly just before her head went under again. Lon went in, of course, and hauled her out.

"You're loopy!" she told him with conviction when she was on dry land again. "I can swim enough to keep from drowning, and that sport coat will never be the same."

"Neither will I!" Lon assured her solemnly. "I am now a hero."

Lon seems to have the faculty, somewhat rare among male movie stars, of having lots of girl friends who are just exactly that—friends. Nancy is one and so is Jeanne Crain and so is Jane Withers. Lon was Jane's first date when she graduated from the child prodigy class into the Junior Miss department. They had a big reunion this winter in Cleveland, when "Winged Victory" was playing there and Jane was doing a vaudeville appearance at a local theater. They were both staying at the same hotel. As soon as Lon found out she was there, he called her room, but got no answer. So—he went out and the first person he met in the elevator was Jane. They had dinner together that night and then Jane had to go and do her act.

"Come and see it," she urged. "The Mauch twins are coming."

Bob and Bill Mauch (remember them in "The Prince And The Pauper?") had gone to school with Lon and Jane. Lon was entranced with this opportunity of seeing them again. The three of them gave with the "Remember when—" stuff until Jane appeared on the stage. As part of her act she called for a service man to come up from the audience. Lon and Bob and Bill leaped to their feet as one man.

"Any one of you will do," Janie said, blushing prettily. But not at all! The three of them marched up together and took turns doing jitterbug routines with her on the stage. As soon as the audience realized who was entertaining them, of course it went wild, and the act was terrific.

private woes . . .

The first night that Lon appeared in "Winged Victory," the show was in Los Angeles. Jeanne Crain sent him a note backstage. It said "Meet me at the fruit juice bar after the show." Lon felt good about it. It was great to have a pretty girl waiting to congratulate you, even if you did only play a sort of glorified extra. (Yeah, honest, that's all he is in the show. The movie, of course, is different.) Lon bounced around to the fruit juice bar, all happy anticipation. Jeanne was there, right on schedule, looking as sweet as Grandmother's chocolate cake. But with her was a *Colonel,* complete with eagles and an air of authority. Lon grinned a sickly grin, received their congratulations, and ducked out as soon as possible.

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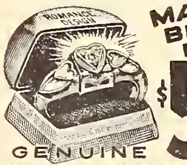

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"What a thing to do to a private!" he said accusingly the next time he saw Jeanne.

She laughed. "If the Colonel didn't mind, why should you? As a matter of fact, he thought you were swell."

He writes his mother every single day, which is probably something of a record for a soldier in the Army. But Lon and his mother are close pals. He's wearing a thin gold watch now which she gave him for Christmas, and which is so exactly the kind he wanted that he can't believe it yet.

"I think she was sort of reluctant to trust me with it," Lon explained, glancing down at it fondly. "You see, she gave me one when I was in high school, and the first day I had it I wore it in the shower. I've never worn one since, until now."

That kid sure *needs* a watch these days, with all the things he tries to cram into twenty-four hours. Just being in "Winged Victory" was a full time job, considering all the GI activities which went with it. But Lon had to add the duties of a movie star. When he was selling advance tickets for the show, he signed three thousand autographs in one day at the box office, and had three callouses on his hand as a result.

In Philadelphia, where the show had a long run, he and Marty Ritt shared a tiny apartment. They had a huge closet that was always full of dirty clothes, and a stove that they never used for anything but making tea, although Lon *is* learning to cook. He wants to have a boat after the war, as you've probably heard, and if he's going to sail off on long trips, he can't live entirely on chocolate bars and Pepsis. To date, he has learned six different ways to cook eggs, and he expects to graduate to hamburgers shortly—if he can get the hamburger!

FOOTING THE BEAUTY BILL

(Continued from page 76)

eye is never offended by your furry legs. Perchance you ask, "Is leg-shaving harmful?" No harm, but . . . ! The stubble is definitely unfeminine. Most gals think a good depilatory is preferable.

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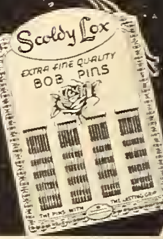
6. DO TOES CRACK AND "WEEP?" "No!" I hope. Otherwise (I'm trying to break it to you gently) you're apt to be suffering from Athlete's Foot, a fungus infection of the skin. You may pick it up by walking barefoot wherever there's infection, around showers, pools, gyms, etc. You must attack the cause, the infecting fungus. Keep feet dry and use a healing lotion or special fungicidal powder . . . for A-F has an insidious way of spreading and is darn persistent. You might also try soaking feet in lukewarm water to which you've added a powerful concentrated disinfectant. Be fussy about using clean socks, towels, bath



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8. DO YOU USE LEG MAKE-UP?
Nut-brown legs look slimmer and more satiny than chalk white. So just whip on a pair of make-believe stockings, any color from honey beige to cocoa tan. And take your choice of liquid, stick or cream "leg complexion." To apply the liquid stuff, I find a "smoothie" gadget mighty helpful. It's a plastic handled, gauze covered roller. Just roll the color on. You can even "retouch" rain spattered or perspiration streaked legs so that No One Will Ever Know! The no-stocking fad calls for very special foot hygiene. Use an anti-perspirant on the soles. Or sprinkle a deodorant foot powder in shoes and between toes. Then learn to wear special cloth "stocking feet" in your shoes.

9. DO SHOES AND STOCKINGS FIT?
It's just plain dumb vanity to cramp your walkers into 4AA's when they crave the comfy freedom of 5B's. Toes must have plenty of room to be happy and healthy. If old shoes rub in the wrong places, then get yourself a package of feather-light foot pads. The soft discs fit onto any part of your foot like a second skin and relieve pressure.

10. DO YOU EXERCISE YOUR FEET?
Rita Hayworth suggests this: In bare feet, walk around the house on your tiptoes (fine for arches). To take the kinks out of shoe-weary toes, scatter toy marbles on the floor and pick 'em up with your toes. When you get really good, tear up an old newspaper and pick up the scraps with 'em!

* * *

I love it! Last month your notes reached a new high... keep me busy and you keep me happy. Whip off a letter, team it with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and I'll send you a personal note pronto, answering your beauty problems. You'd like the names of the foot beautifiers we've chatted about? I promise to Tell All!

Movie lasses, the wise minxes, love the health and glamor effect of sun specs. I know you want to wear 'em. But you want to look like a beauty, not like Boris Karloff's stand-in. To help you out here I've gone into a huddle with sun-glass manufacturers and worked out a chart showing which type of frame looks best on your face type. Just fill out the coupon.

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THOSE REAGANS!

(*Continued from page 41*)

the Carson son and heir. When the scene above unreeled before Maureen's horrified eyes, she arose to full stature on her seat and yelled, "You quit that!" Turning to the frantic nurse, Maureen continued, "Jack-a-boy's daddy can't do that to my mommy. Make him stop."

In due time the riot was quelled, but throughout the picture Maureen muttered instructions to her mother on the screen, explained bewildering turns of the plot, and did—in general—all in her power to protect the Reagan family safety and prestige.

that's my mom . . .

When the picture was over, the exhausted nurse arose, collected her charges and started a thankful retreat through the smiling theater. Anyone who hadn't known that Miss Wyman's daughter was in the audience during the performance, was so informed by that lady as she exited. "That was my mommy," she exclaimed, churning from side to side.

Then she realized that, since all these lovely people weren't leaving, the picture was to be shown again. Plumping herself down in the first available seat, she informed the nurse that she was going to see mommy's picture again. It took a good brisk lie ("This is a double feature—your mommy's picture is over") and a certain amount of physical force to dislodge the loyal Reagan daughter.

From now on, the rules say, Maureen sees only non-Reagan, non-Wyman movies.

Willing as she is to come to the defense of her family, she is also able to defend herself in the minor emergencies that arise in her young life. Allowed to remain in the room one evening when her glamorous Mommy was dressing to go to a party, she asked more questions than an Income Tax form. "Why are you doing that, Mommy?" "Why are you going to wear that?" "Who is going to be at the party?" "Do you think Daddy will get here from the Army in time to take you to the party?" "Will I go to parties when I'm as big as you are?" "What time will you come home?"

Finally, exasperated, Jane turned to her small daughter. "You ask too many questions. I've answered every single one two or three times, but you keep repeating. Now please be quiet."

Miss Reagan, thus chastened, looked over her fluttering lashes for a few moments, her mouth pulled as taut as a Scotchman's purse. Finally, she observed in an outraged bass, "Well, after all, Mommy, you must realize I'm only trying to grow up!"

There came a day, shortly thereafter, when Maureen became involved in the party business on a first-hand basis. "Know what next Wednesday is, honey?" Jane asked her tow-headed daughter.

"Wednesday?" Maureen looked innocently blank.

Jane closed her eyes in slow motion, then opened them the same way to indicate that she had just heard a very corny crack. "It's your birthday. I'm planning a party for you."

Her eyes bright with 22 carat sparkles, Maureen strolled away to think that one over. She came to a conclusion: What made a party successful? Guests, of course. Hordes of them. So Maureen set to work. She waited patiently on the curbing until two Street Department gentlemen arrived to collect the Reagan garbage and tin cans.

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Official U. S. Navy Photo

Admiral Halsey has his eye on a fine white horse called Shirayuki.

Some time ago, at a press conference, he expressed the hope that one day soon he could ride it.

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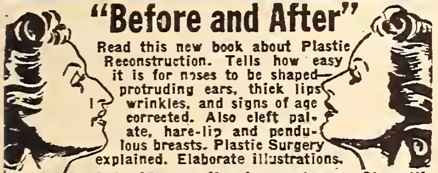

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"Are you going to be around here next Wednesday?" she shouted above the din of tin.

One of the men wanted to know why Maureen asked. "Because I'm having a party," she explained, "and I want you to be here."

The men, exchanging glances, said sure, they'd be on hand.

Overjoyed, Maureen located the gardener and invited him. Then the laundress arrived and was invited to the celebration. That evening, as Jane was tucking her sprout in for the night, Maureen asked through a yawn, "Do you think five people is not enough for a party. I've invited . . ." and she reeled off her guest list.

Trying to appear nonchalant, Jane said, "Look, cooky, the games I have planned won't interest older people at all. Suppose, after this, you let *me* issue the invitations."

The party was a huge success. All Maureen's favorite people, including Jack-a-boy Carson and Danny Milland were there. Jane had announced that there was to be a movie and had arranged for a projectionist to show a series of animated cartoons, but the projectionist was late. Terry O'Brien (Pat's son) kept haunting the door. Repeatedly, he slipped out to the driveway, from which vantage point he could scan the countryside. "What's the matter, honey?" Jane asked.

"I don't think he's coming," said the youngster disconsolately. "I don't think we're going to get to see the pictures."

Jane reassured him, but the next time she saw him, he was again studying the middle distance for a gentleman who didn't show up until almost two hours later.

"Now that the projectionist has arrived, come on in and have something to eat," Jane said to the self-appointed watch-bird.

He sighed monumentally. "I can't now. My stomach is just all upset. That man made me so nervous when he didn't get here on time."

Maureen took all this in. Any day now, when she doesn't want to eat whatever has been placed before her, the little lady is going to come forth with that crack. Jane is busy thinking up a fast counter-offensive.

wanted: one angel . . .

Last Christmas, guests at the Reagan house strolled into the living room, then uttered a shout of delight. Hung on the accustomed nail in the very center of the colossal fireplace was Maureen's infinitesimal bobby sock—waiting for Santa Claus. Having supreme confidence in Santa Claus' ability to leave large packages in convenient places around her Christmas tree, Maureen had hung the stocking for one purpose: She wanted an angel. She also wanted, on Christmas morning, to hang it personally on the top of the tree.

Jane, knowing that this request was a serious one, started to look for an angel sometime in September. She found fulfillment of one of Maureen's other requests at that time, too: A tricycle. It was wrapped in brown paper and stored in a catch-all closet that Maureen has never been tempted to explore. But locating an authentic tree-top angel in Hollywood appeared to be a hopeless task. (No corny cracks, please.)

Bewailing the fact, Jane described the object—in its desired dimensions and appearance—to a friend. The friend told another friend. And *that* friend told another friend. Along the line somewhere, a lovely lady remembered a family treasure and dug it out of the attic, feather wings and all. Back down the line it came to Jane who had it cleaned, redressed, and re-haloed. So, Christmas morning, Maureen found the one thing she really wanted in her stocking.

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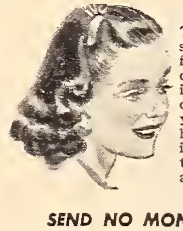

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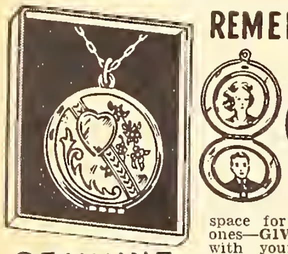

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Except in the matter of foods, Jane works to sustain her daughter's illusions and cater to her tastes. The two ladies of the house of Reagan went shopping one afternoon and happened to pass a store specializing in peasant-type clothes. Jane has never cared much for the gathered skirts and eyelet blouses characteristic of this sort of outfit, but she noticed that Maureen was simply overjoyed at the sight. Hauled along by one arm, Jane entered the shop behind her small tug. They bought a half-hat with matching shoulder purse of felt, decorated with vivid yarn flowers, for Maureen. "And now you, Mommy!" said the shopper.

Jane protested mildly, but her companion was adamant. Mommy would be pretty in this. "Please, Mommy, try on this dress. Oh-oh-oh—Pretty Mommy!"

So Jane, breaking a vow of years' standing, found herself purchasing a Tyrolean outfit. Furthermore, she has to wear it occasionally, because Maureen remembers it at odd moments and pleads that Mommy dress in it for dinner.

The first serious part ever handed to Jane Wyman to do was the role of Helen in "The Lost Week End," a picture soon to be released. Brackett and Wilder, searching for the right girl capable of projecting the futile, heartbroken loyalty demanded of a drunkard's sweetheart, remembered a scene in "Princess O'Rourke."

They had the picture run off again in the studio projection room, just to make sure. When Jane came on the screen, they yelled, "There she is. There's our girl!"

And so a deal was made by Paramount to borrow her from Warner's. (Warner's got Eddie Bracken's services for one picture in the trade.) When Jane left the Paramount lot a little over eight years ago, she was a line cutie.

And now she came back as a star. The first few days she kept her eyes open for someone still left from the old days. After all, a triumph, to attain final flavor, should be witnessed by some one who has seen a person in defeat. Jane looked assiduously, but she didn't find anyone left from the original gang.

Another wonderful fruit of hard work is the recent purchase of a series of lots lying just above the site of the present Reagan home. As soon as civilian construction is possible, the Reagans plan to build a new house and to sell their present property. There are two important reasons for this move: Maureen is rapidly outgrowing her small nursery and will soon be entitled to a big girl room of her own; the other reason is Michael Edward Reagan, a brown-haired, blue-eyed mite.

The secret of Master Reagan's arrival was one of the most closely guarded in Hollywood. You may remember that, on several occasions during the past eight months, there have been rumors of a rift between Ronnie and Jane; like most Hollywood rumors, these were based upon the most fragile of foundations. Jane had been seen, with luggage, taking various train trips that required sometimes as much as a week to complete.

Some people jumped to conclusions. The conclusions were quite wrong: Jane had not the slightest idea of decreasing the size of her family; instead she was seeking a baby boy to adopt.

One of Jane's best friends said in amazement, when Jane sighed and admitted that finding just exactly the right baby was a serious and difficult matter, "Heavens, Jane, your first child is such a success that I can't see why you simply don't *have* another of your own."

The answer to that is fairly simple:

Like all Army couples, Jane and Ronnie have had to figure financial angles carefully, because, before the war began, they

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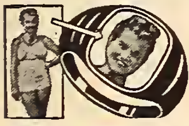

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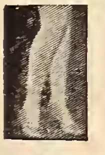

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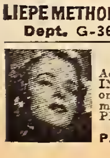

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had bought a rather expensive hilltop house and—with Ronnie in uniform after all the papers were signed—Jane wanted to keep up payments.

So Jane's earning power before the camera has been important; she hasn't felt that she could take out the precious time that having a baby would demand.

Then there was another, more important reason, for adopting a baby. Jane has said hundreds of times that she and Ronnie are two of the luckiest people in the world; they were lucky to find one another, lucky to have a button-nose like Maureen, and lucky in their careers. In a world where there are many children who never have proper care or love and who never know real home life, Jane thinks it is important for people like herself and Ronnie to add, from the outside, to their family—and then to regard the newcomer as flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone.

COCKEYED WONDER

(Continued from page 59)

acting job to make room for a relative. Hates the director who gave him a bland stare, observed, "You're no good," and threw him off "Wake Island" without ever seeing him work.

He loves Bogey, who insulted him. He loves Joe Egli of Paramount and Jim Ryan of TC-Fox, who broke their necks trying to get him a job. He loves Bette Davis, who stuck up for him when Curt Bernhardt shook a dubious hand over casting him in "A Stolen Life." "I don't think he's right for it—"

"Test him," said Bette, "and I bet five dollars you'll grab him—"

Western Union phoned her at the Las Vegas hotel where she'd gone for a rest. "Telegram from Hollywood signed Curt. Message reads, 'I owe you five dollars—' "

If Delmar Daves ever needs some trifle like the shirt off Dane's back or a couple of ears, they're his for the taking. It was Daves who led—dragged him, rather, to the door of a new world and shoved him in.

"You keep playing these intense people. Don't you know you're a comic?"

"Who's a comic? I'm the saddest character you'll ever see—"

Daves was working on "The Very Thought of You". "I've written this part in and I want you to do it—"

Dane took a look. "Oh, go jump in the lake. That's for Jack Carson—"

"Carson has a style of his own. You play it your way—"

They battled, and it's no news to you who won out. Well received though Dane had been in his earlier pictures, this proved the topper. He wasn't the star, but it was for him that the preview crowds broke into applause.

He turned to the stage in despair and bravado. If you'd told him back there in Brooklyn, where he spent his boyhood, that he'd wind up an actor, he'd have put you down for a loon. His folks had to struggle for the necessities, but after food and shelter, the prime necessity on their list was schooling, and the golden goal for their children was an honorable profession like medicine or the law. The stage was outside their ken. Had it ever been mentioned, Bernie's dad would have shuddered and dropped the subject.

His own great love was the law. Unable to study it himself, he passed the dream on to his eldest son. From earliest childhood, Bernie heard tales of Fallon and Darrow and the romance of the law.

As the eldest of three Bernie learned responsibility early. Vacations were for rich kids. From grade school days on,

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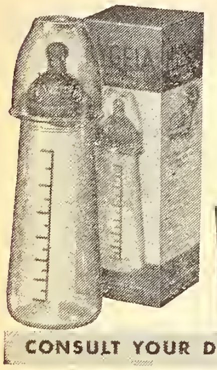

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he worked every summer—slung hash, delivered paper boxes in the garment center. Reading "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," he lived his childhood over again. Like Francie, he found release in books. Like her brother, he learned to take care of himself because he had to. The streets were his playground. Walk two blocks and you'd find yourself in the midst of a gang war. Not that he minded. With an athlete's body and a pugnacious spirit, he took kindly to fighting.

Later, his prowess turned to more legitimate outlets. At high school he was an excellent student and a letter man in baseball, football and basketball. After two years of earning his way at Cornell, he returned to Brooklyn to work by day and study law at St. Johns University by night. One source of income was professional football. That was all right with his father, himself a fan who never missed a game. It was only when the rough stuff started that Pop got sore, because somehow you could always find Bernie in the middle of it. "You and your temper! It'll land you in jail some day."

Boxing was another story. Boxing was calculated mayhem, and not for decent boys. Bernie had to keep his activities in the ring to himself.

"What happened to your eye?" his mother would gasp.

"Oh nothing, mom. Little argument with some bum in the subway."

That went on till his cousin, who'd been acting as his second, squealed, causing Pop to thunder, Mom to weep and Bernie to abandon the gloves.

During his last two years at college he worked for a law firm, with the understanding that on graduation he'd be taken in as a junior member. Just before taking his degree, Bernie was kissed off by his sponsor. Someone else had a prior claim.

Sick and sore, he made the usual rounds and got the usual answers. He turned to anything that would bring in a dollar—drove trucks, worked on roads, sneaked back to the ring under an assumed name.

This went on for a year and drove him close to desperation. Lying sleepless at night, he saw himself slipping into a bottomless pit—no money, no job, no prospects. The scales dropped from his eyes. He saw the law stripped of the romance it held for his father. He realized that, for him, it held none.

Someone told him of a sculptor who needed a model. Another odd job. Another few bucks. Through the sculptor he met a group of so-called Bohemians—artists, writers, people of the theater. They intrigued him. He'd never run up against their kind before.

To one of their parties came a young English actor, in high fettle. He'd just been cast in a play. He just happened to have the script with him. Without any urging, he read them his part. They all joined in a hallelujah chorus—all except Bernie. The actor addressed him kindly. "And what did you think?"

Now Bernie had never seen a play. His acquaintance with the drama was limited to an occasional Saturday night movie. But why should that stop him? "I thought it stank," said Bernie the expert.

After the first stunned silence, they let him have it. But he let it break over him, and came up with a great truth like a fish in his mouth. "Any boob knows that good acting reflects life, in a heightened form. So the least you can do is talk like a human being."

"I suppose you could do better?" suggested the Britisher with icy restraint.

"If I couldn't," said Bernie, "I'd go pickle myself."

His chums gagged. If he was so smart, okay, let him try it. Van Heflin's new play

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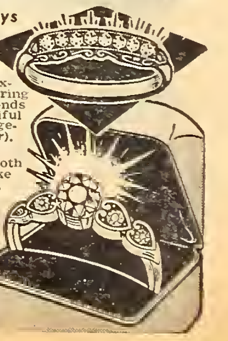

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was being cast. Let him go down and read.

What could he lose?

The theater was crowded with would-be actors. Each was handed a script as he reached the stage. Bernie, the complete greenhorn, read what was set before him, cues and all—

"Hey, what are you doing?"

This wised him up. He waved an airy hand. "I always do that. It gives me a springboard."

"Hm. Interesting method of attack."

He left the theater with the part in his pocket and his head in a whirl. Twenty-five smackers a week, but problems, problems. Where would he get the fifty-four bucks to join Equity? Suppose he got it and the play only ran two weeks? —he'd be four dollars out. Above all, how would he break the news to the folks?

The reaction at home was exactly what he'd expected—shock, horror and utter condemnation. Bernie rode it through. He had no more feeling for the romance of the theater than for that of the law.

A friend staked Bernie to the Equity fee. A week before the opening he was fired to make room for somebody's son. Now, on top of his other obligations, he had a 54-dollar debt to pay. Doggedly, he went on the hunt and landed as a super in "Sailors of Cattaro." Only twelve a week, but it ran three months, and while it was running he began to learn.

An organization called the Theater Union was putting on Sunday one-acters at the Provincetown. Bernie worked in a couple and got his first boost from the director, James Light. "Vitality sticks out all over you," said Light. "And vitality's more important to an actor than anything else."

"Ah, g'wan," scoffed Bernie, longing but refusing to believe. He'd armored himself in cynicism at all points. Don't get ideas and you won't be hurt, was his motto. Secretly, he agreed with Pop. This wasn't his game.

But Light did more than talk. He gave Bernie a part in MacLeish's "Panic"—which marked Orson Welles's first appearance in New York. This was the seed of the Mercury Theater, and for Bernie it led to new offers. He took John Garfield's role in "Waiting for Lefty," he went on the road with "Sailor, Beware." The manager left them stranded in Cleveland, the bus company impounded their luggage. Bernie proved that they weren't liable, having signed no contract. In addition, he hocked his watch and got five of them back to Broadway, including himself.

Without a dime in his pocket, he wandered into the "Dead End" casting office and was hired for a bit. But here's where the long road turned. He also understudied Hunk and Babyface. When Hunk left, Bernie moved in. Then Babyface went to Hollywood. The first night Bernie played it, he was tense. A couple of mornings later he woke up and found himself madly in love with the stage. For the first time, he'd discovered what acting was. The audience was your instrument. With a word, a touch, a gesture, you controlled their emotions. You could make them laugh and cry, chill them with terror, hold them till there wasn't a breath in the house. Pop had been right. You can't just walk in and pick up a profession. You have to dedicate yourself.

Pop had come out of the silences more or less, but any mention of his son's activities still found him looking the other way. One day Bernie took the bull by the horns. "Pop, I'd like you to come see the play."

Pop's face showed signs of an internal struggle, but in the end he said, "All right, I'll come."

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"Well, What did you think?" Bernie asked him that night.

The answer came slowly. "I think it's a mistake. It's not what I want for you, but if *you* want it, go ahead."

When "Dead End" closed, "Stage Door" was about to go on tour, with Joan Bennett in the Margaret Sullavan role. Every actor in New York tried out for the left-wing playwright and Bernie copped it. He dashed home, aflame. "This is it, Mom, Pop. I'm on my way."

"Take it easy," said Pop. "Don't run away with yourself."

But that was just Pop. Bernie was dancing on top of the world, and you couldn't push him off. A coast-to-coast tour—sunny California—even pictures maybe, who knew?

They opened in Hartford, where he got swell reviews, and went on to Boston. Night before opening, Ferber and Kaufman sent for him, and he answered the summons, all unsuspecting. When Ferber said, "We'll have to let you go," he thought she was kidding. When at last it sank in, he struck out wildly.

"But why, what's the matter, what've I done? You thought I was good, the papers said I was good."

"Bernie, we're almost as unhappy about it as you are. But we've sent for the boy who played it in New York. With the cast as it is, you've got the wrong value."

That's when he touched bottom, and damn near cut his throat. Thinking back to it now, he still gets sick. . . .

In a dreary downpour he rose at 5:30 next morning to make the 7 o'clock train. The ride was murder.

He walked into the house like a whipped pup. "Well, you were right, Pop. I'm canned."

And this is where Pop became for all time a great man to his son. . . .

"So you're canned," he said. "Is that something to cry over? You wanted to be an actor, didn't you? What makes you think it's all peaches and cream? Get out and fight. Show them if you're an actor."

One unbelieving second, then Bernie grabbed his father in a throttling hug. Fight? He'd lick the world. Out of his worst moment had come one of his best. . . .

Life brightened further next day after a call from Sam Harris's office. George Kaufman had phoned, telling them to put Bernie into "Mice and Men" as understudy, but at his "Stage Door" salary. Came the day when he played Curly and, eventually, George. He played lots of good parts, including the fighter in "Golden Boy" on tour. Yet, paradoxically, his name meant little.

So when a dry spell set in, he turned to radio. Not that radio flung its gates wide and bowed him in. But Bernie was no longer the beaten boy. Having skinned his knuckles pounding in vain at doors, he sat himself down and used his head. For shows, he discovered used free lance scripts. Inside of a week he'd knocked out four scripts and, by odd coincidence, each of the four featured a flashy part hand tailored to the measure of one Bernard Zaneville. Radio needs writers worse than it does actors, so producers made a lunge for the scripts—which Bernie dangled temptingly out of reach.

"Uh—uh, mustn't touch. Not unless I get the parts."

Well, he got the parts and never wrote another line, and before long he was one of the ten guys doing practically all the radio shows in town. He made lots of coin, but the wrinkles that started smoothing out his belly transferred themselves to his brow. Radio was all very well, but it offered no challenge.

"Nuts," said Bernie, "I've got enough for a stake. Let's take a look at Hollywood."

That was '42, and New York was hospitality itself compared with movieland. He couldn't even get by the studio cops—

Anyway, not till an agent took him in tow. The advantage of an agent was that you got kicked out by the casting office instead of the cop. He wasn't the movie type, they said—neither fish nor fowl, neither hero nor heavy, neither juvenile nor character man. The pay-off came with "Wake Island"—a good part that Joe Egli wangled for him—and then biff! out on his ear. The director didn't like his face.

Bernie studied same in the mirror. Granted he was no Bob Taylor, was there actually something in his face that repelled people? Then he'd better stick to radio, where they couldn't see him. Anyway, his dough was giving out. Back to radio he went. Twenty-six weeks of "Big Town" with Eddie Robinson.

On the street one day he ran into a playwright friend who'd just finished an Army short to be produced by Warners. "There's a good little part for you, Bernie. Let's go see about it." They gave him the part, and his agent said that was fine, that would give him an entree at Warners.

The agent was an optimist. After "Rear Gunner," he kept offering Bernie to Warners like a tidbit with every meal. Warner's weren't hungry, and Bernie was good and fed up. Stalking along the corridor one AM after his daily turndown, he paused outside an office. Phrases hit his ear—"Pulaski—what about Pulaski? gotta find the right guy for Pulaski—someone like Garfield."

Bernie strode in. "How about me?"

"You think you're as good as Garfield?"

"I think I'm as good as anyone, what do you think?" Might as well get fresh, soft answers had availed him nothing. "Look, you're going to shoot fifty tests. Make it fifty-one. A test'll tell the story. . . ."

"Okay," said the producer suddenly.

And that's how Bernie came to be Pulaski and Dane Clark and a star.

The day he signed his contract, he also bought a '31 Model A Ford, which he cherishes but doesn't trust. Driving downhill not long ago, the car shed a wheel and all but broke its owner's neck. Now the problem is: Should he risk killing his luck or killing himself? Then on his dressing table sits a rubber doll that traveled the country with him. Though she's seen better days, he refuses to part with her. Margot, his wife, gave him the thing when he opened in "Mice and Men."

Margot used to be a concert pianist. They can't get a piano, because their floors won't support one. By way of a house they had to take what they could find, and what they could find was a comedy number in the hills. In one wall, a beehive nestles. The stove is the kind that makes eating out a pleasure.

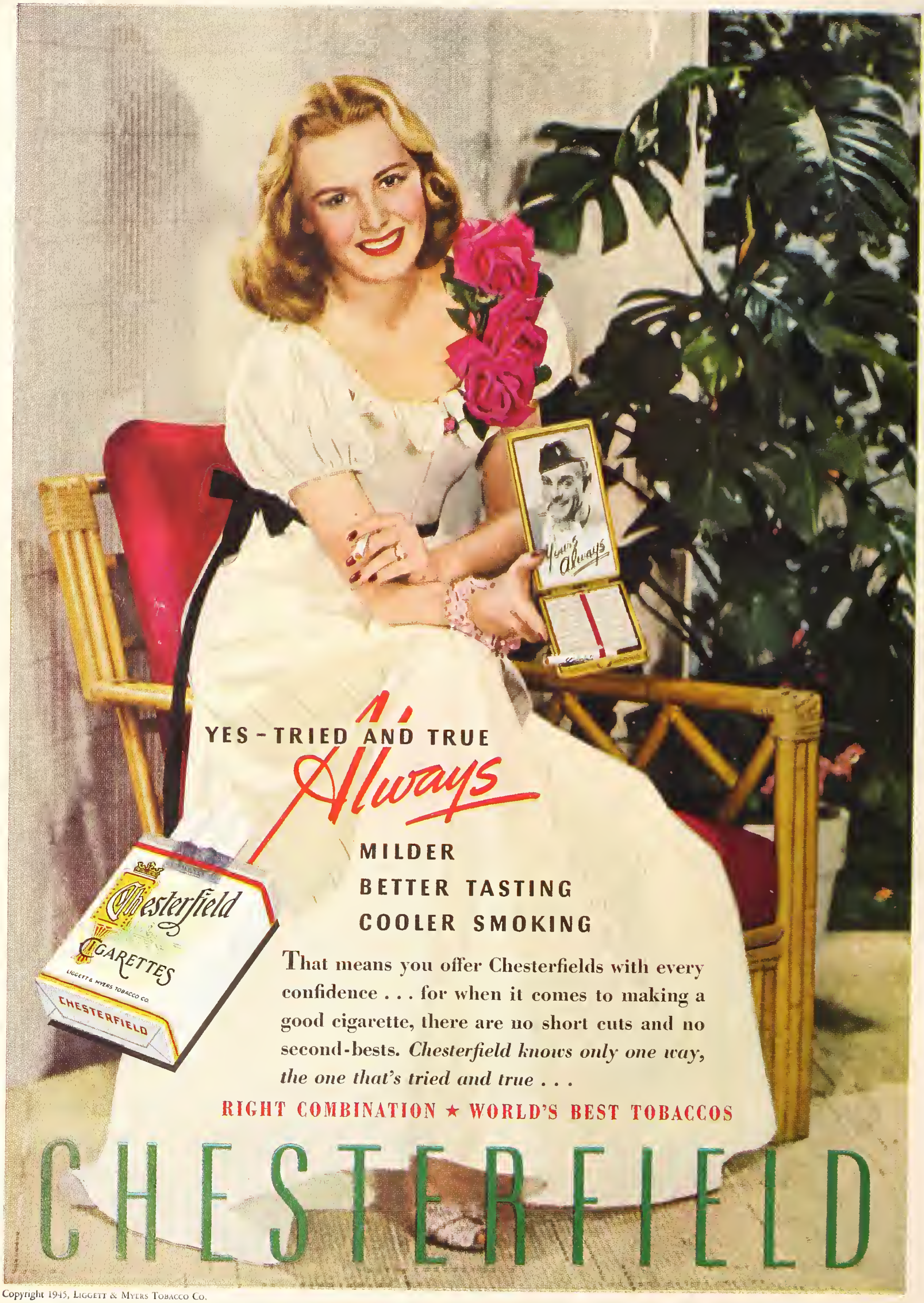
Both are voracious readers and do most of their reading in the patio since, short of an earthquake, they can count on its not buckling under them. Evenings they take in a movie or the fights, Margot being as rabid a fight fan as Dane. Most of their close Hollywood friendships were formed in New York—with people like the Garfields, the Kellys, the Wynns, the Whorfs. But they accept few invitations, because their own entertainment facilities are nil and they can't reciprocate.

Pop? Well, Dane got a letter from his cousin the other day—the one who squealed. "Your father called last night. Nothing special. Mentioned that he'd seen 'God Is My Co-Pilot.'" I could hear his buttons popping over the phone."

Dane grins. He can afford to grin now. His armor's cracked. He's almost quit looking for the joker.

Evelyn — and her Magic Violin, featured with Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra on the radio program, "The Hour of Charm."

Photo by PAUL HESSE — Hollywood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CHESTERFIELD

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Modern Screen

GUST

5c

A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE • DELL • A DELL MAGAZINE • A DELL MAGAZINE

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SERIAL RECORD
AUG 30 1945

ANA ANDREWS

XCLUSIVE! Bacall-Bogart Wedding!

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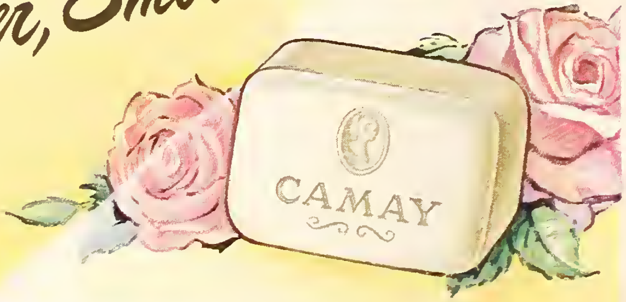
JUL 29 1945

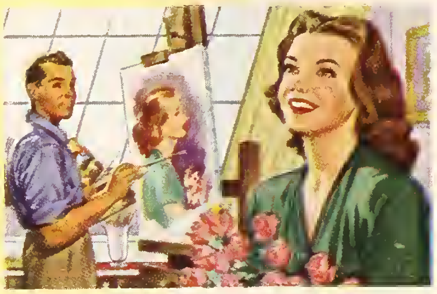
Just *One Cake* of Camay brings you a Softer, Smoother Skin!



There's a softer, more captivating complexion for you—and it's yours with your very *first* cake of Camay! So change today—give up careless cleansing and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions under exact clinical conditions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, smoother complexion.

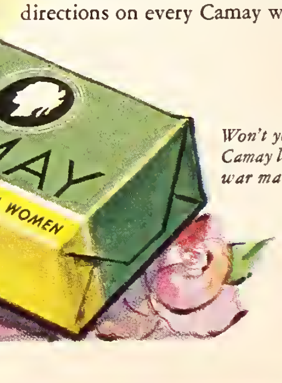
READ MRS. ERICKSON'S STORY

Courtship fun for Viola and Pat meant long rides over California's high hills—and Viola's skin sparkles fresh as mountain air! "I care for my skin with Camay," she says, "for the very *first* cake I used left it softer and clearer."



Artist and Model: Viola's cream-soft skin, auburn hair, inspire her artist-husband's brush. "I'm going to keep that softer, fresher look in my skin," she avows, "with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." YOU can, too! You'll find full directions on every Camay wrapper.

—the former Viola Gishaas
Mrs. Kilpatrick Erickson
of Hollywood, California


CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Won't you—make each cake of Camay last and last? Precious war materials go into soap.

But will you stay as sweet as you are?

A bath washes away past perspiration. But Mum's the word for future freshness!

MINUTES after your bath is over—hours before your day is done—that fresh-tubbed charm can begin to fade.

Unless, of course—you already know the simple One-Two of day-long daintiness. *One* for your bath—to wash away *past* perspiration. And *Two* for Mum—to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor.

That's the answer so many smart girls give to this problem of underarm care. A bath *plus Mum* is their sure protection against a fault so hard to forgive.

Take 30 seconds for Mum. Smooth on each underarm and stay flower-fresh all day or evening. Now you can shake fear of offending and concentrate on fun. Mum won't irritate your skin, won't harm fabrics.

Setting for Romance. A table for two can start plans for a lifetime. And when a girl's program takes a turn for love, she's wise to guard it well. With Mum, for instance, which helps so much to keep her nice to be near. So use Mum, *to be sure.*

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

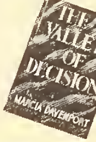
Product of Bristol-Myers

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

When Marcia Davenport wrote her famous best-seller, "The Valley of Decision", she created a young Irish beauty named Mary Rafferty.



* * * *

Mary had quite a character. When she loved, she loved all the way.

* * * *

She wouldn't let the world deny her the right to romance with the son of a steel king—just because she came from the wrong side of the tracks!

* * * *

M-G-M, like four million people who read the book, was intrigued with that red-haired beauty.

* * * *

Greer Garson was intrigued when M-G-M offered her the part.

* * * *

And you'll be more than intrigued when you see Greer Garson as Mary Rafferty, and Gregory Peck, in M-G-M's tumultuous love story, "The Valley of Decision".

* * * *

You'll like it even better than "Mrs. Miniver" and "Mrs. Parkington".

Greer and Gregory are the most exciting lovers on the screen.

* * * *

He's a lot of man, and one fine actor.

* * * *

You'll go for Donald Crisp and Lionel Barrymore—stalwart men.

* * * *

You'll go for Preston Foster, Marsha Hunt, Gladys Cooper, Reginald Owen, Dan Duryea, Jessica Tandy, Barbara Everest, Marshall Thompson, and the host of other supporting players.

* * * *

You'll remember lines from the screen play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien.

* * * *

You'll want to shake hands with Tay Garnett, the director, and Edwin H. Knopf, the producer.

* * * *

You'll want to write us and thank us for telling you about it.

* * * *

You'll want to see "The Valley of Decision" several times.

* * * *

Why don't you? We'll meet you there.

—Leo

modern screen

STORIES

***LET'S CALL ON FRANKIE!**
Our last visit with the Sinatras before the head of the house left for overseas. Mom's swell, Nancy Sandra's a big girl now, and Frank, Jr.? Bustin' out all over with cuteness 30

***CHARMING BILLY**
With his lean good looks and his hair piled high and that grin that lurks within his eye—Eythe's a natural 34

FELLOW ON A FURLOUGH
Sgt. Don Taylor had a furlough, a friend's apartment and a wife and invited ye eds up to share all three for a visit—ve-ry nice 36

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN (Life story, conclusion)
Bing keeps going his way, picking up Oscars, color blind ties, radio fortunes and porkpie hats—plus 4 wildcats who call him Pop ... 40

"STATE FAIR"
The simple story of the Frake family and their jaunt to the State Fair—so real you can almost smell the popcorn! 42

"IT TAKES GUTS . . ." by Hedda Hopper
Hopper reveals that even if it means losing their bread and butter —or their place in your memories—the stars'll keep slugging for their rights 44

***THE TORSO**
Guy Madison's buddies roar at that blonde hulk giving the deck a massage—with mayhem and murder in his heart 46

***I REMEMBER ALAN**
A teacher reminisces on a well-remembered pupil and recalls grey eyes, a deep man's voice and pride enough for two boys—Alan Ladd 48

***THIS HEART OF MINE . . .**
Bob and Natalie Hutton both like animals, chess, wrestling—and gin rummy. But don't dare ask who's the better player! 50

SHE'S HIS "BABY" NOW!
MODERN SCREEN'S picture-story scoop on the Bacall-Bogart marriage—a private affair with rolling lawns, a hot sun, even a few sentimental tears 52

***PISTOL PACKIN' PAPA**
Who's got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle? Roy Rogers, pardner! Riding high in Technicolor, with lotsa pics and a little palaver 56

*COLOR PAGES

Frank Sinatra *in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh"* 30
Bill Eythe *in 20th Fox's "Col. Effingham's Raid"* 34
Guy Madison, *United States Navy* 46
Alan Ladd *in Paramount's "Two Years Before the Mast"* 48
Bob Hutton *in Warner's "Janie Gets Married"* 50
Roy Rogers *in Republic's "Bells of Rosarita"* 56

FEATURES

Editorial Page 29

BEAUTY

By Word of Mouth 66

FASHION

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide—Back To School Togs 68

DEPTS.

Movie Reviews 6
Sweet and Hot by Leonard Feather 16
Co-Ed 20
Modern Hostess—"And They Lived Happily Ever After . . ." 22
Good News by Louella Parsons 58
Super Coupon 79

COVER: Dana Andrews in 20th Fox's "State Fair." Cover and color portraits of Guy Madison, Alan Ladd and Bob Hutton by Willinger

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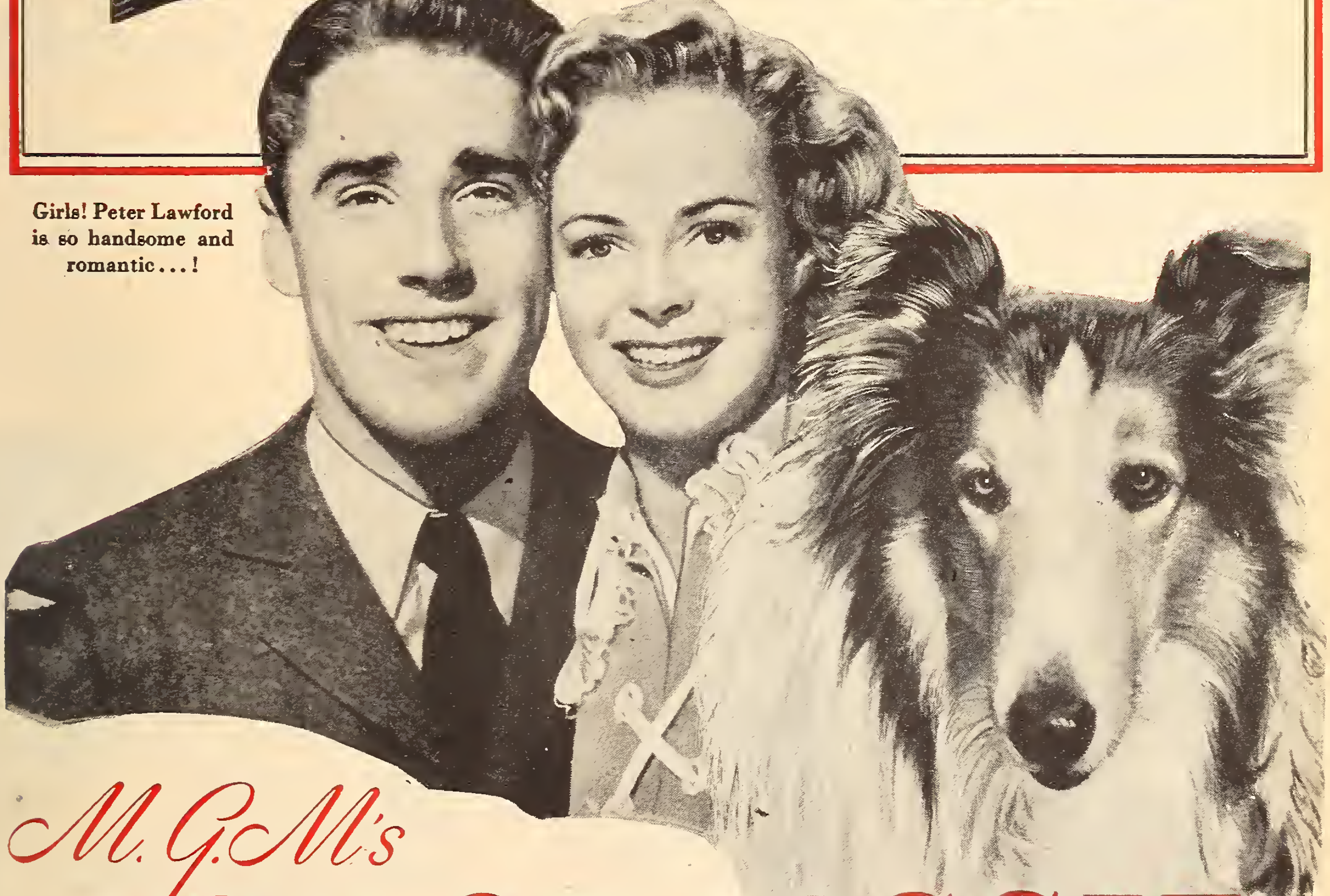
A masterpiece of Adventure in Technicolor!

Here's M-G-M's thrill-filled spectacular sequel to famed "Lassie Come Home"—in Technicolor! New drama—new adventure—introducing Laddie, the thoroughbred son of a champion, who had to *prove* he hadn't the heart of a mongrel! They laughed at him—called him a canine clown! But in the crisis, when his master's life was at stake—that Son of Lassie came roaring through!



Girls! Peter Lawford is so handsome and romantic...!

M.G.M's

SON OF LASSIE

Starring **PETER LAWFORD · DONALD CRISP**

with **JUNE LOCKHART · NIGEL BRUCE**

WILLIAM "BILLY" SEVERN · LEON AMES · DONALD CURTIS · NILS ASTHER · ROBERT LEWIS

LASSIE and LADDIE

Story and Screen Play by Jeanne Bartlett · Based on some Characters from the book "Lassie Come Home" by Eric Knight · Directed by S. SYLVAN SIMON · Produced by SAMUEL MARX · A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

Pond's "Lips" stay on...

and on...

and on!

Say it again!
Pond's "LIPS"
stay on longer!

6 *devastating* shades
49¢, 10¢, *plus tax*

.... Try the *newest* Pond's "Lips" shade—"Beau Bait"—rich, clear, true red.

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Virginia Wilson

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF

■ Put Van Johnson, Lana Turner, Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Edward Arnold and Keenan Wynn all in one picture, and you automatically have something pretty impressive. Add New York's famous Waldorf-Astoria for a setting, and you have glamor plus. "Weekend At The Waldorf," like "Grand Hotel" and "Hotel Berlin," is a potpourri of the various love affairs, big deals, and heartbreaks taking place under one roof.

In a luxurious Tower suite, Irene Malvern (Ginger Rogers) is giving a party for the press. Irene has been a top movie star for several years, and very important people have come to the party. Everyone is having a fine time except Irene. She is, as she always is of late, lonely and dissatisfied. No one in the world really cares about her—only her money. In another suite on the same floor, Chip Collyer (Walter Pidgeon) has just checked in. He is as lonely and dissatisfied—and almost as famous—as Irene. Chip is a war correspondent, and a good one, but now he's tired. He needs a rest. He needs to fall in love. And when he meets Irene, that's just what happens.

Downstairs, a luscious blonde stenographer known as "Bunny" (Lana Turner), is pinning on a gardenia. It's from a guest at the hotel, Martin Edley (Edward Arnold). Mr. Edley would like to give Bunny more than a gardenia. Much more. In fact, an apartment on Park Avenue. Bunny is considering the matter. She views the world with tough Tenth Avenue practicality, (*Continued on page 8*)

Bunny (L. Turner) gives up gold digging for love in a cottage when pilot Van J. takes over.

It's Dynamite set to music!

AND IT TOPS THEM ALL!

The battle that made the Barbary Coast pause in its song... turn from its women...

A blue-blood on the loose... who came down from The Hill looking for a thrill!

George Raft

Joan Bennett

Vivian Blaine

The kind of woman men fought for... at the snap of a garter!

Peggy Ann Garner

Remember her in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"

Songs
"I Walked In"
"I Don't Care Who Knows It"
"Touring San Francisco"
by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson

NOB HILL

IN TECHNICOLOR

ALAN "FALSTAFF OPENSHAW" REED · B. S. PULLY · EMIL COLEMAN · EDGAR BARRIER

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY . Produced by ANDRE DAVEN

Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock and Norman Reilly Raine · From a Story by Eleanore Griffen

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Don't Look Now

... but you're coming undone. Your weak-kneed bob pins are slipping and he's pretending it doesn't matter ... Why not side-step such Embarrassing Moments by using DeLong Bob Pins?

They have a *stronger grip* hold their shape indefinitely and never slide out of your hair unexpectedly. You can use one DeLong Bob Pin over and over and it won't ever let your hair down, endangering your social standing and your all-important poise.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

ARMY E NAVY

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 6*)

and she knows you don't get something for nothing. Suppose there *are* a couple of strings attached to the offer! She's always wanted to live on Park Avenue. But before she finishes pinning on the gardenia, she meets a young Army flier (Van Johnson) and comes up against a problem she can't solve.

Other things are happening in the hotel. Randy Morton, columnist (Robert Benchley), has discovered a terrific story for his column. Martin Edley is trying to put over a big oil deal with the Bey of Aribajan. And Irene Malvern is finding that Chip Collyer is as persistent as he is attractive. So, through the week end, these affairs wind to their conclusion. To happiness or heartbreak, as the case may be, while you watch the panorama spread before you and think "Some day I'll spend a week end at the Waldorf."—*M-G-M.*

News that Metro was recreating the fabulous Waldorf Hotel kept the telephone lines choked with pleas from harassed house hunters begging for a room. One desperate soul offered to pay $25 a day just to sleep on the set from midnight to six a.m.! Needless to say, all offers were rejected, and at the peak of the worst housing shortage in history, the world's largest hotel stood vacant except for five night watchmen. . . . Lovely Lana was pea green with envy. Ginger, as the glamorous actress, wears twelve dreamy costumes created by super-designer Irene. Poor Lana, playing the hotel steno, wears only the conservative garb of a working girl. But, proving that clothes don't make the queen, Lana is the gal who walks off with hero Van Johnson. . . . You can forget all those Turner-Rogers feud stories. In 191 pages of script, Lana and Ginger never meet, not even as a footnote.

A BELL FOR ADANO

John Hodiak and Gene Tierney—gunpowder and a match! Wait till you see them together, they're something to dream about. John has a demanding role as Major Joppolo, Army officer who is made administrator of the Italian town of Adano.

It's not much of a town, as the Major discovers on sight. He and Sergeant Borth (William Bendix) are disconcerted at the one narrow, deserted street. But the Major finds that even a very small town can present plenty of problems. There is the matter of food and drink, the inhabitants tell him. There is also the matter of the great bell of Adano, and some of them put that first in importance.

"What is this bell?" the Major inquires. It seems that it's a seven-hundred-year-old bell, which Mussolini took to make guns for the Germans. Its loss doesn't at first seem of vital importance to the Major. There's the town to be cleaned up, fed, and put on a more or less running basis. He soon has several assistants. Guiseppe, for instance, an ex-American gangster. No angel, Guiseppe, but he speaks English and he knows the town. Then there is Tina (Gene Tierney). She's very beautiful in spite of her obviously-dyed blonde hair. The hair is a gesture of defiance against the monotony of life in Adano, she tells the Major. She soon falls in love with him, and is desperately unhappy over the fact that he's married.

Joppolo is popular with the people of the town. He makes a real effort to understand their problems, and solve them to the best of his ability—and authority. That last is the catch. Joppolo is only a major. A general comes along, is held up behind some slow moving carts, and arbitrarily orders the road to Adano kept free of all but military traffic. Joppolo realizes that the town couldn't get food or water on this basis, and countermands the order. Well, you just can't *do* that to a general. But by the time discipline catches up with the Major, Adano has its bell again.

You'll find wisdom and human understanding in this picture, as well as romance. The cast includes Richard Conte, Henry Morgan, Luis Alberni and Henry Armetta.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

"Bell" represents a first in wartime picture making. By eliminating battle scenes, and concerning itself entirely with the fighting's aftermath, it becomes the first postwar movie to be made about World War II. . . . A real life war story nearly postponed production. Director Henry King received word that his son, Lt. Henry C. King, was missing in action. Despite the news, King continued working while hoping for the best. A party scene was before the camera when a telephone message brought the news that the lieutenant was alive, though a German prisoner. In celebration, King threw a real party on the set as soon as the "reel" party scene was finished. . . . Gene Tierney, voted by Look magazine one of the four most beautiful actresses in Hollywood, appears on the screen for the first time as a blonde. She'll become a brunette again though, for husband Oleg Cassini prefers her natural dark tresses. . . . "Bell" marks John Hodiak's return to the studio that made him famous. He was an unknown contractee at M-G-M when Fox borrowed him for the star-making lead opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "Lifeboat."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Ingrid Bergman visited Toronto, Ontario, last Fall. One evening, she was to make an appearance at Massey Hall. After receiving permission to go and see her, Mother suggested that my friend and I take her a corsage. We went out and bought one just to humor Mother, for we knew that very few people ever got close to the stars.

Upon arriving at the hall, we decided to look around. Taking the elevator to the top floor, we walked around for a while. Then, when we returned to the elevator we were delighted and amazed to see the star herself on that very same one. We were also amazed at her natural beauty. We gave her our corsage, and she thanked us, inquiring if we were staying for the show. We told her that we wouldn't miss it. She smiled and told us to look closely at her when she appeared on the stage.

When it was time for her to make her appearance we were so excited that we lost our seats and were shoved practically to the back of the hall. But not before we caught a glimpse of lovely Miss Bergman with our corsage still pinned to her dress.

Jacqueline Lee
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

The Laugh-a-Minute Lowdown On The Birth Of The Swoon!

Meet the New King of the Bobby Socks! They adore him, they floor him, they really go for him when they see those clothes and hear that voice singing new hits by Mercer and Arlen!

THE VOICE IS BING'S...
THE TIE BELONGS TO THE OTHER GUY...
AND IT'LL SEND YOU...

"Out Of this World"

AH-H-H
SIGH...
AH-H-H
OH-H-H
AH-H

starring

Eddie Bracken
He's got it, but it isn't his!

Veronica Lake
She launches the swoon heard 'round the world!

Diana Lynn
She leads the most beautiful all-girl band in the world.

with **Cass Daley** beating Those Gol Darn Drums

and **Carmen Cavallaro · Ted Fiorito · Henry King · Ray Noble · Joe Reichman** playing together for the first time!

A Paramount Picture Directed by Hal Walker

HEAR BING'S VOICE SING–

"Out Of This World"
"June Comes Around Every Year"
"I'd Rather Be Me"

AND WAIT'LL YOU SEE THOSE 4 CROSBY KIDS!

Warm as
an embrace . . .

Snuggle-soft and cloud-light, with a deep, pure wool face that practically purrs under your fingers and cotton back for extra strength. WARREN means wear-forever fabric—tailors into a coat to make your heart sing. Very much worth looking for in better stores throughout the land. About $29

Warren Fabrics Company, Inc.
West Warren, Mass.

OVER 21

Age is a relative matter. If you're fourteen, say, then anyone over twenty-one seems to you to be hovering on the slippery edge of senility. On the other hand, suppose you're thirty-nine, and in the Army. Then you regard the 21-year-olds who start playing leap-frog when the sergeant says "Okay. Ten minutes rest," with awe and bitter admiration. All of which leads up to the plot of "Over 21," co-starring Irene Dunne and Alexander Knox.

Max Wharton (Alexander Knox), former editor of a New York newspaper, is in the Army. His charming and talented wife, Polly (Irene Dunne) had abandoned her writing career temporarily to live in Miami where he is in Officers' Candidate School. Polly doesn't expect *much* from her living quarters there, for she's heard about the housing shortage. Still, there are certain features about the bungalow Max has found which are a little startling. The kitchen which is really the bathroom, or vice versa. The window which will only open when you walk on a certain floor board. The front door which has a habit of slamming behind her while she's putting out the milk bottles, in her pajamas. Oh well, she's with Max and that makes up for everything.

Only Max has to spend practically all his time at the post. He's terrified that he won't pass the course. "Of course, you will," Polly says comfortingly. "A smart guy like you!" "I may be smart," Max admits, still sunk in gloom, "but I'm an old man. Thirty-nine. This is for kids." The owner of Max's newspaper keeps trying to get in touch with him. Gow (Charles Coburn) insists that the paper is losing readers now that Max isn't writing the editorials. Can't he do one a week? Polly knows that Max hasn't time to do *anything* more. To keep Gow quiet, however, she agrees and writes them herself under Max's by-line.

At last graduation time comes, and there is Max in the front row, looking pleased and surprised and not a day over twenty-five. But there are still complications to unravel.—*Col.*

P. S.

For two-and-a-half months of shooting Irene Dunne and Alexander Knox were cooped up in one of the smallest sets used in years. The 11 x 14 living room was so cramped that part of the walls had to be removed every time the camera shifted its position. . . . Alex Knox married Doris Nolan a day or two before reporting to work, so the first time he came onto the set the whole crew gave him a big reception to celebrate the happy event. . . . From Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces to officer candidate in one easy lesson—Knox accomplished this rather spectacular demotion when he stepped from the role of Wilson to that of the officer candidate (GI haircut and all) in Over 21. . . . Charles Coburn established himself as an inventor when he developed an idea for a new kind of monocle with "tri-focal" lenses. One part for long distance seeing, and the third section will be "rose-colored glass for use in reading critics' reviews." He plans to have the idea in working order the next time he sees one of his own pictures. . . . Irene Dunne, considered one of the 10 best-dressed women of the screen will have a new title when this picture is released—one of the 10 best "undressed" women. She has a wardrobe of six delectable negligees, and spends most of the picture in them. Incidentally, the negligees were so sheer that background lighting couldn't be used for fear of running into censorship trouble!

THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

They might have titled this one "What Every Young Girl Should Know." It has about the smoothest wolf in it that you ever saw. By the time you've watched his approach, and the way he plays all the angles, you should be warned against the lines that are tried on you by real life wolves. The trouble is, he's such an attractive guy that you'll find yourself going for him in spite of your common sense—as happens to the heroine, played by Laraine Day. Bob Young is the wolf, which is a bit of a surprise, but he's really terrific. A new lad named Bill Williams contributes a pleasant performance as the third point of the triangle.

Not that it's really a triangle, once Lieutenant Hank Travers (Robert Young) has appeared. Hank is one of the glamor boys of the Air Force. A hot pilot and a hotter lover. He's broken hearts from Hong Kong to Piccadilly. Jerry (Bill Williams) who used to know him in college, runs into him on Fifth Avenue. Jerry makes the mistake of mentioning his girl friend, Helen (Laraine Day), and dwelling at some length on her charms. Hank gets that look in his eye, and before Jerry knows what it's all about, Hank is in on his date that night.

Of course, Jerry comforts himself, Helen is too smart and too sensible to fall for an obvious player-arounder like Hank. Or is she? As the evening progresses, he isn't so sure. Hank really takes over the party. He takes them to a fancy hotel roof and fills them full of champagne. Eventually he pulls a fast one on Jerry and gets a chance to make a pass at Helen. The fact that he doesn't get anywhere with her doesn't bother him. He's given her something to think about.

COMMUNIQUE FROM THE HOW-WE-LOVE-HAZARDS CLUB:

Jane's a right gal, but she never remembers to take her flashlight down to the cellar with her. Result? A broken leg when she tripped over Aunt Martha's suitcase and landed against the washing machine. Tom? Well, his burns will heal in time, but he could have saved himself a lot of pain, and might even have made Varsity, if he'd turned off his lamp switch before repairing the wire. And what about Bobby? He's only a baby, but if he'd been taught not to leave his toys on the stairs, Mr. Jones would be at work today instead of at home with his arm in a sling. You should have heard Mrs. Smith next door tut-tutting over her neighbor's carelessness; which didn't prevent her from dozing off last night with a lighted cigarette. Maybe she likes to hear the fire engines! And Joe College, that dazzling kid around the corner, won't be doing much jitterbugging this term; but then, he did get to find out just how fast his car could go, and maybe he thinks he looks pretty with that nice white gauze all around his head!

Maybe you think this is all rather silly . . . that you'd know better. Well then, the chances are you've already taken one of the RED CROSS SAFETY *or* ACCIDENT PREVENTION *courses offered by your local chapter. If so, how's about prodding your neighbor? Remember, casualties on the home front slow up the war effort, too!*

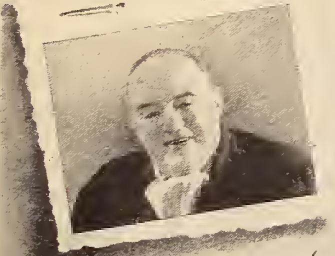
WARNER BROS. STUDIOS
BURBANK, CALIF.

Dear Fans,
Barbara Stanwyck
and Dennis Morgan
are spending a very
merry
"Christmas in
Connecticut"

Evidence!

The romancin's rosy
and the fun's furious and everybody's
going to be there! You're invited!

Warner Bros.
(The happy hosts)


Hey! I'll be there too!
Sydney Greenstreet

"CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT" is the fun show that's the one show to see. Watch for it! Watch for it! Showings begin right away!

BARBARA STANWYCK • DENNIS MORGAN • SYDNEY GREENSTREET in
"CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT" with REGINALD GARDNER • S. Z. SAKALL • ROBERT SHAYNE
Directed by PETER GODFREY • Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS • Screen Play by Lionel Houser and Adele Commandini • From the Original Story by Aileen Hamilton

TRICKS FOR A LASTING MAKE-UP!

After cleansing face and neck, pat on foundation cream or lotion. Smooth in, using upward and outward strokes. (Don't forget back of neck.) Remove excess cream or lotion with absorbent Sitroux Tissue.

Apply cream rouge in three small dots, one inch below eye. Blend out and up, clear to hairline—going no lower than the tip of nose. Keep rouge one inch *away* from nose. If you apply too much, tone down with a Sitroux Tissue.

With cotton pad, firmly *press* powder on face and neck. Reverse pad—brush off with *downward* strokes. Saturate clean pad with mild astringent—*pat* entire face. When almost dry, apply second coat of powder, lightly—brush off. Use quarter of a Sitroux Tissue* to remove excess around eyes.

* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

Hank goes through his whole bag of tricks in the next few days, and they all work. Only something is wrong. Helen has fallen deeply in love with him, and Hank suddenly develops a conscience. He's never had any trouble with it before, but now the darn thing starts nagging. "You're a heel," it says nastily. And he knows it's right. Only—maybe he's in love himself, for the first time. Maybe. . . .

Lots of funny lines and a quick moving plot make this a picture you'll want to see right away.—RKO.

P. S.

Bob Young, usually one of Hollywood's most upstanding young men, was required, for the first time in his career, to play a wolf. One morning after several weeks of a most convincing performance, he found himself face to face with the cartoon of a leering wolf tacked up on his dressing-room door. A little investigation proved that co-star Laraine Day had asked a studio artist to make the drawing for her to hang on the door. The caricature remained there for the rest of the picture. . . . Ann Harding returned to the RKO lot for the first time in ten years, not expecting any of her old co-workers to remember her. Among the friends who did come by to welcome her back, was property man George Gabe, who brought with him a set chair with Miss Harding's name on it.

UNCLE HARRY

The play which was such a success on Broadway has been made into an engrossing picture. George Sanders was a smart choice for the lead. It's a different kind of role from anything he's done before, but he gives an adept, highly polished performance. Ella Raines and Geraldine Fitzgerald are helpful in many ways.

Somehow, you can't imagine a man whom a whole town calls "Uncle Harry," committing murder. Until you see the events which lead up to the tragedy—then you only wonder why he didn't do it earlier. Harry Quincy is a mild, pleasant, middle-aged man. He lives quietly in the big old Quincy house with his two sisters, Lettie and Hester. He works in the design department of a mill which manufactures china, and supports his two sisters with his earnings. A nice, average guy, you would have said. A little too much under his sister Lettie's thumb, maybe, but Lettie dominates the whole household. Fat, gossipy Hester comes off a poor second.

Lettie is a brilliant woman who loves her brother with a violent, proprietary passion that leaves no room in her mind for anything else. It never occurs to her that Harry might marry—until Deborah comes to town. Deborah (Ella Raines) is from New York. She is beautiful and chic and intelligent, and why she falls in love with Harry is anyone's guess. But she does, and she has no intention of letting his sister break it up. She doesn't, however, realize either Lettie's ruthlessness or the extent of her power over Harry. He and Deborah became engaged. Months passed. Finally Deborah puts it up to him. Tonight or never. That afternoon Lettie has a heart attack. Not a fatal one, but the marriage has to be postponed. Deborah goes back to New York and a little later marries someone else.

That is when Harry's brain snaps. There is poison in the house, and he uses it. Only—there's a mix-up, and it's Hester who dies. Letty is accused of her murder. It's a finely knit situation, and the climax doesn't let you down.—*Univ.*

YOU CAME ALONG

Lizabeth Scott, Hollywood's newest quadruple threat in the glamor department, is featured with Robert Cummings in this story of three returned fliers and the girl one of them falls in love with. The fliers—Bob (Robert Cummings), "Shakespeare" (Don De Fore), and "Handsome" (Charles Drake), are sent out on a bond selling tour. They are told that I. V. Hotchkiss will be in charge of the tour, but I. V. turns out to be Ivy, a gal who *could* be attractive if she bothered.

The fliers, especially Bob, are very fond of girls, so it takes Ivy just days to win their friendship. Meanwhile she has her troubles getting them to show up for speeches at the bond rallies. She usually has to head an expedition through the night clubs because wherever the shapeliest chorus is to be found, there will be the boys. Bob has a little black book which produces blondes, brunettes and red-heads in each new city they reach.

Comes a night, though, when Bob asks Ivy for a date. That's quite a concession for Bob, who likes 'em glamorous. Shakespeare and Handsome decide to play Cupid by fixing Ivy up the way a girl *ought* to look. They send a whistle-jerking evening gown and Ivy gets a new hairdo, and the result entrances even the hard-to-get Bob. He remains entranced and by the time they get to San Francisco, he and Ivy are truly in love.

There's something odd about Bob, though. A tinge of bitterness in his gaiety. A lost look Ivy has surprised now and then on his handsome face. One day by sheer accident she finds out the reason. Bob has an obscure blood disease which won't respond to treatment. He'll die in a year—or maybe a month. She realizes that he would especially hate her knowing about it. So she pretends ignorance, and persuades him to marry her. After all, nobody expects to live forever.—*Par.*

P. S.

This is a noteworthy production for several reasons. Main one is that it heralds Robert Cummings' return to the screen after a two-year absence as an Army flight instructor. . . . Audiences will get their first glimpse of charming Lizabeth Scott who, though she had no previous screen experience, Hal Wallis considered so exciting a discovery he put her into a

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few War Bond drives ago, Gail Patrick made an appearance here in Toronto to help out. During her visit, there was a Royal Canadian Air Force dance held at one of the larger bases here. I was at the dance, but did not have any idea that she would actually attend until a group of airmen whizzed by me, trying to catch a glimpse of her.

Leaving my escort, I started to look frantically around. I had never seen a movie star before and in the excitement and the press of the crowd, I practically fainted. Suddenly, as I backed through the crowd, I received the sweetest smile I've ever seen. It was Miss Patrick, who amazed me by saying breathlessly, "I guess it serves us both right for walking backwards in a crowd." She is really tops, and after that, I didn't mind being shoved around at all.

Rita Lawrence
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

BROADWAY'S HILARIOUS ROMANTIC COMEDY NOW ON THE SCREEN!

So she picked up the ∴ *marbles...and went home to make love!*

Theirs the kind of fun that makes the world go round ...and round...and round...until you're dizzy with laughter!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

Irene **DUNNE**

Alexander **KNOX**

Charles **COBURN**

OVER 21

A SIDNEY BUCHMAN Production

Adapted from the play by Ruth Gordon · Screenplay by Sidney Buchman

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR

This picture has been chosen for showing to our Armed Forces overseas.

starring role. . . . Another one of those Hollywood coincidences popped up during the shooting. In the picture Cummings marries Miss Scott in the Fliers' Chapel at the Mission Inn, Riverside. Bob actually did wed while the picture was in production, and Mary Elliott became his bride in—the Fliers' Chapel at Mission Inn!

CAPTAIN KIDD

Not since "Mutiny On The Bounty" has there been such a smashing, hair-raising tale of life on the high seas. Charles Laughton is responsible primarily, although he has steadfast support. He plays Captain Kidd with a vicious brutality that will haunt you for days, and which makes Randolph Scott, as the hero, seem a bit insipid. The feminine interest, which is kept to a minimum, is handled by Barbara Britton.

Everyone has heard of Captain Kidd. No two stories of his bloody career agree, so we may as well stick to this United Artists' version. It starts with Kidd and four other men burying a treasure chest on a tropical island. Five of them enter the cave, but only four come out. One less to divide the treasure when the time arrives. That chest was come by in a singularly evil manner. Kidd and his pirates sank a ship with all hands on board, after removing the treasure. The ship was commanded by Lord Blayne, and word went back to London that he had turned pirate—a story fostered by Kidd, to cover the wholesale murder he had committed.

Eventually Kidd, who has managed to conceal his pirate past, is appointed by the King to fit out a ship, the "Adventure," and sail the Spanish Main in His Majesty's service. He is to meet a vessel coming from India and give it safe passage to England, for it carries a huge treasure, as well as Sir John Falconer and his daughter, Lady Anne (Barbara Britton). Kidd picks his crew from the worst scum in Newgate prison. They are ruffians and murderers all, but they will obey his orders, and they aren't averse to violence. Kidd has no intention of bringing that treasure ship to England, of course. But he doesn't know that among the crew is the son of Lord Blayne, whom he murdered. Young Blayne has taken the name of Adam Mercy (Randolph Scott), and he is bent on vengeance. The "Adventure" sails away on a voyage that proves as gory and filled with menace as any you can imagine.—*U. A.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We were in El Paso, Texas, at the Continental Room of the Hilton Hotel. Suddenly, I noticed a familiar face above a G.I. uniform. I remarked that he looked like a movie star whom I had seen in "The Moon Is Down" and "Five Graves to Cairo." My sister wrote a note, asking if he had appeared in these two films, playing the role of a German soldier in both. He very kindly answered that it had been he. and thanked her. We were thrilled, and now we felt that we just had to talk to him. One of our escorts went to his table and asked him if he would join us. My heart did quadruple flip-flops as he approached our table. Peter Van Eyck sat down and talked with us for about twenty minutes. He was a most interesting conversationalist. I had always thought that movie stars were cool and aloof, but if they are like this one, lead me to more!

Mrs. Milton V. Cobb
Carrizozo, New Mexico

P. S.

The greatest pirate of all finally makes his screen début! Charles Laughton, stalking about in the title role, has a part that is a worthy sequel to his portrait of Captain Bligh. . . . To create the richly trapped scenes typical of the 17th century, Producer Benedict Bogeaus had art director Charles Odds and set director Maurice Yates haunt private auctions and comb antique shops to obtain authentic props. The resultant scenes are typical of the Restoration period, with velvets, Turkish rugs, damasks, four-poster beds creating the desired effects.

GUEST WIFE

They claim there are only seven fundamental story plots, and this is certainly an oldie that's been re-surfaced with smart dialog, a couple of new twists, and the expert comedy of Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche. Dick Foran plays straight man for them as Chris Price, a small town banker who has a fine reputation, plenty of money and a lovely wife. He also has A Friend. I put that in capitals because it's no ordinary friendship. Chris' wife, Mary (Claudette Colbert) says bitterly, "Chris and Joe Parker make Damon and Pythias look like deadly enemies."

The Prices haven't seen much of Joe (Don Ameche) for the last couple of years, which is fine with Mary. Where Joe is, there's trouble. He is a foreign correspondent and the more foreign the better, in Mary's opinion. But just as she and Chris are set to go to New York on a sort of second honeymoon, who should show up but good old Joe! Now, their first honeymoon was ruined because Chris lent Joe all the money he'd saved up for

irresistible lips are
Dearly Beloved

Headed for the altar . . .
dearly beloved, joyously happy.
Her lips irresistible . . . smooth,
invitingly soft, color-perfect with
IRRESISTIBLE RASPBERRY LIPSTICK.
WHIP-TEXT through a secret
process to be creamy-soft,
non-drying, longer lasting.
Matching rouge and powder.

the bride wears *Irresistible* raspberry *Lipstick*

NEW SWIVEL CASE
10c-25c sizes

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER . . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R! A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR

it. Mary has no intention of letting Joe spoil this one too.

It *is* different. Chris isn't on it. He misses the train at the last minute, and Mary finds herself on her way to New York with Joe. Of course Chris follows them the next day, but by the time he arrives, the newspapers are displaying pictures of "Mr. and Mrs. Joe Parker, foreign correspondent, and beautiful bride he married in India." You see, Joe had cabled his boss, Mr. Worth (Charles Dingle) that he married while he was there. It had seemed like a good idea at the time—Worth sent him a thousand bucks for a wedding present. But now he is about to face the boss, who is notorious for his lack of a sense of humor. Mary wouldn't mind being Mrs. Parker just for ten minutes, would she? Mary, not expecting reporters, photographers, etc., agrees. Disaster follows. Mr. Worth has made a lot of plans for the Parkers. The bridal suite in the best hotel, a week end in the country—the works! When Chris shows up, Mary expects him to be furious. Not at all! Anything we can do for good old Joe, is Chris' motto. So Mary gets furious instead, and decides to teach him a lesson.—*U. A.*

P. S.

Claudette Colbert personally plucked "Guest Wife" from among several important stories offered her. The amusing comedy can be compared to Claudette's Academy Award winning "It Happened One Night." . . . Time and trouble were saved for the wardrobe department when the script called for a pair of men's pajamas, bearing the monogram JJP. Because his screen name, Joseph Jefferson Parker, had the same initials as Miss Colbert's real life husband, Lt. Joel J. Pressman, USN, Don Ameche had only to borrow a pair of Dr. Pressman's monogrammed pajamas, and production was ready to roll.

BEWITCHED

If you are fascinated by the dark inner recesses of the human mind, you will find "Bewitched" enthralling. It may strain your credulity a little, for you are asked to believe that two spirits can occupy one body. It is, in fact, the story of a female Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

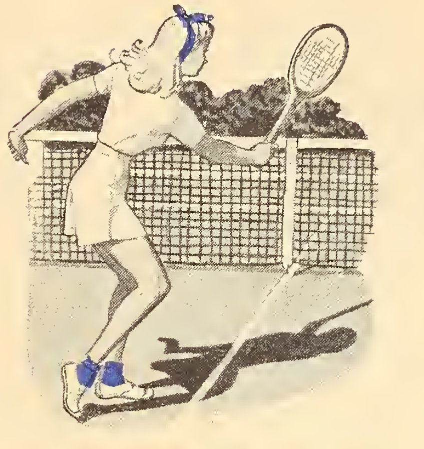
Joan Ellis (Phyllis Thaxter) is apparently a pretty, sweet, normal girl, in love with her handsome fiancé, Bob (Henry Daniels, Jr.). There is no surface indication that two spirits are at war within her. One is Joan's own, and the other is that of a wild, evil creature named Carmen. Don't ask me how she got there. I'm no psychiatrist. But there she is, and as Joan's wedding day approaches, Carmen becomes more and more restless. She is determined to prevent the marriage, and get Joan away from Bob and her parents and friends, who are beginning to worry over the girl's increasing nervousness.

One night Joan goes to a concert, but the voice of the singer becomes inextricably mixed with that of the sensual Carmen. Joan realizes that she can never escape from this terrible inner spirit, and in desperation she decides to go to New York. She leaves a note asking her family not to try and find her, for their sake as well as her own. In New York she gets a job at a cigar counter. Joan is unhappy in this environment, but Carmen thrives on it. A clever young attorney, Eric (Horace McNally) meets Joan and falls in love with her. She finally agrees to go out with him, but as soon as they are alone in the moonlight, Carmen's influence is felt again. Eric kisses Joan, but it's Carmen who responds in a way that must have given the Hays office the cold shudders.

When Joan gets home, she finds Bob

(Continued on page 24)

Are you in the know?



What tennis shot calls for speediest action?

☐ *Volley*
☐ *Forehand Drive*
☐ *Chop*

You make it near the net, before the ball bounces. You've got to be faster of foot and eye, quicker with the racket, to master the volley. And you're quick to triumph over difficult days—when you learn to keep comfortable with Kotex. Actually, Kotex is different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Built for *lasting* comfort, this napkin doesn't rope, doesn't wad up. So chafing just hasn't a chance when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins.

How should she sign her name?

☐ *Sally Subdeb*
☐ *Miss Sally Subdeb*

Tuck this under your flat-top: A gal should never sign herself as Miss or Mrs.—*except* in a hotel register. That's so your name will check with the way your mail will be addressed. Avoid mixups . . . at "those" times, too, by never confusing Kotex with ordinary napkins. You see, Kotex is the napkin with the patented, *flat tapered ends* so unlike thick, stubby pads. The flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show revealing lines . . . and you get *plus* protection from that special patented *safety center!*

You're sure the bonnet is becoming, if—

☐ *It's a love at first sight*
☐ *It passes the long-mirror test*
☐ *Your best friend tells you*

So the hat's a honey (from a chair's-eye-view). But how does it look in a long mirror? Before buying, consider all the angles. And in buying sanitary napkins, consider that Kotex now provides a new safeguard for your *daintiness*.

Yes, there's a deodorant locked inside each Kotex. A deodorant that can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on! Another Kotex extra, at no extra cost!

A DEODORANT
in every
Kotex napkin at
no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ Hello again! Well, it isn't getting any easier, this job of picking out the music of the month on records, and the stories behind it, because every month there are more new record companies by the dozen. Anyway, why not tear out that record listing you'll find at the end of this feature and tote it around when you're making your next batch of purchases? You'll find it's a terrific help in making you hep. . . . But now to get going, here are twenty new records with plenty on the ball, plus a little background data on each:

Leonard F., Phil ("My Dreams Are Getting Better") Moore at Cafe Soc. Uptown.

I SURRENDER DEAR (Benny Carter—Capitol)—Benny Carter is a jazz genius who had to go abroad to be appreciated, back in 1936. He was working with a band in France, when I got him to come over to England and be staff manager for the BBC dance orchestra.

Once I supervised a recording session in Holland, in the Hague, with Benny and Coleman Hawkins who'd come on from Rotterdam where he was playing at the time. A long way from 52nd Street, but the stuff survived. One of the numbers from that session, "Pardon Me, Pretty Baby," is in one of the Decca "Gems of Jazz" albums.

As for this new "I Surrender, Dear," Benny does a beautiful trumpet solo on it, then, on the other side—"Malibu"—does an equally beautiful alto sax job. He composes, too. Such things as "Rainbow Rhapsody" (Glenn Miller recorded this), "Cow-Cow Boogie", and his own lovely theme, "Melancholy Lullaby."

MEL'S IDEA (Herbie Fields—Savoy)—Herbie Fields, the only white man currently working with a famous colored band (Lionel Hampton's) has done this one up hot, and you won't want to miss it. Herbie's recordings (*Continued on page 18*)

The toughest killer's blazing guns could not destroy their love...

Gary, in his grandest role,
as gun-shy, girl-shy Melody Jones,
who swings into action to win the
heart of a killer's girl.

International Pictures presents

GARY COOPER · LORETTA YOUNG

in Nunnally Johnson's

"Along Came Jones"

with

WILLIAM DEMAREST · DAN DURYEA · Frank Sully

Produced by Gary Cooper

A Cinema Artists Corp. Production · Directed by STUART HEISLER
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson · Novel by Alan LeMay
An International Picture · Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

DAN DURYEA, of "Woman In The Window" fame, as Monte Jarrad, the killer.

INTERNATIONAL
GOOD ENTERTAINMENT

says Mrs. Gary Cooper—
beautiful wife of one of
Hollywood's most distinguished stars

MRS. GARY COOPER:

Just think of all the lovely lips here in Hollywood. With all this competition, I was overjoyed when I discovered your new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. They're really thrilling — particularly that wonderful Tangee Red-Red!

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

You're not alone in your enthusiasm, Mrs. Cooper. All over America, the smartest lips are praising the vivid new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Colors that make lips look exciting—and inviting. For Satin-Finish (an exclusive Tangee discovery) gives a soft alluring gleam that stays on for many extra hours. It insures lips that are not too dry, not too moist... In Red-Red, Theatrical Red, Medium-Red and Tangee Natural.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

SWEET AND HOT

(*Continued from page 16*)

are mostly made with Hampton's boys. They play his kind of music.

I'LL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU (Les Brown with Doris Day—Columbia)—There's an interesting fact behind Doris Day's singing. At one time, Doris was a dancer. She broke her leg in an accident, and was told she'd have to use crutches for a while. She brooded a bit, decided things could have been worse, and began singing. For her supper, as it turned out. Doris is one of those girls who married and retired, then divorced, and resumed her career. Her husband was the trombone player, Al Jordan.

Helen Ward's another member of this club. She retired from Benny Goodman's original band, but she's back on her own now, making records. Ironically, she's been signed to record for her ex-husband's (Albert Marx) company, Musicraft!

THE GENERAL JUMPED AT DAWN (Golden Gate Quartet—Okeh; Paul Whiteman—Capitol)—This is the story of one little riff and how it grew. It was a strictly instrumental little riff, you understand. No words atall, and nobody expected anything to come of it. A well known arranger named Jimmy Mundy wrote it, and Paul Whiteman recorded it about three and a half years ago. As far as the response to it went, he could've stood in bed. Well, Jimmy Mundy joined the Army as a private and while he, all unsuspecting, was hup-two-threeing about, and cussing out his sergeant, "The General Jumped" was being overhauled, and lyrics were added to it, and it got into the movies—in "Hollywood Canteen!"

'TAIN'T ME (Eddie Heywood—Commodore; Les Brown—Columbia)—This is another tune like "The General Jumped." Started with a little thing by Lem Davis, alto sax man with Eddie Heywood, in 1943. Recently a publisher had it turned into a popular song, Mildred Bailey pushed it on the radio, and it's going like mad. The Les Brown rendition has a swell vocal by Doris Day.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT (Billie Holiday—Commodore)—The plaintive spell of Billie Holiday again, and you can see the fog and smell the docks when she's all done. It's a second recording. Billie made the first three years ago for Columbia and Teddy Wilson was on it, but the record was never released. Now Eddie Heywood's standing by, and Jimmy Dorsey's featured singer, Teddy Walters, plays guitar for Billie!

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS (Louis Prima—Majestic; Tony Pastor—Victor)—An old English sea chantey that's become a new American favorite. You really ought to listen to both the Prima and Pastor records on this—they're very different. Louis has kept the original bar-room lyrics in his rendition; Tony's boys have cleaned the trousers up. Pastor-ized, you might say.

JOHNSON AND TURNER BLUES (Joe Turner and Pete Johnson—National)—Pete Johnson was one of the pioneers of the boogie-woogie piano, and Joe Turner was a singer. A good one. They played together in little dives in Kansas City for a long time, and dives in Kansas City are no different from dives anywhere else. Dirty dishes, blue smoke—and sometimes, rare, wild music being born.

John Hammond discovered them in Kansas City, and he brought them to New York where they gave a concert at Carnegie Hall. This was in 1938.

When they opened at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem, they were booed off the stage. It's the truth. People just weren't ready for boogie-woogie.

The break for Pete and Joe came with a booking into Cafe Society Downtown.

SWANEE RIVER (Hal McIntyre—Victor) —An old favorite with a new and very beautiful arrangement written by a boy named Sid Schwartz. Remember last issue I said Hal was about ready to go overseas with his band? Since then the European war has ended, and the McIntyre group will probably head for some place like the CBI sector.

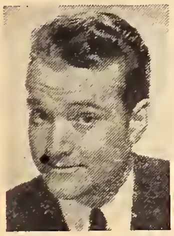
THERE'S NO YOU (Frank Sinatra—Columbia; Martha Stewart—Victor)—You know the one about Jennie who couldn't make up her mind? Well, neither could pretty little Martha Stewart. She started out as Martha Haworth. Then she changed her name to Martha Wayne, and did some singing with Claude Thornhill. (Claude's in the Navy now, leading a band at Pearl Harbor.) Then she changed her name to Martha Stewart, which it is now, and she got a TCF movie contract, and she's in "Kitten On The Keys" with Harry James.

OUT OF THIS WORLD (Woody Herman —Columbia; Tommy Dorsey—Victor)— The vocal on the Dorsey platter is done by Stuart Foster (who used to be with Ina Ray Hutton). Seems like Stuart's a lucky name for singers, at that. Here's Foster, and we were just talking about Martha before, and there's Sally Stuart on the Sammy Kaye "The More I See You," doing a very sweet job. Then there's Slam Stewart, but we probably shouldn't count him. He doesn't exactly sing; he sort of grunts. It's wonderful, anyway.

YOU WAS RIGHT, BABY (Peggy Lee—Capitol)—We've talked about this before. Peggy and her husband, Dave Barbour, penned it, and it's surprising even them. Who *needs* a million dollars? Peggy seems to be definitely out of retirement again; her "What More Can a Woman Do?" is a hit now too, and she'll sing for awhile on the Perry Como show, and taking a screen test now and then and—well, what more *can* a woman do?

APPLE HONEY (Woody Herman—Columbia)—Sure, you guessed it. Woody worked on the Old Gold program last year. This number is what's called a head arrangement—it was never written down at all, and nobody ever really composed it. The boys just sort of worked it up and remembered it, an amazing (*Cont. on page 21*)

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Red Skelton, Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson were in Dallas to put on a show at the Naval Base. The night before they were to appear, I happened to be dancing at a night club. Suddenly, the spotlight shifted from the dance floor to someone who had entered the door. My escort cried out, "Red Skelton!" Immediately, the newcomer was surrounded. Everyone was pleading, "Say something, Red, anything." But not a word from Red. When I finally inched close enough, I stuck my autograph book under his nose—this happened to be just my telephone number memo book, which was held together by a single safety pin. Laughing, I said, "Just sign your name, Red, don't take the pin." He grinned that Skelton grin and answered, "Believe it or not, we have buttons where I come from!"

Vernice Harbor
Dallas, Texas

The Picture that may change Your Life!

When a penniless ham actor starts controlling the amazing Pidgeon family (with their $5,000,000 fortune), it's one of the most unusual screen treats you've ever known . . .

"The Cheaters"

starring

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

with

BILLIE BURKE · EUGENE PALLETTE · ONA MUNSON · RAYMOND WALBURN

and ANNE GILLIS · RUTH TERRY · ROBERT LIVINGSTON · DAVID HOLT

and ST. LUKE'S CHORISTERS

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Legs are bared by fashion...the underarm by every gesture... and so you need double protection—NEET Cream Depilatory that removes hair, and NEET Cream Deodorant that halts perspiration, for the assurance that comes of being well-groomed.

BETTER GET
NEET TODAY

neet

at cosmetic counters
in stores everywhere

CO-ED

What to do when the weather's sweltering and you're at loose ends: Hints to make you hopefuls hep on beauty, beaux and budgets.

■ Summer is under way, and though most of us yowl a lot about the heat, we're loving every minute of it. Loving the colorful, washable clothes we wear, week ends at the beach and suppers out-of-doors. We're loving the sort of party atmosphere that summer brings. Here are a copule of ideas for making the warm weather months more than just fun. Here's how to make them profitable in endless ways.

If You're a School Gal: You've got three beautiful long months at your disposal. Before you have a chance to get bored with all that time on your hands, get busy. Put some irons in the fire. First of all, how about some self-improvement? A new figure, a better complexion, a wellgroomed hairdo? If you could get three or four buddies intrigued with the idea, you could have your own "success school." Exercise together, try out hair styles together, skip double banana splits together. Fun, and it'll pay off in beaux come fall.

Then, how about shouldering some of the family responsibility, as of now. Take over the housework and cooking a couple of days a week, so that mom can kick up her heels a bit. Or maybe you could plan the weekly menus, with an eye to nutrition, economy and ration points, and do all of the marketing. If a long sleep in the morning is your mom's dream of heaven, you might get breakfast for the gang three or four days a week while she snoozes.

Another thing, how about learning to do at least one new thing this summer? Perhaps some skill, like driving a car or cooking. Perhaps something financially profitable like raising chickens or strawberries or thoroughbred dogs. Something creative, like interior decoration. You could begin with your own room. Some water paint to brighten the walls, hanging shelves for plants and books, some colorful rag rugs. Wouldn't it be fun? You might start studying art, through (*Continued on page* 25)

JEAN KINKEAD

CO-ED LETTERBOX

I love my mom, but sometimes I'm almost ashamed of how she looks when my friends come over. How can I get her to fix up a little without hurting her feelings? H. H., Utica, New York.

Next time she looks extra-special you might say something like, "Gosh, you're a pretty mom, mom. You're so much more attractive than Mrs. Brown. We were over there after school today, and she had on a dirty dress and her hair was all straggly. Some moms are just sad sacks." Another time, when she's wearing a becoming dress, you might say, "I wish the kids could see you in that. They all think you're awful pretty." That should do it. One more hint. It's kind of hard for moms who work hard all day to be turned out like glamor girls from dawn to dusk. If you'd give your mother some idea of when to expect you and your gang it would help a lot.

My older sister hasn't a good reputation in town, and the boys in my class seem to think I'm as wild as she is. They make passes at me at the drop of a hat.

(*Continued on page* 26)

thing in a big band.

Flip Phillips plays some wonderful tenor sax, and Bill Harris (who used to be with Bob Chester and Benny Goodman) does right by the trombone. Of course Woody's featured on the clarinet, and Marjorie Hyams at her vibraharp.

LITTLE JAZZ (Artie Shaw—Victor)—Little Jazz is the nickname of Roy Eldridge who blows in what's undoubtedly one of the best trumpet styles in the country. And even though nobody could fail to recognize his playing, Roy's name couldn't be used on this Victor label because when he had his own band (before he joined Artie) he signed a contract with Decca, and that company still has him sewed up.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS—Louis Prima (Majestic), Tony Pastor (Victor)
CAN'T YOU READ BETWEEN THE LINES?—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca), Jerry Wald (Majestic)
THE GENERAL JUMPED AT DAWN—Golden Gate Quartet (Okeh), Paul Whiteman (Capitol)
I'LL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU—Les Brown with Doris Day (Columbia)
I WAS HERE WHEN YOU LEFT ME—Hal McIntyre (Victor)
OUT OF THIS WORLD—Woody Herman (Columbia), Tommy Dorsey (Victor)
SWANEE RIVER—Hal McIntyre (Victor)
'TAIN'T ME—Eddie Heywood (Commodore), Les Brown (Columbia)
THERE'S NO YOU—Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Martha Stewart (Victor)
YOU WAS RIGHT, BABY—Peggy Lee (Capitol)

BEST HOT JAZZ

BENNY CARTER—I Surrender, Dear (Capitol)
HERMAN CHITTISON TRIO—How High The Moon (Musicraft)
DUKE ELLINGTON—Mood to Be Wooed (Victor)
HERBIE FIELDS—Mel's Idea (Savoy)
DIZZY GILLESPIE—Blue 'N' Boogie (Guild)
WOODY HERMAN—Apple Honey (Columbia)
EARL HINES-BETTY ROCHE—I Love My Lovin' Lover (Apollo)
BILLIE HOLIDAY—I Cover the Waterfront (Commodore)
NAT JAFFE—These Foolish Things (Black & White)
ARTIE SHAW—Little Jazz (Victor)
TEDDY WILSON—Just For You Blues (Musicraft)

BEST ALBUMS

NELSON EDDY—By Request Album (Columbia)
JOHNNY GUARNIERI TRIO (Savoy)
JOHN KIRBY (Asch)
ON THE TOWN—Leonard Bernstein & Victor Chorale (Victor)
UP IN CENTRAL PARK—Eileen Farrell, Wilbur Evans, Celeste Holm (Decca)
MUSIC FOR DREAMING—Paul Weston Orch. (Capitol)
RHAPSODY IN BLUE, STRIKE UP THE BAND—Sanroma & Boston Pops. Orch. (Victor)
VLADIMIR HOROWITZ (Victor)
GREAT GILDERSLEEVE—Stories for Children (Capitol)

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Dries fresh polish in a flash . . .

Won't dull lustre . . .
(Apply over polish)

Ready to put on gloves and dash
The biggest thing since liquid nail polish! No waiting . . . no smudge-patching.

Ten-karat sparkle
The finest ingredients—with a *very* special oil—assure fast-drying action without dulling lustre.

Softens cuticle
This same special oil in Cutex Oily Quick Dry gently softens cuticle—helps keep it neatly in place—smooth and trim.

Helps prevent chips and scratches
Helps keep your nails unmarred . . . unscarred . . . makes your manicure really l-a-a-s-t.

Large bottle only 25¢
(plus tax)

CUTEX *Oily* QUICK DRY

"AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER"

P.S.—Because she became a top-notch cook!

If Alana Ladd isn't going to be as good a cook as her mother, she's bound to be as good on stage as her daddy, for she's certainly registering interest!

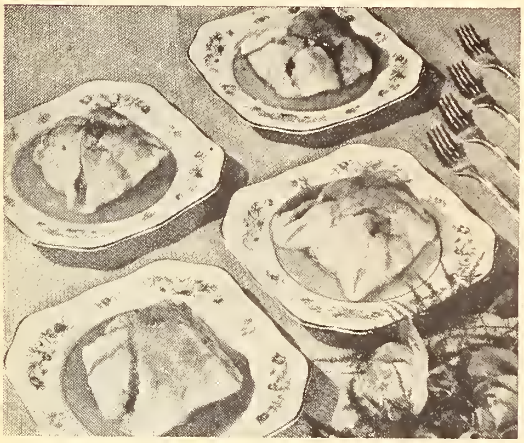
● "For richer, for poorer; for better, for worse—" When you say "I do" you've practically agreed to cook his meals all the rest of his days! Sue Ladd will tell you that's no hardship, even though she has her problems—Alan won't eat lamb, liver or ice cream; hardly touches his lunch, stuffs himself at dinner time and would prefer a steady diet of highly spiced Mexican dishes. That's the "for worse" of it! All his other food habits are "for better."

It's just possible you're one of the many war brides waiting for the return of your husband, and when he does get back you're planning to give him the best meals ever! Then you'll want to try all kinds of new recipes and save the ones you like especially well. Like, for instance, Mrs. Ladd's Italian Squash Casserole:

ITALIAN SQUASH CASSEROLE

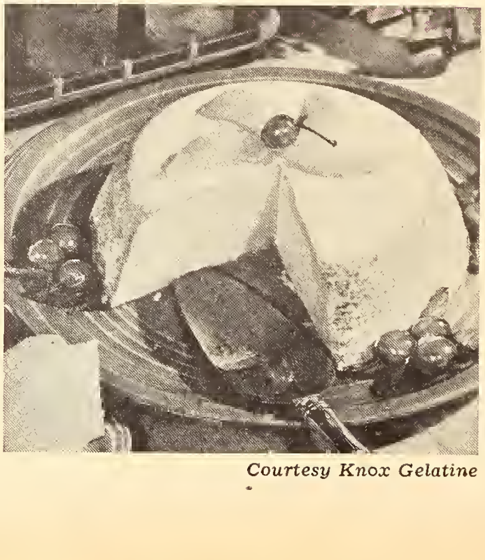
- *2 pounds Italian squash*
- *2 large onions*
- *4 medium tomatoes*
- *1 tablespoon brown sugar*
- *1½ teaspoons salt*
- *¼ teaspoon pepper*
- *1 cup fine bread crumbs, optional*
- *¼ cup grated cheese*

Parboil thinly sliced Italian squash 5 minutes in just enough salted water to keep from burning. Slice onions and sauté in bacon drippings or margarine 5 minutes over low heat, stirring frequently. Drain squash. Place one layer of squash in greased casserole. Add a layer of sautéed onion slices and sliced tomatoes. Sprinkle with part of brown sugar, salt and pepper. Add a layer of fine bread crumbs, if desired. Add remaining ingredients in another layer. Top with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes or until done.



Eve tempted Adam with just a plain raw apple. Her smart descendant now serves delicious Apple Dumplings!

Your ration book escapes almost unscathed when you make Orange Cheese Cake—a delightful summer treat.



Courtesy Knox Gelatine

Courtesy Best Foods

Green salads aren't exactly a cure-all for summer slump, but their vivid colors, crisp texture and fresh flavor can stimulate bored appetites.

By Nancy Wood

VICTORY GARDEN SALAD

- 3 *tomatoes*
- 1 *cucumber*
- 1 *cup radishes*
- ½ *cup French dressing*
- ¼ *cup real mayonnaise*
- 1 *small onion, sliced*
- *Salad greens*

Quarter tomatoes. Cut cucumber in thin fingers. Slice radishes. Add French dressing to real mayonnaise and mix until smooth. Add onion and chill 1 hour. Place tomatoes, cucumbers, radishes and salad greens broken in pieces in deep salad bowl. Add French-onion mayonnaise and toss lightly. Yield: 6 servings.

ORANGE CHEESE CAKE

- 1 *envelope plain gelatine*
- ¼ *cup orange juice*
- ½ *teaspoon salt*
- 2 *eggs*
- ½ *cup honey*
- 1 *cup orange juice*
- 1 *cup cottage cheese, sieved*
- 2 *tablespoons lemon juice*
- 1 *teaspoon grated orange rind*
- ½ *cup cream or evaporated milk*
- 1 *cup cornflake or zwieback crumbs*
- ¼ *cup melted butter or fortified margarine*
- ½ *teaspoon cinnamon*

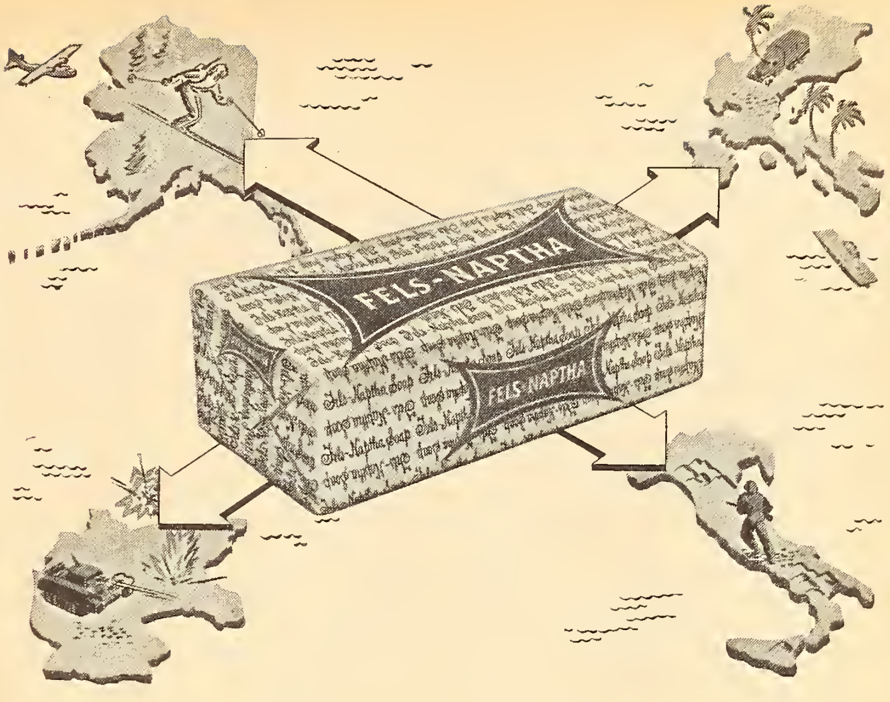
Soften gelatine in ¼ cup orange juice. Beat egg yolk slightly, add honey, salt, and remaining orange juice. Cook in top of double boiler until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Add softened gelatine to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Add cottage cheese, lemon juice and grated rind. Stir until well blended. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk* and stiffly beaten egg whites. Make crumbs for bottom and top of cake. Mix thoroughly with cinnamon. Add melted butter or margarine and blend. Place part of crumbs in bottom of small glass casserole which has been rinsed out in cold water. Turn in cheese filling and sprinkle remaining crumbs on top. Chill thoroughly until firm. When ready to serve, unmold on serving dish and garnish with orange segments.

* To whip evaporated milk, freeze to mushy stage and whip in chilled bowl.

OLD FASHIONED APPLE DUMPLINGS

- 1½ *cups sifted flour*
- ½ *teaspoon salt*
- 1½ *teaspoons baking powder*
- ⅓ *cup fortified margarine*
- ⅓ *cup milk, app.*
- 4 *tart cooking apples, pared and cored*
- ⅓ *cup corn syrup*
- 2 *tablespoons fortified margarine*
- ⅛ *teaspoon allspice*

Sift flour once, measure. Add baking powder and salt and sift again. Cut margarine into flour until it looks like little peas. Stir in milk sufficient to make soft but not sticky dough. Roll out on floured board to ¼ inch thickness. Cut into 4 squares, 4 inches square. Place apple in center of each. Fill centers with a mixture of remaining margarine, corn syrup and allspice. Bring corners of dough together on top of apples. Pinch edges of dough together. Place dumplings in greased baking pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 20 minutes, then pour 1 cup boiling water into bottom of pan. Continue baking 40 minutes longer, until apples are tender and dumpling brown. Serves 4. Serve plain, with lemon sauce or top milk.



The 'Inside' Story

In wartime, especially, it isn't easy to make the kind of soap people expect to find inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper. It isn't easy to get all the ingredients necessary to make Fels-Naptha preeminent among fine laundry soaps.

And that's only half the story. Now, a larger share of our stock of materials and our manufacturing facilities must be used to make good soap for men and women in active service.

Obviously, this will mean some further inconvenience for civilians. In the months ahead, you may have to wait more often for the familiar Fels-Naptha wrapper to appear on your grocer's shelf . . .

but the soap inside the Fels-Naptha wrapper will be Fels-Naptha Soap.

We think the average woman wants to know these plain facts about the supply of Fels-Naptha Soap. We think her loyalty to a good name will survive this time of trial, which is shared—in some way—by all.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 15*)

waiting. He has traced her to New York and is ready to take her back. He even helps her pack, quite unconscious that in Joan's slender body the primitive force of Carmen is angrily rising. In unbelieving horror Joan sees her own hand reach stealthily for a pair of heavy shears. In another moment Bob lies dead on the floor.

Murder. A trial. The death penalty. But Eric is still on Joan's side. Still trying to convince the representatives of justice that something is incredibly wrong here. The end will leave you in a state of limp amazement.—*M-G-M.*

MY REPUTATION

It's awfully easy to say "I'll be my own judge of what's right and wrong. It doesn't matter if people talk, so long as my conscience is clear." But it *does* matter, and in unexpected ways. Jessica Drummond (Barbara Stanwyck) finds that out when she's left a widow with two young sons. Jessica has led a very protected life. Too protected, perhaps. Her mother dominated her until her marriage. Then her husband, who was completely devoted, took over. She led the accepted life of a rich, pretty young society matron. But now what is she to do?

There are two alternatives. She can settle down to widow's weeds and charitable work, as her mother thinks proper, or she can be Jessica Drummond and make a new life for herself. She tries the first for a whole summer and almost goes out of her mind. In the fall when the boys start off to school, she realizes that she just can't stand it any longer. She goes with some friends to Lake Tahoe in California. There she skis, parties, and falls in love.

The man is Major Scott Landis (George Brent), and he isn't like anyone Jessica has ever known. He's definitely a wolf, and when he kisses her, she is furious with herself for responding. She tells him goodbye and hurries back to Chicago, where she can be nice and safe—and lonely. When Scott is transferred there, Jessica can't conceal her happiness at seeing him again. Suddenly all the old conventional taboos seem unimportant. She and Scott go everywhere together. When her mother insults him, Jessica is more on his side than ever. She drops her old friends completely.

Jessica doesn't worry about the gossip until the boys come home at Christmas time. They hear it, inevitably, and when they face her on New Year's Eve and demand that she stop seeing Scott, Jessica faces a heart-breaking choice.

Barbara Stanwyck and George Brent make a nice couple. Lucille Watson, Eve Arden, Scotty Beckett and Bobby Cooper are among the supporting cast.—*War.*

SEPTEMBER ISSUE

Can we help it if we're so popular? No! But still, you'd better chase right out on August 10 if you want to be sure of getting your September Modern Screen, a terrific issue of your favorite movie magazine!

THE NAUGHTY NINETIES

The naughty nineties aren't really very naughty in this new Abbott and Costello epic, but they *are* funny, with the boys loose on a showboat in the Mississippi. Bud Abbott as Dexter Broadhurst plays romantic roles in all the shows, while Lou as a deckhand named Sebastian just gets in everybody's way.

The showboat is run by Captain Sam (Henry Travers). He's supposed to have run it for years, but the first good looking lady crook who comes along doesn't have a bit of trouble getting it away from him. Her name is Bonita (Rita Johnson) and she's far too smart for the old captain. With the assistance of a smooth gambler, Quincy (Alan Curtis), who owes her so much money he has to do whatever she tells him, she gets the captain drunk and wins fifteen thousand dollars in IOU's from him. That makes her own eighty per cent of the showboat.

Of course it was Dexter and Sebastian's fault, in a way. The captain's lovely daughter, Caroline (Lois Collier), had sent them to look after her father. As usual they got a little mixed in their assignment, and by the time they created enough furore in the gambling joint to get the captain out, the damage was done. The fair Bonita had the IOU's tucked away in her garter, and the showboat was in alien hands. Poor Captain Sam! It's Dexter and Sebastian who fix things up. And how! But see for yourself.—*Univ.*

ADVERTISEMENT

She—"What has ze Americaine girl got we have not?"
He—"A big bottle of Pepsi-Cola!"

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 20*)

books and through the museums. Single out a period or an individual artist that interests you, and learn all there is to know about it or him. Or start delving into music, either long-hair or crew-cut. Read a good introduction to music, or any of the excellent volumes on the history of jazz. Again, single out some phase that particularly enchants you and concentrate on that. Follow the newspapers for news of concerts, either in concert halls, out of doors or on the radio. The public library has books on all the above subjects.

Lastly, let's look to your social life. Is the old gang drifting apart? The town dead on its feet? Why not initiate weekly square dances and start things buzzing again? Is there a recreation hall or club-room where you could have 'em? You'll need space. Get some square dance records and a book about how they're done, and you're set. How about a group of you taking some all day bike rides to near-by points of interest? Make your beach parties more wonderful than ever by the simple addition of the right equipment. Quoits, a bat and softball, a songbook for the inevitable songfest, beach blankets, *good* food and thermoses of icy cold drinks.

If You're A Business Gal: Your idea of a vacation is probably one elegant round of fun at a gay summer place. The sort of two weeks from which you return a sunburned shadow of yourself. May we make a couple of suggestions? This year, let your vacation be a subtle blend of gadding, exercise and rest. Let these two weeks be a sort of taking-stock period. An opportunity to sit down and relax and see where you're going. Think about whether you really like your job, your beau, your hair-do, the way you spend your leisure, and if you find you're not quite satisfied, plot the changes. If you go away, take up a sport that you can keep up all the year round, like horseback riding, swimming or bowling. If you stay at home, plunge into those night classes in Russian or furniture refinishing or dancing that you've always longed to start. Soak up sun, sleep and good food, and a little moonlight and you'll go back to the office refreshed.

If You're A Young Mom: For you there is very likely to be no honest-to-goodness summer holiday, but you can learn to vacation as you go. When the kids are napping, snatch an hour in a big chair under a tree, or collapse in the tub with a magazine, or turn the radio to soft music and flop on the couch. Let the house go when the day is just too beautiful, and get out of doors in a sun suit. Get in the picnic habit, with paper plates and cups changing meal times from battles into parties. If you and your pals haven't tried pooling your children, you really should. One or two gals can take on the whole gang once a week while the other mothers scoot into town, or take a tennis lesson or do some volunteer work at the hospital. It's a nice, inexpensive way to get a couple of days off, and the kids love it, too.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Stage door Johnny? Do your star chasin' in your easy chair. Just turn to page 64 and learn how to collect autographs the easy way.

Have you the Courage to Look 10 Years Younger?

TRY "BRIDAL PINK" ON ONE SIDE OF YOUR FACE— AND COMPARE!

YOU CAN ACTUALLY *See* THE YEARS SLIP AWAY

as you apply my exciting new powder-shade!

I HAVE created a shade of face powder so new and different, the effect on your skin is really *spectacular!*

I call it "Bridal Pink", and I ask you to try it for the first time *on one cheek only*. Compare it with any shade you have ever used. See the difference for yourself! See the fresh, *young* look it gives your skin! The soft, warm look—like the blush of a bride's young cheek.

Women who have tried "Bridal Pink" tell me it's the most *youthful* and flattering powder-shade I have ever achieved! Your husband will love it! Your friends will admire it! You can't possibly apply it to your skin without looking younger, more romantic!

Lady Esther "Bridal Pink" Now at all Good Cosmetic Counters

Look more interesting, more exciting! Apply "Bridal Pink"—the new powder-shade that's so daringly *romantic!* See how it lights up your face with instant new life and warmth. The medium-size box of Lady Esther Face Powder is sold at the best stores for 55¢. Also handy pocket-book sizes for 10¢ and 25¢.

Lady Esther
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MEN: You'll like the cool comfort and freshness of Mavis Talcum Powder on your skin, too.

Try the Some Delightful Mavis Fragrance in Talc Mit, 69¢, $1.00. Dusting Powder, with Puff, $1.00.

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V. VIVAUDOU, INC., *Distributors*

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 20)

How can I get them to treat me with a little respect? M. J., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Whereas most of the girls come by respect from boys naturally, you'll have to work for yours, and it won't be easy. Make it a rule to avoid all shady characters, both male and female. Every Tom, Dick and Harry will try to date you, but only go out with the nicest guys. Even some of these nice ones will make passes, but you can brush them off without hurting their feelings. Just say, "Slow down, mister," or "Sorry, Bill, I'm afraid it doesn't run in the family." Gradually the word will get around that you're a swell gal.

I'm a boy sixteen years old, and I'd like to go to dances and parties—only I can't dance. My family is not very well off, so regular dancing lessons are out. Can you suggest anything?

W. T. L., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Why not try the Y. M. C. A.? If they have no classes, perhaps they could direct you to some inexpensive group. If you know of a dancing teacher in town, mightn't you inveigle her into giving you lessons? With the help of an inexpensive dancing chart and some good records, you're a cinch to become another Fred Astaire!

Some gals can spiel off a line of chatter when they're with boys, but anything male just takes my breath away. I can't say boo. I am popular with girls, but I've never had a date in my life—and I'm pushing sixteen! Is there any hope? M. McK., Wichita, Kan.

Of course there is. Nothing but! Take the bull by the horns and speak up. Start off with "Hi," and work up to, "Gee, it's a peachy day, dontcha think?" And before you know it you'll be jabbering.

My husband, whom I love very much, is coming home from overseas. I have been dating other men in his absence, and I am so afraid the neighbors will tell him. What can I do? J. D., Orford, N. H.

You realize now that you were a foolish one to date without his knowledge, don't you? Profit by your mistake and promise yourself that you'll never do anything again that might endanger your perfectly swell marriage. The only thing to do, of course, is to tell your husband yourself. The more casual you are in the telling, the more casually he will accept the news. If he should become angry about it, let him know how sincerely sorry you are.

* * *

My, my, what large mountains some of you guys 'n' gals make out of your mole-hill-problems! 'Course I know that's easy to do, but honest, there's almost no tangle that can't be unsnarled once it's been brought out into the light and given a good talking to. So write me, huh? All you need is a problem (oh, woe!) and our address, Jean Kinkead, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. And because we don't know you, but do love you, we'll try to be just as wise and sympathetic and helpful as we can.

FREE OFFER!

We've been getting lots and lots of letters from all you disappointed people who haven't gotten *one* of the FREE DELL MAGS that we offer every month! If you're one of them, how about tearing yourself away from those Sinatra color pages, and sitting down *right now* to answer the Questionnaire below! Get it done and RUSH it to us! Maybe you'll be one of the happy recipients of one of the 500 FREE DELL Magazines that we send out this month!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our February issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Let's Call On Frankie! .... ☐
Charming Billy (Bill Eythe) .... ☐
Fellow on a Furlough (Don Taylor) .... ☐
"State Fair" .... ☐
It Takes Guts, by Hedda Hopper ... ☐
The Torso (Guy Madison) .... ☐
I Remember Alan (Ladd) .... ☐
This Heart of Mine (The Bob Huttons) .... ☐
Pennies From Heaven (Crosby Life Story, Part 2) ...... ☐
Pistol Packin' Papa (Roy Rogers) .. ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons .... ☐
She's His "Baby" Now! (Bacall-Bogart wedding) .... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?..............................

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference..

....

....

My name is..

My address is..........................City.......Zone....State.....

I am........years old.

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A NEW COLD WAVE PERMANENT

In 2 to 3 Hours at Home

Now, give yourself the sensational guaranteed, easy-to-care-for COLD WAVE PERMANENT in the convenience of your own home . . . do it at a cost so low, it's amazing! Thanks to the wonderful discovery that's yours in the NEW CHARM-KURL SUPREME COLD Wave Kit, you can easily COLD WAVE your hair in 2 to 3 hours. Get the NEW Charm-Kurl Cold Wave and know the joy of soft, glamorous, natural looking long-lasting curls and waves . . . *by tonight!*

Simple, Easy, Convenient . . . Perfect Results or Money Back

Women everywhere demand permanents the new Cold Wave way and, no wonder. . . . An entirely new, gentle process, you just put your hair up in the curlers provided and let the CHARM-KURL Supreme Cold Waving solution, containing "KURLIUM," do all the work. Perfect comfort, no heat, no heavy clamps, no machinery, no ammonia. Yet, given closer to the scalp, your Charm-Kurl Cold Wave permanent results in longer lasting, safer, lustrous curls and waves that appear natural, glamorous, ravishing. Why put up with straight hair that is hard to dress in the latest fashion when you can know the joy of a real, honest-to-goodness genuine Cold Wave Permanent, *by tonight!* Ask for the NEW Charm-Kurl Supreme Cold Wave Permanent, the new, easy-to-use home permanent kit today. Test, compare, you must be pleased beyond words or your money back.

—works "Like a million" on children's soft, fine hair.

Consider this Important Fact

Only Charm-Kurl contains "***Kurlium***"* the quick working hair beautifier—that's why only Charm-Kurl gives such wonderful results for so much less. No wonder women everywhere say Charm-Kurl SUPREME is the nation's biggest Home COLD WAVE value! Insist always on Charm-Kurl SUPREME with "***Kurlium.***"*

*"***Kurlium***" is U. S. Registered. No one else can make this statement.

The New Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE

COMPLETE HOME KIT *Only* 98¢ PLUS 14c TAX

The new Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5c and 10c Stores. Get one today—thrill to new-found glamorous hair beauty by tonight.

Each kit contains a 3-ounce bottle of salon-type COLD WAVE solution, 60 curlers, 60 end tissues, cotton applicator, neutralizer and easy-to-follow instructions.

Gloomy Miss...

(her complexion needed help !)

Smart Me ...

(I told her my beauty secret !)

Happy Mrs...

(she won him with that Ivory Look)

Lucky YOU... You can have a softer, smoother complexion, too!

It's so easy to get that Ivory Look—the softer, smoother, more radiant skin that puts confidence in your smile—a song in his heart.

Just take this tip—stop careless skin care today and change to regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of pure, mild Ivory Soap.

Ivory is baby's beauty secret—on Doctor's advice! More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands put together!

Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory. See how soon *you* can get that Ivory Look!

More Doctors advise IVORY
than all other brands put together

Make your Ivory last—it contains important war materials!

TO OUR READERS . . .

■ Girls, your dear friend (me) has just been through hell! This issue of Modern Screen contains what is known as a SCOOP—on page 52. And all I know about scoops is what I've seen in the movies.

It goes something like this. The editor (Edward G. Robinson), shoves a dirty green eye shade 'way back on his sweating forehead. He takes the receivers off three phones simultaneously and barks: "Stop the presses!"

Well, girls, have you ever seen presses at work? They're Frankenstein monsters. Would you know how to stop the things? Me neither.

So on the very day the Frankensteins start rolling with our August issue, what happens? Henry and I get the flash about Bacall, Bogart and Bromfield. To make matters worse, I had just lost my green eye shade. But leave it to me. I turned green anyway.

With only *one* phone between us, Henry and I got to work. We called Warner Brothers in California.

"Yeah," said Warner Brothers, "they leave tomorrow for Mansfield, Ohio. But look, fellas, if it's a scoop you want, count me out. There are 16 fan mags besides Modern Screen. Get in line. You're number ten!"

So much for Warner Brothers. Fortunately, your genial editor used to be a juvenile delinquent, with extra credits in gate crashing.

I called a lady I know in Ohio. "Look," I said, "you're from Ohio. Do you know Louis Bromfield, the novelist?"

"Why not?" said the lady amazingly enough.

"Do you know him well enough to slip him a couple of bucks. . . ."

"I won't need to," said the lady, quite horrified.

That took care of the story. When it came to pictures—"Let's play it safe," said Henry.

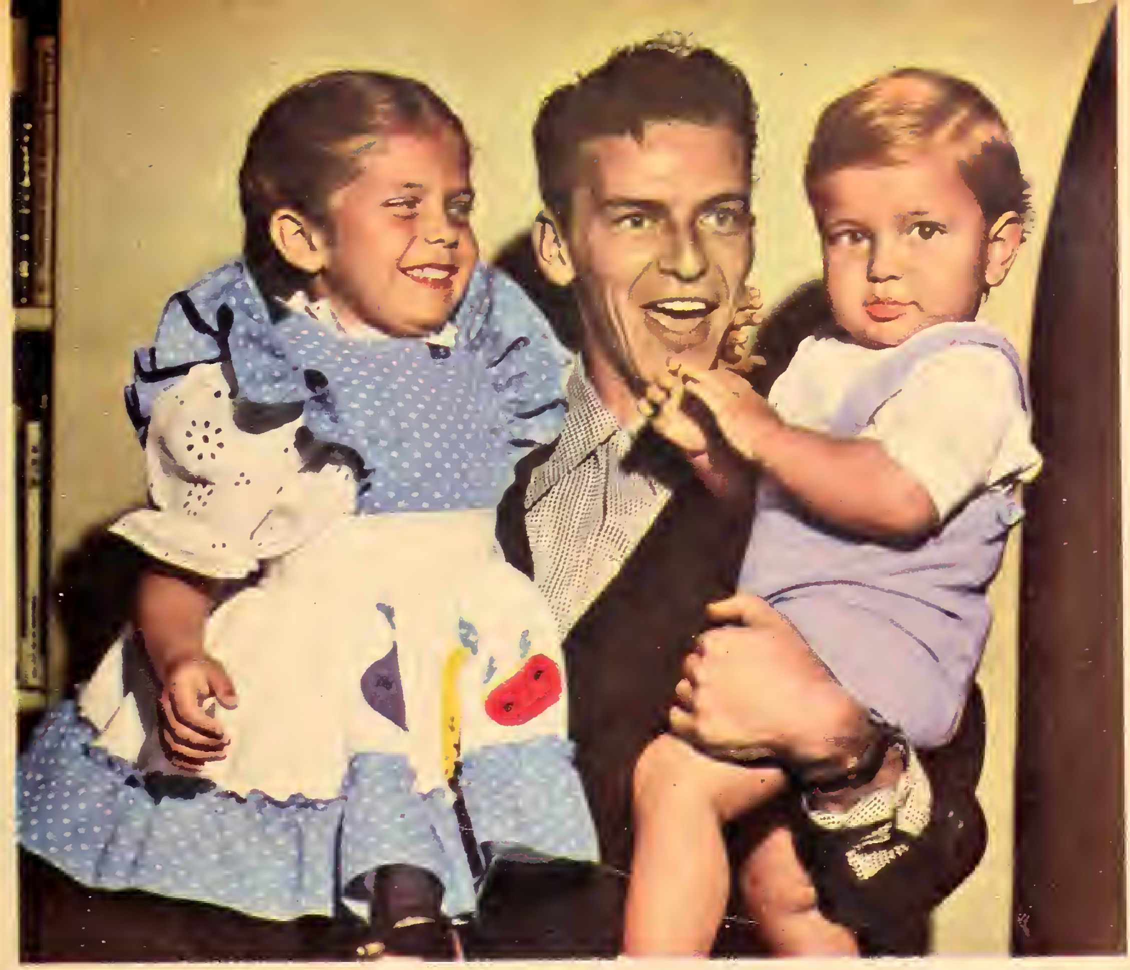
So we played it safe, and wherever Baby and Bogie went, the little photographers (five of 'em), were sure to go. So much so that Bogie and Baby thought we were the *Saturday Evening Post* and posed their fool heads off!

As for stopping the presses, we finally had to ask Edward G. Robinson to do it. Risky business, stopping a press!

Al Delacorte

Executive Editor

LET'S CALL ON FRANKIE!



The Sinatra family is a perfect example of the Boss System (on 3 different levels), with 19-month-old Frank, Jr., adoring Nancy Sandra's "mothering." The elder by 3 years, Nancy's convinced her "kid" brother's development is due solely to her cluckings on how to walk, talk and behave—and Mom and Dad S. think the set-up's swell—just as long as she remembers who *really* gives the orders! As to who bosses the boss—well, that's anybody's guess . . .

Mindful of the children's privacy, Mom Nancy had a brick wall and locked gate installed at the new Toluca Lake house, but 'twas no use—fans found a way in through the garage, where the 2 Cadillacs and salmon-colored station wagon are kept. "But it *is* quieter," Nancy sighs, "*here* they just come to stare."

We caught him...
on his way overseas.
Here's a report on how the
kids have grown, Nancy's
cooking, some super singing.
Everything's swell!

LET'S CALL ON FRANKIE!

Nancy's his favorite cook, especially for her way with (no kiddin'!)—spaghetti and one meat ball! Sympathetic, she shared his disappointment over his 2A-F rating (4-F and essential to morale), his joy over that overseas trek this summer.

Frank's always had sea fever and after "Anchors Aweigh" finally bought a boat to sail on Toluca Lake—"The Little Nancy."

F. enjoys a gag, roars at gems like: "Sinatra's your kid, huh Bing?" "Now—all *mine* are living!" Or a comedian's Sinatra burlesque, "Electrician, a skinny spotlight!"

Too young now, eventually the kids'll hear of how much Dad's doing for their generation via those talks on democracy he delivers at various schools. Enthused, he's invited Dick Haymes, Andy Russell to join in.

No time to play, yet he pays 'n' pays . . . 1944 saw him earn $1,450,000, borrow $62,500 to pay taxes! While the two press agents who first evolved "Swoonatra-ism" nixed huge sums to pen book, "Inside Sinatra"—ethics!

by Cynthia Miller

Charming

That Eythe luck! He even knows what's going to happen to Dick Tracy for the next six months!

■ The footbridge was narrow and long—and shaky. Bill knew it was shaky because he had walked across it, experimentally, a few minutes before. Only then he hadn't been carrying one hundred and eight pounds of beautiful movie star. He shifted his burden now slightly, and put a tentative foot on the bridge which promptly began to sway. He withdraw the foot hastily.

Jennifer giggled, her head muffled against his chest. "If you drop me in the river, I'll sue you."

"If I drop you in the river," Bill said grimly, "Mr. Selznick will personally tear me into small pieces and scatter them (*Continued on page 105*)

Bill earns $750 weekly, gets $30 "allowance" from his agent. He cooks to relax, then collects service men who'll eat his concoctions. Don't miss him in "Colonel Effingham's Raid."

Bill replaced his neon bar with an art studio: He studied at Carnegie Tech and is all for modern design, but collects books on Rennaissance period artist, Da Vinci. (The pup's "Sheila.")

Billy

Autographed pics of Ann Corio and Anne Baxter grace Bill's room; Tallu Bankhead's is unsigned: She couldn't think of words strong enough! He won't drive with Anne, "a wild woman at the wheel."

· Bill invaded Hollywood with a two-thousand buck wardrobe at his agent's say so, but now it's moth bait; Bill's a lounger. (Pets Gayla and Bonnet.)

On furlough after "Winged Victory's" closing, Don and wife Phyl borrowed a friend's N. Y. apt., invited Edsal and Henry for a gob-fest.

The Don Taylors invited us up for a drink and some talk. And after we came and saw—they conquered! What terrific kids!

BY VIRGINIA WILSON

fellow on a furlough

■ The rain blew in a dismal grey curtain against the windows. Phyllis looked out, and said, "Maybe they won't come."

Don smiled at her. When Don smiles, you could turn off the electricity and let the furnace go out, and no one would notice. "They'll come," he said confidently. "This is one furlough where everything's going to be okay."

They did come, of course. "They" being Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen and me. And everything was very okay indeed. How could it be anything else when your host was Don Taylor, and he and Phyllis were getting such a bang out of the little apartment a friend had lent them? Don and Phyllis had lived in hotel bedrooms ever since they were married, and now here they were with a living room and a kitchen and everything. To be sure the kitchen was about the size of a crackerjack box, but it had a stove, and a sink, and a refrigerator. Besides, as Don pointed out, "Neither of us can do much more than boil an egg. We'll work up to a big kitchen gradually, through layers of cookbooks."

"No cookbooks," said Phyllis firmly. "I don't care if we don't even have any furniture, when we get a house, but we're going to have a cook!"

"You mean you won't be the efficient little woman and get up and cook my breakfast every morning?" Don tried to sound injured.

"I'll get up, and I'll wear a nice, ruffly house dress and my best lipstick like the women's magazines say to, but someone else will cook the breakfast. That way we'll *both* be happy."

They laughed at that, of course. They laugh at everything. They're a gay pair, these two. The first play they ever saw together was "The

All is forgiven . . . Seems Don's insignia needed sewing and Mrs. T had decided she was *so* busy. So out went the uniform to a tailor back came the wings on the *right* sleeve, the stripes *upside down!*

Al Delacorte (you can't see Henry) got a glad hand, seconds later a drink—of milk! The sgt.'s not very domestic, still gets tummy pains recalling a pre-war job-hunting session of pancakes and promises.

fellow on a furlough

"To a new career, be it long and be it bright!" A toast from Phyllis, Al D., author Virginia Wilson and Henry Malmgreen. Ginny embarrassed Don by revealing that when the "W. V." paper queried the cast, "If you could choose, what role would you play?" all yelped, "Pinky"—Don's role!

Backgammon got boring and Don and Al don't jitterbug, so they descended to 'rassling.' Don won, but why not? He's 6' 2" and Phyl *kibitzed . . .*

If candy's energy, let him at it! Poor guy trudged days hunting an auto for the return trip West, but so far, nuttin'. P.S. When Don's too tired to devour novels and plays, he's *tired!*

Don was muttering "Death and KP escape no man" when the train tickets came. And *coincidence* . . .! 3 years ago he hitchhiked to H'wood on May 22nd, then planed out with "Winged Vic." on same date, now—yup, May 22nd!

Voice Of The Turtle," and the curtain line of the second act was "Let's keep it gay!" They sort of adopted that—even had it on their wedding cake in raised letters on the white icing. They don't have to work at it, either. Gaiety is natural to them both. You felt that about Don when you saw him as "Pinky" in "Winged Victory." An exuberance, a bright vitality that reached out to your heart. That was what got him the role of Pinky in the first place.

It was Fate, or something, the way it happened. The way it changed his life. Don was in the Army Air Force on limited service because he had a trick knee, originally the result of football. Basic training had aggravated the condition, so they sent him to Drew Field down at Tampa and put him to work as a classification specialist. That's the guy who tries to see that not too many square pegs get put into round holes—who records a soldier's doings in civilian life so the Army can find the right spot for him. It was all right enough, but kind of monotonous for a buoyant personality like Don.

One day a letter came for him. The Air Force was looking for men with experience in the theater or pictures for the big show "Winged Victory." Would he please fill out the enclosed questionnaire and send them a picture? *Would* he? Don almost broke his fountain pen, writing so fast. Then a month or so later, a couple of lieutenants showed up at the Field. They came to see Don.

"I hear you were in pictures."

"Well, yeah. A couple of parts, and I did a lot of stock before that."

The lieutenants looked at Don, and at each other. "You'll be called October first. You're what we want for 'Winged Victory.'"

They left then, and Don was on wings himself. The show would play on Broadway, and to any actor Broadway is a symbol of success. Don had dreamed of a break like this, but he had never expected to get it while he was in the Army. Then, to prove that everything happens at once, a long-awaited furlough came through. Don went home to Freeport, Pennsylvania, wearing a grin as wide as Joe E. Brown's. The first day home, he walked out of the house, *(Continued on page 94)*

"I knew him when!" reflects der Bingle, shining up to brother Bob after performing for him and 5,000 other Marines at Camp Pendleton. The Andrews Sisters may roll out the barrel with Bing in the Pacific theater this summer.

"GI love to eat!" croons Crosby to Astaire, who had a unique accompanist when he danced before Gen. Eisenhower: Guitarist Gen. Spaatz! Sister Adele saw Fred for the first time in five years.

Oscars to Bing for "Going My Way," to Ingrid for "Gaslight." They co-star in "Bells of St. Mary." 1943 winner Paul Lukas flew in from Mexico to do the honors for Bing, got sick at last minute and couldn't make it.

After his trip, London headlined BING WENT THE STRINGS OF OUR HEARTS. Hope comforts Frankie, says he'll play a minister in *his* next pic—"I'm Going Your Way, Too!" (That's Judy G.)

"He'll never make good!" they warned Dixie Lee when she married Bing. (Life Story, concluded.)

■ Bing Crosby is Hollywood's modern miracle man but for him that's very easy. Winning this year's Academy Oscar topped off a fifteen-year movie, radio and record career in which Bing has collected every honor in those Big Threes of show business. Along the way he has broken more entertainment records than a bull in a music shop. And today, like Old Man River, Bing just keeps rolling along. Crooners come and Swoon Kings go, but Bing goes on forever.

This eternal success baffles even Bing himself and at forty-two he still wonders when he'll wake up. But it's not such a mystery. Bing's life proves he's a natural, a genius, a wonder boy. As an Irish Catholic kid in Spokane, Washington, he was an easy winner in everything he tried. A deceptively pretty boy, he beat up every bully who challenged him. Roly-poly and lazy looking, he won swim and golf championships, made Gonzaga high school and college teams like rolling off a log. Never lazy, Bing hustled at dozens of tough jobs for his spending money and planned (*Continued on page 72*)

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

The Crosby kids love their father's competitors: "What makes you so skinny, Mr. Sinatra?" Lindsey once asked. Money from their pictures goes into a college fund. (That's Jimmy Durante's nose being pulled.)

The original "Rhythm Boys"—25 years after: Al Rinker, Harry Barris and Bing. They'll enter into Crosby's autobiography, soon to be published by Simon & Schuster.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

"STATE FAIR"

Mom dreamed of winning a prize for her cooking, and Pop for his pig; Margy wanted romance, and Wayne craved excitement; and the State Fair had an answer for each!

by MARIS MacCULLERS
and MARY STANLEY

1 "Your pickle relish is sure to win!" Abel Frake (Chas. Winninger) assures wife Melissa (Fay Bainter) as they prepare for trip to State Fair with family.

Story: Down at the truck Abel was sweating with Blue Boy, trying to get the huge pig into the trailer. Melissa was carefully laying away her prize jars of pickles and mincemeat in the little niche behind the seats. Down near the creek, under the old apple tree, Harry Ware was twisting his hat awkwardly in his hands, trying to talk to Margy.

"Wish I were going with you to the Fair," he said. "Wish I (*Continued on page 99*)

5 "My father isn't really Chief of Police; I just said that to help you," explains singer Emily (Vivian Blaine) to Wayne.

6 In spite of differences in background, Margy and Pat are drawn to each other. Margy, afraid of being hurt, tries desperately to keep affair on frivolous basis.

7 Wayne, infatuated with glamorous Emily, seeks solace with McGee (Frank McHugh) when he learns she is married.

2 Daughter Margy Frake (Jeanne Crain) dreams of escaping from her dull suitor Harry Ware (Phil Brown) by finding romance at Fair.

3 Brother Wayne Frake (Dick Haymes) practised throwing hoops all winter to recoup from barker (Henry Morgan) losses of last Fair.

4 Roller coaster ride throws Margy into arms of Pat Gilbert (Dana Andrews), whose gay philosophy and casual air intrigue her.

Production: Dana and Dick cast one horrified glance in the direction of "Fair's" third leading man and threatened to go after him with a knife. Offending party was a haughty 800-pound porker named Blue Boy. No one could deny Blue Boy's right to be snooty. He was chosen from among nine prize winning hogs for an important role which Dana calls "more sympathetic than my own." Cast and crew had murder (*Continued on page 98*)

8 Marty (Wm. Marshall) accuses Wayne of taking bribes for Emily's sake. The Frakes return home subdued by experiences, until Margy discovers Pat has gone ahead to surprise her.

Mom Jaeckel, who's doing bit parts on her own now, had to promise to sign his Merchant Marine release papers before 17-year-old Dick would play in "A Wing And A Prayer."

Gable fought execs trying to hush-hush a lady's claim that he was her chee-ild's papa, again when he enlisted. Bob *likes* the gov't. getting 97% of his wages, but won't make movies while there are GIs to be entertained.

From the start, Betty made it clear that, No. 1 Pin-Up or not, if it ever became a toss-up between choosing ol' debbil career or her married happiness, Harry and Vicki would come first.

Bogey always knew his own mind—(Proof: Baby Bacall became Mrs. B. a year after they met!) so when the studio tried enforcing that "no-story okay" in his contract, "Uh-uh," he nixed. "Suspend me! On my boat I can live for free—"

"It takes Guts..."

Your stars will battle every time for their rights—to love, to have children, to soldier without benefit of camera.

BY HEDDA HOPPER

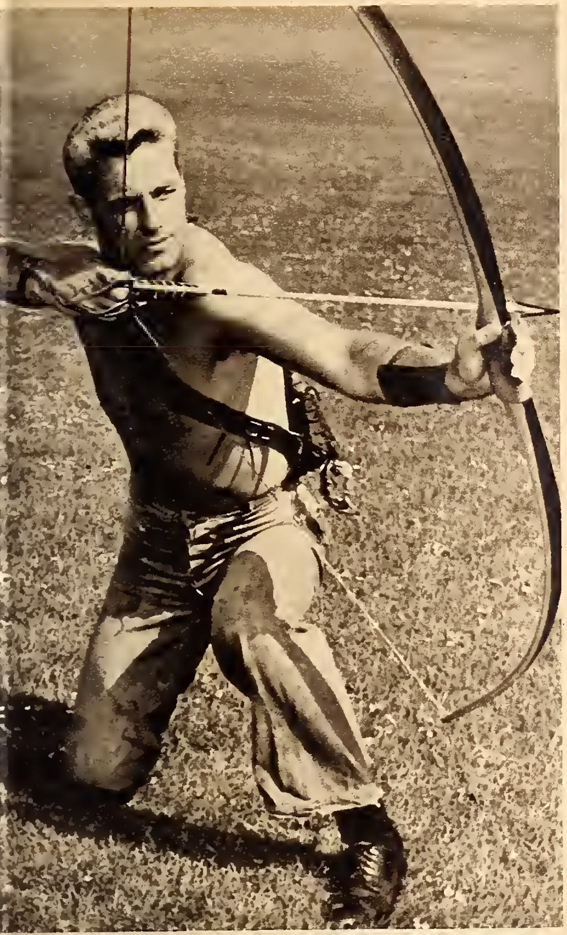
Para. never *told* her to pretty up her past for the mags, but when Betty Hutton Told All, they yelped. "And why shouldn't I?" she retorted. "If it's a sin to be poor, I didn't commit it—I was born that way . . ." (With Andy Russell in "Stork Club.")

■ You can have your parades, *I* love a fight. And spare me the cracks. I don't mean the Dorsey-Hall brand. And I don't mean the no-account squabbling that goes on here as it does everywhere else—only we bleat it from the housetops, while others have the sense to wash their dirty linen in the washer. The fight I love is the kind that carries a challenge, the kind that takes courage, that means staking your principles against material gain and standing by your colors though the heavens fall. This month I'm taking my hat off to some boys and girls who've shown that kind of courage.

Many have fought for better pictures. And don't let anyone tell you that's egotism pure and simple, for it's nothing of the sort. Sure, they're concerned for their careers, but give them credit for the brains to realize that you can't be good in a lousy story. And give them further credit for helping to raise the whole level of movie material. If they hadn't taken a stand—upheld the hands of our smarter directors and writers who scream for the same thing—we'd be ten years farther behind ourselves than we are.

Ann Sheridan's on suspension right now. In "King's Row," Annie proved she could act. They say she's a hey-hey kid and doesn't give a whoop in Hades about her career, but they're all wet. I've never seen a girl more radiant than Ann was after "King's Row." "Maybe now they'll let me come out from under the oomph." That was her last good role, but she played along—till they pranced up with another "Harvest Moon."

(*Continued on page 85*)



Guy's favorite actress is Ingrid Bergman "because she's so fresh and sincere looking." His second choice is Lana Turner, "because . . . you know why!"

by James Carson

That Guy Madison! Cigarettes choke him, likker bores him . . . and he never heard of Garbo!

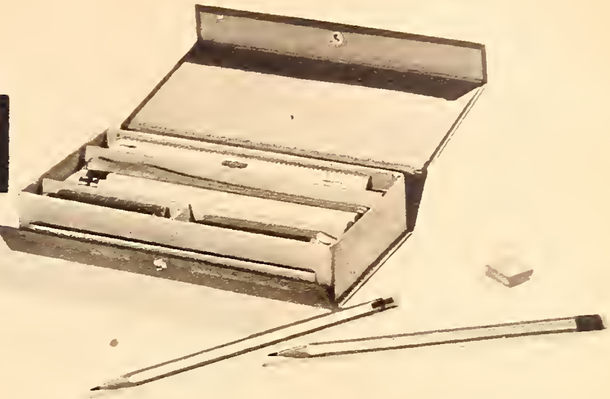
the TORSO

■ The sailors at San Diego's North Island beach stared up at the life guard tower and gave each other puzzled looks. Floating down from the 20-foot roost where Seaman Bob Mosely was on duty came strange garbled sounds that didn't make sense.

They sounded something like "How now, brown cow" and "the lazy red fox leaped over the farmer's fence." But the way the vowels rolled out was nothing human and the accent might have been Esperanto or ancient Sanskrit or something. It was out of this world. Every now and then the tower itself would shake and rattle with stompings and goings on.

The mob of sun tanned mates finally decided on action. They skinned up the ladder and peeped up at Bob's perch. There was this Greek god guy, Mosely, naked to his swim shorts, rippling his muscles around, frowning one minute and scowling the next. Making with a gesture here and a gesture there. Talking to himself, or to the wild waves or something. Before (*Continued on page 114*)

I REMEMBER ALAN



BY ISABEL GRAY as told to Ida Zeitlin

■ IT WAS opening day of the semester at North Hollywood High, and I was calling the roll of my ninth-grade class in English—

"Alan Ladd—"

A blonde boy answered. He was lean, but husky-looking. His manner was quiet. There was a steadiness I liked in the gray eyes that met mine for a moment . . .

Doesn't look like trouble to me, I thought, but you never can tell.

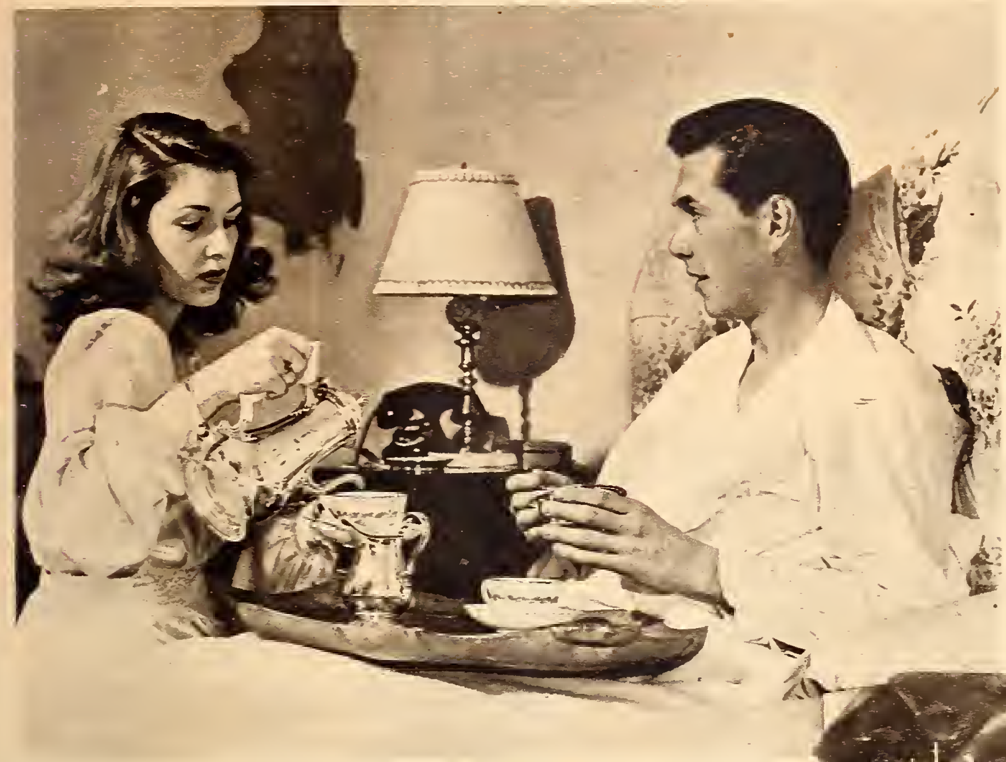
You know how youngsters get together and take their teachers apart? Well, don't think we teachers are any different. We go into the same kind of huddles over the children. Before ever setting eyes on Alan, I'd heard plenty about him. Among the boys, his reputation was that of a little scrapper. Even the bigger boys had a wholesome respect for him. They might try pushing him around once, but once was the limit. Being a good all-round athlete, he could handle his fists as well as he handled the rest of his body.

Some of the teachers were (*Continued on page 110*)

A letter from his teacher changed Laddie's whole life, and he never forgot the woman who wrote it.

High school kids lipsticked Alan's car with scribbles, some of them teasing. Tapper read, "If only you could sing like Frankie!" (That's Teacher Gray.)

Alan couldn't find new home, so he bought acreage instead. He'll put up swimming pool with bath house as temporary quarters for Sue and Alana.



Bob swings a mean golf club, but Natalie prefers the tennis courts, which he dislikes. Loves to whittle away at detailed wood-carving, a hobby acquired after hospital stay. Collects stamps, pet names for wife. She calls him Bobby.

Don't let the wrestling fool you . . . those Huttons are nuts about each other!

BY JEANNE KARR

■ Bob Hutton wears a wrist watch, inscribed in his wife's handwriting: "For my husband and most beloved—"

Natalie wears a ruby and diamond ring. Inside it says: "All my love all my life—"

These were their wedding gifts to each other.

"I have the advantage," Bob will tell you. "Nobody can read mine except me. Natalie writes a sensational hand—straight up-and-down—chic as all get out and completely illegible. When she makes out a check, the bank's never sure if it's for five dollars or five hundred—"

"That's the dreamer in me," Natalie explains. "That's why I married a practical man—"

They fell in love among the garbage cans. It happened like this.

They'd seen each other around at parties and stuff. She thought he was cute. He thought she was a knockout. That's as far as it went till Betty, Natalie's best friend, had a birthday.

"We'll have dinner at my house," planned Betty, "and go dancing later. How's if I ask Bob Hutton for you?"

Natalie said fine. Bob was working in "Destination Tokyo." Betty called him at Warners. Was he free such and such an evening? Well, how about so-on-and-so-forth and Natalie Thompson? Bob said fine. (*Continued on page 90*)

She's his "baby" now!

We were right there—with wedding bells on—when they got married, when "Baby" became Mrs. Bogart.

Malabar, the huge, sprawling home of world famous author Louis Bromfield (left), who has been Bogey's friend for over 20 years, was the wedding site.

Minutes before the ceremony, Lauren shared a glass of wine, "brushed up" on her wedding lines with Municipal Judge Herbert Schettler.

Photogs sensed a good shot here, asked L. to chose photogenic gobbler. Then she got so energetic, Bogey had to pursue *her*. Result: A terrific shot.

Resting with a reporter after her posing stint, Lauren remained cool, gay in her rose-beige suit complemented by a brown scarf, belt.

■ "Aren't you going to say 'hello?' " the golden girl asked.

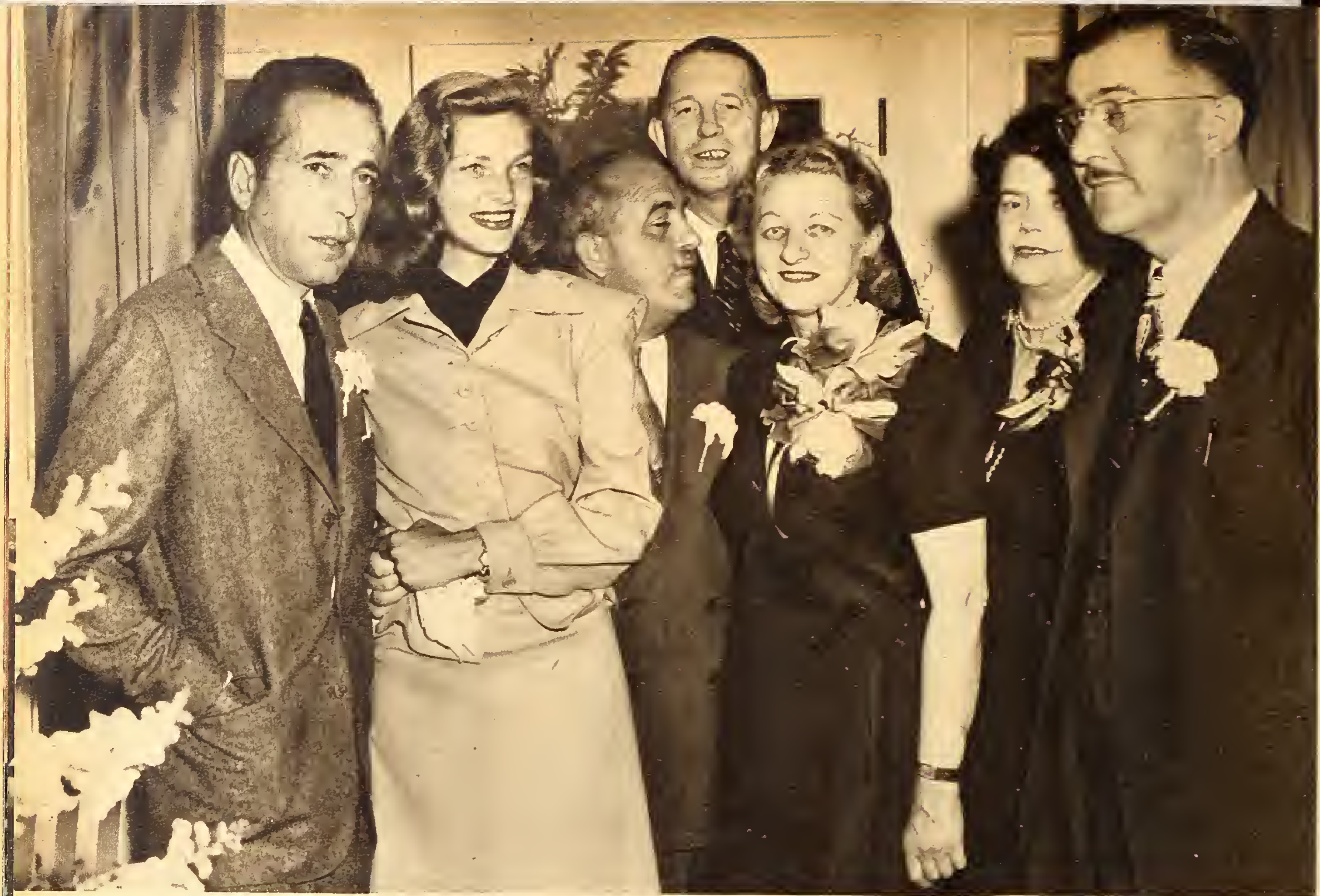
She came down the wide staircase, tawny hair swung back over the shoulders of her rose-beige suit, long legs shimmering in nylon hose, a bangle clinking on her wrist. She wore a pointed scarf of brown that matched the narrow brown belt and the sling-back, tall-heeled pumps. Her mouth was wide, and curled up at the corners, and her eyes slanted . . . a look . . . *The Look.* . . .

"I did say hello," he told her quietly, his voice deep and sure. It wasn't a bad stare that flashed from momentarily narrowed eyes across to her. He was tamed today, sleek and handsome in a grey suit, a white carnation at his lapel, a maroon tie setting off his dark face. He was

Their one lost "unmarried kiss" before the ceremony—Bogey deposited it on "Baby's" cheek.

"Ah-ho, our first disagreement!" Mr. and Mrs. Bogart couldn't decide on a cake-cutting technique but collaborated on the announcement of their "real" honeymoon. When: Within 10 weeks. Where: Destination undivulged!

By
Daphne
Alloway
McVicker



Gathering of the clan: Bogey, Lauren, George Hawkins (manager of Malabar, who gave the bride away), Louis Bromfield (of whom Bogey once said, "I couldn't marry unless Louis were best man. By the 3rd time, he'll be *good!*"), Mrs. Natalie Bacall (the bride's mother), Mrs. Bromfield, Judge S.

She's his "baby" now!

smiling and he looked very young. "I did say hello," he murmured, and she went over to him and leaned against his shoulder.

She was Lauren Bacall and he was Humphrey Bogart and this was their wedding day.

The sun shone brilliantly over the white buildings and green gardens of Malabar Farm. A great man built Malabar—a man whose books are known all over the world, the man who wrote "The Rains Came" and "Mrs. Parkington" and all the rest. Louis Bromfield and Humphrey have been friends for twenty years.

It seemed right to Humphrey to bring his lovely bride three thousand miles across the country to have their marriage ceremony performed in this bountiful home. They like homes, Bogey and little Betty Bacall. They have one waiting for them in (*Continued on page 107*)

Mansfield florist Charles Kafer pins a huge white "accolade" orchid on the bride, also supplied one, a dark purple cattleye, for her mother.

Sob sisters, leg men, columnists—they all tried "crashing" but from the start the huge doors were shut—and stayed shut! In order to offend no Bacall-Bogart-Bromfield friends, none but the hosts, their staff and immediate family were present at the ceremony.

"We've no homes like this in Calif.," they sighed. But Bogey's already built one in Kings Road where Lauren will rear her "large, soon" family.

Chatting with Judge Schettler, the almost-Bogarts appear pensive. Bogey seems to have the sun in his eyes, to have love in his eyes . . .

Disregarding the shekels piling up from comic book sales, radio and movie stints, Roy's m'g'r keeps him on an allowance which he upped to $25.00 per week—inflation! (Pa and kids Cheryl, left, Linda Lou.)

PISTOL PACKIN' PAPA

■ Roy's got 3 houses, 2 kids, a spur collection and his "Greetings" from Uncle Sam. And until he gets further word about this 1-A business, danged if he isn't going to enjoy them all! Wife Arlene's still the same melt-in-your-mouth lemon pie gal he married, still "Sis" to the Sons Of The Pioneers when they troop over for Sunday supper and poker, still going slightly loco trying to stay on top of a horse more'n two minutes! But that's no woe compared to her real grief: Roy's allergic—to Art! She stows paintings under the bed, symphonies in the trophy room, poetry in the pigeon lofts, but it's no use. He'll start reading or looking or listening and bingo! it's time for his third daily bath or Arlene's folks have ambled over to report on the chicken farm of his they're managing or baby Linda Lou's rumbling "dotta thee thircus hosses" in her two octaves lower than Bacall foghorn. But how can such a regular guy get going on Art when Time's so short . . .?

◀ The totem's a gift, the shirt's one of those $50 items. Mrs. R. likes hubby in denims but he won't oblige, says dull "civvies" would be unfair to you fans!

Triple-threat Ray can feed, dress and hairdo the ▶ gals and is currently perfecting a three-harmony job with them on "Smiles Are Made Of Sunshine."

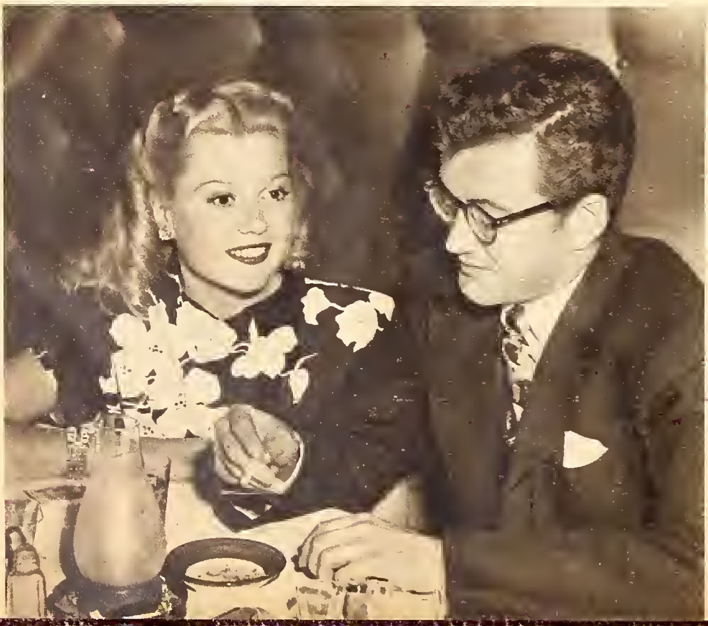
▼ Cheryl's her dad's shadow, even to daring mount Trigger during Ray's rehearsals. The kids' newest feat is learning bareback riding on their own ponies.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

Sinatra swoons! . . . Kaye doubles for Garson . . . Dick Jaeckel has close shave . . . Hutton weeps!

Clark at Command Performance with the one gal he coos to over the phone: sub-sub-deb O'Brien! Greer Garson plays role of librarian to Gable's merchant mariner in "Strange Adventure," his first movie as a civilian again.

Bob Walker at Ciro's with Suzi Crandall . . . her competition includes Florence Pritchett and Diana Lynn, but sh-h-h! his secret pash is Glo Vanderbilt Stokowski, though they've never met! (See "Highness and Bell Boy.")



■ Can you imagine, girls, sitting in a softly lighted room overlooking one of the most beautiful gardens in Bel Air, with the lights turned low and ditto on the music—with Frank Sinatra on one side of you and Van Johnson on the other?

I suppose if I had been in bobby sox I would have been more thrilled—but then, it wasn't bad company at any age, not bad at all.

We were at Mervyn Le Roy's party—one of the nicest of many that followed the V-E Day announcement. I had a long talk with Frankie, who was getting ready to go overseas and had taken his shots.

"The shots made me so sick," he told me, "that I SWOONED! The examining doctor said that that was one for the books!"

Sinatra was wearing the most amazing bow tie (even for him). It was gray and black, nonchalantly tied and hung very loosely. Van Johnson admired it so much that Frankie said he would send him one.

At that point my favorite doctor came up and said, "I wore bow ties before you were born, but since you started wearing them, all us old guys have been afraid of being accused of copying you. So I'm thinking of sending you all of *my* old bow ties."

At the same party Greer Garson and Danny Kaye had dinner together. Danny leaned over and whispered to me, "You know, Greer's mother thinks we look alike!" And with that—he smeared ice cream all over his face. Greer giggled and said, "Not the way you look tonight, dearie!" Greer was in great form and when she goes out for fun there is nobody who laughs more and enters into the spirit of things with greater gusto.

Someone accused Van Johnson of putting on weight so I took a good look at him. He does look fatter, it's true, and I must say that boy has a good appetite. In fact, I marveled when I saw him at the buffet table. Now, Van—you gotta start watching those calories. You're too popular to get fat.

(If you don't think he is popular you should have seen the avalanche of mail I received when I nominated Clark Gable as the greatest lover on the screen. Van, I think, is a little young to come under that category so I'm not apologizing to any of (*Continued on page 60*)

It's
Gala-Gala
with
Girls,
Gaiety
and that
Goldwyn
Glamour!

Samuel Goldwyn
presents

Danny Kaye

in

"WONDER MAN"

In Technicolor
with
VIRGINIA MAYO
VERA-ELLEN
DONALD WOODS
S. Z. SAKALL
Allen Jenkins · Edward Brophy
Otto Kruger · Steve Cochran
Virginia Gilmore and
THE GOLDWYN GIRLS
Directed by Bruce Humberstone
Screen Play by Don Hartman · Melville Shavelson and Philip Rapp
Released through RKO RADIO PICTURES INC.

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

At Mocombo, Gail Russell ("Our Hearts Are Growing Up") giggles with Peter Lawford. Pete toured Army camps in "Kiss And Tell"; once portrayed 2 characters, which parts luckily never met onstage!

Maria Montez snuggles up to hubby Pierre Aumont, during his brief furlough. Lt. Aumont, overseas now, arranged an exhibition in San Fran., showing cooperation between U. S. and France.

the Johnson faithfuls—but give him time.)

* * *

I love the letter from Red Skelton to a Hollywood pal about his trip overseas. Writes Red: "The food was good, as food aboard ship goes—and as food aboard ship goes, mine *went!* I was so sick my watch turned green!"

* * *

Just before he went into the Army, Turhan Bey had his last date with Lana Turner. Lana never carries change and, as usual, she had to borrow five cents from the boy friend to make a telephone call. She says she must owe him hundreds of dollars in nickels.

Cracked Turhan, "It's just part of my campaign to make you Love, Honor and O-Bey, darling!"

* * *

There's not a girl in Hollywood who cares less about queening it than Alice Faye. She reported back to work on the 20th lot after two years' absence and gave up her former dazzling all-white dressing room in favor of Warner Baxter's old studio quarters.

"I like it better because it has a real kitchen and I want the children to lunch with me often," Alice said.

She looks luscious. She was wearing just a simple pink sports dress with a (*Continued on page 62*)

Ice Capades attract Dick Powell and June Allyson. She's an Andy Russell fan, drags Dick along to hear him sing! Still writes to GIs she met on hospital tour.

b “buff” walls—typical of dormitory rooms—didn't daunt Lee Sheridan, of Goucher, or Betty Button, her Washington visitor! In minutes, these two members o
s College Board arranged this cheerful room with colorful Bates *“Boutonniere”* bedspreads and matching draperies. *“Boutonniere”* comes in blue, rose, or green

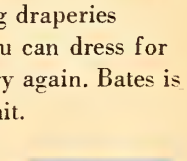
Dismal Dormitory?.. Not Today!

“One look at the room that was my freshman fate and my spirits took a nose-dive,” say most college girls! But you don't have to put up with the grim look of bare walls... the crying need for color! Not if you know about Bates bedspreads and matching draperies. You'll dote on the dreamy Bates patterns... the high-keyed, spirited colors. And the bedspreads are muss-proof, easy to launder... do away with the need for a “no parking” sign on your bed. The matching draperies come pinch-pleated, ready to hang... go up in less time than you can dress for an eight-o'clock class! If you can't find the spread you want... try again. Bates is supplying your favorite store as fast as wartime limitations permit.

BATES FABRICS, INC., 80 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13

BATES' COLLEGE BOARD PICKS “BUSTLERS” as a coming campus fashion. Made of Bates' Sun-Country Cottons, they'll be pert and pretty for class, for lab, or when you're throwing a tea for the gang. Trust Bates, whose designers are noted for bright ideas in fashion as well as home furnishings, to come up with a honey like this! They'll be made the minute fabrics are available.

Bates BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES



COPYRIGHT 1945, BY BATES FABRICS, INC.

Funny faces by Kaye and Sinatra. In Danny's new picture, "Wonder Man," he plays twins of opposite temperaments; talks Chinese, sings in Russian, dances à la Balinese!

LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

black velvet band tied around her throat and another holding her hair back. Alice wears very little makeup these days, too. But her four years of marriage with Phil Harris have put the mark of "happiness" on her and that's the best beautifier in the world.

I have to tell you how I got the "scoop" on Humphrey Bogart's real marriage date to Lauren Bacall. I had called Bogey at the studio and asked him when it was.

"Listen, Louella," he said, "you probably know more about it than I do. When does Mayo (the former Mrs. B.) get her divorce?"

I told him it would probably be the following day.

"All right," he said, "now you call Jack Warner and tell him that because he has promised me a week off to get married when I am free."

So I called Jack, told him what I knew about the date of Bogey's freedom, and the boss said, "Hmmmm—let's see. Guess I can give him next week off 'The Two Mrs. Carrolls' to go back to Ohio and get married at Louis Bromfield's farm."

Then I called Bogey and told him he would be able to get married around May 20th or 23rd. (*Continued on page 64*)

Walter Pidgeon (that's Mrs. P.) is never happier than when he's working with Greer Garson, even if she caps the glory!

See Shirley Temple's dad? She's alienating Hays office with pretty torrid love scenes in "Kiss And Tell." Swank school she attends objected to publicity received! Plans to head east and discuss legitimate stage role with George Abbott.

-pretty proof that any girl is lovelier with Solitair

You don't need a make-up expert—or a big beauty budget with Solitair. For Solitair is quick and easy to use, inexpensive, gives *any* girl a satiny complexion. Featherweight and lanolin-rich, it helps guard against dryness, looks natural—not "made-up," helps cover tiny blemishes for hours. Try Solitair—be another pretty proof that all the beautiful girls aren't in Hollywood.

New $1.00 Plastic Compact with complimentary DuPont sponge

Dorothy Dodge—
typical American girl
works at Army Ordnance,
St. Louis—married to
Captain Robert Dodge, Jr.,
now in Italy.

Also available in 60¢ and 25¢ Compacts

Solitair

CAKE MAKE-UP WITH LANOLIN

A CAMPANA PRODUCT

AUTOGRAPHS!

Bell bottom trousers, suits of navy blue; you get an autograph and help his family, too! Yep, the quarter you send us for any autograph selected from the list below, goes to the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND, that wonderful organization which keeps an eye on your sailor's family while he's away on the briny blue. Special rates for thrifty souls: Five autographs for a dollar! Step up the gangplank!

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Dana Andrews
Lois Andrews

Lauren Bacall
Jane Ball
Lucille Ball
Jess Barker
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Julie Bishop
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Marguerite Chapman
Dane Clark
Claudette Colbert
Nancy Coleman
Ronald Colman
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Stephen Crane
Joan Crawford
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Ted Donaldson
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Dunne
Irene Dunne
Jimmy Durante

Nelson Eddy
William Eythe

Jinx Falkenburg
Alice Faye
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Errol Flynn

Clark Gable
Ava Gardner
John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson

Jon Hall
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Sonja Henie
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Skippy Homeier
Bob Hope
Lena Horne
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson

Jennifer Jones
Arline Judge

Danny Kaye
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Peter Lawford
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Fred MacMurray
Lon McCallister
Joel McCrea
Roddy McDowall
Fibber McGee & Molly
Dorothy McGuire
Alan Marshal
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Carmen Miranda
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Tom Neal
Lloyd Nolan

Merle Oberon
Edmund O'Brien
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Kevin O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power
Vincent Price

Frances Rafferty
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Walter Reed
George Reeves
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Gail Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Phillip Terry
Gene Tierney
Phyllis Thaxter
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

Enclosed please find 25c in ☐ stamps ☐ paper-wrapped coin, for an NAA card autographed by

....

....

....

I understand I am to enclose 25c for each additional autograph I request but that only $1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is ....

I live at ....

City ....

State ....

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

"Okay," said the one and only Bogart, "you've got your date now. Split the difference and make it May 21st."

* * *

Lana Turner's two year old cherub, Cheryl Crane, is rapidly becoming a Pin-Up Girl on her own. Ran into Lana shopping the other day and she told me proudly that her baby gets more G.I. mail than she does.

"She received the cutest pair of white doeskin boots from Alaska," Lana said, "and they fit just perfectly. Seems that 'baby is getting shoes now'—but Mama has run out of stamps!"

* * *

Whoops! The hair-dos the girls are going in for! They are certainly fantastic.

Maria Montez came to Lady Mendl's party with her hair in a sort of up-sweep windblown effect. I know that sounds funny—but on her it looked good. I've never seen anything like it before.

I believe it was Norma Shearer who started the coronet fashion—braids wound on top of the head like a small crown.

Cole Porter was the guest of honor at Lady Mendl's and it was a very gala affair. The hostess wore a beautiful gown she had saved for just the occasion of V-E day celebrating. There was a spirit of gaiety that I haven't noticed at a Hollywood party since the war started.

Cary Grant was one of the first to arrive. I talked with him a long time and he seemed to be having more fun than usual. He has been attending a lot of parties recently but not once have I seen him with Betty Hensel, the girl he is supposed to marry when Barbara Hutton gives him his freedom. Maybe that's cold. I know Phil Reed, who was Barbara Hutton's devoted escort, was at the races without her. One thing is sure—it's never safe in Hollywood to bet on the outcome of any romance. People change their minds—and hearts—too often.

* * *

I've never known a girl to take even the slightest vestige of criticism as hard as Betty Hutton. When it was just hinted that Betty had feuded with her director on "Stork Club" and had walked off the set, she cried her eyes out denying it.

"I'm a working girl," she told me. "I've never walked off a set in my life. I might argue a point with someone—but I don't do any front-office politics behind someone's back."

* * *

Vignette on Betty Grable: She likes onions and will even go for garlic if everybody else does. . . . When she was a little girl she liked to have people call her by her middle name, "Ruth." Now she hates it. . . . She has never had a secretary and she banks her own checks without advice of a manager. . . . You know how she looks in a decollette evening gown, but how she hates to put one on for private wear! . . . She calls Harry James "Jamsie" and they love to play poker. . . . She seldom wears the same color lipstick twice, but experiments every time she makes up her face. . . . Her favorite nightgown is purple but she doesn't like vivid colors in household furnishings. Her own bedroom is almost as pastel as baby Victoria Elizabeth James' nursery.

* * *

Certainly was a terrible thing that happened to little Ann Blyth. She had a serious accident skiing, resulting in such a bad injury to her back that she may not be able to work for months.

* * *

Jean Pierre Aumont was here with the French delegates to the San Francisco conference, making his bride Maria Montez very happy, you can bet. Maria was walking around on the clouds so verreeee happeeee that she didn't even mind being suspended by Universal for not making a Western movie.

* * *

Another short visitor (I mean his visit was short) was Richard Jaeckel who blew home from the Merchant Marines to see his attractive mother. Dick stayed pretty close to home. His head was shaved when his boat crossed the equator—an old Navy custom—and he felt so self-conscious he didn't want to see any of his friends.

* * *

Made me sad to pass the former home of poor little Lupe Velez and see a big "For Sale" sign on the lawn. Lupe really loved that home where she started—and ended—her career and her life.

* * *

Yes, it is true—Nora Eddington (Mrs. Errol Flynn) has made a test for a movie and when the strike is over she should be launched on an acting career. Why not? She is an extremely pretty girl and photographs like a million. Her debut will probably be with Jennifer Jones in "Duel In The Sun"—when and if that picture picks up again.

* * *

That cute little guy, Barry Fitzgerald, has a silhouette of an Oscar painted on his dressing room door at Paramount. Says that everytime he steps through the door he's reminded of what a lucky man he is. Luck? I call it talent—and lots of it.

* * *

Sometimes Hollywood isn't as "hep" as it thinks. I mean, nobody imagined that Helmut Dantine would pull a Frank Sinatra and have the gals swooning in the aisles when he made personals in New York, but that is exactly what happened. Helmut, a very moody young man out here, certainly didn't seem to be the type to knock 'em cold. But he dood it.

* * *

Some time ago Victor Mature and I had a little fracas. But you can't stay mad at a good looking guy in uniform and the last time Vic visited Hollywood we "made up."

The Coast Guard experience and service has certainly worked wonders in his appearance. No longer does he look like a "pretty boy." He's hardened and toughened and better looking than ever.

Vic was at the Mocambo with Buff-Cobb, pretty granddaughter of the late Irvin Cobb. When I asked him if he was going to marry her he said, "I *like* the girl. How can I ask her to marry me?" Same old Vic.

Oh, what a Beautiful Moment!

When You are a Bundle of Sweetness Crushed in His Hungry Arms

Your man has been feeding on dreams of you . . . so when he comes home, let nothing mar the wild, glad joy of your meeting! Be lovely . . . be sweet . . . yes, sweet all over with the alluring fragrance of these flower-blended talcs. Wear romantic Lilacs and Roses Talc as a token of surrender to his flaming tenderness. Or tease and tempt his heart with Spicy Apple Blossom—the fragrance that says *yes* and *no* with such maddening invitation!

LANDER'S TALCS

10¢ EACH

Bring home one of these glamorous talcs from your 10c store today.

PINK DELIGHT—the New, *Singing* Color that's exciting as love, itself, upon your lips! This glorious shade is the very latest creation in Dorothy Reed Lipstick. Made with Cream-Seal base so the color stays and stays. It's the rage with smart women everywhere! Jumbo size, swivel case—sensationally priced at only 25c. Insist on getting *Pink Delight* at your favorite 10c store. You'll love it!

Dorothy Reed

COSMETIC STYLISTS
Fifth Avenue New York

...Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

BY WORD OF MOUTH

■ Greetings to the "Beauty Bunch." The order of the day for all you MODERN SCREEN-ers is this: Wanted, one smile, sunnyside up! But don't smile at me. I'm too busy pecking out beauty news on my old typewriter. The idea is to smile at yourself. In the nearest mirror.

Like what you see? Do your teeth gleam with a four-star gleam? Let's hope so. For that's terrifically important. Smudged, crooked or chipped teeth send your beauty rating down, down and down. And though I shudder as I write it, there's the matter of unpleasant breath. Let's all face it. Unpleasant breath puts a girl in the dog house.

The Hollywood gang knows the importance of smile insurance. Dentifrice is valued above lipstick. And this could be a fairy tale . . . but I've heard of a starlet who broke a date with Van Johnson to keep one with the dentist. She wasn't going to miss her six-monthly check-up and, once broken, it's sometimes hard to make another dental appointment. The reason for all this care ties in with that old slogan of mine . . . beauty needs a healthy basis. Unblemished skin teams best with your make-up; sparkling, well rested eyes are the ones that live up to the glamor of mascara . . . and pearly teeth are the contrast needed for your rosy lipstick.

You'd like to invest in some smile insurance? Then use

Glamor girl Esther Williams of M-G-M knows the importance of tooth brushing for beauty.

A good mouth rinse, says she, is important no end for that fresh feeling.

The happy result of such care is a very happy smile! Begin today to follow her example.

your dentifrice regularly. It can be powder, paste or a liquid. Important thing is to use your pet dentifrice at morning, night and after lunch, if at all possible. By the bye, some gals say they can understand the night and after meal workouts, but what gives with this morning business! Yes, it's true that you settled down to dreaming with newly scrubbed molars. You've eaten nothing during the night. But remember that your body doesn't go into retirement while you sleep. Waste matter is thrown off . . . and this is attacked by your morning brushing. You face the day with a fresh mouth.

Each time it's used, a brush should be dry and firm as the state of Vermont. It's ideal to have two brushes and alternate them in use. When possible, hang them in a clean, airy spot rather than in a stuffy cupboard. And, please, not just a couple of licks and a promise for your brushing. Clean both uppers and lowers, inside and out. Clean about three or four teeth at a time and then move on to the next group. Hold your brush at a slant and always sweep away from the gums. Your dentist will okay this system because it helps prevent receding gums. Occasionally try brushing your tongue. It often catches tiny food particles which need to be gently scraped off. If left on the tongue, they may decay and help cause bad breath (that villain!).

At this point you're not quite ready to put the cap back on your dentifrice. Instead, take a little on your fingertips and massage your gums. Pretend you're pressing the insides and outsides together. With one finger on each side, squeeze hard and draw little circles. The friction will give your mouth a glorious feeling of exhilaration.

Dental floss is grand for scouting out food particles that escape your brush. I like to use it for the final bedtime cleansing. Then there's no doubt about it . . . the mouth is free of all excess baggage. Hold floss taut and be gentle about the whole process. You really don't want to cut your gums, only to clean your teeth!

Mouth washes, gargles and rinses help your mouth to feel the way a bunch of daisies look. Persistently unpleasant breath can result (*Continued on page 71*)

new Film-Finish Powder

Loveliest-ever shades...finest-ever texture for that Hollywood "finish"

MARIA MONTEZ, star of Universal's Technicolor production, **"SUDAN"**. Woodbury SUN PEACH is sun-kissed radiance for Maria's dark skin . . . summer-long magic for *your* sun-lighted skin.

The magnificent Montez...the One-Woman Dominican Invasion uses new Woodbury Film-Finish Powder as her glamour accent. It can help *you* look as she looks on the screen! 5-stage blending produces *nicest-ever shades, smoothest-ever texture!* Never clogs, cakes, turns pasty. Fluff on some tonight and start invading *his* heart! 8 star shades.

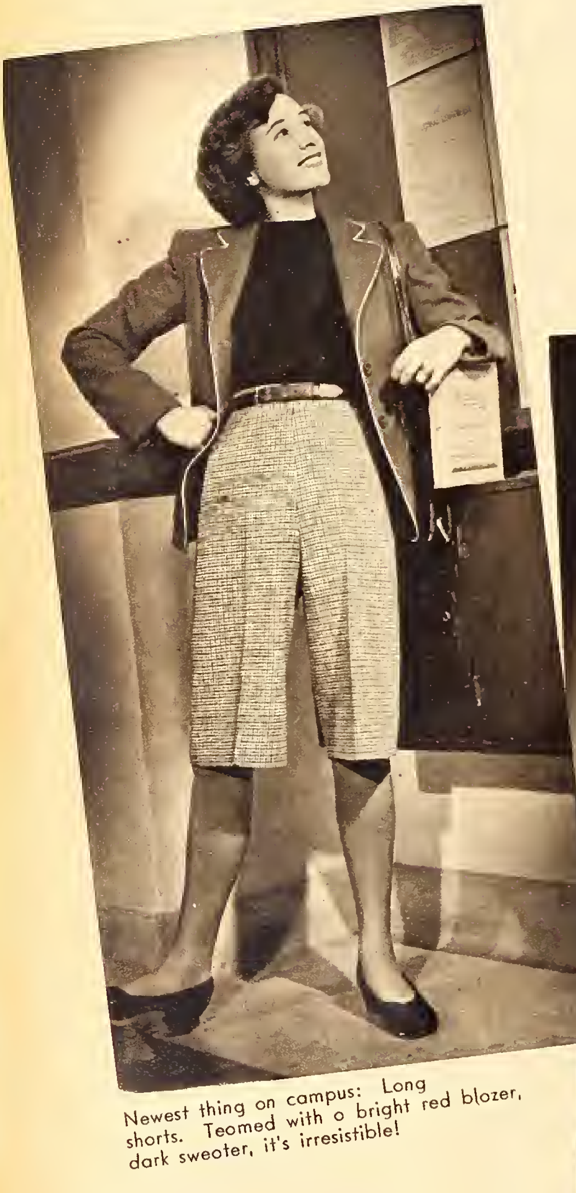
SUMMERTIME MATCHED MAKE-UP $1. Matching lipstick and rouge at no extra cost with the big box of Woodbury Powder in your summer-success shade. All Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.

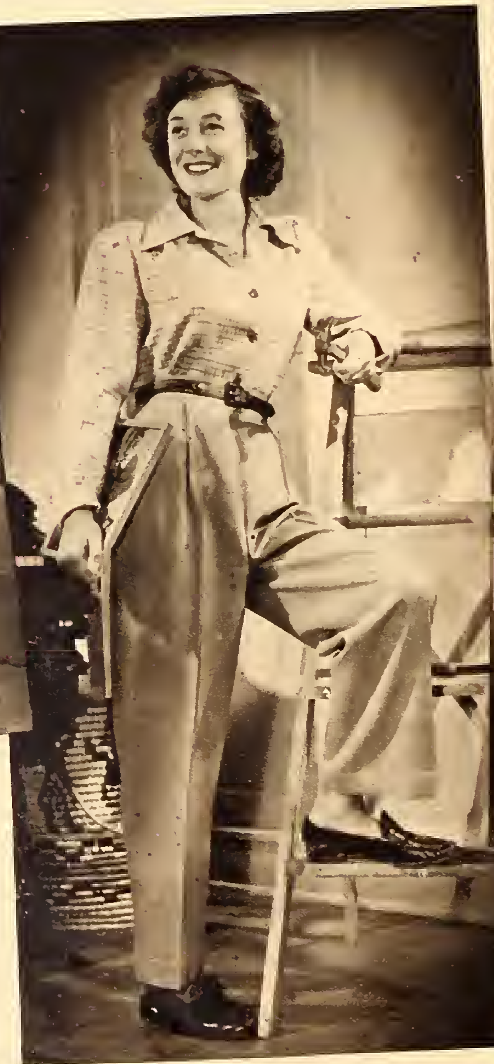
Woodbury Film Finish Powder

modern screen's fashion guide

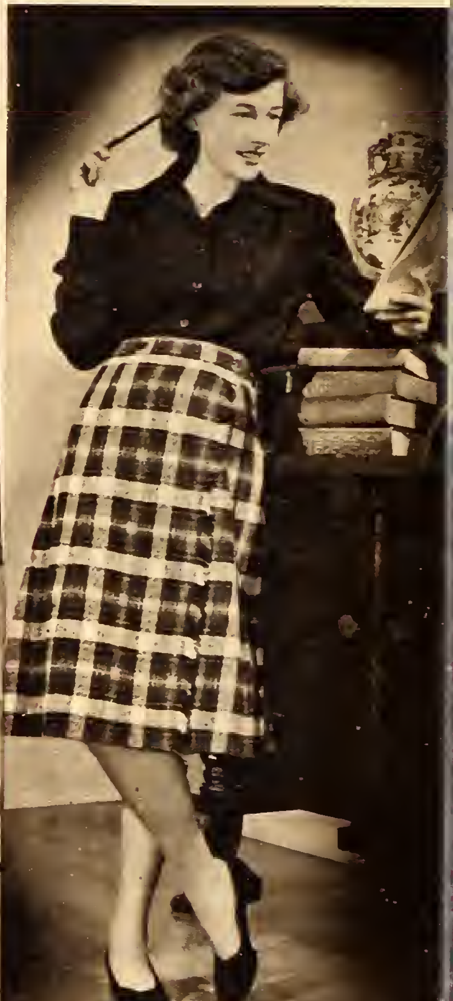
Not a minute too soon to collect wonderful back-to-school sport clothes. Our money's on these—worn for you by Phyllis Thaxter



Newest thing on campus: Long shorts. Teamed with a bright red blazer, dark sweater, it's irresistible!

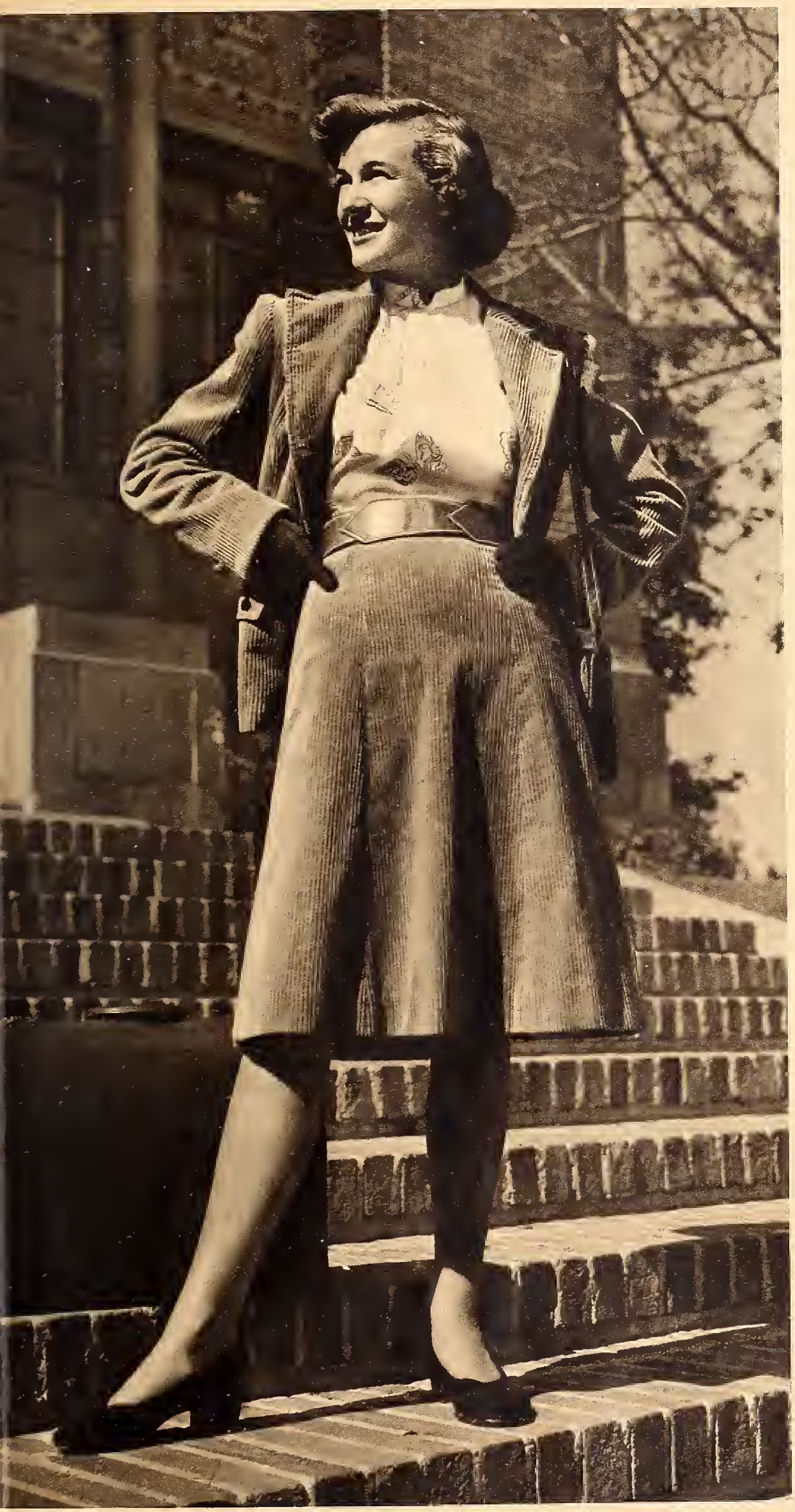


Tailored look on campus: Wool gabardine slacks, man-tailored shirt, narrow leather belt. The guys will approve!



Neatest look on campus: Black shirt with a bright plaid kiltie skirt. Swell from classes to coke-date!

By Jean Kinkead & Toussia Pines



Prettiest look on campus: This tailored but feminine suit of corduroy. With a sweater, it goes seriously to class. With a sissy blouse—it's date-bait!

■ With two-and-a-half more months of hot, hot weather dead ahead, to look at a wool skirt or a red blazer is almost to swoon. Better drag out the smelling salts, pets, 'cause it's not a day too soon to start collecting your fall finery. Right now is the time to pick up a suit, an odd jacket, a good sweater. Right now, while the selection is wide, while you've got time to browse through the stores.

Us, we've browsed already, and we've really come up with some honeys. We want you to know that in choosing them we had *you* in our minds and—if you can stand some corn—in our hearts. You, our wonderful bunch of kids who are fast becoming the best-dressed gals around. There are back-to-school clothes, back-to-work clothes, clothes for a GI's bride, clothes for a busy little mom, and when we tell you that they are all from the superb fashion house of Korday, you will know that they are *good* clothes, beautifully designed, beautifully made. That is our lesson for this month: In sport clothes, above all, get good clothes. The very best you can afford. You won't need to replace them often, and you won't need many if you buy them wisely, matching and contrasting colors and fabrics skilfully.

Pedalpusher: For biking to market or to Math class—no hands for a country honeymoon with that beautiful ex-sergeant, we give you this colorful, irresistible trio. The good looking blazer is fire engine red piped with white. Carefully tailored, it has that casual, expensive look that is the Korday trademark. Handsomely detailed, the buttonholes and piping look positively hand-stitched. Copy the college boys and button the top two buttons, or wear it flying open to show off your smooth black shetland sweater—a short sleeved Tishu-Knit classic. The "pedal-pushers" (darling knee-length shorts that provide freedom and *fun!*) are all wool in a smart

Sunny's Washday ABC's

"The class will come to order, please,"
Says Sunny to her scholars.
"Today we'll learn how Linit starch
Will save you time and dollars.

Now watch me, children, while I wash
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You'll see how cotton, Linit starched,
Looks like a linen dress.

To half a cup of water, cold,
Add half a cup of Linit
And then two quarts of water, hot,
Is just enough to thin it.

Shirts and sheets and curtains, too,
When starched the Linit way,
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grey-green-and-white houndstooth check. Zippered of placket, slick of fit, their good clean lines make them flattering even to the gals on whom a pair of *short* shorts is a minor catastrophe. Prices: Blazer about $15. Pedalpushers about $9. Sweater about $4. Belt by Criterion.

Slick slacks: Find a pair of slacks that the guys approve of, and you've got something. Which is why we're so proud of ourselves for uncovering these magnificent beige wool gabardine jobs. These get the nod—not to mention the old eye—from the boys. The Korday tailoring is what sets them apart, makes 'em slick where run-of-the-mill ones are slack, makes 'em flatten you where most slacks fatten you. To work in, to play in, to loaf in, these are your babies. Wear them with our beige shirt in Crown-Tested washable "Tattertooth," a kitten soft fabric in a tiny check. To accentuate that ring-size waistline, add a narrow brown calfskin belt by Criterion. Prices: Shirt about $5. Slacks about $11.

Lassie: Brighten up the Chem lab, the office, or your own cozy fireside in our pet shirt 'n' skirt combination. Smart as a quiz kid, flattering as your first corsage, it's an outfit you'll take to your heart. The black shirt of soft, soft Arlingcrest flannel is man-tailored, with hard-to-find two button cuffs, an easy fitting action back. The all-wool kiltie skirt in a soft red-green-black-and-white plaid is cut along generous, practically pre-war lines. We love the trimming of fringe, you'll love the look in his eye the first time he sees it. Nope, *every* time he sees it. Shirt and skirt about $8 each.

Wonder suit: This angel of a suit is at home in the world. It's sophisticated enough for a junior executive, naive enough for an Andy Russell fan. It is all things to all gals—which is a lot of suit, don't you think? It comes in a warm pussywillow gray in Merrimac Cordwale, and it is cut as only Korday can cut a suit. Soft natural shoulders, nipped-in waist, six-gored skirt. None of the earmarks of a good suit have been by-passed: viz. the carefully sewed-in lining, the stunning leather ball buttons, the flat, well-turned lapels and the zippered placket. It's a suit your man will love, one you'll live in this year and next year and the one after that. Prices: Jacket about $11. Skirt about $6. The darling Mandarin collared blouse is by Vicki Lynn—it's a butterfly print and its tiny price is about $3. Stunning red belt by Criterion.

All the fashion pages we've ever done for you have been fun, but this month's was a hunk of heaven, because everything we found was so impossibly perfect. No reprocessed wools, or buttoned plackets or skimpy wartime jackets. Everything the Korday people showed us had a million-dollar look about it. We hope they give you the same sort of thrill.

* * *

If you want to know where the clothes can be bought, what sizes and colors are available, just write and ask us. We're as eager to spread the word as you are to get it. And kids, thank you for all the magnificent mail. Keep it coming to. Fashion Adviser, MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York City 16.*

AUTOGRAPHS!

Help build the NAA welfare fund for our sailors and marines by sending quarters for autographs. And if you want to know how to get one for free, scurry to page 64.

BY WORD OF MOUTH

(*Continued from page 67*)

from many causes (sinus trouble, for instance) and only a doctor can say which. But the average girl—that's most of us—can insure protection by using mouth wash after every brushing. Follow directions, throw your head back and swish the mouth wash vigorously. Mouth wash will help check the kind of halitosis which originates from decomposing food particles, heavy smoking, sharp food odors and other local causes. Many dentists will tell you that nine-tenths of all offensive breath come from these sources.

Those who spend their time counting such things, say that the average man has ten decaying teeth, while the average female is one up on him with eleven cavities—the sad result of "soft" living. It's not your dentifrice's job to plug up these pesky holes, so visit your dentist regularly. He can straighten teeth that are out of alignment. Over too small or crooked teeth, he can fit jackets that look like nature's own product. The better your acquaintance with the dentist, the more dazzling your smile. In fact, I'm so convinced of this that I've just taken time out to call the dentist for a Monday appointment.

Remember a while back, I talked about health? Here are some food facts. An exclusive diet of chocolate eclairs and potato chips will not only blur your silhouette, it will dim your smile. What you eat is vitally important to the health and beauty of your teeth. Dishes that contain calcium, phosphorus and vitamins are wonderful in building healthy chewers. Star these on your menus; milk, eggs, butter, cheese, green vegetables, fruits, whole grain breads and cereals.

Before saying "Goodbye" until next month (when the talk will be of smooth hands and glistening fingertips), there's one more thought I want to leave with you. When your friends say you're pretty as a picture, I hope they mean a talking picture! Don't let "dese, dem and dose" fall from your pretty mouth. Drag down a dictionary to check pronunciation. Don't say mean things about friends and not expect them to travel back to their ears. Don't sass Mom, the teacher or boss—a soft answer is better than woeful wrath! Let your smile be quick and often . . . you can be proud of it.

* * * *

Now that I've answered all your mail from last month, I'm rolling up my sleeves to attack this month's batch. Incidentally, do try to send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Any and all queries on beauty are welcome. Write Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

DO YOU NEED MONEY?

Nope, we're not sounding off for a finance company, and the only rate of interest we care about is your interest in MODERN SCREEN. But we thought you might crave an easy way of lining your pockets (that's five dollars' worth of lining!) It's all so simple: Just write to the I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., and tell us what happened when you met a real, live star right in the flesh! If your story is clearly written and makes us feel just as if we'd been there, we'll send you five dollars faster than you can say "MODERN SCREEN!"

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PENNIES FROM HEAVEN

(*Continued from page 41*)

to be a lawyer because of his breezy talk talent and fast mind. But he also sang wherever he went and after athletics, what fascinated him most was the early jazz music he heard on the victrola.

Around Spokane Bing gained an early rep with the Musicaladers, a pick-up band of jazz-happy kids like himself. When it broke up, Al Rinker and Bing worked up a duo singing act and finally left Gonzaga and Spokane to follow their hearts—and the trail led south to Hollywood. Their snappy, jazzy hot-lick tunes booked them right away on stage show tours of California movie houses, which turned into larks and binges strewn with wild oats. But even folly couldn't stymie Bing Crosby's date with fate. Paul Whiteman, his boyhood idol, caught their "Two Boys and a Piano" act at a small San Francisco theater and again in Los Angeles. He asked them to travel East to New York with his band as a novelty act. Bing and Al couldn't believe their luck. New York! The Big Time! Broadway! Bing wrote the big news to his folks back home in Spokane. "I'm going to settle down and make good now," he promised. But his pearly teeth were just clicking. He would make good, all right, with his razz-ma-tazz tunes because he was Bing Crosby and he couldn't help it. But he wouldn't settle down and sober up and beam his golden gift of song on the world—not yet. Bing was in his early twenties when he left the Coast for the East, but he still had a lot of growing up to do before he became the Bing Crosby that the world knows today and loves.

To Continue:

A few months ago Paul Whiteman wanted to book the Rhythm Boys on his Radio Hall of Fame anniversary show, just as they'd been back in the 1920's when he was the King of Jazz. He rounded up Al Rinker and Harry Barris, who happened to be in Manhattan at the time. Bing Crosby flew from Hollywood to New York. They met in a Radio City rehearsal studio, with the rest of the show. Close to twenty years had slipped by since the trio huddled around the little piano and shouted out their rhythms. Plenty had happened to all three of them since then—particularly Bing.

"Boys," said "Fatha" Whiteman cautiously. "Think you can work up something a little like you used to beat out? You'll have a day or two to rehearse."

Bing tipped back his hat and frowned indignantly. "What do you mean, 'a little like'—why not the *same* act?"

"Rehearse?" put in Al Rinker. "Why rehearse?"

"Got a piano?" Harry Barris asked. They rolled one out. Bing borrowed a cymbal and stick from the drummer. Harry twirled up the stool and Bing and Al leaned on the upright. "Let's go," said Bing. "Uh-*one*—uh-two!"

They leaped into "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue." Nobody fuzzed a break or a harmony run. They booped, slapped and panted through "The Bluebirds and the Blackbirds." Still not a ragged riff. They wound up with their own wowing masterpiece, "Mississippi Mud." It was in the groove, all the way down to the last, steamy, expiring, "P-s-s-s-s-h-h-h-h-h!"

In spite of Bing's notoriously sketchy memory it would be hard for one of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys to forget a line of those ancient senders, for before the Rhythm Boys were born, it was just "Crosby and Rinker" introduced by Maestro Paul as "a couple of kids I picked up in a Walla Walla ice cream parlor." Paul used Walla Walla instead of Spokane because it sounded funnier. Bing and Al drew $150 a week apiece. They opened with Whiteman at the Tivoli Theater on the South Side of Chicago in snappy blue jackets with shiny brass buttons, cream flannels and, of course, bow ties. Bing put slickum on his corn colored hair and stage makeup. He was pretty cute.

Opening night he and Al dummied in the band, Al strumming a guitar without any strings and Bing pretending to puff into a huge tuba horn. When their cue came, they hopped up and over to a tiny white piano, center stage, and went right into their songs. Chicago jazz hounds yelled and whistled. They loved it.

It was the same in Cleveland and Detroit. In St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis—wherever Paul Whiteman took them on his Midwest tour on his way back East. Bing penned his triumphs back home. The idea was "look out Broadway!"

Bing was cocky that opening night at Broadway's Paramount Theater. He'd been forgetting he was just a rustic kid from the raw West. The applause had made him think he was some punkins. He forgot that all along Pops Whiteman had been easing him in as a curbstone cowboy from Walla Walla, wisely softening up the audience to get ready for a laugh. Because Crosby and Rinker weren't music—not then. They were comedy—actually a double burlesque of juvenile jazz.

As usual, Bing and Al gave the big event little mind. They'd hauled freight into New York four days before the show opened and, true to form, had spent those four days—and the four nights as well—seeing the big town. They tried to see how many speakeasies they could crash and how many Harlem hot spots they could close.

flop in new york . . .

The Paramount was crammed to the eaves for Whiteman's opening. The crowd loved the King of Jazz. But New York's the Big League of show business and a tough audience with a stubborn "show me" complex built for a Missouri mule.

So when "Pops" pulled his Walla Walla line and the Big Noises from Spokane pranced up to their places in the trick blue spotlights and their trick blue outfits, there was a dead, expectant silence.

When they finished their act there was the same silence broken, maybe by a trickle of weak applause. Both were stunned. They didn't get it.

After 3 shows they caught on—Broadway just wasn't having any of Walla Walla. After the last show, Father Whiteman beckoned them into his dressing room.

"Oh, oh," said Bing, "back to the pickle works."

It wasn't quite that bad. Crosby and Rinker were yanked off the bill, but they weren't rubbed out of Paul Whiteman's book. "It's a funny town," he soothed them. "But you'll crack it yet. Stick around and work for me in the night club. I think you'll go to town there."

The Whiteman Club opened a month from Bing's Paramount pink slip parting. Park Avenue was there, along with Broadway. Every Manhattan big shot, including Jimmy Walker, showed up the opening night because Paul Whiteman was a New York institution—but again, it was no go—Bing and Al got over like a load of wet coal. Pops Whiteman had to confess he was mistaken. Something had to be done. And something was. Paul Whiteman was the doctor.

He and a few people who'd heard Bing sing on records. Bing wasn't even listed

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on the platters but in a couple of spots on Whiteman disks, Bing's voice had caused early victrola addicts to sit up and listen. That was one good reason why Paul refused to hand Bing and Al the sack. Instead he had a suggestion. There was a red hot little ball of fire over at George Oleson's club who was hotter than a two-dollar cornet. "His name's Harry Barris," said Paul, "and I think he's just what you kids need to make yourselves a terrific trio."

the rhythm boys . . .

That's how Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys were born. Harry Barris moved on to Al Rinker's piano stool and Al stood up to sing with Bing. Harry was as startling as a jumping jack, with a composer's sense of melody and harmony. (Later he composed some of Bing's most popular croons, "It Must Be True" and "I Surrender, Dear.") The three stopped turning off the lights up in Harlem and spent their days ironing out new routines in Bing and Al's New York nest at the Whitley apartments. They started relaying each other into solos and it was funny how many got tossed Bing's way. They showed up featured on the night club show again and this time it was a different story.

The breaks came fast after that. Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys got to be a feature on all Whiteman recordings. When the band made its first coast-to-coast broadcast, it was Bing who featured a sextette singing "Great Day." Paul left the boys behind when he sailed for London—it was a bitter blow—but canny Paul knew their slam-bang rhythms weren't tailored for Mayfair. But left at home, the Rhythm Boys made plenty of hay on their own. They cut records and the Keith vaudeville circuit snapped them right up for a stage tour. Twelve hundred a week for the trio—that was 400 smackers every Saturday. That sounded wonderful when Bing wrote the good news home. But it wasn't good for Bing—it was bad. He was back on the road, and as usual his big blue eyes were sparkling with that old playboy glint. The tour turned into a protracted binge.

scarlet youth . . .

Maybe one reason why Bing is such a model of sobriety today is because he cut the string off the bag of oats in his reckless youth. As they barged unrestrained through the East, Midwest and South, Bing collected parties like a dog collects fleas. Country club and fraternity dances kept the guys in a sleepless state and adoring lovelies clustered around them like bees around honey. In Akron, Ohio, Bing had his first narrow brush with romance. He fell for a streamlined blonde who liked the same things he did. When it came time for Bing to move on, she had other ideas. She thought being Mrs. Bing Crosby was a sound idea and she put it up to Bing flatly. Her dad was a millionaire and she was papa's only beloved child. How about it? That night he left the hotel by the back entrance and met Harry and Al on the train.

Bing still liked his gin and the nights were filled with wassail. But that wasn't the main trouble. Bing wouldn't take time out for work. He wanted to play—even on the stage, right in the shows. His old Spokane faculty of wise cracking, joking and clowning around crept into the act until half the time the Rhythm Boys were cracking bad jokes instead of singing. That went over great in slap-happy college towns, but in the bigger cities like Toledo, Ohio, for instance, the manager complained.

Other fiascos crept up inevitably. They got their signals mixed in Cincinnati and hopped the wrong train to the wrong town, thus missing the bill, the cardinal sin on the three-a-day circuit. They lost their stage props in Indianapolis. In Omaha, Bing got involved in a hotel room crap session and dropped not only all the money in his wallet but a few hundred he'd borrowed. He couldn't ransom his luggage and the Rhythm Boys went on stage in Jersey City, their last stop on the way back to New York, in the rumpled wardrobe they had on—sweaters, knickers and corduroy pants. That close to Manhattan they knew the squawks would get to Fatha Whiteman pronto by telephone. Bing and Al and Harry crept into Paul's office the next week, expecting to get the riot act read them for their peccadillos.

"Come in here, you guys," beckoned Whiteman curtly. "I want to talk to you."

"Well," sighed Bing to Al, "it's a nice climate out in Spokane, anyway."

But if Paul Whiteman knew anything about their whing-ding, he never let on. What he said was, "How'd you like to go to Hollywood and make a picture?"

"Are we still on salary?" blurted Bing, his sins burdening his guilty conscience.

"Sure."

Bing felt natural again. He might have known that Bing Crosby couldn't miss. All he asked was, "When do we start?"

The Old Gold-Paul Whiteman special train pulled out of New York within the week with the Rhythm Boys aboard. Bing had just come in off a tour and so he wasn't impressed, but when they finally hit Hollywood he had to admit he was a complete green pea, even though he'd got his show business start out there. He'd never faced a camera himself.

The picture "The King of Jazz" was to be a musical extravaganza in color and sound, glorifying Paul Whiteman and American jazz. It would cost Universal Studios millions. The whole band was raring to be movie stars but they didn't know the mysterious ways of Hollywood production. "The King of Jazz" had everything—except a story. They, too, would go through the routine—wait and wait.

That didn't bother Bing and the boys. On salary and flush, they rented a big nine-room bungalow in Hollywood and Bing, Al, Harry and Eddie Lang, the guitarist, moved in with an appropriate liquid housewarming. "The fraternity house," they called it. Hep guys and hep gals whipped in and out, parties went on at all hours, and usually over in a corner somewhere somebody was running through a tune.

The spring and summer frittered by as the marathon script for "The King of Jazz" wrote and rewrote on and on. The boys had to show up at the studio every morning but usually outside of a few tests and recordings, there was nothing to do when they got there. Bing turned to golf in the daytime, went head over heels for deep sea fishing, chasing across the channel to Catalina every time he got the chance.

But the Rhythm Boys were luckier than the rest of Paul Whiteman's band. They got a chance to keep their hand in with a job at the old Montmartre Cafe and Bing hadn't warbled there a week before MGM asked him out for tests to make short subjects. As usual, all Bing had to do was keep out of trouble and the road was open. But keeping out of trouble, in those days, was not his specialty.

The first scramble was a bar friendship in a Hollywood speakeasy that messed him up with a gang of underworld bootleggers and landed him, dizzy with drink, in their hideout, where a battle with the cops rubbed out Bing's alcoholic pal and trapped him in the inevitable John Law raid that followed. Luckily, they let Bing go. But the next time was different.

"The King of Jazz" was in production at last and Bing learned of his lucky break. Besides the scat number that the Rhythm Boys were slated for, "The Bluebirds and the Blackbirds," Paul had picked Bing for a lavish solo song number, "The Song of the Dawn." The news came to Bing after the first week of shooting was over, and to celebrate that there was a studio party—a tragic one for Bing, as it turned out.

and into the cooler . . .

The old Tom Mix lodge on the Universal lot had been fixed up into a clubhouse for Paul Whiteman's band. It was a spacious mountain cabin on the back lot, ideal for a whing-ding, and this night it was jumping. The orchestra rocked and rolled, beer flowed like water and bartenders passed out Prohibition highballs as fast as they could mix them. Along with the rest Bing sang himself hoarse and drank himself happy. It broke up in the wee hours and Bing rolled his flivver over Cahuenga Pass taking a young movie cutie home to the Roosevelt Hotel before he rolled on to the "fraternity house." They idled along Hollywood Boulevard lazily singing and cracking jokes, and then, just as Bing made a turn to draw up at the hotel door—Bam!

Bing saw his girl friend shoot over the windshield and he picked himself up a second later out of the street. The flivver looked like an accordion. He knew he'd been smacked by a speeder but that wasn't bothering him then. He felt himself. He was bunged up but not hurt. The girl, though, was out like a light. Bing carried her into the hotel, called a doctor and then came back out to the wreck. The cops were there and they sniffed his breath.

"Uh-huh," they said, "come along."

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OFFER EXPIRES DEC. 31, 1945

Bing spent the night in the pokey. Next morning Universal officials bailed him out. The accident wasn't his fault and he wasn't too hot and bothered, although the fellow who'd smacked him was from out of town and his case was put off. Bing's came up in a few days. Charge, reckless driving. They advised Bing to plead guilty, pay his small fine and charge it up to experience. Bing did. That is, he pleaded guilty.

But the judge looked over his report. "Drinking— eh?" he frowned. Bing was breezy as usual. He sported baggy knickers, plaid golf socks, a jazzy bow tie and a blinding yellow sweater. He lounged before the bar of justice lazily.

"Sure."

"Ever hear of the 18th Amendment and Prohibition?"

"Seems I have—somewhere," grinned Bing. Nobody grinned back.

"Thirty days ought to refresh your memory."

Bing couldn't stop talking. "Judge, I won't need that long," he cracked.

"Lock him up," said the West Coast Solomon. "Thirty days in jail."

At the studio they wondered why Bing didn't show up to rehearse his big number, "Song of the Dawn." Ev worried too. He traced Bing down to the court and then to the hoosegow. Bing was whistling in his cell. "Hey," he said peevishly to Ev, "get me out of here."

Ev did his best. So did Paul Whiteman and Universal and everybody—but it was no go. The judge was a stern character and he just didn't approve of tight young men. Bing's jailhouse job was slinging hash for the rest of the jailbirds—who called him "the singing waiter!" Bing served out his sentence. After twenty days, the judge relented enough to let him go to the studio when they needed him, under escort of a uniformed cop. But Bing knew before he asked that his big solo chance in "Song of the Dawn" number had flown over the fence while he languished behind bars. Pops Whiteman confirmed it. "John Boles is doing that now," he said curtly.

"Okay," said Bing. He was let down but not downhearted. He worked all day and then rode back to jail with his keeper. "Hell," he told himself, "I'd probably have loused up the number anyway. John Boles is a real singer."

Bing had no illusions about being another Valentino then. In fact, they were brutally frank with him about his photogenic possibilities the first time he tried. That was several weeks after "The King of Jazz" was safely in the can, previewed, and on its way to an uncertain fate. Bing came out in it, rather fuzzily, doing the old act with Al and Harry in the "Blue Birds and Blackbirds" number, on and off camera before you could say "Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys."

summer fever . . .

But Southern California had him for keeps. He had the fever bad and the prospect of going back to the shivery East or living out of a suitcase on perpetual vaudeville tours made him shudder. He was nutty about the year 'round golf, fishing and swimming in and around sunny Hollywood. And there was another reason, a big one, that we'll get around to later. It all added up to Bing staying right where he was. He sounded out the boys, Al and Harry. After all, Bing argued, they'd gone as far as they could with Paul Whiteman and they could certainly get work around Hollywood. Harry and Al felt the same way. So after a post-picture tour up the Coast with Whiteman's Band, the Rhythm Boys landed back in Hollywood—on their own. They'd been getting $600 a week from Paul Whiteman for the act. Now they got exactly nothing—and Bing, as usual, was broke.

The trio, at liberty, found the going tough. They played pick-up jobs and in the course of that Bing found himself one day in a producer's office. The mogul sized him up. He shook his head.

"The ears," he said. Bing has been called lots of things but even in this age of tagging everyone as the something-or-other, no one has called him "The Ears."

"What's wrong?" asked Bing.

"Like a loving cup," sighed the studio tycoon. "You need an operation."

"A what?"

"For around a grand," said the man, "you can get those wind wings pinned back for keeps. Then maybe we could use you now and then."

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hello, all you lovely people:

How wonderful you and the world and palm trees are—and how my sunburn's itching! Yup, I'm in unbelievably beautiful Hollywood, and so rushed, what with seeing all these people and previews and, well, things, that all I can manage for now is this short note and the question box. But I'll have been at my desk a good two weeks by the time our September issue's out, with my wits collected and just spilling over with new news—at which time, hold on to your ears, friends, hold on to your ears!

Really wish you were here,

Love,

Bev.

Nancy Neuwirth, Pelham, N. Y.: WHO WAS FRANZ LISZT IN "SONG TO REMEMBER?" That was Stephen Bekassy and you can write him at Columbia Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Paul Metzger, Deming, N. Mex.: WHAT WAS THE CONCERTO FEATURED IN "THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY?" That was Chopin's 24th Prelude in D Minor.

Peggy Reid, N.Y.C.: MAY I HAVE SOME INFO ON ANDREA KING WHO PLAYED THE ACTRESS IN "HOTEL BERLIN?" Andrea King was born in Paris on Feb. 5, 23 years ago. She has blonde hair and blue eyes; is 5'5", 117 lbs.; married to Lt. H. Willis of the Navy; loves sports. She will next be seen in "Shadow of a Woman" with Helmut Dantine. Drop her a line at Warner Brothers, Burbank, Calif.

Sally Goodman, Los Angeles: HOW CAN I JOIN A VAN JOHNSON FAN CLUB? Sorry to have to disappoint you, but Van has no official fan club and won't have for the duration.

Bing snorted and walked out of the office. He was to get that suggestion time and again. Later on in his early movie glamor days he let them tape back the offending fans a couple of times, but now he won't even permit that.

The Hollywood break came at last, in the guise of an old pal of the Rhythm Boys. Jimmy Grier was a dance band expert and they'd bumped into him time and again on their Eastern vaudeville tours and around New York. Now Jimmy was playing around Hollywood and one night Bing and Al and Harry had a job singing where Jimmy played—at a studio big shot's party. Afterwards, they got together and Jimmy had some hot news. Gus Arnheim's band was going into the Cocoanut Grove after a smash hit in London. He needed entertainers for a floor show. "That's us," said Bing.

They got the job—on spec. Bing always got every important job he ever tried for. Not much money but if they clicked, a raise and bonus. They opened at the Grove doing the old Whiteman routine. The floor show was just another floor show, but luckily for Bing, Gus Arnheim's band broadcast every night for two long hours. Filling that air space was a headache. Bing began filling in more and more with just plain solos. The dance crowd heard them, too. The red hot rhythm amused and pleased them but what really sent them off to dreamland, dancing in the dark, were the soft and dreamy ballads that somehow this blond guy—what's his name?—Bing Crosby—could sing right out of this world. One of these admirers was a pretty, doll-faced actress out at Fox named Dixie Lee. She was there about every night and, like a lot of others, she only had eyes for Bing Crosby. But cute little Dixie had a certain edge in the competition. Because Bing only had eyes for her, too.

deep in the heart of dixie . . .

They'd met at a Hollywood party where Bing sang and it was a case of "You're my guy" with Dixie from the start. She was better known than Bing and she had a steady salary. Bing had only his Ford, and drives down by the Pacific ocean to offer. That made him touchy about getting serious, but to Ev Bing admitted "This is it." That might have had something to do with what really put Bing Crosby over as the greatest attraction the Grove has ever had, the way he sang a couple of songs.

Harry Barris wrote them both. "It Must Be True" and "I Surrender, Dear." Jimmy Grier arranged them for Gus Arnheim's orchestra and Crosby gave them the love touch. The slick chicks yelled "Bing! Bing!" and Bing stepped up before the band looking dreamily nonchalant. He was at the peak of his good looks. Twenty-five years old, slim from golf and swimming, golden tanned. His blond hair was starting to thin but there was plenty left and it waved down above his sea blue eyes. He had a cocky, devil-may-care manner before the mike, an easy way of tossing off side remarks to the dancers. A way of bending his lovelorn looks around over the dancer's heads. But when Bing crooned,

Beside a babbling brook—
A moment's bliss we took—
To talk of love—and of the stars above—

he was singing to Dixie and she knew it. When he started, "We've played the game of stay away——" and rolled into the low notes of "I Surrender, Dear," it did things to everyone—especially to Dixie Lee.

Bing started saving money with marriage in mind. The Grove boomed. The Rhythm boys stopped doing floor shows. The hot lick numbers tapered off. People wanted to hear Bing sing and he obliged. Requests poured in from radio listeners. Bing waxed a record of "It Must Be True" and it had a solid sale. (It's still a classic early Crosby.) And one movie producer, Mack Sennett, sitting in the Grove and seeing what Bing did to people, approached Bing to make some singing movie shorts. Later, one was made with that very title, too, "Sing, Bing, Sing."

But there was (*Continued on page 80*)

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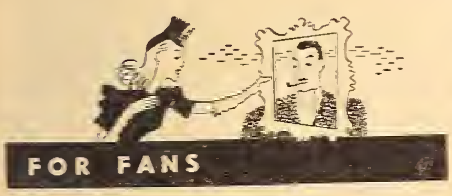

FOR FANS

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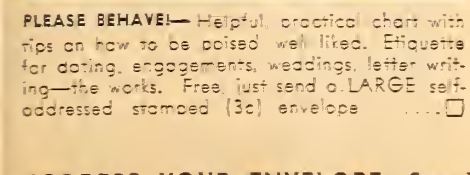
INFORMATION DESK—Answers all your questions about Hollywood, the stars and the movies. See box on page 76 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

STAR AUTOGRAPHS—Turn to page 64 to see how you can get autographs of all your favorite stars.



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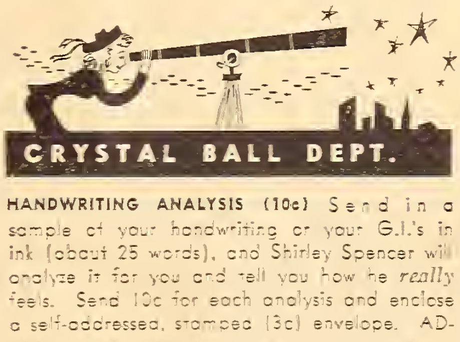

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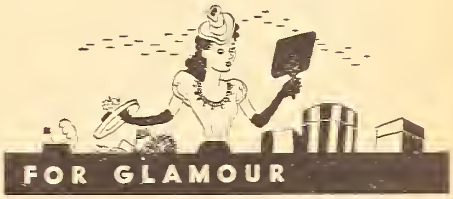

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trouble. As usual, it stemmed from Bing's incurable Playboy habits. The Grove closed Sundays. Saturday nights Bing sometimes listened to the siren song of Agua Caliente, its no-Prohibition bar and its spinning roulette wheels. One week end, with a gay party, he barged off to Mexico and the Casino. He started out lucky but pretty soon half the stake he'd hoarded to marry Dixie vanished. Desperately, Bing tried to get it back. He lost the rest—and more. He forgot about time and the next thing he knew it was Monday night and he was a long stretch away from the bandstand at the Cocoanut Grove. He didn't show up until Tuesday night and the management was hopping mad. He got docked a week's salary for playing hookey. That made him sore.

Too soon afterwards he repeated the week-end flyer at Palm Springs and this time three days rolled by before Bing could forget his fun. He got docked more severely. He burned up. He took to nipping on the job and that was bad. For the first time in his life he started glooming around with his head in a sack of woe. The only thing that seemed to make sense to him was Dixie Lee.

He called her up and did a little crying on her shoulder. He was busted and in hot water with his job. A fine time to propose, he said, but Dixie wasn't listening to such talk. "What difference does that make?" she pointed out. "We love each other, don't we?" So the next day at the Blessed Sacrament Church on Sunset Boulevard, Bing signed the best contract of his life. The Rhythm Boys were there, Al and Harry, and of course brother Ev and his wife.

Dixie's friend, Sue Carol, provided the honeymoon touch. She moved out of her big home up in the Los Feliz section of Hollywood (where she lives today with her husband, Alan Ladd) and turned it over to the honeymooners. In other respects, it was a funny honeymoon. Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue. And no kidding. They all turned up for Bing in the next few days. He got signed to his new job making crooning shorts for Mack Sennett, $750 per copy, for a series of five. He was in pictures. He was also out of the Cocoanut Grove. All the bad feeling exploded there one day and the Rhythm Boys, to a man—Bing, Harry and Al—walked out on their jobs. Maybe they just beat the Grove to the punch, before they got fired. Anyway, that was *fini*, washed up, *kaput*. The musicians union blacklisted them for jumping their job. Bing had his movie contract to keep him warm. Al and Harry drifted off to greener fields of music. At last, it was Bing Crosby on his own—but not alone. He had Dixie. When the old gang suggested a bender Bing took to grinning and yanking his thumb Dixie's way. "Can't," he'd say, "I got a keeper now."

Bing had another keeper besides Dixie. More and more his brother Everett was busying himself with Bing's affairs. The business talent that was to make him Bing's official manager from then on was clicking away in Ev's brain. He had more faith in Bing's greatness than Bing himself and he wasn't backward about it. He packed up the two best Crosby records, "It Must Be True" and "I Surrender, Dear" and shipped them both to New York broadcasting home offices, NBC and Columbia. He said, not a bit bashfully, that Bing could be persuaded to sing on a coast-to-coast hook-up.

When the replies came back, "Bring him here for an audition," Ev hurried with the good news to Bing, on the set at Mack Sennett's. "Go 'way, Boy," he told Ev, "you bother me."

But the Sennett shorts were winding up and Dixie was on studio layoff. She didn't have much trouble talking him into having a go at it. They made it a family trip to Manhattan with Bing and Dixie and Ev and his wife, Naomi.

Bing never had a nerve in his body at the auditions. He insisted on showing Dixie the town, and dropped off the wagon at speaks, but when he sang for the radio chain chiefs with his old guitar-playing pal, Eddie Lang, accompanying, he was in, à la Crosby, with no trouble at all. Ev took the best offer and Columbia signed Bing for a national sustaining spot—$600 a week. When Ev got the good news he chased around over to the hotel and found Bing sitting around in wet clothes, eating ice cream. They celebrated, the whole crew. But Bing should have stood in bed.

Not until the day before the big broadcast did he notice anything. Then, running through a number, his voice cracked on him. He tried again but this time it wouldn't even warble. They called in a doctor. He took a look at Bing's throat. "H-m-m-m-m," he said. "You say you're to sing tomorrow?"

"Sure," wheezed Bing.

"You're going to stay in bed tomorrow," said the doctor, "and keep your mouth closed. You've strained your vocal chords and caught cold at the same time." Bing thought of the air-chilled rehearsal rooms and the way he'd been yelling in the rain around the wet golf course.

lucky jinx . . .

"That's out," he croaked. He explained what the radio show meant to him: Just his whole future, that's all. The doctor shrugged.

"Impossible," he said, "you've already got little bumps on your chords, scars, blisters—if you strain them in this condition they'll stay there and you might lose your voice for keeps."

The next day Bing tried to sing again. He still sounded like a frog with asthma. He and Ev walked glomily back to the hotel. Bing went to his room. After a couple of hours, Ev had a disturbing hunch. He knocked on Bing's door—no answer. The door was unlocked, he walked in. There was a note on the dresser. "Cancel the contract," Bing had written. "I've given it the works and I guess it's no go." Ev still has that note. Whenever Bing gets out of line he reads it to him.

Ev had spine-chilling visions of Bing drowning his woes in drink, as the gang sat around the hotel gloomily. Along about evening in walked Bing, whistling merrily, sober as a judge. He'd been walking around New York, having a battle with himself. Nobody said anything.

Bing yawned, "Doctors don't know much, do they? Besides, I've already wired home about the show and what'll they say if I yellow out on 'em? You didn't cancel that contract, did you?"

"No," said Everett.

Next day Bing felt better but his voice was still crackly. Freddie Rich and the orchestra were ready for him when he showed up at the studio. He babied his voice, running through the numbers for timing as the Columbia eyebrows shot up like balloons. Was this raspy rattler the guy they'd heard three days ago? Back of the glass Ev, Dixie and Naomi held their breaths. The red light flashed.

There was Bing at the mike crooning and whistling his melodies out just as easily as if he'd stepped up on the stage at the Cocoanut Grove with a couple of shots under his belt, only this time he had only a cold to keep him warm. Maybe his tone was husky but if it was that was all the better. Typically Bing, everything that happened happened for the best. The nodes never went away, as the doctor predicted. They're still hanging around on Bing

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Crosby's larynx, but they've only added a husky, resonant tone to his rich voice. How can Bing Crosby miss?

Bing on the air waves was the Cocoanut Grove success story all over again, on a nation wide scale. He couldn't miss. It wasn't a national youth hysteria like the Sinatra swoon madness. It was more solid for by now Bing had graduated from his wild Rhythm Boy hot jazz way of singing numbers. For solo stuff he had to sing sweet and deeper, and the intimate manner of his Boo-boo-boo's and informal whistling sent him out just as if he were leaning over the piano in your own parlor and singing to you. "Crooner" was the slang name that fastened onto him like a tick. When his sustaining program turned into a sponsored show for Cremo Cigars, Bing picked up a tune that he sang particularly well, "When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day" and started using it as his theme song. As far as he knew, a New York radio career stretched out before him—that and nothing else.

Hollywood hadn't made marriage with radio yet. Sunset and Vine was still just a crossroads two blocks below Hollywood Boulevard and that's all. The movies were doing their best, in fact, to ignore radio stars. But it was a losing battle. Paramount planned a picture to glorify the new and potent personalities of the air, "The Big Broadcast of 1932." One day Ev came with the news as Bing was rehearsing a new number. Paramount wanted him in the picture. He stopped in the middle of a bar. "Okay," he said, then finished the tune. "I guess I can work it in." Bing had heard of the rushed up picture. George Burns and Gracie Allen, Kate Smith, the Mills Brothers, Boswell Sisters, Arthur Tracy, Cab Calloway, Vincent Lopez, all were signed for specialties, shot in New York, shipped to Hollywood to piece together a picture. Bing thought it meant a day's work for him in a New York studio.

"It'll be nice getting back to California," said Ev.

"What do you mean 'California?' "

"You're in the story," Ev explained. "You and Burns and Allen are in the script. We're going to Hollywood."

"You mean I've got to *act?*" Bing exploded. "Why, that would be a plain case of defrauding the public."

That's the way he felt about becoming a movie star, and basically Bing's attitude hasn't changed much since. When, halfway through "The Big Broadcast," Paramount signed up Bing, Kate Smith and Burns and Allen to long-term movie contracts, Bing made them write it out in black and white that he'd never be starred in a picture. For a long time, too, even after he'd become one of the biggest box office kings since Rudy Valentino, he stuck to that clause.

The first day on the set he walked up to Frank Tuttle (the director who made Alan Ladd a star years later in "This Gun For Hire"). "Look," said Bing, "I don't know anything about acting. I just sing a little."

"Then don't act," said Tuttle. "Just be yourself. Be Bing Crosby." Bing cottoned on to that advice in "The Big Broadcast" and he never let it go.

Stuart Erwin and Leila Hyams were the stars in "The Big Broadcast." Bing walked nonchalantly through the story and sang "Please" and "Just One More Chance," two of his biggest song hits still. Over his protests, he also had his ears pinned back with tape to make him beautiful.

And if Bing had known what the disgusted gang around Paramount were saying, those wind-wing ears would have burned a scarlet red. Because the idea of casting Bing Crosby, a lowly boo-boo-boo radio crooner, to act, shocked everyone in the studio. "Good Lord—if they *had* to have a crooner," complained the scoffers, "why didn't they get somebody with something on the ball—like Rudy Vallee or Russ Columbo? But this guy *Crosby!*"

It was their turn to take on a crimson complexion when "The Big Broadcast" smashed to a hit all over the land—the only way Bing Crosby could miss would be to throw rocks at the camera. Nor did his radio career miss a lick. Bing kept singing from Hollywood all the time he made his picture, then back to New York to carry on, this time for Chesterfield cigarettes. He sang at New York night clubs on featured evenings. He made personal appearances at the Paramount Theater on Broadway and smashed the house record. "College Humor," a rah-rah musical kidding campus cutups, was ready for Bing when he got back to Hollywood. Bing crooned "Down the Old Ox Road" and the youngsters couldn't stand it. Suddenly, in the crooning field there just wasn't any competition at all. Bing was like young Alexander the Great of Macedonia. He wasn't thirty—but there weren't any more worlds for him to conquer.

Bing still refused to star. But that didn't keep him from picking some of the best stars in Hollywood for his leading ladies—or as Bing preferred to put it—he was their leading man. The gals were the official stars but they didn't kid themselves. It was this guy Bing Crosby who packed them in. And it was Bing Crosby who, after only one year in pictures, showed up on the First Ten in the annual Box Office ratings—along with old standbys like Will Rogers, Mae West, Wally Beery, Marie Dressler.

hates to watch the birdie . . .

But from the start Bing was not impressed. From the start photographers had to pester him even to have his face photographed. The gallery expert at Paramount, John Engstead, wrote a famous contract with Bing back in those days. "I, Bing Crosby," it read, "promise to sit for pictures once a month in consideration of one bottle of Cutty Sark Scotch Whisky." Interviewers soon gave up on Bing. He hated publicity. He said "I'm no glamour boy. I'm not even a star," and just stared with his mouth closed. He hated the fuss and bother of being a celebrity. After "College Humor," Bing incorporated himself and started the Crosby family organization which efficiently runs his affairs now from the three story Crosby Building on the Sunset Boulevard strip. Ev managed Bing and added clients to form a big agency business. Larry came down from a Seattle advertising job and took over Bing's publicity and promotion. Harry, Senior, and Kate Crosby moved to Southern California and Bing built them a home out in his favorite section, the San Fernando Valley (they still live there.) Pop Crosby's accountant experience got busy on Bing Crosby, Inc.'s books. Not long ago, Ted rounded out the family corporation by leaving his job in northern California and taking over the running of Bing's defense plant at Del Mar. Bing's sisters, Catherine and Mary Rose, are the only members who aren't a part of Bing Crosby's great success today. They're both married to non-professionals and live in northern California. Of course, baby brother Bob's in the service.

In this way, Bing has escaped what he loathes about Hollywood—trouble, fuss, bother, worship. The taped back ears, for instance. In "Here is My Heart" a new makeup man came on the picture. He forgot to glue back Bing's ears and the director was so busy with his work that he didn't notice until eight shooting days had passed. Then one day he noticed, clapped his hand to his brow, and cried, "My God—Bing—your ears are loose—get them in place!"

Bing calmly puffed his pipe. "Too late now," he said. "Unless you want to shoot the whole picture over." And he added, "from now on it's never again." It was, too. Bing has been as the Lord made him in the ear department ever since. He has endured a hairpiece to replace his thinning cornsilk for years but he still calls the toupe "Crosby's Curse," and sheds it the minute he's away from a camera. For a long time Bing's radio career had no-audience shows because Bing actually hated the sound of applause. It made him feel like he was fooling somebody into thinking he was a star. How he hates that word "star."

at ease! . . .

He never has lived like one. Bing and Dixie rented a little house near Sue Carol's when they came back to Hollywood for "College Humor." But out in the San Fernando Valley was the Lakeside Country Club where Bing found his real after-hour fun slapping the golf pill around with Dick Arlen, Babe Hardy, Johnny Weissmuller and the boys (before Bob Hope came along.) He decided he ought to live handy to the course, so he started the big colonial Toluca Lake house where he lived until it burned down last year. Bing and Dixie's boys began coming along before they got into the new house, but their first, Gary Evan (named after Gary Cooper, who was always a good Paramount Pal of Bing's) was christened—along with Dick Arlen's boy Rickie—right after they'd moved to Toluca Lake.

Dixie had abandoned her own movie career temporarily to become Mrs. Crosby and for keeps when the twins came along. Afterwards, she made a picture at Paramount, a thing called "Love In Bloom." They don't talk about that one and "Redheads on Parade" was her last acting effort.

Dixie's greatest production was the twins, Phillip and Dennis, first twins ever born to a big Hollywood star and another record for the incredible Bing. Even when it came to a family he couldn't miss!

popularizer . . .

Bing took a vacation trip to Hawaii with Dixie. He came back with those lurid Kanaka beachboy shirts and an idea for a picture. The shirts—well—after all, they've made *Bing* happy! But the movie—inspired by the dreamy music of Harry Owens at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel where the Crosbys stopped—turned into "Waikiki Wedding" and who can't hum the tunes, "Sweet Leilani" and "Blue Hawaii?"

And when Bing took a flyer away from Paramount to put his own money into a picture at Columbia—up came "Pennies From Heaven" and one of his greatest hits. When he teamed up with Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope in those jungle jokesters and the "Roads to This-and-That"—well, it was Dottie's sarong, Bing's tonsils and Bob's cracks that kept Paramount out of the red for months and months. But as he stepped airily up the ladder of success he never figured himself a speck different from his pals of dimmer days. Somehow he managed to work a lot of them into his good luck. Harry Barris has worked in almost every Bing Crosby picture, Jimmy Grier arranged Bing's early Woodbury programs and Jimmy Dorsey, another pal of the Whiteman days, supplied the first band for the Kraft Music Hall show. As the pictures rolled by, unknowns who played with Bing became stars—Donald O'Connor got his first break in "Sing You Sinners" and Marjorie Reynolds blossomed from "Holiday Inn" to the Paramount star list. Bing had the magic touch not only for himself but for everyone else.

Bing's Road to Maturity as a great Hollywood star also found him growing up at last himself. He discovered that what people liked him to sing were sentimental, tender and melodious ballads. From then on his biggest hits have been sentimental tunes like "White Christmas" where Bing's untrained but naturally perfect voice, has its fullest play. His greatest selling record is the religious double, "Adeste Fideles" and "Silent Night." And in his personal life he changed from the irresponsible Hell-busting Bing who never harbored a serious thought in his head to one of Hollywood's most solid citizens.

But as he became more and more of a family man, his extra steam found its outlet in another major love of his life—sport. Bing took up golf again seriously. He qualified for the National Amateur and three times copped the Lakeside championship cup. The horse fever that seized the Hollywood big shots when the Santa Anita racetrack opened found a ready victim in Bing Crosby. Bing went for a stable of bangtails. His racing silks were blue-and-gold after his first radio theme song. He hired a high priced trainer (an old Spokane boy) and bought an ancient Spanish ranch near San Diego at Rancho Santa Fe to breed and train his gee-gees. From two ancient adobe ruins, Bing created a beautiful country home and launched his campaign in the sport of kings. On his Paramount sets he glued himself to a telephone between takes as his horses galloped in the local races. He rolled out of bed before dawn to pace and clock his thoroughbreds at Santa Anita. And, while the tardiness of Bing Crosby's nags has been a running joke for years and years—actually Bing didn't do so bad. How could a Crosby really flop at anything? His horses came through at the wire oftener than people realized. "Fight On" once paid 100-to-one and "Ligaroti," his best racer, collected some very sizable money stakes around West Coast and Eastern tracks. A Crosby dream came true, when, with Pat O'Brien and other Hollywood horse lovers, he built Del Mar, his own race track, now converted to a big defense factory.

Bing remained a rabid football fan, supported West Coast baseball and had his left hand on the promotion of all of Hollywood's big sports developments. He kept up his early love for ocean fishing and before war struck, planned to buy a boat and cruise the far corners of the seven seas. His motto about people became, "Everybody's okay with me until he proves himself a wrong guy." Potential rivals coming along turned into buddies—Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra. Bing's calm, even ability to duck any symptoms of a swelled head made it this way. He never patronized anyone in his life. He recognized Bob and Frankie as terrific personalities and gave them their due. When war came and Bing turned over the efforts of his Crosby Corporation to entertaining Army camp GIs he told his brother, Larry, who planned the programs, "Listen now, nothing but the best for these guys. They're not dopes. They're plenty hep." On his GI entertainment tour of the European war front, Bing added millions of fighting sons of Uncle Sam to his list of friends by the same great, natural way he has of easy, unassuming friendship. Once a pompous public relations officer introduced him as "Bing Crosby, the great Hollywood star" and Bing got so mad he could have slugged him. He quickly corrected that with the GIs. "Nuts to that 'star' stuff," he said, "I'm just Bing Crosby. Hello guys."

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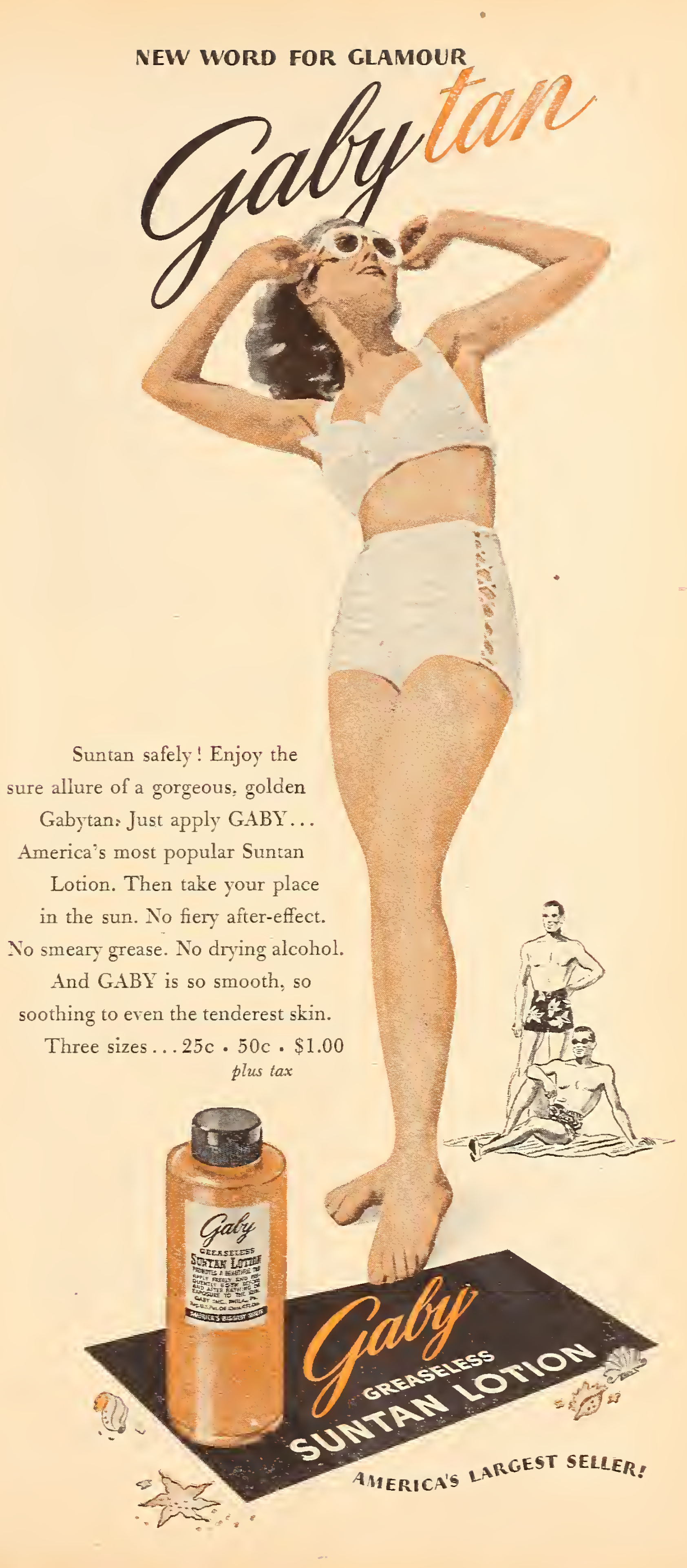
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a Catholic priest in "Going My Way." What got to Bing's ticker was the chance to do something for the religious faith and its institutions which have done so much for him. Besides starting him out with his basic faith and values of life, the Jesuits at Gonzaga had long before conferred the degree, Doctor of Music, on Bing, an honor which he accepted as humbly and gratefully as any that have come his way.

It is typically Crosby that Bing got to see "Going My Way" only a few days before Hollywood decorated him with its greatest honor—an Oscar. He was going to see it with Dixie at the preview but shots and other preparations for the European war tour interfered—and they came first. By the time he got back to Hollywood, "Going My Way" had played Los Angeles and was off the marquees. It finally got back on the screens at neighborhood theaters and one day Bing and Dixie hopped in the car and drove over to Glendale to catch it.

Naturally, a line was stretched down the sidewalk, so Bing hunched his coat up on his neck, yanked his hat over his eyes and stood in line with the rest for tickets. He almost made it unrecognized. But up near the box office a kid spied him.

"Gosh," he screamed. "It's Bing—it's Bing Crosby himself!"

There was a small riot and Bing was buffeted back and forth signing autographs. His hat came off, his pipe went flying.

"Hey," yelled Bing at last, "take it easy! Take it easy!"

In moments of stress you'll usually hear Bing Crosby shout out that phrase. When the kids act up around the house. When a Hollywood producer blows his top. When the orchestra can't get on the beam with a new tune. When a million people with a million axes to grind catch up with him. Whenever Bob Hope has his dormie in a golf match and starts rubbing it in.

"Take it easy."

The old Groaner is not one to toss philosophic gems around on his path through life. Bing sends out a song and lets it go at that. But if you pressed him for advice to the young sprouts coming along and a three word pithy package of what has made for success and happiness in his forty-some years on earth, he'd probably hunt a long time before he could top that simple advice, "Take it easy."

Because, going his way, he knows that it works—especially if you're Bing Crosby.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My sister and I once decided to slip into the city and capture Cornel Wilde's autograph while he was in town. After waiting in front of the St. Regis for about two hours, we were beaming over freshly written autographs of Shirley Temple, Joan Fontaine, and Janet Gaynor, but no Cornel Wilde. Disappointed, Anne and I wandered to the "Fun with Dunn" show, but the doorman would not let us go inside without an adult. Very downhearted, we sat on the running board of a car, and who do you think was inside? Cornel Wilde! After hearing our story, he took us inside and we sat with him during the entire program. Afterwards he gave us copies of the script, pictures, and passes to his latest picture, "A Song to Remember." Now you can see why I am "wild about Wilde."

Sunnie Rosen
New York, N. Y.

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IT TAKES GUTS

(Continued from page 45)

"I won't do it," she said. "Maybe I'm not an actress, but neither am I a blankety piece of cheesecake—"

So far it's a draw, but the studios don't sit so pretty as they used to sit before the De Havilland case. Now all time out for suspension comes off the contract.

Take Humphrey Bogart (with Baby Bacall's permission). Bogey was such a sensation in "High Sierra" that Warners signed him to a new 7-year deal without options. Eager to cash in on a winner, they stuck out the other hand—with a lemon in it.

"*Uh*-uh," drawled Bogey. "Go ahead, suspend me. I can live on my boat for nothing—"

And there he stayed till they added something new to his contract—a clause giving him approval over stories.

But I think Bob Cummings' fight was the most exciting. His was the first Hollywood contract broken by an actor. His brother Oscar's a lawyer, and they did it between them. "Let's test democracy," they said. "Let's see if the little guy can beat a corporation."

Bob hadn't done much at Universal. Joe Pasternak was all for him, but others were against him. In fact, I've heard that the row over Bob was one of Pasternak's many reasons for quitting the studio. Be that as it may, all the good Cummings pictures were done off the lot—"King's Row," "Princess O'Rourke," "Devil and Miss Jones." After that he went home to what looked like a prodigal's welcome.

"We've got a great picture for you, kid. This story was originally bought for Cary Grant and Roz Russell. They can't do it, so it's yours. With a sensational cast: Teresa Wright, Coburn, Francis Lederer. And Leo McCarey to direct—"

"You're killing me," said Bob.

"Here's the script. Take it home, read it and be happy—"

Reading it made him the reverse of happy. He picked up the phone. "You were kidding me about this script?"

"Why? Don't you like it?"

"It's the worst junk I ever read. Now I know why Russell and Grant couldn't do it—"

"You're not trying to back out . . .?"

"Tell me just one thing. Is McCarey really directing?"

"Sure he is—"

"Okay then, I'll stick with it. Because he'll make it another picture—"

A few days before starting, Bob came on the lot looking for McCarey. Oh, didn't they tell you? We couldn't get McCarey. Nor Coburn, nor Wright, nor Lederer. Besides, the budget had to be slashed. And the shooting schedule cut in half. "But we start Monday. There's no change in the starting date—"

"Maybe *you* start Monday. Not me—"

"But you promised—"

"Sure. *You* promised a lot of things too—"

There was a second angle to the situation. A trained pilot, Bob had joined the Anti-Submarine Command of the Civil Air Patrol. The enemy was sinking our coastwise shipping. More than anything else, the Army needed flight instructors. A group of civilian pilots banded together without pay, and formed a squadron to convoy downcoast shipping. Bob was assigned to be a squadron commander and instructor.

Universal suspended him. Normally, a suspension lasts till the studio finds a replacement for the role. But they kept on suspending Cummings every four weeks

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over a period of eight months. One noon he came over to my table at the Derby. "How's it feel," I asked him, "to be unemployed?"

"Who's unemployed? I'm training boys for overseas duty instead of making pictures that stink—"

Meantime, he and Oscar had started proceedings to break the contract—to see if the little fellow could win. Remember, there was no precedent for this. Movie contracts had been ironclad. By the option system, a studio could drop the actor at the end of six months. No actor had ever been known to drop a studio . . .

Suddenly the whole thing was brought to a head. Bob got a radio bid, and the studio enjoined radio from using him. An injunction suit comes up for hearing without delay, and that's when the suit was tried and won. The judge turned in a 52-page decision, rescinding the contract, awarding back salary and damages, and mincing no words in expressing an opinion. "The most flagrant piece of corporate arrogance I have ever encountered," he called it. I think what roused his ire as much as anything was the studio's charge that Bob "was hiding behind patriotism to break a contract." He was hiding behind nothing. On his own time, he'd helped his country, and what was wrong about that?

I bet Paramount's saying the same thing about Bob Hope. But with Hope's record, nobody's going to get very far slinging mud at his motives. He's made a perfectly frank statement of his case. Ninety-seven percent of his earnings now go to the government, and he says it's a pleasure. But under his present contract, he'd be working for nothing while Paramount rakes it in. Why should he spend his time making Paramount rich? He'd rather go out and entertain the boys.

And while we're on the subject of war—it's the fashion in certain quarters to take potshots at actors. Why, I don't know, except that those in the limelight make easy targets. Actors have nothing to apologize for. Man for man, they've sent as many to the service as any other group. If they've waited to be called, so have most of their fellow Americans. And some didn't wait.

Young Dick Jaeckel fought like a demon—with his mother as well as the studio against him. He was only 17 and his mother had to sign the papers. When he made his hit in "Guadalcanal," TC-Fox said: "Well, we've got him till he's 18—"

"Like fun you have," said Dick, and refused to do "Wing and A Prayer," unless his mother promised to sign the papers when he'd finished. She had no choice, she knew he wouldn't budge. The day they took him into the merchant marines, he flapped his arms and went crowing all over the house like a drunken rooster.

TC-Fox lost two at a blow. Ty Power joined the Marines the same day as Hank Fonda. Neither applied for a commission. Both got theirs the hard way, and that's how they wanted it. I've never seen Ty so mad as over a story in a San Diego paper, that went on about how he did the same work as the other boots—scrubbed floors, picked up cigarette butts and the rest of it. "Why the hell *should* I do anything different?" he raved.

Gable wanted to go right in after Pearl Harbor, but President Roosevelt asked him to stay put. When Carole died, he couldn't stay put any longer. I doubt if the studio even tried to hold him. He'd have steamrollered them right out of his way. No, his big bout with the bosses came earlier—when the lady from England claimed him as the papa of her child.

The studio wanted to hush the whole thing up, make a settlement. Clark let out the roar of a bull in pain. "Settlement for

OUR MARRIAGE WAS TOPSY-TURVY

Nothing but arguments between Bob and me! I didn't dream then that *I* was the guilty one. You see, I thought I knew something about feminine hygiene—but I didn't know that "*once-in-a-while*" care isn't enough! My doctor came to the rescue when he told me how many marriages fail because the wife is *careless* about feminine hygiene. His recommendation was to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—*always.*

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What a difference in our marriage now! Bob and I are so happy! And I'm so grateful to my doctor. Of course, I use Lysol now—always in the douche. Exactly as the doctor said: "Lysol is a proved *germ-killer* . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions of salt, soda or vinegar." It's easy to use, economical. But best of all—*it really works!*

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what? I never laid eyes on the woman!"

They trotted out all the arguments—"bad publicity—mud always sticks, no matter who throws it—people believe what they want to believe—minute it hits the papers, the truth doesn't matter—"

"It matters to me. I'm not the kid's father. I'm going to court and prove it—"

He went to court and proved that he'd been in Oregon when, by the plaintiff's calendar, he should have been in England. And it ruined his career like the Japs ruined America.

Sometimes the issue involved is personal loyalty. Loyalty, that's what I said. We're often kind to each other in Hollywood, honest. Even when it doesn't pay.

You probably all know how Jack Barrymore stuck by his Ariel. Ariel simply *had* to act. So when Paramount wanted Jack for "Midnight," he said: "Okay, but my wife goes with the deal—"

I played in "Midnight" myself, so you're now reading a first hand account of the doings. Whether Ariel, Jack or Claudette Colbert suffered most is a toss up. Jack the husband would wrestle with Jack the artist, and lose. "Does she stink!" he'd groan, and not under his breath. Ariel would weep. Claudette would take her aside and coach her. Jack thought Claudette was an angel, but wasting her time. One day, while Ariel was out, he gathered us round him and gave out with his best Shakespearean orotund. "You see before you the blight of misplaced loyalty. We should *all*'ve stood in bed."

You can't deny studios the right to cast their own pictures. It's when they go poking around into private lives that you love to see 'em get their fingers pinched. Remember Fred MacMurray in "Gilded Lily?" An overnight star. Well, in those days they didn't like stars to be married. The girl of your heart was also the skeleton in your closet. She might be there but you didn't talk about her.

When Fred hit the jackpot, everything was lovely. He wasn't married. "I'm engaged, though," he said.

They were big about it. They didn't say, "Break the engagement." They said: "Keep it dark—"

"Why?"

"Fans don't like leading men to be married. You've only got one picture under your belt. You could fade as fast as you shot up—"

"That's too bad. But I'm not keeping Lillian dark."

What happens to every new screen rave happened to Fred. The routine never varies. Today nobody knows you're alive—except a few firm friends. Tonight your picture's released. Tomorrow the hostesses swarm like locusts. Where Lillian wasn't invited, Fred wouldn't go. He turned a deaf ear to studio pleas and warnings. And when he and Lil were ready to marry, what d'you suppose they did? Why, they went and got married. Paramount really tore the roof down. But I notice MacMurray still has a few fans.

By the time Alan Ladd came along, the no-wife-and-kids slant had pretty well fizzled out. But not altogether. "Soft-pedal the family stuff," Alan was told, especially after Alana was born. "A little's all right, but don't overdo it." Remembering how things were when she was a star, publicity-wise Sue backed the studio up.

Alan balked. "I'm married, and always let people know it. Because, I don't believe in that stuff. I think they enjoy knowing that I'm happily married and live a normal life with my wife and kid. Anyway, it's a chance I'll take. Sue and the baby are part of me, and I'm not suppressing them."

The studio stood its ground. When a feature request came up that involved the family, they'd quietly shelve it. It

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Say SANAPAK and be SAFE!

was Modern Screen who brought the whole thing to a head. Modern Screen asked for a story about Alana. Nix, said the studio. How Alan got wind of it is a trade secret, but get wind he did. Modern Screen got the story and Paramount got disgusted. From then on, they let Alan play it his own way.

Betty Grable defends her happiness in an adamant way. From the start, she made it clear that Harry and Vicki came first—that any time her work threatened her home, the work would go. So far, she's been able to manage both. But Betty used to be glamor personified, No. 1 Pin-Up to every man in the service. Photogs used to snap her at nightspots and parties, and the press ate the pictures up and yelled for more. Since she married James, the only photos you see are studio posed. She spends her evenings playing gin rummy with her husband. Or sitting in the wings while he toots his horn.

Alice Faye goes her one better. I don't know what kind of meat Phil Harris feeds her, and when she tells you he's the world's greatest comic and bandleader, that's only right and proper in a wife. But she'll also tell you he's the world's best actor, so help me she will. Of *course* that tickles my funnybone, but don't get the notion that I'm criticizing either girl. I think her devotion's beautiful; we should have more like it.

Through all this I seem to have been making the studio the villain of the piece. I apologize. 'Tain't necessarily so. As a rule, I believe they act in good faith, though they blunder even as you and I. But the studio's not always the antagonist. It's sometimes public opinion or some other form of social pressure or plain ugly snobbery.

Paramount never asked Betty Hutton to pretty up her background. But when she was supplying material for the studio biography, an eyebrow was raised. "Do you want all that stuff to go in?"

"Why not? It's true. I *did* sing in beer joints, I *did* live on the wrong side of the tracks, my mother *did* slave in factories so we could eat—and we didn't eat good. What's there to be ashamed of? If it's a sin to be poor, I didn't commit it."

I hesitate even to mention George Montgomery or John Hodiak in this connection. To them, standards of wealth and social position are so much applesauce, not to be measured against the dignity and rockbottom worth of their own people. If I suggested anything laudable in this attitude, they'd give me the fisheye. So look the other way a minute, will you, boys, while I make a point . . .

Neither of the two gave a tinker's dam that their parents didn't have the glossy Hollywood finish. George's folks came from the soil of Russia and transplanted themselves to a ranch in Montana. He brought them to Hollywood. His pop was 80 and worked in the garden all day. His mom spent her time cooking George's favorite dishes. Goodness shone all over their faces, and George's face shone with pride in them. When pictures were taken, he wanted them in every shot. One day Mom had her hair done up under an old boudoir cap. "Oh, I don't look nice—"

He hugged her. "You always look good to me, Mom—" That's when the shutter clicked. If he'd been my son, I wouldn't have taken a million for that picture.

Hodiak came to Hollywood from a radio job in Chicago.

"We'll have to change your name," they told him.

"You won't. It was good enough for my folks, it's good enough for me—"

"It's a bad name for the movies—"

He picked up his hat. "Been nice meeting you, boys—"

"Hey, where you going?"

"Back to Chicago."

The boys looked at each other. One of them said: "Sit down—Mr. Hodiak—"

The minute he got some money, he rented a house, and sent for his folks. His home is with them, *not* in a bachelor apartment. His only worry is lest they feel lonely, away from the lively community of Poles and Ukrainians who speak their language. If they decide they can stand Hollywood, he plans to buy a little house in the valley. "Mom'll never be happy without a garden and chickens—"

And finally we come to Lew Ayres.

Lew's always been a thoughful, introspective boy. "All Quiet on the Western Front," the anti-war film in which he played, made a deep impression on him. More and more he turned to books—philosophy, metaphysics, sociology. The Tolstoi theories seemed to strike an answering chord in him. He quit smoking, turned vegetarian, became convinced that it was wrong to kill. There was nothing of the crackpot about him. He remained an easy, normal, fun-loving guy with plenty of friends.

Billy Bakewell, who'd played in "All Quiet" with him, was his best friend. One night, just after the draft started, Lew called and asked him to come over. They'd often discussed his ideas, but up to that point the talks had been theoretical.

"Now it begins to be real," said Lew. "And I still won't kill or contribute to killing. But I want to do something, and I think I'd be most useful in the medical corps. So I'm going to start studying with the Red Cross."

Pretty soon Lew qualified as an instructor, and conducted classes at M-G-M. Meantime, he'd explained to Louis B. Mayer that he was a conscientious objector.

"Don't be silly," said Mayer.

"I'm just telling you. In case you want to kick me out of the Kildares. Because lots of people aren't going to like me."

Mayer took a chance. Pearl Harbor was bombed. Lew was 1-A. He registered as a conscientious objector. "I'm not trying to save my skin," he explained to the draft board. "I'm ready to carry stretchers on the firing line. But I can't *take* life."

His claim was disallowed. It's my opinion that the draft board welcomed a chance to "show up a movie actor." So Lew had to appeal, and that's when the story broke. Washington reversed the draft board decision, and Lew was assigned to the Cascade Locks Camp at Oregon.

His house was mobbed by reporters. Billy got him out and over to his own place, then drove him to catch the train at San Fernando, for fear of what might happen at the Union Station. Lew said all right, but he'd faced the situation so often within himself, that he was prepared to face it in reality. On the whole, people were decent. A few men on the train glared. In Hollywood someone left a cocktail party, because Billy was there.

But those who knew Lew and his sincerity went to bat for him. Someone reached General Hershey, and Lew was allowed to join the medical corps. He asked for overseas duty. He was at New Guinea and Hollandia. With 13 others, he volunteered to go ashore on the first day of the Leyte invasion, to set up a clinic for wounded Filipino civilians. He's on Luzon now, living in the ruins of a belfry, caring for broken bodies, acting as assistant to the chaplain. His government salary goes to the Red Cross.

But if we all felt like Lew, you'll say, the Jap flag would be flying over the White House.

Very few feel like Lew. Most of us think a killer should be killed. But if we won't give a man freedom of thought, what are we fighting for?

"It's EASY and it's FUN!"

—says Mrs. Lois Clarke of St. Paul, Minn.

LOST 53 POUNDS

BUST 9" LESS

WAIST 9½" LESS

ABDOMEN 17½" LESS

HIPS 12" LESS

Wife and mother tells how she lost 53 pounds and "that middle-aged look."

"If only I had known how easily I could become slender," says Mrs. Lois Clarke, "and what fun it would be, I could have saved myself years of unhappiness. I read again and again about women who had taken the DuBarry Success Course, but I felt that somehow they must be different. So I went on—tired, irritable, overweight. Self-conscious about my looks, I dropped out of the Parent-Teachers Association and the Red Cross—just stayed home.

● "At last, finding myself so out of proportion that I had to buy matronly dresses in size 42, I desperately decided to *do something*. That was when my mother, worried about my health, gave me the DuBarry Success Course. With her encouragement and my husband's tongue-in-cheek approval, I sailed in—went through the Course twice. Results: Down from 181 pounds to 128. Down from size 42 to size 14. That "middle-aged look" is gone. My skin is fine and clear, and my hair, once so stringy, is now truly lovely. As for the Success Course, I want to say that Ann Delafield should have an extra-special star in her crown for bringing health and beauty to so many women."

Above, a snap-shot of Mrs. Clarke when starting her Course. At right, the lovely Lois Clarke of today, looking far younger than her 35 years.

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THIS HEART OF MINE

(*Continued from page 51*)

After dinner they went to the Mocambo. Phil Ohman's band played all the music from Oklahoma. "People—will say—we're in love," sang the violins and, with Natalie's golden-brown head at his shoulder, it came over Bob that he was highly susceptible to suggestion this evening.

meet the folks . . .

They dated next night and the night after—the first time Bob called for Natalie at home. He walked into a wide hall, and she came down a winding staircase, looking so beautiful that his breath caught. He knew he was going to ask her to marry him.

She took his hand and sort of squeezed it, which set his heart thumping and his hopes scooting skyward. Why would a girl squeeze your hand except to show she liked you? "I want you to meet my mother and stepfather," she said.

Bob knew that Natalie'd had a brief career at M-G-M. What he didn't know was why she'd quit. Her mother's conservative enough to disapprove of acting. Natalie was under age. When persuasion failed, Mother simply broke her contract.

Blissfully unconscious, Bob was introduced. They all chatted amiably and everything was fine. As the young people were about to go, Mrs. Bowers asked: "By the way, Bob, what do you do?"

"I'm an actor—"

Pause. Just long enough for Bob to catch a flash from Natalie's eyes—

"Oh dear!" Mrs. Bowers was saying. "How could a nice boy like you get mixed up in that profession?"

"Why, Mrs. Bowers, it's a wonderful profession!" He spent the next few minutes explaining how wonderful it was—and realizing sadly that a girl could squeeze a boy's hand out of sheer nervousness.

For all his softspoken ways, Bob's a lad of unswerving purpose. A week after the birthday party he proposed. The Legion Stadium was hardly the place for it. But suddenly he couldn't stand the suspense. As arms flailed in the ring, Bob said will you? and Natalie said she would. "Only, you'll have to ask my folks—"

Not to put too fine a point on it, Bob was scared stiff. Squaring his shoulders, he marched in as to battle. Mr. Bowers proffered a genial hand. "Well," he smiled, "you kids seem to have made up your minds—"

There was only one stipulation. They thought the youngsters ought to wait a few months. The date was set for December 18th, four months away. Natalie went to New York for her trousseau. When she got back, they hunted apartments. Natalie'd conducted a quiz program of her own and discovered that Bob made a production of dressing. That meant two bathrooms. Fine! When, for love or money, you couldn't get a hole in the wall, they set out in quest of two bathrooms.

And found them. Through the kindness of Frances Heflin. And kept them through the masterly intervention of Natalie's mother.

It was three weeks before the wedding. By now all their friends were desperately aiding the search and, sure enough, late one evening Frances called. This place had just been vacated. Two bathrooms and all. They'd better dash over first thing in the morning and grab it—

A breathless Natalie appeared on Bob's doorstep at nine. They dashed over. . . .

"Look, Bobbie, it's got swell possibilities. The rooms are a nice size and they're well planned. If we tear it all apart and get painters and carpenters in and move these things out and bring our own stuff in and if and if and if—why, it'll be *lovely!*"

"You sure?" She was sure. "We'll take it," he told the landlady.

"Well—by the way, what do you do?"

"I'm an actor—"

"An *actor!!!* Good heavens, no! I wouldn't have an actor on the place—"

They implored, argued and cajoled, all to no purpose. She'd been married to an actor once. She hated actors—

When Mrs. Bowers heard the story, she took it from there and emerged victorious. How, she won't say. Natalie swears it must have been the bond between them. "Mother probably said: 'I know so well how you feel. But Bob's not an actor at heart. The poor boy must have been dropped on his head as an infant—' "

orange blossoms . . .

At the wedding, Natalie was nervous, not Bob. First of all, he's near sighted and the guests were a vague blur, so he just made believe they weren't there. Besides, he was fascinated by his bride's behavior. Her hand shook so, that petals kept showering from her bouquet.

A week-end at Arrowhead was all the honeymoon they had. "But it was unique in a way," says Bob gravely. "Because there were three of us. Me and my wife and the koala bear—"

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Natalie has a passion for fuzzy animals, and the koala bear is something special. Her companion from childhood, she won't be parted from him. To her he's a person—

One morning Bob picked him up and his head came off. She burst into tears.

"Now, really, honey—you'd think someone was dead—" The sobs grew wilder. "Want me to sew him up?" A strangled sound, which he took to be yes. "All right, if you'll stop crying—" But when he started operations, down went her head again.

"*Now* what's the matter?"

"I can't bear to watch the needle—"

To Bob—to any man—that's comical. But on the subject of live animals, they're completely in accord. They want a house, when the war's over, for several reasons. In an apartment, there's no place to go but the living room. In a house, there's outside. Besides, Bob likes a lawn to mow and a hedge to cut. And another reason is Vic—

animal lovers . . .

A month after their marriage, he brought Vic home in his pocket and set him down in the hall. Natalie was fixing her hair. "Someone to see you," he called and, brush in hand, she went down on her knees to the black and white scrap, all paws and eyes and droopy spaniel ears, and a perfect V for Vic on his forehead.

He grew up to be a devil, and the *most* wonderful dog they'd ever known. But Vic believed in self-expression at any hour of the day or night. His barking made him unpopular with the neighbors, and they finally had to park him with a friend.

Meantime they entertain the neighborhood pets. Either the front or back door is always open, and young visitors wander in at will. One night Bob found an Irish setter under the bed. One morning Natalie woke to meet the patient eyes of three dogs and four kids. They feed the dogs Friskies, and the children cokes. A child or dog turned away by a closed door is more than they can contemplate.

Since "Hollywood Canteen" started the Hutton landslide, Bob's been steadily at work. "Roughly Speaking," "Too Young to Know," "Janie Gets Married." So Sunday's his lazy day. They both sleep late, and each gets his own breakfast. Because Bob's a marvelous cook and likes things the way he likes them, while Natalie eats strangely. Never a whole meal at a time. Maybe orange juice for breakfast, and an egg for lunch. Bob really sits down to his food—a big orange juice, cream of wheat, two soft-boiled eggs and a glass of half-and-half—to keep his weight up.

They agree that he's by all odds the more efficient of the two. Natalie's easily distracted. The other day she was pressing her best blouse. "Bet you'll burn the collar before you get through," Bob prophesied cheerfully. And she did!

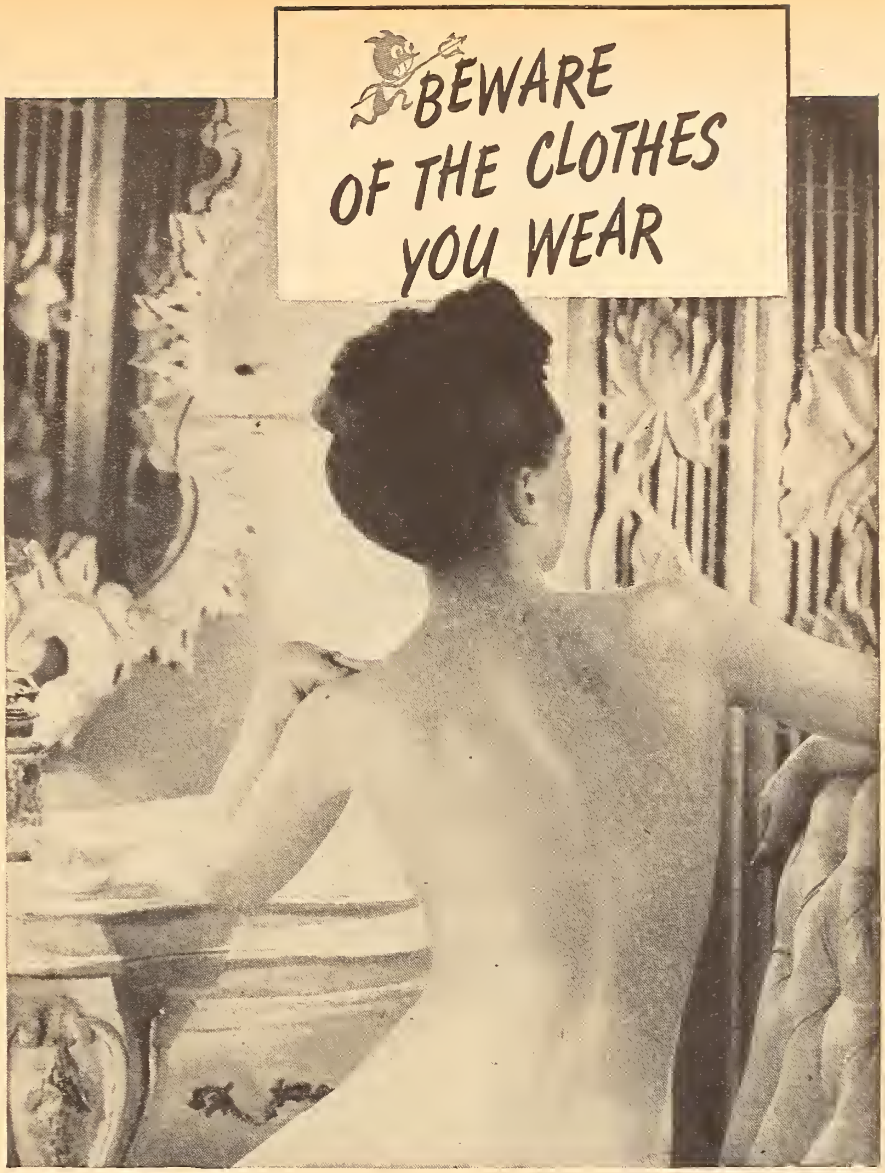
She practically never gets really mad, for the simple reason that Bob's an angel. But they sometimes wonder what the neighbors think. Because they love to wrestle. And of course she screams and things fall and it probably sounds awful.

Bob likes his showers hot. One morning, to create a diversion, Natalie dumped a pitcher of cold water over him.

"You'll regret this," he promised calmly, so she fled downstairs to the landlady for protection. Creeping back an hour later, she was seized by her husband and stuck under the shower, because she can't stand getting her hair wet. Later, he went down for a paper, and she locked him out. He had to crawl in through the bathroom window.

"We call it entertainment," says Bob. "Simple, inexpensive, and harmless—"

When he has a day off, they like to go marketing together. The market has a neighborly atmosphere. The clerk at the bakeshop hands over a bag of bran muffins without waiting to be asked. They both



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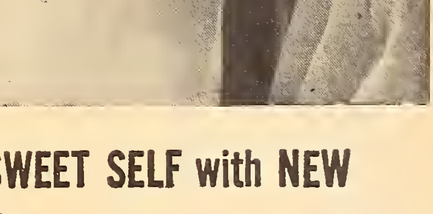

Crown rolls meet here
Twin crown rolls
Split curve fringe bang
Eyebrows slanted at outer ends
Upper lip given neat curve at each end as shown
Low long bob held in net
Lower lip made curved out to corner of mouth
High color spot of rouge
Extent of blended rouged area

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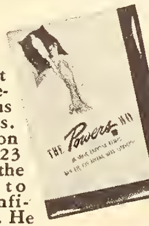

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adore bran muffins. By the time they reach home, all the muffins are gone and Natalie's through eating for the day. Bob's just worked up an appetite for dinner.

Friday nights are sacred to the fights. Natalie says she likes 'em better than Bob does. Bob says no, she just jumps around more. Saturday nights they play penny ante with a crowd that includes Van Johnson, the Eddie Brackens, Bonita Granville, Ann Rutherford and her husband.

"Natalie thinks she plays a good game, but doesn't—"

"I'm a better gambler—"

"Yes, and you always lose," he points out kindly. "I'm a conservative player and I usually win—"

"*My husband*—" she murmurs.

tastes differ . . .

They present a practical example of how the theory of adjustment in marriage works. Take movies, for instance. By and large, they agree on movies—see them all, good and bad. Being optimists, they always think the bad ones are going to be good.

Take music. Serious music depresses Bob. Natalie loves it. She'd like to go to the Bowl every night. Bob's been there once—before they were married when he wanted to make an impression. All he remembers of the evening is falling through his collapsible chair. His kind of music is played by Carmen Cavallero and Duchin, by Kostelanetz and Whiteman and Dave Rose. At night they listen to dramatic programs. And play chess or gin rummy—

They prefer chess, which leaves them both affable, whereas they're unhappy gin rummy players. For one thing, the loser ponies up. But that's not the whole story. "At chess we *know* we're lousy," says Bob. "But we both think we're good gin players and don't like to have the contrary proven."

They get all hot and bothered about Christmas and birthdays. No matter how deeply hidden, they can always smell out a beribboned package. Honor prevents them from opening it, but they're allowed to feel and guess what's inside. Last Christmas Natalie bought Bob a lighter, stuck it in a box as big as a table, and happily watched him go nuts guessing that one.

Whatever else he gives her, it wouldn't be Christmas without a stuffed animal. She gives him sports jackets, sweaters, shirts, and pajamas and wears them herself. He likes that—can't understand men who object to wives wearing their clothes. Nothing's cuter than Natalie in one of his sweaters, which on her becomes a sloppy Joe. Unless it's Natalie in his pajama top, with the sleeves rolled back and the hem reaching her knees in a short nightgown effect.

About clothes, there's a difference of opinion. "He always wears ties," objects Natalie. "He goes around all dressed up in a suit and collar." That's the Easterner in him. But she's just talked him into a couple of sports coats.

conservative himself . . .

With Bob, you never can tell. A conservative dresser himself, on *her* he likes slacks. Out of deference to her mother's tastes, she never used to wear them. Now she does. And he hates to see her stick a hat on her head. "Your hair's too pretty to cover." On the other hand, he wants her sophisticated at night. The jewel of her wardrobe, the loveliest formal she's ever owned, is a peach-colored French taffeta with a bouffant skirt. When she takes it out, Bob groans.

"But *why* don't you like it, Bobbie? Give me one good reason—"

"Makes you look like a little girl—"

Here's what goes on at the Huttons on dress-up nights. In their own words—

"While Bob dresses, I take a nap. When he's ready to put his coat on, I start—"

"With me," explains Bob, "dressing's a form of relaxation, not a race against time. I like to linger in the shower. I like to shave and smoke and maybe meditate a little. I like to put on a shoe and listen to the radio. Or look at the paper. Or mend a lamp. Or just sit around and gab. Does the law say not to enjoy yourself while dressing—?"

"And he never can make up his mind what he wants me to wear—"

"Let's put it another way. Natalie comes in with a dress. 'Do you like it, Bobbie?' 'Not especially.' 'Why?' Well, I don't know why, I just know what I like. But my wife's a fast talker. Pretty soon she's got me sold that the dress is a wow. Till we're ready to start. Then I say, 'Honey, I wish you'd wear that other one—'

"Sweet as a kitten, she says okay.

"I look at my watch. 'How long will it take you to change?'

"'Ten or fifteen minutes—'

"I say, 'Never mind, I like this one—'"

Froth and fun aside, they've made one important adjustment. Natalie still wants to act. Like her mother, Bob was opposed at first, though for different reasons. He'd heard so much talk about Hollywood divorces, about how two careers in a family never work. Why take a chance, he contended, that you don't have to take when there is no reason for it—?

But, living with Natalie, he came to realize that her feeling about it wasn't a girl's whim, but a deep-rooted ache and fever that no man in his senses could help taking seriously. They talked the thing out.

"Lots of people with careers are happily married," she pleaded. "Look at Ronnie Reagan and Jane. Look at Bob Taylor and Stanwyck. Look at Betty and Harry James. You just have to love each other enough—"

"Suppose I get a vacation. Suppose I feel like going to Hawaii and want my wife along—"

"Bobbie, I don't want to be just another actress, I want to be good. If I'm not, I'll quit. If I am, I'll tell 'em I want a vacation too. Oh, maybe it won't be that easy, but the way I feel now isn't too easy either. Let me try, Bobbie. If I never try, it'll be a thorn in my flesh as long as I live—"

twin careers . . .

Two careers may be dangerous to marriage. But Bob thinks it's just as dangerous to dam so eager a stream from its natural course. So he's letting her try. Not long ago, David Selznick saw a magazine picture of them, and sent for Natalie. At the moment, his studio's closed because of the strike. When the strike's over, he's going to test her.

One more thing they argue about—dripping faucets. The minute they're in bed, a bathroom faucet starts dripping. Whosever bathroom it is, that one's supposed to get up.

"It's yours," decides Natalie.

"It's definitely yours," says Bob.

The argument's resolved by a June bug. With plenty of greenery round the house, June bugs get in. Natalie's not afraid of lions or tigers. She could face a snake or Frankenstein at his worst. But a pretty, innocent June bug drives her crazy. Bob gets up, scoops it into a paper and drops it outside.

"My big brave husband," she sighs. "As long as you're up, would you turn off the faucet?"

He shouldn't, but he does. Because she's seared of June bugs. Because her tawny hair's spread all over the pillow. Because she looks so funny with her head sticking out of that silly pajama top. Because he loves her.

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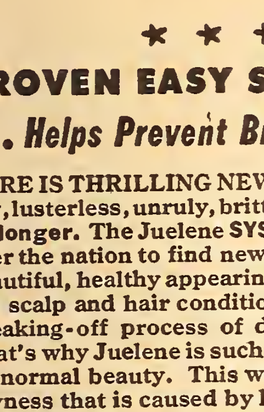

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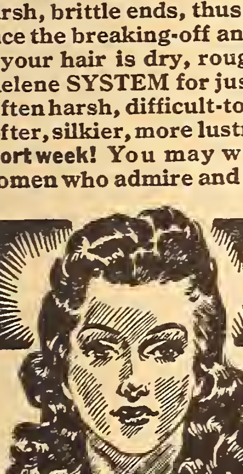

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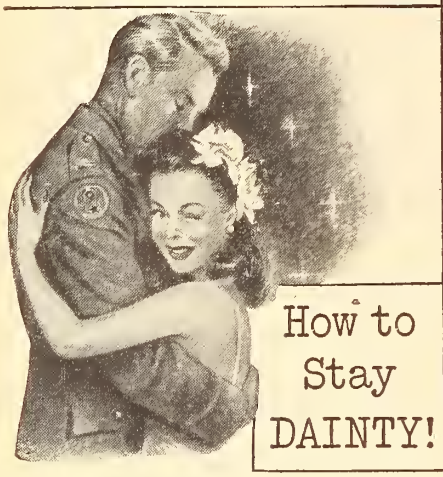

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FELLOW ON A FURLOUGH

(Continued from page 39)

tripped on the curb, and landed on his bad knee. The cartilage was torn, and he spent his whole furlough in the hospital. Tough? Sure. But he'd be back at the Field before October first and that was all that really mattered.

He got back September twenty-ninth. The first friend he met was commiserating. "It's a tough break, kid. I'm sorry."

"Oh, the knee's all right now, thanks." Funny how they'd heard about it.

His pal stared. "What knee? I mean it's tough you missed the 'Winged Victory' assignment. They called them September fifteenth instead of October first. So you're still a classification specialist, kid."

tough. luck . . .

There it went, the nice, shiny dream of Broadway. Don wandered around in a fog for two days. It had been so damned close! Well, war was hell, and this was war, and he didn't have much to kick about. He thought of the guys out in foxholes, and was ashamed of himself. Meanwhile, in New York, Moss Hart was having trouble. Moss was the producer and director of "Winged Victory." He had a tremendous company assembled, and all the roles were cast but one.

"Pinky's got to be right, or the whole thing goes up the creek. We've auditioned dozens of actors, but they haven't got that bounce, that cockiness. Who else have we on the list?"

"Nobody, Mr. Hart."

"Well, *find* somebody," Moss said impatiently. "Get me all the pictures that were sent in."

He riffled through the enormous sheaf they brought him. Half through—and stopped. "There he is," he said quietly.

So—Don got a wire. "Report to 'Winged Victory' company in New York."

This time he wouldn't get excited. He wouldn't let himself believe it. Maybe the orders wouldn't come. Three days later he was strolling into Moss Hart's outer office. a tall, lean kid with a cocky grin, smoking a cigarette.

"Hi. I'm Don Taylor."

Too late he saw that the man behind the desk was a lieutenant. The lieutenant looked at him slowly, his gold shoulder bar glistening—abruptly Don remembered that "Winged Victory" wasn't just a show, it was part of the Air Force.

"Where do you think you are?" the lieutenant demanded. "This is the Army. Get rid of that cigarette and come in properly!"

Don went out, and then made a very GI entrance. Saluted smartly. "Private Taylor reporting, sir."

"That's better." The lieutenant grinned and turned into a human being. "They've got a hell of a part for you in this show."

It took exactly one minute for Don to get the part. Moss Hart looked at him, taking in the restless brown eyes, the ruffled hair, the lean good looks. He handed him a script. "All right, Taylor. First reading next week." Just like that.

So there he was. Pinky. It never seemed like a role in a play to him somehow. It seemed like part of his life. Even the gestures—young and awkward and exuberant—were natural to him. This was the kind of part he'd longed for ever since he had decided to be an actor. . . .

That wasn't so long ago, really. It was when he was at Penn State. He'd had a vague idea when he entered college that maybe he'd be a lawyer. But he went out for dramatics freshman year and the vision of Donald Ritchie Taylor, Attorney for the Defense, faded into a dream of "Don Taylor" up in lights on Broadway. Sure, he knew being an actor was a tough life. In his *mind* he knew that, but in his heart he knew something quite different.

The spring of his freshman year, a talent scout came to see him after one of the college shows.

"I'll give you a job with our stock company for the summer, Taylor."

Here was opportunity. And according to the copybooks, it knocks but once. Obviously the thing to do was grab it before it could get away. But—"I'll have to think it over," Don said. "I'll let you know."

He talked to the head of his college dramatic group. "What do you think? It might be a good chance. . . ."

The director brooded. "You've got personality, Don, but you don't know from nothing about acting. Yet. I'd wait."

So he waited, studied, built himself up in the meantime, tore himself down, waited till he was sure he had his technique at his fingertips. And when the talent scout came around again, he accepted the offer for that summer and every summer after throughout his college career. Sometimes the job was acting, more often it was painting scenery or selling tickets. It certainly wasn't all fun.

For one thing, there was the matter of money. The other guys at college all had good jobs in the summer and came back in the fall well loaded with that folding green stuff. Don got his room and board and the sum of five dollars per week. What could you do on five dollars?

One thing he could do, and did, was to fall in love. The girl was an actress at the Playhouse, and all one summer they went around holding hands, and looking very moon-eyed, and losing pounds because how can you eat when you're in love? They had long discussions about the future.

"What makes you so sure you're going to get somewhere in the theater, Don?"

Don looked at her uneasily. It was a good question, but he didn't know the answer. He just had that feeling. "Maybe I won't get anywhere. Maybe I'll starve on a park bench."

When he went back to college, they wrote to each other, and for a while she came up week ends. Only—it just didn't work out. One Saturday night after a big game and the dance that followed it, they were sitting with a lot of others in Don's fraternity house, Sigma Nu. They were singing "Fight On, State!" and Don was right in there, his voice louder than anyone's. His girl touched his arm. "Let's go where we can talk, Don."

They went, Don rather reluctantly. He'd been having fun, and he was surprised to find her crying a little.

boy loses girl . . .

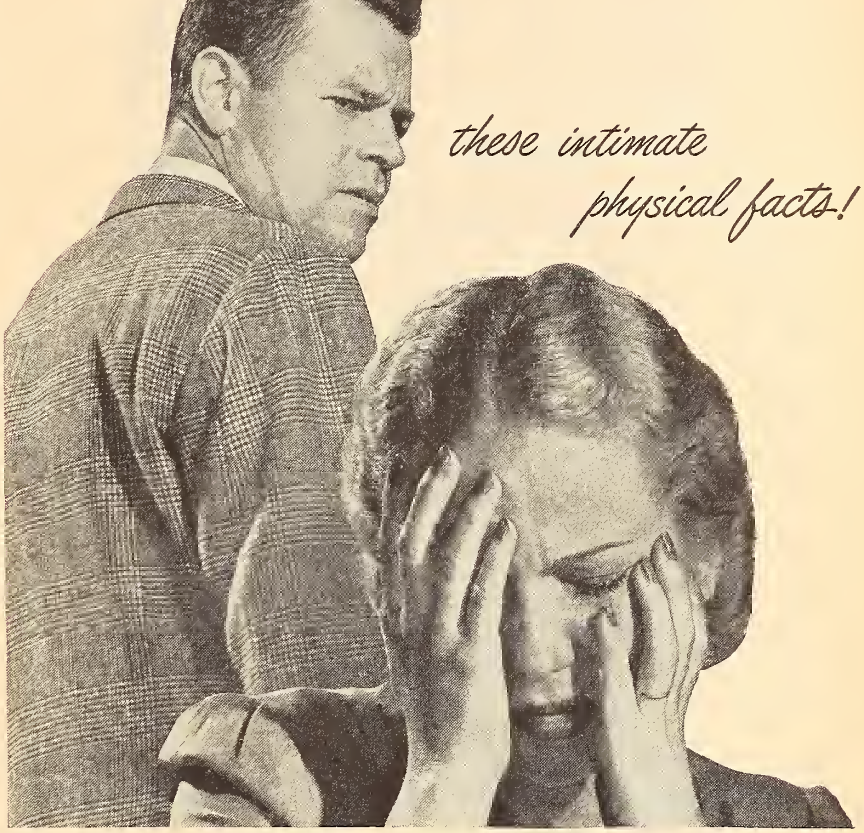
"It's no good," she said quickly, when they were outside in the moonlight. "You've changed, Don. Last summer you seemed grown up and serious about your career and about us. But now you're—you're just Joe College!"

He couldn't argue. It was true. He was a chameleon, adapting himself to the atmosphere he was in. They never saw each other after that.

And in their own loving way, Don's family felt the same, that he was a head-in-the-clouds dreamer, a kid who just refused to grow up. But regardless, even back in his high school days, way, way before the episode with The Girl, Dad had been swell, slipping him a five-spot when the allowance wore thin or lending his next-best tie for a particularly heavy date.

Don's mother was more sympathetic to his acting ambitions than his father, but she wasn't the type that enthused much. She used to come up to college to see him

WHAT A TRAGEDY
for so many young wives who don't know...



EVEN in this modern age of enlightenment and progress too many women are still without up-to-date knowledge about *intimate* physical cleanliness—of how important douching often is to womanly charm, health and happiness — and of a *proper* germicide to put in their douche.

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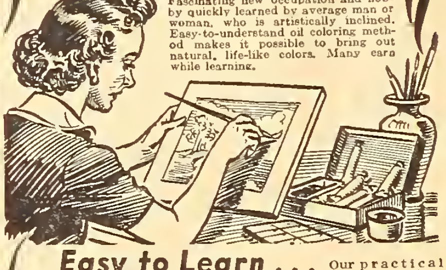

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in a play. He'd knock himself out to give a particularly spectacular performance. When he saw her afterward he'd say, "How was it, Mother?" Expecting raves.

"It was all right, son."

Spring of his Senior year he had the lead in "The Taming Of The Shrew." Afterward a couple of strangers came backstage. They were the Epstein brothers of Hollywood, two of Penn State's most famous alumni. The first question they asked was unexpected.

"What is your draft status?"

Don had just registered. He told them so. They made vague noises about his performance, and started to drift out the door.

"If you should decide to come to Hollywood, look us up," one of them said casually as they left. Too casually.

But one of his professors wrote the Epsteins a letter. And got a reply. "Send him out. We'll see if we can help him." So Don scrounged around and got seventy-five bucks, and hitch-hiked across country. It was the standard way for aspiring young actors to arrive, and didn't impress anyone. However, through the Epsteins, he got an agent and, eventually, a screen test at Warner's. They kept him around for two months, then decided they could continue to make pictures without Taylor.

He was living at the YMCA, which didn't cost much, but he had to eat. So he took a job as doorman at the Pantages Theater.

"Standing room only in the balcony. Best seats now available in the loges." He ate.

He didn't know anything about Hollywood. The first day he got there, he walked the streets looking for movie stars. There weren't any. Just extras in dark glasses. Disgustedly he stooged back to the Y, and went up on the roof for a sun bath. He lay down next to a long bronzed hunk of muscle whose brown face also wore dark glasses. Another extra, Don decided.

"Are you in pictures?" he inquired politely. Might as well make the guy feel good.

The hunk of muscle rose, stretched, and removed the glasses. "Now and then," said Johnny Weissmuller dryly, and strode off.

Don kept plugging away at the studios. But he didn't have the right approach. He got in to see an important man at Columbia, who eyed him sourly.

"What the hell have *you* done?"

Don stammered. "Well-uh-stock, and plays at college."

The important man laughed unpleasantly. "College! Hah! We'll get in touch with you if we need you."

Don still stood there uncertainly. "Is that all?"

"Sure. What did you expect—Kewpie dolls?"

It would have been fun to take a poke at him. But impractical. Don went out, seething.

Later he got another agent, Buster Collier, who believed in this string-bean kid with the dark eyes and restless manner.

Collier sold him to Metro and Metro signed him for a bit part in "The Human Comedy," which eventually ended up as the face on the cutting room floor. After that he had a few minor parts in Pete Smith shorts, and one in "Swingshift Maisie." Then—the Army.

gets stood up . . .

That was February, 1943. A year later he was playing Pinky to enthusiastic Broadway audiences, and strolling into Sardi's as if he'd lived there all his life.

At first the fact that a girl named Phyllis Avery had the principal feminine role in the show didn't mean a thing to him. If you'd mentioned her name he would have looked at you blankly and said, "You mean the small blondish number? What about her?" Not that Don was allergic to small blonde girls. But he was busy with the

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show, he had plenty of friends, and he just wasn't interested. He didn't realize how smoothly experienced an actress Phyllis was, and he wouldn't have cared if he had. As for Phyllis, she told a friend, "That Taylor is a conceited monkey, the way he jumps around, so cocky!"

Then one rainy night, Don came out of the stage door and stood there waiting for his date to show up. He noticed Phyllis standing a little way off. She gave him a frosty hello, and went on waiting for *her* date to show up. Neither date arrived.

"How about a drink to console ourselves?" Don suggested. After all, it was only polite to make some sort of gesture in a case like this.

Phyllis smiled reluctantly. "All right."

They had more fun than either of them had expected to. A week later they went out together again. Then somehow it seemed as if they were thrown together all the time, at rehearsals and things. All of a sudden Don realized that if he wasn't with Phyllis he was lonely, even in a crowd. They liked the same things, and never seemed to quarrel, because as soon as they started to they'd break out laughing at some idiotic remark.

But they'd sit till four in the morning discussing heredity, and getting really violent about it. By then, though, they knew they were in love. Don's family came to New York to see the show. They met Phyllis and approved, although at that time Don didn't say anything about marriage. That came later when they were making the picture of "Winged Victory" in California. It was swell to be out there again—with Phyllis. Fun to go swimming and lie in the sunshine. Fun to find that she loved tennis almost as much as he did.

They wanted to get married, but they both felt it wouldn't be sensible. Don was on Army wages, and even though he was a sergeant now, that didn't mean very heavy sugar. It would be a lot more practical for Phyllis to go back to Broadway where she could get a good part in a new show than to go on tour with "Winged Victory." Only—who wants to be practical or sensible when they're in love? They got married in Beverly Hills at a quiet wedding with a few friends. Phyl's father managed to get there. He's Stephen Morehouse Avery, the writer, and he is now a colonel in Army Intelligence. It was a lovely wedding with the "Let Us Be Gay" wedding cake and everybody pretty happy about the whole thing. The kids rented an old Chrysler roadster and had the most wonderful two weeks on record.

Then the show started its tour. The picture of "Winged Victory" was released while they were in the Middle West. And then something happened. It began at the first performance they gave in Cincinnati. The picture had played there the week before, but Don didn't think much about that except to wonder that they got such a big crowd at the show. Then came the moment in the opening scene when Pinky comes onstage, making zooming motions like an airplane. He'd made that entrance hundreds of times before. Thousands. It was strictly routine. Only tonight when he appeared, all hell broke loose. There was wild applause, there was a stamping of feet, there was a concerted shriek like the howl of a voracious banshee. "Pinky!" said the shriek, and it came from all over the house. Don stood there in complete astonishment. He looked over to where Phyl was standing in the wings.

"Go ahead, dope," she whispered. Her eyes were bright with tears of pride and happiness. Don went ahead, but he's convinced that he gave the worst performance of his career. The thing was so unexpected, so bewildering. After the show, there was a mob at the door. Don signed the first autograph book thrust in front of him, "Best

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IN ONLY 2 TO 3 HOURS

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Complete, nothing else to buy!

Now, you too can enjoy the thrill of a soft, easy to manage, long-lasting cold wave permanent in just 2 to 3 hours at home . . . with the same ingredients used by beauty shops in $15.00 cold waves. It's so easy. Ideal for children, too.

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The only cold wave containing QUICK-WAVE solution

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regards, Don Taylor."

"Don Taylor!" said the kid in outraged disgust. "I thought you were *Pinky!*"

In Pittsburgh one morning after a late rehearsal, there was a knock on their door at eight A.M. Don thought it was the maid.

"Can't you make up the room later?" he asked sleepily.

There was a flurry of giggles outside. Sibilant whispers. "*You* do it." "No, *you!*" "Oh, go on, somebody!" Finally a voice said, "Don, please can we have your autograph?"

"Look, kids, I'm not dressed. I'll be down in the lobby at ten-thirty."

More whispers, then a drifting away down the hall. In a few minutes, another knock. "Miz Taylor," said the voice of the negro maid, "Miz Taylor, there's a whole lot of gals here say yo' husband a movie star. They want his auto-graph."

"He'll see them later," Phyllis said.

This, then, was fame. This was what Don had felt all along would come some day—that feeling that had been so inexplicable and yet so positive. The feeling that had made him such a cocky kid. The feeling that had at last come true. So now when he gets that odd certainty inside him, he relaxes. Everything will be all right. When "Winged Victory" closed, and Don got a furlough, he and Phyllis headed for New York. Hotel rooms were scarce—and expensive. But Don wasn't worried. Something would turn up. And it did, in the form of that friend's apartment where they could be "Mr. and Mrs. Don Taylor." Now Don has been sent to California with a special service unit and no one knows what happens next. But one of these days the war will be over, and he'll be back on the screen, as cocky and gay and vital as ever. So—keep waiting!

"STATE FAIR"

PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 43)

in their eyes whenever the Boy and thirty-four hogs hired as "extras" occupied the Swine Pavilion. It was tough to spend the day eyeing all those red points on the hoof, and then go home to a vegetable plate. . . . Those nasal notes of Haymes' were not intended as a flashback to the Vallee school of the croon. Dick was plagued throughout the picture by man's meanest enemy, the common head cold. . . . Viv Blaine can thank the stork for her picture break. No, he didn't bring her. But he did call on Grable and Faye at the very time Fox was casting some important musicals. An intensive search for new talent turned up one Vivian Stapleton, a chubby, blonde band vocalist. Five name-changes later, Miss Stapleton emerged as sleek, red-headed Vivian Blaine, promising contender for the title of studio glamor queen. . . . Happy Ending Dept.: Dana put in some anxious hours awaiting long overdue letters from his two younger brothers, fighting in the ETO. One memorable day both were heard from. Twenty-eight-year-old Lt. David sent a 16-pager from London, and PFC Bill, veteran of the Battle of the Bulge, sent a scrawled V-mail from the former Fuehrerland. Dick Haymes was another who went from gloom to bloom. He and wife Joanne announced their parting, but reconciled speedily. . . . The Fair scenes were a challenge to the production boys. In times of peace a company would be dispatched directly to the Iowa State Fairgrounds at Des Moines to film backgrounds. But with traveling conditions what they are, the studio couldn't feel that this trip was really necessary. Undaunted, studio genius constructed nine Fair sets on the sound stages, and tossed in half a million props.

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"STATE FAIR"

STORY

(Continued from page 42)

could get away, Margy."

"It's just the State Fair," Margy said. "You know what it'll be like."

"Wish I could be there with you."

"Do you?" Margy said. "Really, Harry?"

"You know I do," Harry said.

She looked at him: Harry Ware. And she knew what he meant. It was written all over the broad, serious, sturdy face. And Ma always said Harry would make a fine husband some day. Only . . . only what? Oh, he was Harry, good, dull, even-tempered Harry who never seemed to be able to make her laugh . . . or cry, either. And how could you love a man who couldn't make you laugh? Or cry?

"Marge!"

She looked up. Ma was waving to her from the truck. They must be ready to go. She trudged up the hill silently with Harry plodding along at her side telling her to have a good time at the Fair and that he was sure Ma's pickles would win a prize and Blue Boy was sure to get the ribbon. Why that Blue Boy, he was the finest specimen of pig anywhere in Iowa . . .

Pig!

Harry, Harry—she thought—tell me how the sun makes rainbows in a spider's web and how moonbeams flirt with leaves of the trees on Crabapple Hill late at night. It'll be different at the Fair, she said to herself, something'll happen and it'll all be different. She remembered how gay the lights were along the Midway and how the sound of music was everywhere . . .

Pigs!

"Ready, Marge?"

"I'm ready, Ma. Where's Wayne?"

"He's on the telephone. He'll be right out."

"Anything wrong?"

"Eleanor can't come."

"Poor Wayne. He's been counting on showing her the sights all year."

"It's only for three days. Ain't a lifetime."

Wayne came out of the house, looking like he'd been struck by lightning.

"Guess we're all ready," Ma said cheerfully.

They climbed into the truck and Pa threw her into gear. In the roadway Harry waved to them. Down the road the twin lanes rose, dipped and curved, and like all the good roads in Iowa that day, it led straight to the State Fair.

Margy stood looking up at the long rise in one roller coaster. It seemed to climb in one long, breathless line to the fat lazy clouds that hung over the Fair. Well, this was it—the Fair! And she felt a bubble of excitement rise and form and burst like a soap bubble. She looked again at the roller coaster and walked toward it.

It was only after she was in the car that she noticed the other figure in the car: Lank, easy, munching an apple. Then she turned away and looked toward the rise again. She stiffened a little as the car jerked and began to move. The Fair seemed to drop away from them. Climbing higher, she could see the colored blobs which were groups of people and then sun glinted on the glasses of someone peering up at the car. They looked so funny—the people down there; it looked so tiny—the whole, great, brawling State Fair. And then, suddenly, the car topped the final rise. It was as if she had dropped, like Alice in Wonderland, down some fantastic hole in the sky.

She half rose. And the lank figure beside her reached for her with a swift intensity and pulled her back and she heard a voice say:

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"You little fool!"

Then it was all gone in a huge swirl of motion and she closed her eyes and reached for whatever was nearest and she buried her face against something smelling oddly and comfortingly of tobacco and she thought she heard the sound of laughter.

Only after the swoop did she realize she had buried her head against the chest of the figure next to her, and she pulled away, embarrassed, sitting stiffly in her seat while the car climbed again. . . .

And grabbed again at the next swoop!

It was a nightmare until she heard the guard's voice saying: "All out!" and the car was blessedly quiet and she saw that they were back at the exit of the ride. A voice at her elbow said:

"Feel better?"

She saw where the lapels of his jacket were creased where she had grabbed at them at each dip of the roller coaster. He seemed taller and leaner standing.

"How about a coke? Nothing like a coke to settle the nerves. I'll tell you all about the life and the philosophy of Pat Gilbert and you can give me a quick resume of—"

"Margy Frake," she said.

"All right, Margy," he said. "A coke and a slice of life. How about it? It's as nourishing as a ham sandwich."

He was, it turned out, a reporter, and he had a yen for roller coasters. He had, too, a lot of funny ideas.

"Take us," he said. "We met on a roller coaster. Well, all life's a roller coaster. Up again, down again. You meet someone and maybe you click and maybe you don't. You never know until you try. I always say try it. Then if you don't like the ride, you can get off and just walk away."

"Just like that?" she said.

'Just like that."

She sipped her coke, looking up at him.

"The Pat Gilbert," he said. "More loops than a roller coaster. More fun than a merry-go-round. Try a ride. Free!"

"I'll try one," she said.

He grinned at her and suddenly she remembered that back at the Farm she used to have a crazy idea that at the Fair everything was going to be different. Well, this Pat Gilbert was different; she'd never known anyone like him. If she had to tell Ma or Pa about him she'd have a little difficulty trying to say just what he was like. Be easier to tell Wayne. Wayne . . . She wondered if Wayne was having a good time at the Fair . . .

The Barker at the Hoop-La Stand said in a tight voice: "Look, son, you've had your fun. Now run along."

"I got a right to keep playing as long as I got money," Wayne said stubbornly.

"Look, sonny, don't make trouble. You won yourself three dollar bills, a pearl necklace, a revolver, a fountain pen . . ."

"The necklace is just colored stone, the revolver doesn't work, the fountain pen's a fake—"

"Cut it, sonny. Run along."

"I got a right to play."

"Want me to call a copper?"

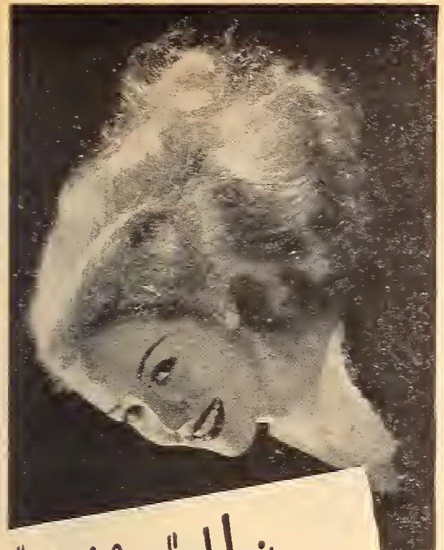
Someone in the crowd around the Hoop-La Stand said:

"Why don't you try?"

Wayne swung around. It was a girl. She was jaunty and crisp and fresh as morning dew. She stepped up to the Barker.

"Why don't you call a policeman?" she said. "I'm sure my Father, who's the Chief, will be glad to send one of his men over to explain the law. It says you've got to sell him rings as long as he wants them." She turned to Wayne: "I was watching you. You must have a knack for it."

"It's no knack," Wayne said. "I practiced all winter. Last year I lost eight dollars right here trying for a pearl-handled revolver and then when I finally won it,



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DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums

it turned out to be a fake. Got me so mad—"

She laughed: "That you decided to practice and trim the trimmers. I like that!"

"You should have heard him last year. He kept kidding me all the time. Making out I was a big rube. Made a fool out of me. I guess there are all kinds of fools and he doesn't look so smart right now—"

"Look, sonny," the Barker said. "Here's your eight dollars back. Lay off now. Is it a deal?"

Wayne said carefully: "All right."

She had started to walk away but Wayne caught her arm. "Look," he said," I'd never have got the money back without you. I only want it to spend at the Fair, anyway. Suppose you help me do that, too? How about tonight?"

She looked doubtful: "I don't know."

"Will you be around the Midway?"

The girl was silent for a moment and then she said: "Look, you don't really know who I am."

"I'll ask for the prettiest policeman's daughter at the Fair," Wayne said.

"I only said that to get your money back for you. I'm Emily Edwards. I sing with the band over at the Starlight Gardens."

"I saw your name out there," Wayne said. "Say—"

"Well, will I be seeing you?"

"Will you!"

She was smiling again. Then she turned. There was a free easy swing to her shoulders, a jaunt to her stride. She looked like a streak of sunshine scooting between the shaded branches of the elms back home at the farm. Wayne began to whistle . . .

There's a certain swing to a Fair, a color to it, like the color of wine—rich and warm. A Fair is people—the swarms on the Midway, the men bending over exhibits in the Pavillions, the women fussing with their jars of preserves and jellies, the kids laughing and shouting and always underfoot.

It's the beat of the horses hooves racing around the turn with the whole crowd yelling. And somewhere along the rail Margy was dancing up and down watching her horse lead into the stretch, and beside her was a tall, lean, young man who watched her gravely and smiled when she turned to him, shouting: "Pat! Pat! We won!" He smiled and then suddenly, there in the middle of the crowd, at the height of the Fair, he bent and kissed her . . .

A Fair is a Technicolor night. And in the Starlight Gardens the colored lights played on the dance floor and the music seemed to be coming from the sky out of the peepholes of the stars. And behind the bandstand, in the faint light of the moon, Emily and Wayne traced the fingers of night clouds as they wisped across the night sky. And Wayne said: "Emily, Emily . . ."

A Fair is prizes and blue ribbons. And in the afternoons when they judged the pickles and the mincemeats, Ma was like a young girl at her graduation, nervous and fidgety. And they all, the whole family, watched while the Judges sipped and paused and sipped again. And there was the breathless moment until the words came: "First Prize—Mrs. Melissa Frake . . . !" And then it was Pa currying Blue Boy's coat for the hundredth time, talking to him, whispering to him, cajoling him. And the Blue Ribbons did look pretty against the sheen of his hide . . .

A Fair is a beginning and an ending. Pretty as flowers, tumbling as a brook, bright as summer. A Fair is the corner you turn to a place you never saw before and never hope to see again. And sometimes you forget it quick as a turned page. And sometimes you remember forever . . .

There was a wooded grove overlooking the Fair, and there weren't many people

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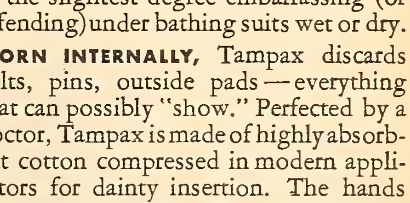

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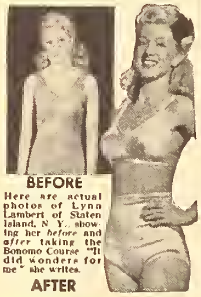

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who knew about it. But then a newspaper reporter always knows the best place, and Pat brought Margy there. There was a huge gnarled tree set near the edge of a hill, old as history itself, and they leaned against the curving trunk looking down at the lights of the Fair.

"What're you going to do when the Fair's over?" Pat said.

"Go home."

"To that—what's-his-name?"

"Walter? Maybe . . ."

"And sit down there all the rest of your life? On a two by four farm? Bounded on the north by a pasture and on the south by a cornfield? That's not for you, Margy."

"What are you going to do, Pat?"

"I don't know. I'm not going to stick around here long. I've had a nibble from Chicago. I think they'll make a definite offer. Maybe New York, some day—"

"And there's no—what's-her-name?"

"For me? For Pat Gilbert?"

"Never marry, Pat?"

He turned to her, his face suddenly serious: "I never thought about it, Margy."

There was a flash of light from the Fair and a sky rocket etched skyward, trailing a peacock's trail of color. They watched it arch and sputter and die in the sky.

"That's me," Pat said. "The skyrocket kid."

"Are you really, Pat? Inside?"

He was serious again.

"I don't know," he said softly. "Some times—"

They both fell silent and after a while they wandered back down the hill. The crowds were thinning out. Pat walked with her to the parking place where the trailers were. The Frake trailer was dark. Ma and Pa must be asleep already. He said goodbye to her on the doorstep but after he was gone she still didn't go inside. She thought she saw his lazy slouch far down the road. Wayne came in later and found her on the steps of the trailer.

"Had a good time, Wayne?" she said.

"Wonderful. How about you, kid?"

"Wonderful."

Wayne met McGee because the little man always hung around the bandstand. He was a song plugger and he knew everything about the band and about music and about the people who sing the music. It was McGee who told Wayne.

"Well, they're shipping off right after the last set tonight."

"Shipping off?"

"Sure. Chicago. The Fair's wound up and there's nothing here for them."

"Emily didn't say anything."

"Guess she thought you knew."

"Oh, I knew she'd have to leave. But I didn't think it was so soon. Tonight!"

"You're kinda overboard on the kid, aren't you?"

"Kinda," Wayne said. "Kinda mutual."

"When you going back home?"

"Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow's good enough," McGee said.

But tomorrow wouldn't be good enough if Emily was leaving that night. He waited for her behind the bandstand and as soon as she saw him she knew something was wrong. She came hurrying toward him and he thought: she's beautiful as moonlight, she's beautiful as a garden in a sunset.

"McGee said you were leaving tonight," Wayne said.

"Yes, that's right, Wayne. We are."

"You didn't tell me," he said harshly.

"No," she said. "I was going to. Along with a few other things."

"Like what? Maybe like telling me it was all just a big joke. You and me. And the stuff about maybe being in love. You and me—"

"No, it's not a big joke."

"Then how can you think about leaving?"

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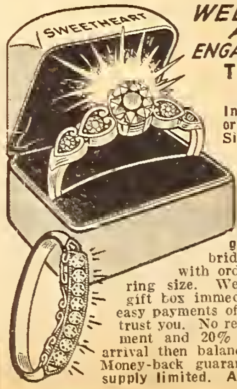

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"Maybe it hurts me as much as it does you. Maybe I don't want to leave anymore than—anymore than maybe you don't want me to—"

"Then you don't have to. Come on back and meet Ma and Pa. They'll like you. Come home with us tomorrow—"

"I can't, Wayne."

Someone was calling her from the bandstand. There was the urgent sound of an introduction being repeated and then someone was whispering urgently: "Emily!"

He had to watch her go. Then McGee was at his side again, chewing his cigar silently while the music welled up from the bandstand and Emily's voice came through, fresh as the song of a bird.

"Look, kid," McGee said. "I was listening. In my business you learn to listen to everything. You really want to marry Emily?"

Wayne said harshly: "Yes."

McGee said softly: "She's married already, kid."

The words seemed to explode in his head like the roar of thunder. He turned to McGee and suddenly he was shaking him until McGee made him stop.

"That's not going to do any good," McGee said. "It's not going to do any good to get mad at Emily. She's the sweetest kid this side of Paradise. And she's married to the biggest heel this side of Hell. It's not so easy for her either, remember that. Waking up and finding the guy you thought you loved is a louse. And being stuck with him. Married—"

"Why didn't she tell me?"

"Maybe because she's ashamed and bitter and scared. Maybe because there isn't anything anyone can do about it. He won't let her go. Maybe she wanted something bright in her life for a minute, too. That was you, kid. Sometimes you can love someone—and still it ain't going to come out, 'they lived happily ever after.' There isn't much left for Emily except working and singing—"

"I didn't know," Wayne said. "I didn't know!"

"Look at it this way, kid. You been here at a Fair three days. Well, what happened? You met the sweetest kid in the world and for three days the two of you could pretend it was like a fairy tale. What's so bad about that? What have you got to kick about? Don't make it tougher for her. Let her go, kid. She has to—"

Wayne turned away blindly.

McGee said softly: "What's a Fair without a little corn likker to sweeten it up? Let's get a drink, kid . . ."

Out near the roller coasters Margy was waiting for Pat. Overhead the roller coaster dipped and turned like a mechanical snake upon its steel tracks. There was a light wind whipping through the Fair grounds and Margy drew her coat about her. Pat was late. He'd said he'd meet her more than an hour before . . .

Maybe—

No. She thrust the thought from her. But it kept coming back like the refrain of an old song. She kept hearing Pat's voice in her ear, little snatches of what he'd said: . . if you don't like the ride, you just get off and walk away . . .

. . . just get off and walk away . . .

It was easy enough to say, and it sounded right. Two people meet and they stick around for a while. But that didn't mean they were fated for each other. You couldn't kick if one of them got tired after a while . . . and walked away. That was how it should be. She believed that, didn't she? Didn't she tell Pat that was how she wanted it to be?

. . . and walk away . . .

She couldn't blame Pat. What was she? She was only a little kid off a farm. All right: She was in love with him. Just like that. And what did that mean? You

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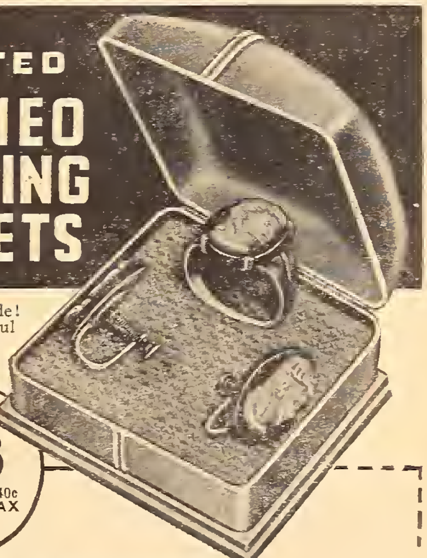

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NUM-ZIT
TEETHING LOTION

can't put shackles on a man just because you happen to love him. You keep your fingers crossed and you hope. But if it doesn't work, then you've got to take your medicine. Margy, she said to herself, you wanted it that way, didn't you, you've got no right to kick now. If you wanted it easy and sure you took a fellow like Harry but if you play for the Pats of the world, you had to take your chances.

She pulled the collar of her coat up around her chin. She felt suddenly cold. She knew he wouldn't come anymore that night. He'd never kept her waiting before. And he wouldn't, unless— She looked back at the roller coaster as she started away. It was climbing up to the first high peak. It was wonderful at the peak. But she knew what happened right after. Right after. Right after came the dip.

. . . *and walk away* . . .

Pat, she thought, Pat!

Then suddenly she was running home.

And so the Frakes came home. Abel and Melissa were tired and happy. Wayne sat in the back of the truck, nursing a hangover—and an ache. Margy sat dry-eyed, staring out at the familiar landscape, the stretch of the friendly stand of trees, the curl of the hills.

"Some Fair," Pa said.

"Best Fair we've had in years," Ma said.

They dropped Wayne off down the road a bit. He said he wanted to mosey over and talk with Eleanor. They came up the sweeping drive before the old house. Inside they could hear the jangle of the phone. It was Margy who dropped off to answer it. She lifted the receiver mechanically. And then suddenly her whole face was alight.

"Who? Who?" she said. "Pat! Oh, Pat! . . . No, I'm not crying. Of course, I'm glad to hear from you . . . Where? . . . Just down the road . . . Right now? . . . Oh, Pat, I waited and waited for you last night . . . No. I never got the message . . . They offered you the job in Chicago? . . . And do you know what I thought! You'll never guess what I thought . . . No, Pat, I'm not going to talk forever. Of course I want to see you . . . Down at the drugstore. Of course you can come up. No, wait! I'll come down. I'll be right down. Wait for me, Pat! Wait for me!"

She was out of the house and running down the road, past Pa who turned from unloading Blue Boy to stare after her, past Ma who was taking out the remaining jars of pickles and mincemeat. She ran down the road toward the Drugstore.

"Did you hear Margy?" Pa said. "I never heard her laugh like that."

"Must have had a good time at the Fair," Ma said.

"Guess so," Pa said. "Fine things for the young ones. Fine things, Fairs!"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One bright, sunny day in the summer of 1943, my friend and I were strolling along New York's Fifth Avenue. A few feet away from us was a man in the uniform of an officer of the Free French Army. The brilliant sunlight prevented us from seeing his face clearly. As we drew near, we both sighed simultaneously because we recognized him. It was Pierre Aumont. Mr. Aumont, who undoubtedly heard our audible sigh, smiled, bowed, and tipped his hat in the gallant French manner.

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Rockaway Beach, New York

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Says **Evelyn Knight**
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GLORIA DeHAVEN MGM Star in "Between 2 Women"

CHARMING BILLY

(*Continued from page 35*)

ver Hollywood Boulevard. After all, ou're his star discovery of the year."

The director was laughing at the ex-ression on Bill's face. "Go ahead, Bill. The darn bridge is stronger than it ooks."

"You hope," Bill said. But then he re-nembered he was an actor and that "The Song Of Bernadette" was a really big pic-ure. He was lucky to be in it. He emembered, too, suddenly and unex-ectedly, that Jennifer wasn't Jennifer ow. She was a peasant girl who saw isions of the Blessed Virgin. The mood f spiritual reverence which had affected hem all during the shooting of the pic-ure crept over him again.

ucky voodoo . . .

He wasn't the only one who had noticed t. They had all spoken of it. The shoot-ng had gone along with an almost un-anny ease. Everyone was happy and kind nd helpful. Bill is a practical and rather nalytical lad, not given to flights of ancy, but this wasn't anything you could nalyze. It was just—well, a feeling you ot inside you. And after the picture was inished, he noticed that things happened o those who had helped make it. Jenni-er was made a star. Bill got a good part n "The Eve Of St. Mark." Coincidence? Vell, maybe. Bill doesn't think so.

Bill has been lucky, though, in a lot of vays since he came to Hollywood. One f his best breaks has been the girls cast pposite him. Jennifer and Anne Baxter, nd Joan Bennett and the great Tallulah erself. Of course, he and Anne Baxter re very good pals indeed, so he naturally ikes to play opposite her. He knew her nly slightly before they made a picture ogether, but the first day on the set, she aw he was nervous, and at lunchtime alled, "How about some sauerkraut and pickles in my dressing room?"

"Thanks, I'd love it!" he said, and rushed ner over there before she could change her mind. There's another reason he likes to lo pictures with her, as he explained cheerfully. "It's so much easier making ove to someone you know."

Not like that time he had to do a scene for "Wing And A Prayer" with a gal he had never seen before in his life. She was Hedy LaMarr's double. The studio got Bill up at the crack of dawn one day, brought him over and introduced him to a beautiful brunette. "Now go into a clinch," he was told. His eyes were prac-tically propped open with matchsticks at that point but he kissed the gal with all the enthusiasm he could muster. She re-sponded nobly, but when the clinch had been duly recorded, she remarked sadly, "What a way to make a living! I'd rather be back in Iowa slopping the hogs and milking the cows."

A lot of people in Hollywood have, like Anne, helped Bill along a bit. More than you think possible to judge by the usual talk of knives-in-the-back, etc. Take Nancy Kelly, for instance. Bill had just arrived on the Coast, and was he lonesome for New York! He kept thinking about the old gang back in New York, hanging around Sardi's and Ralph's, living on sandwiches and coffee, talking theater every moment of the day. He missed them so much that he was one big ache of homesickness.

Then Bill met Nancy Kelly and right away things got better. She started invit-ing him over to her house for dinner about four nights a week, and then they'd go out somewhere and meet a lot of her friends. The California sunshine began to seem warm instead of synthetic, and there were people in Hollywood as well as New York who could talk about the theater. Furthermore, pictures proved unexpect-edly engrossing.

Of course there were some difficulties in the beginning. The first time Bill stepped before a camera, he made a good entrance, strode across the room, tripped over an electric cable and fell flat on his handsome face!

Bill's first picture was "The Oxbow Incident." In it he was cast as a neurotic, intense boy, completely dominated by his father. It was a good role, and it won him the acclaim of the critics. But it was much the same sort of part he had played in "The Moon Is Down" on Broadway—the part that led Twentieth Century-Fox to sign him to a contract. And every time his agent suggested Eythe for a new role, somebody would say, "Oh, he's too intense. Too emotional. We want a more normal type."

come back, wherever you are . . .

That went on for eight months. Bill, who is as normal as they come, sat around biting his nails to shreds and thinking bitter thoughts about people who would "type" a guy on the strength of two parts. Then he got mad. He went away and didn't tell anyone where he'd gone. As a matter of fact, he went to New York, and saw every play in town. He looked up all his old friends, and had an elegant time. He didn't get too upset, though, when the studio managed to locate him and said, "Come on back. We've got a part for you in 'The Song of Bernadette.' It isn't big but it's good. You'll like it." So back he went, and he did like it.

Bill was hit on the head with a gun in "The Oxbow Incident." He had gone through much the same treatment in "The Moon Is Down." Even now people say to the actor that did it, "Oh *you're* the guy who beat Eythe on the head and made him deaf!" Which is a gross libel—Bill has had punctured eardrums since a series of abscesses at the age of three months. But the ears are okay for general purposes, even if they do keep him out of the Army. (That isn't definite at the moment, either, as he is to be re-classified 1-A, and anything can happen.) And one of the biggest thrills he's gotten from his movie career to date, was banging around in those planes in "Wing And A Prayer." He didn't do the real flying, of course, but he did taxi his plane along the deck of the carrier, in several scenes, with the regular pilot perched on one wing out of sight of the camera, giving him directions.

Speaking of thrills, though, the ultimate peak of excitement for our Mr. Eythe was reached when he was cast opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "A Royal Scandal." Bill is a lad who usually has no trouble making with the words, but when they gave him that news, he was really speechless. You see, La Bankhead represents Theater to him with a very capital T. A few years ago he had a job as an usher and he saw her in "The Little Foxes" so many times he could recite every part in it. Now he was to play opposite her, and the thought scared hell out of him. That was before he met Tallulah. Afterward everything was just pure enchantment.

You know the part Bill plays in "A Royal Scandal." He's a young officer whom Catherine The Great singles out for her attention. The officer takes himself very seriously. As Bill says, "He's a jerk, but

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Specially made for Blondes to help keep light hair from darkening—brighten faded hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and department stores.

kind of a nice jerk." It's a comedy part, which delighted Bill—he loves playing comedy. He does pratt falls and everything. Tallulah used to laugh so much at some of the scenes that they'd have to stop shooting. Like the one where she leans against a pillar, looking beautiful and queenly as all get out, and says in her throaty, dramatic voice, "I'm the loneliest woman in the world!"

The young officer looks at her with his eyes practically popping out of his head in sympathetic excitement. He says droolingly (honest, that's the only way to describe it!), "Oh, your Majesty!" That's all, but it used to kill Tallulah. She'd shriek with laughter and say "Darling, do it again! It's so wonderful, I can't bear it!"

royal chase . . .

Then there was the scene where he tossed her into a wastebasket. That's when he has just found out that she has been trifling with his young affections, and his ego is smashed to small and painful fragments. He advances toward her, retaliation in his eyes, and the czarina sees what's coming and runs like hell. He chases her all over the palace, and when he finally catches her, he picks her up and heaves her into the wastebasket.

"The greatest actress on earth," he told his friends in awed embarrassment, "and I'm chasing her through corridors and tossing her into wastebaskets."

He gave her a little souvenir of one of their scenes together. The one where Bill says menacingly, "I'm going to send you where you'll never see a man again. No men, your Majesty! East or West, North or South, *no men!*" Bill sent her a silver compass mounted on a heart, with the inscription "Your Majesty, no men!"

Bill wears tights in "A Royal Scandal." The costume of white and gold blouse and tights and boots is fantastically becoming to his lean, dark good looks. But the tights proved a definite hazard when he was chasing Tallulah. They split up the back! Bill could feel them going but there wasn't a thing he could do about it except back hastily off the set. Everyone ran around with needles and tape and pins and got him looking respectable again. He started toward Tallulah once more, cameras grinding, and this time the damn tights split up the front! It was very funny—for everyone but Bill! There was a young soldier on the set who had just returned from a couple of years in the South Pacific. He came up to Bill afterward and said fervently, "Gee, thanks, Mr. Eythe! That's the first time I've laughed in twenty-five months!"

"Come in anytime," Bill said helpfully. "Always glad to oblige, if the supply of tights holds out."

proof positive . . .

"A Royal Scandal" convinced any doubters there might be left in Hollywood that this Eythe was headed for stardom. There are probably some people who are not pleased about this. Bill is too outspoken, too much of a law unto himself, to achieve great popularity in a town as governed by gossip as the cinema capital. He does as he pleases, not because he is trying to establish a reputation as a "character" but because he is essentially too lazy to change his habits.

"Colonel Effingham's Raid," his most recent picture, was exciting to make because there were so many accomplished actors and actresses in it. Joan Bennett, Charles Coburn, Allan Joslyn, Donald Meek. Donald used to throw them all into hysterics by wandering around, very dead pan, with an enormous picture of a monkey, saying politely, "Will you autograph your picture for me?"

Joan was swell to work with. Neve pulled any heavy star stuff, laughed a herself all the time. One night when the were all cold and exhausted after a particularly hard day's work on location, Bil was sitting in Joan's trailer, feeling lik the end of the world. Joan, taking makeu off her lovely face with cold cream, stoppe abruptly and leaned forward to surve herself dramatically in the mirror.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star! What silly jerk you are!" she declaimed.

It broke Bill up. He laughed till he wa sick. After that they both felt fine.

They used real soldiers in the last par of the picture where the young reporte played by Bill, enlists in the Army. On of the soldiers approached Bill.

"Uh—Mr. Eythe, would you please giv me your autograph?"

Bill beamed happily. "Oh, you don really want my autograph," he said, wit all the phony modesty of a chorus gi accepting her first mink coat, "I'm n much of an actor."

"Oh, I know *that,*" said the soldier earn estly. "But after all, you *are* in pictures

After "Colonel Effingham's Raid" w finished, Bill went on a sort of cross country tour, making personal appearanc and doing a bit of radio work. Radio a medium which turns the brash M Eythe into a quivering jelly-fish. H stands in front of the microphone, and h hand shakes so much that the script he holding is just a blur in front of his eyes

"In the theater, you can gauge yo performance by the audience's reaction he explains. "In pictures, if it isn't rig it can be re-shot. But on the radio, y talk into that damned little mike, and f all you know what comes out of people radios may sound like Mortimer Snerd!"

There are a couple of words which invariably muffs if they come up in t script. One is "interested" which he ca pronounce at all unless he says slowly a solemnly—"in-ter-es-ted." The other "executive." He encountered that in h script on the Paula Stone program whe he was guest-starring. He saw it coming couple of paragraphs away and cast agonized glance at Paula, who hadn't t least idea what was wrong with him. S smiled sweetly, encouragingly. Bill we on, in the manner of a victim approachi the guillotine. When he finally arriv at "executive," he pronounced it (a) e exretive, (b) exelutive, and—finally, wi triumph, "ex-ec-u-tive." It slowed t program up a bit, but you can't ha everything!

plug happy . . .

In Chicago, he guest-starred on t Breakfast Hour, which is MC'd by D McNeil. Don is a great guy, and he ga Bill quite a build-up as they began. B he ended his eulogy by saying, "Bill Eyt who is currently appearing in 'A Rom Scandal.'" Bill plucked at his slee "Royal," he hissed. Don looked at h blankly. Bill took over the micropho "I hate to start out in a negative manne he said, "but the film is named 'A Ro Scandal.'" "Oh," Don repeated, "A *Ro* Scandal!" "This," Bill announced, "sho get me a raise at Twentieth. Three pl instead of one!"

His next project, which is already un way, is a picture about the FBI. Llo Nolan is to be in it, too. Part of it is be made in Washington, and the rest New York. Bill has taken a small apa ment in New York, and is happily bou ing around from one theater to anoth in between work on the picture. It is be semi-documentary in nature, and based on Ambassador Dodd's diary. plays a kid who is sent by the FBI Germany before the war to assimil German technique and plans. He abso

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it all so thoroughly that when he gets back, his superiors don't dare trust him. They think he has gone over to the Nazis.

Bill met one celebrity on his tour who really excited him. That was Chester Gould, the originator of the frantic Dick Tracy adventures. Bill, like most of America, reads Dick with the same regularity with which he consumes his morning coffee. So when he was introduced to Gould in Chicago, he oozed admiration at every pore. They went into a long huddle, and Bill emerged with the slightly glassy-eyed look of one who has been entrusted with a vital military secret.

"I am now one of two people in the United States who know what is going to happen to Gravel Gertie for the next six months," he confided to a friend. "It's almost too much for me." But wait till a couple of Bill's pals on the Coast find out about this. The three of them have been accustomed to bet on the next day's Dick Tracy strip. They'll probably accuse Bill of trying to gyp them out of their life-savings!

Bill would love to "commute" between the Coast and Broadway, taking advantage of both mediums. He thinks an actor in either one can learn a lot from the other. That's one of the nicest things about Bill—his willingness to learn from anything or anyone who has something to teach. He has a secret yen to play parts like the ones Eddie Bracken does on the screen. Or else villains—he loves villains. He played Danny in "Night Must Fall" in stock, and Albert in "Ladies in Retirement," and couldn't have been happier. Since he is a very determined as well as a very adept young man, you'll probably stroll into the corner movie one day and find him playing the most sinister kind of murderer! But meanwhile we'll settle for Eythe the way he looks and acts in "A Royal Scandal." Such fun!

SHE'S HIS BABY NOW

(*Continued from page 55*)

Hollywood, and they'd like it to have the domestic qualities that make Malabar so rich—and most of all, the spirit of warm, glowing love.

So they came to Pleasant Valley and this was their wedding day.

american . . .

Humphrey Bogart is an American. He loves this country and he wants a lot for it. So they stopped in Chicago for "I Am an American" Day, Bogey, and Betty and her mother, attractive, gleaming Mrs. Natalie Bacall. He made a talk there, and a lot of it was still with him as he spoke to reporters, a lot of the thrill and excitement that comes into his voice when he speaks to the soldiers, and when he speaks about them.

A girl told him that she'd come up to forbid the bans. "My big brother's fighting the war for Lauren Bacall," she said. "He wants to come home and marry her." "How's he fixed for points?" Humphrey asked, and then his smile flashed. "He isn't the only one. You ought to hear those GIs when they see her picture—Woo!" and his eyes lighted again and he looked across at her—"It's a great thing."

They left Chicago. A very small party, just Bogart and Lauren and her mother—who had to come along because twenty-year-old Miss Bacall must have a parent's signature to get a marriage license!

It was late when they got into Mansfield, Ohio—almost midnight.

It's a small town, a city of large, gracious old homes, with a central square

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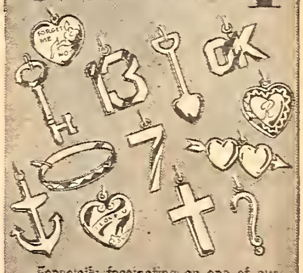

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and a rugged looking courthouse. There weren't a lot of cars parked around the business center and much of the place was dark. But the reporters! It isn't every evening that two world famous people come here to be married. . . .

They had to get up at six o'clock in the morning, next day, to drive in from the Bromfield farm for their marriage license.

There was a doctor who was ready to shut himself into his laboratory to make blood tests in a hurry. There was a probate judge whose privilege it was to waive the five-day delay. There was Judge H. H. Shettler, whose enormous privilege it was to be to perform the ceremony.

So they got their license and there was time for Louis to take them for a good workout in the fields.

"Maybe MODERN SCREEN would like to see Betty on a manure spreader?" Bogey suggested. "That's what we get when we come here—work with manure."

There's been screwy weather in Ohio all through the spring. But the sun came up to shine on a very happy bride on May twenty-first.

People came from all over, but Lauren wanted her wedding very simple and very private. She wanted Bogey and her beautiful young mother. She wanted Louis Bromfield for best man and George Hawkins, his handsome secretary-manager, to give her away. The judge to read the ceremony. Lovely, slender Hope Bromfield, Louis' seventeen-year-old daughter, to play the wedding music. Mr. Bromfield's wife and mother.

And could that be all, she asked, just those special few?

It could be managed—it took doing. The Bromfields have hundreds of friends everywhere in the world. The press was excited over the proceedings. It isn't easy for anybody to be turned away from Malabar.

And yet, somehow—it was done.

There's a great central hall at Malabar. A huge recessed window at one end brings the whole breath taking landscape into the room. There were flowers banked in the window.

Hope Bromfield played. The Warsaw Concerto on the big piano. The Warsaw Concerto—it has certain sentimental associations for the pair of them. And then the Lohengrin wedding march. The judge stood in the window reading a simple service.

. . . *"I charge you both to remember that love and loyalty alone will serve as the foundation of an enduring and happy home . . ."*

The lovely girl in rose-beige lifted her eyes—the Look was a still one now, a vow and a sacrament . . . They both want an enduring and happy home.

. . . *"Your life will be full of peace and happiness and the home which you are establishing will last through every vicissitude . . ."*

There is on the floor of the hall, a great, striped tiger skin rug Louis Bromfield shot in Mysore, India. Humphrey Bogart stood on this tiger skin now, a certain leashed power in his shoulders under the trimly cut suit. He looked at the lovely girl, and there was no hardness there. There was wonder, and peace, and a growing happiness.

"Will you, Humphrey Bogart, have Betty Joan Bacall, to be your wedded wife? Will you love her. . . ."

There were two rings to be exchanged. Lauren had worn on her finger the giant chrysoberyl which was her choice "far above rubies." Now the slender wedding ring slipped on her finger.

Bogey and Lauren Bacall were man and wife.

They stood still for a moment. The judge smiled.

"It's all right—you can kiss her now."

A lot of people wanted to kiss her—she gave a warm kiss to big George Hawkins, she had an embrace for Louis, she turned to her mother. "It's wonderful—and it's over," she whispered. "I'm Mrs. Bogart—Mrs. Humphrey Bogart . . ."

The press crowded around Lauren, but she ran up the stairs, motioning the men away.

She poised her flowers high, ready for the traditional hurling of the bouquet.

"Out of the way, boys," Lauren said severely, her eyes on young, pretty Hope Bromfield. "She's going to get it."

Hope went up on tiptoe and the flowers sailed into her hands.

They all came out into the sunshine.

They came across the screened verandah and suddenly Lauren leaned forward and kissed Humphrey—a swift, little girl kiss, with her eyes laughing, and her long curly mouth mischievous. She daubed a speck of lipstick from his mouth and giggled.

"Are you happy?" somebody said to Bogey.

"What do you think?"

"She's a beautiful thing," a wistful guest murmured.

"She's better than that," flashed Bogey. "She's sweet and kind and good."

That's what everybody was saying—the Bromfields who have known great people all over the great world, and who with three daughters of their own, Hope, Ann, and Ellen, have taken Betty Bacall for a fourth. She came hurrying out at a photographer's plea, and the door swung behind her and nipped the tail of one of the huge brown boxers that roam about the premises.

"Oh, darling!" Lauren wailed. She sat down and hugged the fierce-faced, loving-eyed dog and apologized to him deeply, she told him over and over that it had been a mistake and she was terribly sorry. This was Prince, who, during the wedding ceremony, came strolling into the room and lay down, trustingly, on the judge's shoes.

Later, "Climb up on the roof, will you?" a photographer suggested and Bogey said, "I'd love to," and Lauren added, "and I'll hang by my toes. Right?"

Humphrey shrugs away the notion that he and Lauren may do a stage play together. "I haven't been in a stage play for so long, I'd be scared to death—and we're both tied up with contracts."

So tied up, in fact, that they are going straight back to Hollywood after this halcyon interval in Pleasant Valley. Overnight at the farm—one day's honeymoon in Chicago. Then to work.

But they were married at noon when the sun was high and the air sweet and for the rest of this glowing day they were bride and bridegroom and nothing else.

"Will you stand over here, Mrs. Bogart?"

Lauren Bacall flung back her hair and cried out.

"WHAT did you say?"

"Mrs. Bogart . . ."

"Say it once more . . ."

"Mrs. Bogart . . ."

"I LOVE this man!" she exclaimed.

It was time to go into the huge, gracious dining room, where the tall four-layer cake was brought in.

Humphrey Bogart swung the knife over the shimmering cake. "A-aah!" breathed everybody.

He looked up with a darkly gleaming grin. "Wait," he said, "wait till Van Johnson does this!"

A breathless young girl came up to Bogey, just as Louis Bromfield seized and ate the first hunk of cake. Humphrey listened attentively—he nodded, and went over to speak to Lauren.

Two girls wanted pictures taken, wedding pictures of Lauren and Bogey—and could the girls be taken too? They were

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engaged, there was a boy in Iwo Jima and another one far overseas, would it be too much to ask?"

"Of course, Hum-a-phrey—" Lauren has a sliding little way of making three syllables out of his name.

"Where shall we sit, here, behind the table with the cake? Will that get everything in?"

There were lots of pictures made at Malabar and Malabar is a place that frames its own pictures with its endless fields of growing things and its peace.

Bogey likes that. He likes walking with Louis, he likes digging and planting and cultivating. He likes this large, large house that's still so much a home.

Malabar's an informal place and this was an informal wedding.

There was an exception to the "no guest" rules. There is a young flyer staying with the Bromfields—"we have a lot of these flyers here all the time," Louis said. He didn't say why—he didn't add that they find real home living on this farm, that they find rest and rebuilding for their tired spirits and bodies.

Lieutenant Robert McElhiney of Boston, very handsome in his tailored uniform, seemed carefree and young and interested in the wedding and all of the goings on. With his face serene and those ribbons that spoke of fifty missions—

There were other onlookers, too—all Louis Bromfield's friends . . .

Mr. Thomas Simpson, the butler, a tall, dignified colored man with a gentle smile. His wife was present, and the Negro cook, Mrs. Reba Williams.

They were all getting lined up for a picture and Bogey reached back and pulled Mrs. Williams' little daughter, Lovata, up to stand with him. "Come on, Shorty," he said, "get in the picture."

A wee creature in a starched pinafore came toddling in holding to Thomas Simpson's hand—tiny Sharlane, the butler's granddaughter.

Lauren Bacall squealed. She held out her hands. "Oh, the DARLING," she cried.

a mother's faith . . .

Mrs. Bacall was quietly happy. "Yes," she says, "It's come fast for Betty and it's wonderful. But I always had faith in her. We just assumed that it would be a long, long time, because with most people it is. It's a little hard to believe because of that."

It is hard to believe. She's just twenty. Her face—and a piquant, wonderfully-made face it is, of odd planes and strange slants—is known to a million people.

She's just a little girl, pushing back her hair from a hot, damp brow.

And so they were married. A poised man-of-the-world who has answers to everything, good answers, carefully thought out. A leashed, dark, powerful man. And this willing, friendly, serene young girl who doesn't hold back on anything, who doesn't say she's tired, who doesn't ask to be let off.

And so they were married—and about Lauren Bacall, there's a look—this time without the capital L—there's a look. And he has one too, a look of certainty, a look of a man who knows what he wants—and has it. . .

Her gift to him was a golden key to the new house in Hollywood.

"Your life will be full of peace and happiness and the home which you are establishing will last. . . ."

"Bogey—" Lauren says. "Where's Bogey?"

"I'm right here," Humphrey Bogart says.

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I REMEMBER ALAN

(Continued from page 49)

all for him. Others couldn't figure him out. He was no problem child in the ordinary sense. "But," I remember one of my colleagues saying, "he sits there behind this barrier of reserve, and you simply can't figure out what goes on in that handsome head of his."

taking stock . . .

The minute I saw him, I knew what she meant. With all his quietness, an imp flickered in his eyes. I knew he was sizing me up. And why not? Wasn't I doing the same to him?

From the beginning, Alan stood out. Besides each name in your record book, there's a space for remarks—*if* you care to make them. As a rule, you don't. About the average child you have nothing to say. He has no curiosity, he absorbs what doesn't require too much effort, he goes to school because he must. Beside Alan's name, I exploded into remarks: "Good mind—original ideas—intellectual curiosity—creative imagination—sense of humor."

For four years I taught him English and drama, and he was an active member of my Shakespeare Club. In all that time I never knew him to accept an opinion merely because it was voiced by authority. Always, he thought for himself.

Trouble was the last thing he ever gave me. The only time he stepped out of line was in my behalf. We were studying "Hamlet," and had in the class one tough character who made it his business to create disturbances. After one such interruption, I saw Alan give a little signal to another boy. They both rose quietly, lifted the offender between them, bounced him through the door, and returned to their seats, dusting their palms off.

It all happened too quickly for me to interfere. Recovering my breath, I asked: "Where's he gone?"

"Out!" replied Alan.

While my knowledge of Alan at the time was only through school activities, I followed those with considerable interest. He was a champion swimmer and diver, guard at the playground pool, and popular with boys and girls alike. In his junior year, they elected him president of the student body. He made A's in more than half his classes, including mine, yet there was nothing of the grind about him. Among other things, he was a notable dancer. Most of those kids danced well, but they'd clear the floor to watch Alan and his partner toss off a routine. It didn't take much, of course, to impress me, but when his contemporaries broke into loud applause, I knew I'd been seeing something pretty special.

I don't believe he went with any particular girl through his high school years. He had the normal boy's interest in the opposite sex, but it seemed more general than specific. I do, however, recall one gossamer little romance, because I watched it flourish and fade in English class.

When you sit up in front of forty youngsters day after day, you see a great deal they don't dream they're giving away. A turn of the head, an unconscious gesture—and the poor young innocent's secret heart lies bared. One cute little trick—let's call her Betty—blushed every time Alan got up to recite. I'd make them memorize poetry of their own choosing, and Alan's selections were always off the beaten track. One day it was Herrick:

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles today,
Tomorrow will be dying . . ."

As he sat down, his eyes flashed toward Betty, who turned pink as a rosebud herself, and tried not to look self-conscious. A couple of weeks later the mood had changed. He'd dug up this message from John Suckling, and the imp was very much in evidence as he delivered it:

"Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more
If it prove fair weather . . ."

Betty was stung, no question about it. Her lashes batted furiously, her lip quivered, and she kept her eyes fixed on the desk till the bell rang. Alan was at the door with one of his pals, and made her a mocking little bow as she passed, head high.

Naturally, my curiosity was aroused, but I had to restrain it. You can't call on the same boy to recite every day. But as soon as I could decently get around to it, I had him up again, intoning:

"Who'er she be,
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me . . ."

This time his face was inscrutable, and Betty's only reaction was to stare into space. Love was dead. There was no one around to whisper that the name of the "not impossible" She would be Susie. Only they both knew for sure that it wasn't Betty!

What interested me most in Alan was his acting ability. I nursed a thwarted passion for the stage myself, and took it out in coaching when I could. The regular coach at North Hollywood was Miss Marie Byrne. She gave Alan the part of Paul in "Come Out of the Kitchen" and that performance turned me into an arch-rooter for him and his career. From then on, I hadn't the smallest doubt that he could become a professional actor. It may have been my enthusiasm for his talent that prompted him to come to me one day with a problem.

confessor-comforter . . .

I no longer remember what the problem was—only that it loomed very large in his life at the time, and was something he couldn't talk to his mother about. Which makes me think it may have had to do with whether or not he ought to leave school. That afternoon brought us closer. I believe he knew he could come to me as a friend. My own son, Harry, was 19 at the time—too much older than Alan for them to be really chummy. But they met when Alan did some work in my garden and liked each other—and Harry'd sometimes take the younger boy along on his rounds. Nominally, he was selling cars, but those were the depression days, and most of his business consisted in taking the cars away from people who couldn't pay for them.

I knew of course that the Ladds didn't have much money, but Alan was proud as Lucifer, and I had no idea how tough things were for them after his stepfather fell ill. Years later I asked him: "Why when we were so close didn't you tell us? Harry and I were your friends. What are friends for?"

He just shook his head: "I couldn't have told anyone—"

His mother had the same kind of reserve. She'd come to see me at school from time to time—a gentle, quiet person, to whom Alan was the sun and moon and stars. You had only to see them together to feel

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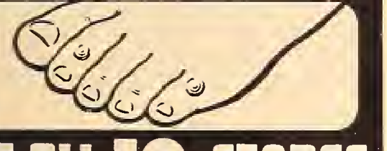

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the love and understanding between them. Alan's not demonstrative, not even with his small baby. He doesn't rave like most fathers—just looks volumes at her. And the way he looked at his mother told the same story. . . .

She believed in his career. She didn't know how it was going to be managed, but she knew as surely as if she'd lived to see it, that his talent would be recognized. I think that's why she came to see me—because I believed, too, and there weren't very many at the time who did.

We put on some one act farces, in which Alan was splendid. In fact, I could hardly believe my eyes when I sat in the theater, watching "This Gun for Hire." Somehow, I'd been expecting comedy. He'll kill me for telling this, but in one of the farces he played a college boy posing as his friend's sister, and don't think he didn't make a beautiful girl—oh, a little rough maybe but a slick chick just the same. He swore to my face the other day that he never played it—even after I shoved the program under his nose. . . .

It wasn't till he did Ko-ko though, that I went overboard and proclaimed to all who'd listen that he was the most gifted boy I'd ever known. Miss Mildred Hewey of the Music Department produced "The Mikado" with her Glee Club. My son was makeup man, and I had the fun of coaching Alan. Not only did he show an amazing grasp of the part and a beautiful sense of timing, but he took infinite pains to master every nuance of the pantomime. Fifty times he'd go patiently through a scene to perfect some detail. He sang in a pleasant baritone—not a show-off voice, but extremely sympathetic (perfect for the chanteys of "Midshipman Easy," if Paramount doesn't mind a suggestion). I assured him there'd be lots of encores for "The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring," and though he was skeptical, we prepared extra verses and business. As it turned out, we didn't prepare enough. They kept calling him back till he'd used and repeated them all, and only when he was ready to keel over, did they let him go. . . .

almost not quite . . .

With this in mind, you can imagine how I received the news that Universal was sending a man through the high schools on a talent hunt. The youngsters he picked were to be put under trial contract for the summer and—if they proved themselves—given a regular contract in the fall.

I made up my mind that Alan had to be chosen. Or rather, I felt not the smallest doubt that he would be. So when Mr. Turney came in and picked this one and that, and ignored the pride of my heart, I rolled up my sleeves and gave battle.

"He's too blonde," Mr. Turney said. "He won't photograph well—"

"That's where you're wrong. I know, because we've had him photographed in school plays. Look, Mr. Turney, I've worked with hundreds of children, and this boy's got more than the rest of them put together. I have no axe to grind. You say you're looking for talent, and I'm showing it to you. If you pass it up, you'll be making the mistake of your life."

I had Alan sit down, get up; walk around. He moved easily, knew how to use his hands, had already achieved a kind of authority. Mr. Turney wavered some more—

"Do those lines of Cassio's, Alan," I said.

He grinned at me and began: "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil . . ."

That did it. "He has a fine voice," Mr. Turney said. "I think we'll try him—"

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a great failure . . .

All summer Alan worked like one possessed—spent the day at Universal, had another job at night, and early every morning came over to my house. There was a big swing in the garden, and there we'd sit, doing voice exercises, going through some scene for the studio. The neighbors must have thought us slightly batty, which didn't bother me. What did, was the shock that came at summer's end. Universal failed to take up Alan's option.

I know more about studios now than I did then. At the time I was dumbfounded by what seemed to me wanton stupidity. But my splutterings didn't do Alan much good, nor my feeble attempts at comfort. "Somebody'll grab you, Alan. Somebody's bound to—"

"Sure," he said.

I was transferred to Samuel Gompers Junior High School, and moved to another part of town. Los Angeles sprawls all over the map, transportation is difficult, and the Ladds had no phone. I tried to keep in touch with Alan, but failed. It's characteristic of him that, when he's down on his luck, you don't hear from him. When his luck turns, when *he* can do things for *you*, then you hear.

But I did hear *about* him. From time to time I'd meet one or another of his pals, who'd give me news of him. Still, there were long dry gaps in between. After one such gap I stumbled again into a member of the old crowd. He told me that Alan was working as a grip at Warners.

That jolted me out of my normal pattern of behavior. Maybe because this friend of his had told me of a grip who'd fallen from the catwalk to his death. Maybe because memories of the boy and his talent and his fine young eagerness came flooding back too brightly. Anyway, I sat down and wrote him a letter, the gist of which was: "Why are you wasting yourself? Get out and fight for the place you're entitled to—"

I mailed it to the studio, and for several years that was my last communication with Alan. I couldn't even be sure that the letter had reached him.

The first time I spied his name in the movie columns, my heart skipped a beat. "Alan Ladd, promising young newcomer." Soon it began popping all over the place. "Alan Ladd signed by Paramount," "Alan Ladd considered for starring role," "Alan Ladd marries Sue Carol—"

reflected glory . . .

I'd gone downtown to see "This Gun for Hire." I'd toyed with the idea of writing to Alan, but decided against it. One day the school phone rang, and a voice asked for me.

"If you'll leave your name," said the clerk, "I'll give her the message."

"Alan Ladd," said the voice.

I never got the message. Luckily for me, though, Alan's persistent. He asked Sue's partner to keep at it till she got me—which she finally did, in a free period.

"Will you come out and have lunch with Alan at the studio?"

Would I come! Believe it or not, I palpitated like any of my high school girls. Couldn't wait for the day to arrive, set out in a dither and wound up in a state of complete witlessness. First of all, I was late. Someone gave me the wrong directions. When I did reach the studio, they wouldn't let me through the main gate. Eventually, the providence that looks after idiots shoved me through the right door. I knew it was right, because Alan was there to greet me. As we started toward each other, a cameraman intervened: "Just a minute, please—"

I couldn't take it in. What did they want a picture of me for?—this droopy-looking

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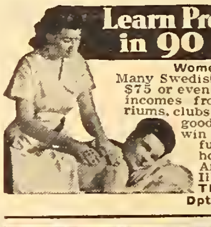

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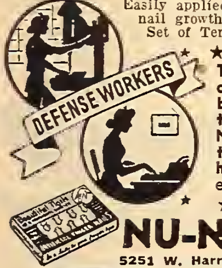

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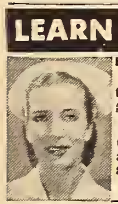

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teacher in a cockeyed hat. However, mine not to reason why. With that beautiful kid smiling beside me, the least I could do was try to look human. Not knowing how we got there, I found myself opposite Alan at a luncheon table. More cameras clicked. Someone thrust a book at me. "Now teach him—"

"Oh Lord," I wailed, "do I have to be a teacher forever?"

Alan howled and, next thing I knew, we were safe in his dressing room.

"What's all the fuss about, Alan? Why the pictures of *me?*"

"They know all about that letter you wrote me."

For a second I couldn't think what he meant. Then it came back. "You *did* get it then? I never knew."

"I was too low to answer it, but I got it all right. It made all the difference. I stood there reading it, then crumpled it into my pocket, and quit the job. That's what turned the trick. That's when I said, 'An actor or nothing—' "

After work, he took me home to meet Sue. With my son in the service, I'd been feeling a little lonely, and the welcome she gave me all but dissolved me in tears. Before leaving, I asked Alan for an autographed photo—like any other ninny. He promised to send one to the school.

A couple of days later, the photo arrived. I had the poor sense to open it while a child was around, and the news spread like wildfire. He'd written: "To Isabel Gray, who wrote the letter that changed my life." Heavens, how my stock rose! From a crabby old teacher, I was hoisted to a place in the sun. They worshipped Alan by proxy through me. Gompers High became a Mecca to which the faithful flocked, even from other schools.

To avoid being labelled Public Enemy No. 1, I had it framed and kept it on my desk and I know I was honestly mourned when I retired. Because I was mean enough to take the picture along.

I see Sue and Alan often. Officially, they've adopted me as their aunt but I feel more like a mother to them both. We're on an informal family footing. They'll phone of an evening, and say, "We're coming down to get you." Or I'll take a bus and run up to see them. If they're not in, I can visit with Alana and her nurse. Or with Georgia, their wonderful cook. Or the secretaries. They're all nice enough to give me the run of the house. Even Jezebel, the dog, tolerates me.

hero at home . . .

I stayed with Alana while Sue and Alan were away on their recent hospital trip. At least twice a day, she'd make little pilgrimages to their pictures and talk to them. Once I heard her cooing at Alan's picture, "Daddy says no." I knew just what she meant. Alan never raises his voice. He hates loud noises. But even the baby knows who's boss in the house. When Susie says no, there's a kind of loophole in her voice. When Alan says it, it sticks.

The night they got home, I told them that story.

"Uh-huh," said Alan. "And what happened then?"

"Then," I had to confess, "she smeared kisses all over you."

We spend quiet evenings at home, or we go to the movies. Neither Sue nor Alan can ever get enough of movies. And never do we go out without picking up a couple of service men and taking them back to the house—frequently to spend the night or the week end. Sundays, Alan climbs into swimming trunks and digs away at the victory garden on the back terrace. He scorns our help. City slickers he calls us, because we've been known to pull up lettuce leaves by the roots. Susie generally flits around in one of the cute house-

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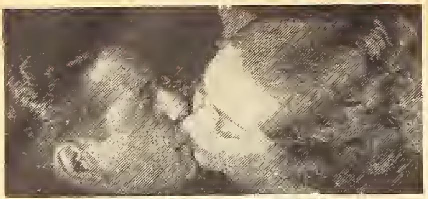

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dresses Alan likes. Slacks, he can't stand. I had the temerity to appear in a pair one Sunday. He didn't say a word but oh my! the look he gave me.

Fundamentally, he hasn't changed. There is the same gentleness behind his strength, the same humor and tenacity, with an added faith and serenity brought by the years. I've had no word from my son, a prisoner of the Japs, in a good many months. Yet Alan talks of him as you'd talk of a friend who'll walk in tomorrow. For that alone, he's earned my blessing. He has the same attitude about his mother. I know his greatest grief is that she didn't live to share the good years. But he lets no hint of tragedy touch her name. When he speaks of her, it's as though she were with him. As indeed I'm sure he feels she is. . . .

I couldn't have known in those far off days, when a boy's eyes met mine across the classroom, how much he would come to mean to me—how Alan and his "not impossible She" would sweeten and enrich my life. Sometimes he'll come in where we're all gathered together—Susie, the baby, the nurse, the secretaries, myself. That same old imp will flicker in his eyes. "Look at 'em! My women! So help me, even the dog's a girl—"

I can only say it's a very comforting thing to be numbered among Alan's women.

THE TORSO

(Continued from page 47)

him lay some sheets of paper and—of all things—the guy was ranting away with a big bottle cork in his mouth, gripped between his pearlies.

"Hey, Mate," called out one sailor, "You feel all right?"

The lifeguard popped the cork out of his teeth and tried to cover up the sheets of paper.

"What gives here?" another gob wanted to know. "Sun got you, Sailor?"

He grinned sheepishly. "Uh-uh. I'm just rehearsing a part."

That gang almost tumbled down the ladder and flat on the sand at that. "A part?" they chorused.

"Yeah," he admitted, "for the movies."

They backed down the ladder silently. What was there to say? Plainly this sailor was shore-simple. He was losing his nerve.

"You know what?" observed a sailor solemnly. "I'll bet that guy's striking for a psycho-neurotic!"

All that carrying-on was some months ago, right after Robert Ozell Mosely had beamed his male beauty into a camera for 450 feet of film and as Sailor Hal Smith in a short "Since You Went Away" scene with Bob Walker and Jennifer Jones, put across something that now has had the fans swooning around the country like the falling sickness had got them. As Guy Madison, his movie name, he had found himself suddenly and amazingly famous in lots of corners of the land.

But Bob Mosely is a seaman, first class, stationed at North Island at San Diego, life guarding and instructing by day and sacking down in the CASU "jungles" by night—except for one 24 hour liberty stretch a week, when he's a shore leave star in Hollywood.

By now Guy's mates have stopped handing him the fish eye like he was off his nut. Oh, they call him "the ham" around the base, of course. They pin up all the glamor pictures they spot in the magazines (like these) and tack them up on the bulletin board with appropriately salty Navy comments. When Guy draws a particularly choice hunk of steak in the chow line he gets "I guess the cook saw

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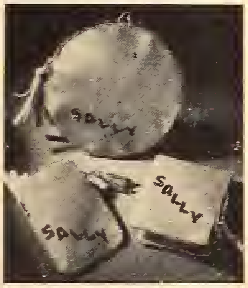

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your picture" and such cracks. Not long ago his mates caught Guy answering a rave letter from a fan named Harriet and not only was his official name for the next week "Harriet," but he'd find cut-outs of sexy cuties titled "Harriet" draped around wherever he went, trimmed in the shapes of daisies, roses and a certain variegated garden flower which shall be nameless here.

But that's just normal Navy razz, and Guy rises above it with a good natured grin. Really, by now the North Island crew is used to Seaman Guy showing up with a script in his hand. He can police the beach for cigarette butts and emote along with it all he wants. He can practice breathing exercises, twist his handsome face all around in dramatic shapes as he bends his spy glass over the bay, make love to a hunk of kelp or even dance an adagio with a porpoise without getting a raised eyebrow. By now, Seaman Guy Madison is recognized by his mates as a sailor with a post-war future.

There's not much doubt about that around Hollywood, either. You have to dig way back in the record book to find a miracle meteor like Guy Madison. After all, he flashed on and off the screen of "Since You Went Away" in three minutes flat. But right away David O. Selznick's studio was saturation-bombed with rave mail. "Somebody at your studio," wrote one indignant chick, "made a *horrible* mistake! Why didn't you star that wonderful sailor in the bowling alley?" Another passionate Priscilla penned, "I'm mad about Frankie Sinatra and Van Johnson makes me swoon. But when I saw that super sailor I just died!" First month after "Since You Went Away" began clicking on the nation's screens, 5000 ardent notes like that sailed in. They all raved about that "wonderful guy."

It's been like that ever since, even though it is almost two years now since Guy cashed his seven-day liberty into a movie career. By now there are more reconversion plans for Guy Madison at Selznick's than you'd find along Wall Street. Guy never kidded himself for one moment after the lightning struck. What he knew about acting would rattle around inside his sea cap. But with a post-war Hollywood contract all signed and sealed and a serious crack at fame coming up one of these days, Guy's making sure he won't be caught with his skivvies down, when V-J Day rolls around.

Of course, a beautiful brute like Guy Madison will never have to be exactly a John Barrymore to get by. What Guy has is elemental; he's a terrific hunk of young male man—a real, not a phony Apollo.

Even Technicolor can't do Guy's looks justice. You have to see him in the flesh to realize what a Golden Boy this sailor is. He's tanned all over like a young sun god. Even his thick, close-cropped blond top, with its stubborn wave, is sun-bleached to an 18-karat hue. That's what smacks you right in the eye when you first spot Guy. His 180 pounds and six feet of muscles, tapered chest, flat stomach and lean hips all add up, too. But it's that golden look that sets off his sculptured face and frame, makes his blue eyes bluer, his white smile dazzling. When Guy's sun-gilded head tops off his trim Navy blues he's something to make a girl's heart do nip-ups—from six to sixty.

After the "Since You Went Away" premiere, Elsa Maxwell tossed one of her elegant parties for the Hollywood *haute monde* and Guy was exposed to his first Hollywood soiree. Now, good looks are about as rare in Hollywood as fleas in a dog kennel. But with all the glamor boys bobbing about, dressing up the male end

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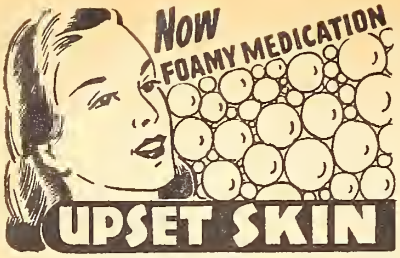

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of the party, it was bashful Seaman Guy who held the spot, embarrassingly.

A lady writer old enough to be his mama came up to Guy and cooed, "You know, you're the cutest thing I ever saw!" just to watch him blush through his tan.

Next, a glamor girl who has the wolves snapping at each other all over Hollywood took one look at shining Guy and cried right out loud, "He looks like something on a birthday cake!"

At these cracks, Guy managed a protesting return quip, "Hey," he said, "don't say things like that or you'll spoil me!" But when a certain star—and a mighty glamorous one, too—started following him around with real romantic intentions he got scared. He slipped over to the side of his pal, Henry Willson, the Selznick executive who spotted Guy in that radio broadcast audience and tagged him for fame. "Say," whispered Guy, "who is that old dame who's following me around?" That "old dame" was a star you'd know pronto if I just named her initials.

To show you what a green apple Guy was about Hollywood when fame seized him by the middy—

When he was making "Since You Went Away," Ingrid Bergman came on the set one day, and Jennifer Jones remarked, "I think she's lovelier than Garbo."

Guy looked blank. He said, "Who's Garbo?"

It was Jennifer's turn to drop her pretty jaw. She didn't believe it—and maybe you won't either—but it's gospel. Before that day Guy had never heard of Greta Garbo—the greatest star Hollywood has ever launched! He's just as naive about Hollywood customs. A press agent at Selznicks' batted out a description of Guy Madison after the fan demands poured in. He wrote, "Guy has long eyelashes and an olive complexion." When Guy read the release he blushed. "I thought you only said such things about girls," he said. And on his first trip to a Hollywood glamor cafe, the waiter came around after Madison had polished off his proteins, greens and solids. "Demi-tasse?" he inquired.

"What's that?" asked Madison. The waiter coughed and Guy's pal pointed to the print down on the menu. "Oh," said Madison, "that's that little word I've seen before at the end of the menu. What's it mean?"

"Coffee," whispered the pal.

"Oh, sure," grinned Guy. "Well, I'll have a glass of milk!"

Don't get the idea that Guy Madison is any dummy. On the contrary, he's plenty smart—smart enough, for instance, to realize that this Hollywood business is not his natural racket and that he's got about as much background for being a glamorous actor and leading a public life as—well—as Bob Mosely has. And smart enough, too, to spend his liberty days every week catching on. Sailors want a week-end holiday when there's plenty of things to do and places to play. But Guy takes his day off when he can go to the studio, study the stars in action, take dramatic lessons, make photographs and learn what its all about. He may not be the smoothest character in the world, but he's got sense enough to know that there's plenty he has to learn and there's no time like the present.

Because, the truth is that only the purest Cinderella happen-stance in Hollywood history plumped Bakersfield's Guy Madison into the odd spotlight spot he now occupies. From his home town history you can see in a sec that Fate was in a frolicsome mood indeed when she whisked Guy before a camera. From his bringing up and the kind of guy he was Guy had about as much business being there as a deacon has in jail.

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Guy grew up in Bakersfield, California, where they pump oil and raise cotton, but without the banjos. They also switch trains of the Santa Fe Railroad around and that's where his dad has worked for 22 years. There's not a solider class of American citizen than a railroading man. Guy had rugged English, Scotch and Irish ancestry back of him too, but funny thing—of all the family of five kids (he has three brothers and one sister) the kid who grew up to be a Praxiteles dream was the puny of the lot. In fact, for a while they thought he had the White Plague and carted him off to a t.b. sanitarium. Turned out to be a false alarm but ever since then he has been extremely health happy. Maybe the reason he has that super chassis is that he takes care of it.

When you read that Guy Madison doesn't smoke or drink, for instance, you are reading true talk. When he was in high school Guy tried fire water once and all it did was burn his tonsils. From then on liquor of any kind was in his little black book. He doesn't mind if other people drink but Madison passes. Same with tobacco. In fact, the toughest job of Guy's one-shot movie career was learning to puff a cigarette in that razzing bowling alley scene.

They'd light one for him right before the director called "Action!" and by the time "Roll 'em" came—there was Guy's cigarette perched dead in his mouth like a pickle and just as cold. He couldn't learn to puff the thing. Finally, the assistant director took him aside and gave him six easy lessons. Guy improved a little when the exasperated assistant exploded,

"Look—you draw *in*—like this—see? Just try to remember that you're smoking—not blowing bubbles!"

So he finally mastered the vice—although Madison doesn't count that as backsliding a bit. After all, anything for art.

Guy eats nothing but whole wheat bread. He never touches coffee or tea and can pass up even a coke unless it's forced on him. He's a great personal hygiene guy, too, always scrubbed shiny with showers. He brushes his teeth, his mates say, at least fifteen minutes by the chronometer and when he gargles he uses only salt water—that's part of his fetish about no medicine of any kind. So you can see that I'm not kidding when I call Madison a child of nature. But when it comes to stowing the chow—well—that's something else.

To keep his muscles oiled and his disposition soothed Guy has to have two things—sleep and food. He's a glutton for both, although they don't make him dopey and they don't make him fat. He can sack in any time, any place. The other night he joined in a V-E day party at Henry Willson's house in Beverly Hills. It was a mild clambake of sorts with Henry's friends. Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens were there, Tom Drake and his wife, Chris, Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling and Henry's date, Deanna Durbin. They were jabbering, laughing, singing and keeping the vic and radio going full blast. Suddenly in the midst of all this hoorah, host Henry looked around for Guy. There he was in sweet repose and dreaming of daisies on the sofa, not more than six feet away from the happy and noisy crowd! It was after nine o'clock, and party or no party, that's when Seaman Madison likes to sack down.

About food—well, here is an average Guy Madison breakfast menu which I wrung out of him by slow torture: High glass of orange juice. Four shredded wheat. Eight eggs. Two orders of bacon. Double stack of toast. Two glasses of milk. And maybe hotcakes if he still feels empty.

Okay—so you don't believe it. Well, neither did a waitress at the Beverly Hills

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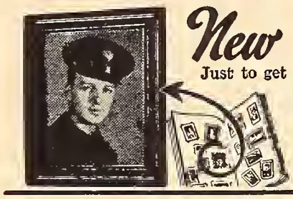

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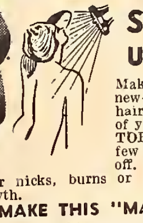

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Hotel the other morning when Guy breezed in for breakfast. He rattled off his choices, she smiled and bustled off to the kitchen. Soon she was back hoisting the usual breakfast—a couple straight-up, four pieces of toast, two strips of bacon. When she sat down, Guy asked, "Where's the rest of the eggs?"

"Ha-ha," chuckled the girl coyly. "I can take a joke."

"It's no joke," assured Guy. "I want my eggs." When she saw he really meant it she brought them along—and all the chefs in the kitchen peered through the glass peephole to get a load of this egg-centric sailor!

Over at Ann Lehr's Guild Canteen, (probably the service men's favorite overnight spot in Hollywood), where Bob has stayed often and still does on his trips up to Hollywood, they have a name for Bob. Selznick's wanted him one day for something or other and called around town to locate him. At the Guild Canteen they said. "'Guy Madison? Oh, you mean the Milkman.'"

"Come again?"

"We call him that," they explained, "because with our 'raid the icebox' policy here, Madison's a problem. Whenever he checks in we order a couple extra quarts of milk. He drinks them up before going to bed."

The point of all this feeding dope on Madison is that it has been going on for years to build that body of his. In addition, he was a Bakersfield outdoor boy supreme. What spare time he had as a kid Guy spent hunting rabbits, pheasant and quail in the San Joaquin Valley, trout fishing in the Sierras and, as soon as he was old enough to chase off alone, diving for abalones and lobsters in the Pacific Ocean. He toted a .22 rifle on his hunts at first but got interested in hunting Indian style and switched to bow-and-arrow. He's an expert by now and the first extravagance you can check up against Guy in Hollywood is a deluxe bow and set of shafts he saved up and bought from Howard Hill, the world's champion archer. Even when he's tramping around Hollywood on his weekly liberty day, Guy's heart's in the highlands.

He was in a Beverly Hills ice cream parlor the other afternoon with Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling when Mary Livingstone (Jack Benny's wife) came in. They'd heard about Guy Madison, of course (news about newcomer sensations gets around fast in Hollywood) and Mary, like all the gals, knows an Adonis when she sees one, except that Mary has to kid about everything. She gave Guy an arch look, got up and took his arm.

"Mr. Madison," said Mary kiddingly. "Let's go shopping. Isn't there something you need?"

Guy took it straight. "I can't now," he replied, "but if you run into any good turkey feathers, pick me up some. I need them for my arrows."

Madison's not fast on the uptake nor glib with clever talk—especially around girls. He hasn't had much experience. The first female he fell for back in Bakersfield school days told him right off and scared him away from the fair sex for a long time. She was a flirty little brunette doll, Guy remembers. But when he smacked her a good kiss one day after school, she started weeping and slapped his fresh face.

"You stop," she bawled, "or I'll go right home and tell my mamma!"

That gave Guy his own juvenile ideas about the inconstancy of the fair sex, and he's still a little skittery that way. But the main reason he never developed into a curbstone Casanova was because he was always too busy earning his own way. The kids in his family had to handle their own school expenses and buy clothes sometimes too, since a railroad man with five kids to feed is never wallowing in money. Guy's odd jobs kept him from the high school social cliques, which didn't bother him much. But they also kept him from going out for football and basketball.

However, Guy managed to pick active outdoor jobs to grow on. He picked grapes and berries on the Valley ranches in the summer, hustled a paper route before school and when he got into Bakersfield Junior College landed a telephone lineman's job. Guy was so sold on the outdoors that he studied agriculture in J. C. and thought he'd pile up the stake for his ranch being a commercial fisherman where he could get all the salty sport he loves so well and make a money killing at the same time. Pearl Harbor changed all that, but the reason Madison chose the Navy as his way to serve Uncle Sam sprang from that old sea yen he nursed. His younger brother, Wayne, is with the Fleet too; just the other day Guy went down to San Pedro to see him off for Jap waters.

But if Pearl Harbor messed up Guy Madison's original pattern for the future, Hollywood tossed it right out the window. Until that unbelievable Cinderella-man episode occurred, what Guy knew about Hollywood and the movie colony could be engraved on the side of his dogtag. The only real, live star he'd ever contacted was Betty Grable, at the Hollywood Canteen, and that meeting, Guy figures, lasted exactly two-and-one-half seconds. He fought his way through the GI stag line for a dance with Betty but he hadn't taken half a step before, naturally, she was whirled away from his aching arms.

Heaven knows Madison had no inkling of any acting career himself when he got some radio tickets at the Guild Canteen to see Janet Gaynor at the mike. Nor did he have any control over the coincidences that David Selznick would delegate one of his assistants to see his ex-star do her ether stuff. You probably know what happened by now. The exec, Henry Willson, who used to be an agent and is sharp as a tack on talent bets, spotted Guy and his terrific face spelled "star stuff" as plain as if it were lined up in lights. Big boss Selznick thought the same thing when he saw the sailor on his next Hollywood liberty. Guy made the famous "Since You Went Away" scene on his next long leave. But he kept it under cover for a long time. For one thing, Guy had heard about those sad faces on the cutting room floor. So he didn't let his folks in Bakersfield know about the Hollywood adventure, nor his skipper at the base—not until the picture finally ended up with Guy Madison still in the picture, just as David Selznick had promised Guy it would be, word of honor.

"Whatever I have to cut out," he assured the sailor Guy, "it won't be you." And when David Selznick makes sure not to sell you short—it's a cinch you've got what it takes to be in like Gable.

But Guy Madison isn't relying on his good looks and that lucky break to ease him along to fame and riches. After he saw the results of his camera acting he cracked, "Now I wonder why they ever signed me!" It wasn't until after he'd already passed through the Cinderella-man stage that he buckled down to this shore leave course in dramatics and studio know-how that he hopes will pay off after the Japanese job is done.

Then Guy bought himself a flivver, stowed all his worldly possessions in the rear end and for over a year now he's been operating out of the jalop. Comes his mid-week 24-hour liberty, he hops in the heap with a few hitchhiking mates and roars from "Dago" up to Hollywood. Where he sacks in overnight doesn't matter—at a pal's, Willson's, the Canteen or just rolled up in the back seat. But what he does is the whole idea of the trip. Henry Willson's the supervisor and Svengali of most of that because he arranged with dramatic coach William Russell and diction expert Lester Luther to put Guy hep to the finer points of emoting.

Maybe the most important part of Sailor Guy's week-end charm course, though, is the fun end. Shrewdly, his mentor, Henry, decided that what Madison needed was exposure to the kind of kids he'd be meeting in a Hollywood career—other actors and actresses. He fixed Guy up with starlet dates on his nights in Hollywood—Judy Garland, Sheila Ryan, Rhonda Fleming, Shirley Temple and others. They toured the glitter spots—Mocambo, Ciro's, the Troc and the Grove. They took in all the premieres and at first it shocked Guy that any girl could eat up twenty-five or thirty bucks worth of dinner and still walk away hungry!

Guy Madison doesn't limit his stepping out operations to Hollywood by any means. Like all sailors, he has a girl in most ports. There's one down in San Diego, and one in Long Beach, too, where Guy often bunks in. He won't tell who they are, but he does say he's not going to get serious until he has his post-war Hollywood fling at acting. Guy likes girls under five feet-five, no painted dolls, naturally, and on the old fashioned side.

He also likes them younger than himself. Any female over eighteen is too old to send Guy. He took out a sweetie the other night and they went to a place where you had to be officially grown up to get in. Guy's g.f. was under age, so he prepped her for hours to say she was twenty-one in case anyone asked. Sure enough, the waiter demanded ages immediately and the flustered filly popped out with Guy's age—twenty-three.

"And how about you, Mate?" demanded the waiter. Guy had been concentrating so long on "twenty-one" that he came up with that, realizing the minute the fatal words were out the awful thing he'd done. He didn't have any fun the rest of the night figuring the waiter had spotted him as a sad sack out with an old lady practically falling apart!

In fact, when you boil it right down, I have a hunch that Guy Madison's feminine ideal is pretty well summed up, as it is for a lot of guys all over the world, in that Hollywood dream girl, Miss Shirley Temple. The Temples, who are always super nice to all service men, have been particularly hospitable to Guy. He has a standing invitation to swim in the pool and eat from the ice box when he comes up to Hollywood. He took Shirley to a premiere or two last year and has seen her a lot around the Selznick studio.

So, soon after Shirley announced her engagement, she had a little party at her house and invited Guy along with her other friends. The "Guy" looked particularly depressed but what Shirley noticed mainly was that he kept calling her "Pearl." It bothered her. Certainly he couldn't be *that* Hollywood dumb. He called her "Pearl" again.

"Why do you call me 'Pearl', Guy?" asked Shirley, a little annoyed. "Do you mean 'Shirl'?"

Guy shook his head sadly, "No," he said, "I mean 'Pearl'. 'Pearl Harbor' Temple."

'What in the world are you talking about?" frowned Shirley.

"Well," sighed Guy. "When you got engaged you stabbed us all in the back!"

Not bad. Not bad at all. Off hand, I'd say Guy Madison's shore leave course in Hollywood is working out fine. He's no life of the party yet. But he's learning fast.

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Modern Screen

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GIRL: Wonderful! And maybe you'll tell me what happens if I haven't *got* a sparkling smile . . . What then?

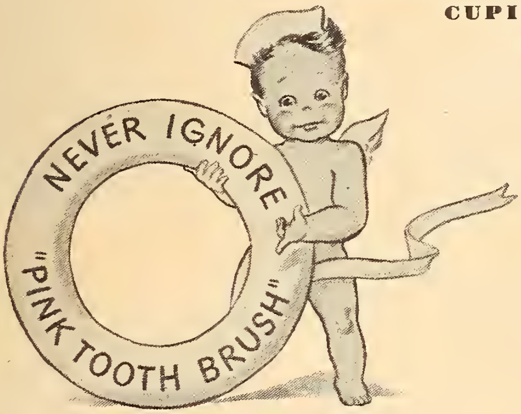
CUPID: You look at your tooth brush, Sugar. See any "pink" on it lately?

GIRL: And if I have?

CUPID: You see your dentist right away!

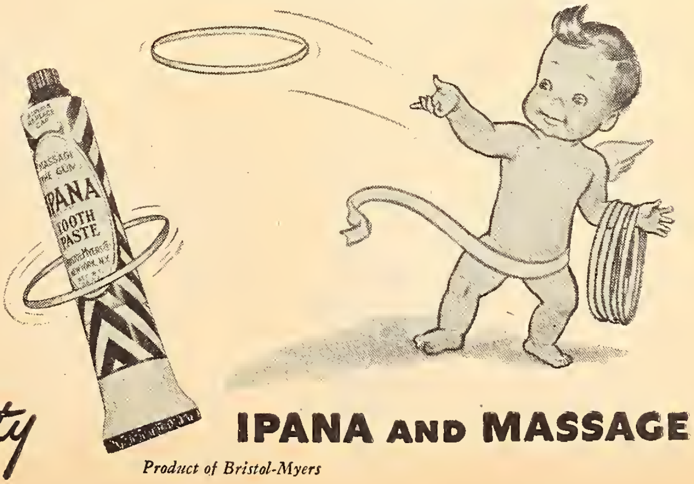
GIRL: Dentist? My teeth don't hurt!

CUPID: Angel . . . dentists aren't just for toothaches. And that tinge of "pink" is a warning to see yours soon! He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: Oh? And *right away* I get a brilliant, sparkling smile, huh?

CUPID: Not at all, Sugar. But massaging a little Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth will help you to healthier gums. And that means brighter, sounder teeth. A smile with more sparkle. A smile you can use to fill up your date book. Start with Ipana and massage today!



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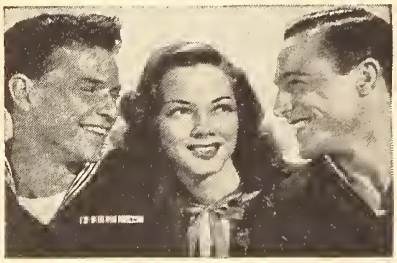

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From GENE KELLY you get plenty of the dazzle-dancing you expect—only it's more dazzling—plus duets with Frankie and Kathryn, and a dance number with —we swear it!—an animated mouse!

★ ★ ★ ★

From the three you get romantic escapades with complications of hilarity. From JOSE ITURBI you get music—by a 100-piece band, a symphony orchestra, a Hollywood Bowlful of 18 grand pianos!

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From these four—and from Dean Stockwell, Pamela Britton, "Rags" Ragland, Billy Gilbert, Henry O'Neill—you get the merry musical story of two sailors on leave in Hollywood with nothing on their minds but what you'd expect.

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Isobel Lennart's screen play provides many a gay situation which George Sidney's direction and Joe Pasternak's production turn into sheer delight.

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It doesn't take a prophet to forecast the success of "Anchors Aweigh". It's a nautical nifty from M-G-M's top musical drawer.

—*Leo*

modern screen

STORIES

***SHORE LEAVE**
It was all yo-ho-ho and a barrel of fun when Dana Andrews played host to two gobs, two gals and a spanking fresh swimming pool 30

***TOM DRAKE LIFE STORY, (Part One)**
He thought the world was lost when Mom and Dad passed away, but there was always hope, there was always Chris 34

***THAT'S MY POP!**
Catching Van Johnson on some fancy table turning, with "Jr." giving the lowdown on "Pop!" 38

***WHO SAID DIVORCE?**
The Dick Haymes' discovered that what's a tiff in Tacoma becomes a Reno rumor in Hollywood 40

***HEY, SEXY!**
Pete Lawford has that precious accent, those wonderful manners, that handsome face—and then some! 42

JOIN A FAN CLUB! by Hedda Hopper
Hedda Hopper visited hundreds of fan clubs, found they give you adventure, training, experience; found they give you fun! 44

***SMALL IN THE SADDLE**
Elizabeth Taylor likes malteds, cooking, sewing, dancing, and singing—but best of all she likes horses! 46

CAMEO KID
Phyllis Thaxter ain't got glamor, she ain't got oomph—but what she has got, everybody wants plenty of! 50

RHAPSODY MAN
"I won't be a doctor," sighed Bob Alda, "it takes four years." So he became an actor. P.S. It took him fifteen! 54

ROMANCES THEY WON'T TALK ABOUT by Louella Parsons
Movieland turned their tenderest moments into comic valentines. So now the stars of the silver screen find that silence is golden .. 60

GOOD NEWS by Louella Parsons
There's orange blossoms for Judy, Van's data for a date, Shirley T.'s decision to be a bachelor—of Arts 64

"ANCHORS AWEIGH"
Romance with a gal (Kathy Grayson), 2 howling gobs (Sinatra and Kelly), and music that sends you out singing! 74

***COLOR PAGES**

Dana Andrews *in 20th Fox's "State Fair"* 30
Cathy Downs *in 20th Fox's "Dolly Sisters"* 30
Mary Anderson *in 20th Fox's "Within These Walls"* 30
Tom Drake *in M-G-M's "Hold High The Torch"* 34
Van Johnson *in M-G-M's "Weekend at the Waldorf"* 38
Dick Haymes *in 20th Fox's "State Fair"* 40
Peter Lawford *in M-G-M's "Hold High The Torch"* 42
Elizabeth Taylor *in M-G-M's "Son of Lassie"* 46

FEATURES

Editorial Page 29

BEAUTY

Hand-Made Beauty 58

FASHION

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide—"Suit-ables For Fall" 56

DEPTS.

Movie Reviews 6
Modern Screen Picture Quiz 14
Sweet and Hot by Leonard Feather 20
Scoreboard 22
Super Coupon 24
Co-Ed 26
Modern Hostess—"Where Do We Go From Here?" 106

COVER: Van Johnson in M-G-M's "Weekend at the Waldorf." Color portraits of Van Johnson and Dick Haymes by Willinger

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by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

Christmas in Connecticut

■ Christmas would be okay in Connecticut or anywhere else, with a cast like this. Barbara Stanwyck, Dennis Morgan, Sydney Greenstreet, S. Z. Sakall and Reginald Gardiner all do their best to make it a merry one. La Stanwyck alternates comedy and romance with the greatest of ease, as Elizabeth Lane, author of the famous "Diary Of a Housewife" in Smart Housekeeping magazine. Thousands of readers drool over Elizabeth's descriptions of mince pies baking in the huge oven of her Connecticut farm kitchen. They would be pretty upset if they were to find out that she really lives in a small New York apartment and can't so much as boil an egg. Alexander Yardley (Sydney Greenstreet) the magazine's publisher, would be even more upset. He, like his readers, believes Elizabeth to be a perfect wife, mother and cook! He has even extended an invitation to a young war hero to be a guest at Elizabeth's farm for Christmas.

This makes things a bit awkward. Because she not only hasn't a farm—she hasn't a husband or baby, either. If Yardley finds that out he'll fire her, and the department store will take back her new mink coat. In desperation, Elizabeth decides to marry a dull young man whom she's known for years. His name is John Sloan, and he has a perfectly beautiful farm in Connecticut. They can be married at the farm, and Elizabeth will take Felix along to do the cooking. Felix (S. Z. Sakall), who runs a restaurant, gives her all her recipes anyway.

It might have worked except for a couple of (*Continued on page* 8)

Sophisticate Elizabeth Lane (B. Stanwyck) poses as domestic type to war hero D. Morgan.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT

unforeseen complications. A—the hero, J. Jones (Dennis Morgan), arrives before Elizabeth and John have time to get married. B—Elizabeth immediately falls in love with Jonesie. And he begins to think there might be something to this marriage business after all. When he sees Elizabeth with the baby (borrowed from a neighbor for the occasion) he goes all sentimental, and wishes he had a wife and little girl like that. Elizabeth wishes so, too, but it's a little hard to explain to him how easily it could be managed. Because Mr. Yardley has come to spend Christmas with them, and he mustn't find out she isn't married to John.—*War.*

P. S.

The fourteen-foot Christmas tree used in many of the scenes was the most temperamental actor in the picture. An out-of-season item, it had to be replaced four times during the production so that it would be as fresh looking at the end as at the beginning. . . . When Miss Stanwyck's birthday rolled around during production, the cast presented her with an enormous birthday cake and the usual armload of "gag" presents. Another cause for celebration was a visit from her Navy husband, Lt. (j.g.) Robert Taylor. . . . Dennis Morgan's collection of war maps was practically worn ragged before the picture was finished. Crew members checked them daily to follow the progress of the swiftly moving war. . . . When two cows were brought onto the set to provide a bit of farming atmosphere, Wisconsin born Dennis proved himself a true product of the Dairy State by going right to work and milking them. . . . With a long list of film appearances behind him, S. Z. Sakall's career was kissless until this one came along. Barbara is the gal who gets to plant a kiss on his chubby cheek. . . . In two years, Sydney Greenstreet has become one of Hollywood's top-flight character actors, famed as a creator of terror at its most terrifying. But in this one, Mr. Greenstreet is neither killer nor spy—merely a magazine publisher. . . . Despite (or maybe because of) his 280 lbs. Sydney was the big hit of the square dance sequence. . . . Reversing the usual procedure, twin babies played the part of one infant. Restrictions allow small children to be before the cameras only four hours a day, so the two look-alikes were a great help in meeting production schedules. . . . Reggie Gardiner returned from a USO tour in the icy reaches of the Arctic Circle, blessing the California climate. The first day he reported to the set it was buried beneath tons of artificial snow.

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES

Set a thief to catch a thief. I'm referring to Margaret O'Brien, and before anyone starts suing for libel, let me say hastily that I refer to the good old Hollywood sport of scene stealing. In "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," Margaret hooks scenes right out from under the noses of such accomplished scene stealers as Edward G. Robinson, James Craig and Jackie Jenkins.

The basic theme of the picture is the charming relationship between little Selma Jacobson (Margaret O'Brien) and her father, Martinius (Edward G. Robinson.) Selma is a cute child of seven who gets into the normal amount of mischief but makes up for it by her sweetness. The big farm they live on is a fine place for children to play, and Selma usually has her cousin, Arnold (Jackie Jenkins), to keep her company. Arnold is two years younger than Selma, which makes her a little bossy. She doesn't always get away with it, though.

At the moment, a couple of exciting events have taken place. One is the birth of a new baby calf. What makes that so thrilling is that Selma's father has told her she can have it for her very own. Her mother (Agnes Moorehead) says quietly, "Do you mean *really*, Martinius, or just pretend?" He means *really*, and Selma is almost overcome with delight. The other excitement is the arrival in town of a new schoolteacher. Miss Johnson (Frances Gifford) is young and pretty, and the editor of the local paper (James Craig) begins to take more than a reporter's interest in her.

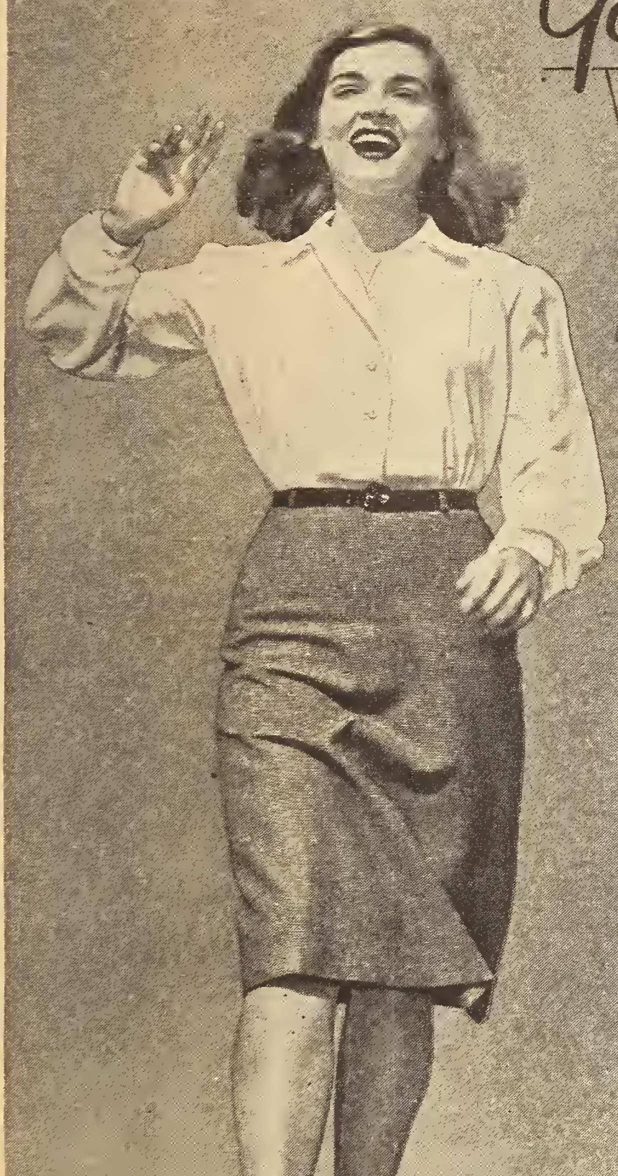
Selma's father has something on his mind these days. His neighbor, Bjornson, has just built an enormous new barn, with all the most modern improvements. Martinius would love to have a barn like that, too. "I'll bet Mrs. Bjornson sometimes wishes she was a cow," Mrs. Jacobson says grimly, and it's true that in this Wisconsin farm country, the barn is apt to outshine the house.

The seasons pass. Autumn, with school beginning. Christmas, and Selma reading a Christmas story at the school entertainment. Spring, when the river overflows and Selma and Arnold float off in a bathtub. Summer, and Bjornson's barn burns down. The sequel to that makes one of those scenes where Margaret walks off with your heart all over again.—*M-G-M*

P. S.

Instead of filling a scrapbook with clippings about herself, Margaret O'Brien's collecting all the news of her favorite actress, Elizabeth Taylor. Margaret's personal clippings are taken care of by Mrs. O'Brien, who's had to buy a filing cabinet to accommodate all the news of her wonder child. . . . After seeing "National Velvet" nine times, Margaret decided she had to have a horse. So Producer Joe Pasternack presented her with a colt named "Lightning." Margaret is hopefully waiting for it to develop into a prize winning racer like the hero of her favorite picture. . . . It's officially "Butch" Jenkins now. The studio tried to dignify him with the name of Jackie, but "Butch" stuck to him like glue. So now for the first time he's getting screen credit under his nickname. . . . For awhile it seemed that "The Canterville Ghost" had gotten loose on the set. In one scene a Christmas tree was all decked out in long strings of popcorn. Mysteriously, the popcorn disappeared from the tree between scenes. Eventually it was discovered that both Margaret and Butch were devouring the props. . . . Workmen labored four long hours above the sound stage rigging up rain pipes. When the water was finally turned on it couldn't compare with the California "dew" falling on the outside. Eddie Robinson suggested it might be a lot easier just to cut a hole in the roof. . . . Agnes Moorhead playing the farm wife, is one of the few women in

You Came Along



beautiful . . . blonde . . .
aloof . . . alluring . . .

What a gal to be picked to ride herd on three wild and willing bird-guys!

Lizabeth Scott

radiant...vital...
sultry-voiced...

Hubba!
Hubba!
Hubba!

Robert "Princess O'Rourke" Cummings
Lizabeth Scott
Don DeFore

in HAL WALLIS' Production

"You Came Along"

Four wonderful kids—living
the great love story of our day

with **CHARLES DRAKE • JULIE BISHOP**
KIM HUNTER • HELEN FORREST
Directed by John Farrow
A Paramount Picture

Paramount - Entertaining the World for One Third of a Century!

The way he loves you...

Did his first moments with you bring a warm glow to his eyes? NEET Cream Deodorant helps keep you the way he loves you—dainty, feminine, lovely. Just pat it on—that's all! Perspiration and perspiration odor are checked. Protection lasts up to three days. Also use delightful NEET Cream Depilatory to remove superfluous hair quickly and easily.

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Hollywood who would feel right at home in the part. She owns a prosperous farm back in Ohio. . . . James Craig, who is thoroughly at home playing a newspaperman after a long line of such parts, ran into a bit of trouble in his role of country editor. One scene had him composing a news story while simultaneously setting it up on the linotype and reading it aloud to Frances Gifford. . . . Lionel Barrymore paid Margaret O'Brien the compliment of her life when he presented her with a gold ring owned by his actress grandmother, Mrs. John Drew. He said Margaret was the first actress worthy of having the treasured heirloom.

CAPTAIN EDDIE

The critics admitted that Fred McMurray was quite an actor when they saw him in "Double Indemnity." His performance as Eddie Rickenbacker in "Captain Eddie" is even more convincing. You remember the newspaper accounts of Rickenbacker's miraculous rescue after weeks adrift on a raft? Just the bare facts, as told in those accounts, brought a lump to your throat. Now the whole story of Eddie Rickenbacker's life has been filmed, and it couldn't be more inspiring.

It begins in Columbus, Ohio when Eddie is twelve years old. His passion for machines of all kinds is forever getting him into trouble. One day he borrows an umbrella from one neighbor and a baby buggy from another, and constructs an "airplane." All the kids in the vicinity collect to watch Eddie "fly off the roof of Smith's barn." Eddie flies *off*, all right and lands on the ground with a horrible crash. He's lucky he isn't killed. Next he uses his only five dollars to go up in a plane which takes sightseers over the County Fair. The plane hits an air pocket before it really gets up, and Eddie again escapes death by a narrow margin. This time his mother makes him promise never to fly again.

Eddie's father (Charles Bickford) understands and sympathizes with the boy's love of machinery. "Pin your hopes and dreams to a machine," he tells his son soberly, "then work to make your dreams come true." Eddie always remembers that, long after a machine has been the death of his father. He goes to work for an automobile company, and it's through an automobile that he meets his future wife. Adelaide (Lynn Bari) isn't much impressed at first with either the car or its driver. But Eddie eventually sells her on the idea that the automobile is here to stay, and sells himself with it. Then comes World War I and he switches from cars to planes and becomes America's leading flier.

At the time of the second World War, Eddie is no longer young. But he still knows planes better than anyone, and the government needs his services. When Eddie and his crew are forced down at sea, the search for them is carried on with all possible resources. The story of the grim, heartbreaking weeks on that life raft is something for you to remember always.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

Producer Winfield Sheehan had six biographers work two years collecting data on Rickenbacker's life before a single word of the screen play was put on paper. When enough material was uncovered, Alva Johnston put it into a life story of over 700 pages, from which John Tucker Battle fashioned the screen play. . . . Before shooting, permission was obtained to impersonate all the living persons in the story. To insure absolute accuracy, technical advisers from the fields of aviation, auto racing, and the Army were engaged. . . . 20th Century-Fox scouts scoured the whole country and managed to dig up 34 old-time cars that could still percolate. Everything from a 1902 Columbus Horseless Carriage to a 1928 Rickenbacker sedan are driven by stars Fred MacMurray and Lynn Bari. . . . Before "Captain Eddie" was finished, Fred, disgusted at the subterfuge necessary to round up a package of cigarettes, bid goodbye to the habit without too much wear and tear on his disposition. . . . Both Lynn and Fred were happy about the love scenes. Well over six feet, Fred usually makes love to a girl who is perched precariously on a box. Lynn, on the other hand, claims to have made most of her love scenes in stocking feet to cut her height. . . . Lynn has the distinction of having been under contract to 20th longer than any other player on the lot. She had an early start though—got her first contract at the ripe old age of 13. . . . Before undertaking the part of Lt. Whittaker, Lloyd Nolan spent almost a week with the Lieutenant and got at first hand the details of the time Lt. Whittaker was adrift with Rickenbacker on the sea. . . . Both the Army and the Navy cooperated in making the picture. The Army Air Corps loaded a B-17 and life rafts for the Pacific crash, and the Navy allowed the use of a pontoon plane for the rescue scenes.

PARIS UNDERGROUND

Whether a war picture is dated or not depends a lot on how it is handled and who is in it. Connie Bennett, Gracie Fields and Kurt Kreuger make "Paris Underground" so convincing that you forget it all took place some time ago. The story begins the day the Germans enter Paris. There were some people, even that day, who wouldn't believe that the Germans were actually coming. Among them is chic and glamorous Kitty de Mornay (Constance Bennett). Kitty has just left her husband after one of their periodic battles, and is more concerned with that than with the approaching army. She comes to the apartment of her old friend, an Englishwoman named Emmeline Quayle (Gracie Fields). Emmy has quite a time convincing the irresponsible Kitty that they must leave Paris. In fact, Kitty insists on having her hair done first, and so they miss the last train.

"We'll drive to the south of France," Kitty decides. It's a good idea, only everyone else has had it, too. The road is so full of traffic that in five hours of driving they only get twenty miles from Paris. In disgust, Kitty turns off the main highway, and drives to a little inn she knows on a side road. It is night, and the inn seems to be closed, but she finally persuades the owner to let them in. He is very nervous, and at last confesses to Kitty that he has an RAF flier concealed there. Kitty and Emmy stow the flier in the car's luggage compartment, hoping to get him to England, but a suspicious German patrol stops them and sends them back to Paris.

En route, they encounter a German staff officer, Captain Von Weber (Kurt Kreuger). Kitty flirts with him disgracefully, but even Emmy admits it was a good idea when, through his unknowing protection, they get the flier safely to her apartment. There is still the problem of getting him out of the country. It is, ironically, Kitty's husband who helps them become members of the French Underground. In an amazingly short time they have assisted not only this flier, but many others, back to England. Eventually, however, the day of reckoning arrives.—*U.A.*

P. S.

With this dramatization of Etta Shiber's

WITH SHINING PRIDE

WARNER BROS.

WILL SOON PRESENT

JOHN GARFIELD

as Sgt. Al Schmidt, U.S.M.C.

in

Pride of the Marines

with

ELEANOR PARKER

DANE CLARK

Directed by
DELMER DAVES
Produced by
JERRY WALD
Screen Play by
Albert Maltz
Adaptation by
Marvin Borowsky
From a Book by
Roger Butterfield
Music by
Franz Waxman

a love story

born out of the bedrock of the human spirit

The magnificent story of one man and one woman and the love they so thrillingly shared--incredible because every breathless moment is true!

best seller, Constance Bennett adds producing to her other accomplishments. Connie's the boss-lady on this one. After emoting to the satisfaction of Director Gregory Ratoff, Connie carried on her various producer's duties from her dressing room. . . . Over five hundred applicants were interviewed before convincing-looking Germans with matching accents were found. . . . Two celebrations occurred during the first week of production. Gracie Fields celebrated her birthday at a four o'clock tea, and Eily Malyon's 15th anniversary in the theatrical world rolled around. . . . Miss Bennett's six suit wardrobe was the creation of Adrian—Hollywood's master designer. . . . Borrowed from private owners, Coco and Pouquie, pedigreed French poodles, needed only one week's training before making débuts worthy of old hands at the game. . . . The famed Parisian sections of Montparnasse and Montmartre mushroomed right in the middle of one of the studio sound stages. Designer Nicolai Remesoff created apartment houses that were complete even to the installation of a three-floor elevator. . . . The props on one of the sets were valuable antiques handed over by the leading art dealers of Hollywood and Beverly Hills and were carefully guarded night and day. . . . One of the very, very nasty Gestapo spies is played by socialite Harry Hays Morgan, brother of Gloria Vanderbilt. . . . Comedienne Gracie Fields departed from her accustomed roles and for the first time in her movie career went strictly dramatic. . . . Director Gregory Ratoff and bit player Dina Smyrnova had quite a reunion on the set. Their reminiscences concerned the days when both were starred on the stage of the Petrograd National Theater. . . . The set was a veritable Tower of Babel. Gregory Ratoff is the master of four tongues, dialogue director Dr. Serge Bertensson speaks four, and leading man George Rigaud speaks six.

MEN IN HER DIARY

Jealousy can be serious, or it can be funny. In this new Peggy Ryan picture, it's very funny indeed. Jon Hall, Louise Allbritton and Peggy get themselves tangled up in the darndest mess you ever saw. Jon plays a handsome business man, Randy Glenning, whose wife, Isabel (Louise Allbritton), is abnormally jealous. She has an idea Randy is playing around, either with someone in his office, or with an ex-girl friend, Diane (Virginia Grey). When she finds he is backing Diane's new show, she is sure it's Diane. Then she discovers a present he has bought for his pretty secretary and veers back to the "office wife" theory. She manages to have the secretary sent away and replaced with the plainest girl she can find. Certainly even Randy should be safe with Doris (Peggy Ryan) who is a very mousy type.

Unfortunately, Doris is romantic. She has never had a boy friend or any fun in life, so she makes up exciting happenings and writes them in her diary as if they were real. She develops a mad passion for Randy immediately, and makes him the hero of all her diary's most lurid passages. When he asks her advice about what kind of fur coat Diane should wear in the first act of the new show, Doris writes down that he has given *her* a mink coat. When he speaks curtly to her, she imagines that he is wildly jealous. All in all, it's quite a diary, and it's just too bad that Doris leaves it open on the desk one day when Isabel happens in. There it is in black and white, all the things Isabel has suspected Randy of. She promptly institutes proceedings for divorce, naming Doris as correspondent.

One person is delighted by this. Diane sees in it her chance to get Randy back. But she's afraid that when the judge sees the mousy Doris, he won't believe a word of the diary, so she spends the next month turning Doris into a glamor girl. Her efforts are so successful that she almost breaks up the courtroom. It all comes out fine, eventually, but when you get home maybe you'd better burn that diary!—*Univ.*

P. S.

F. Hugh Herbert, author of the stage hit "Kiss and Tell," collaborated on the screenplay, which is a good enough beginning for any picture. . . . "Men in Her Diary" reunites the romantic team of Jon Hall and Louise Allbritton, who appeared so successfully in "San Diego, I Love You." . . . Hall and partner Del Dickerson completed a 40-foot speed crash boat which they named "The Hurricane" after Jon's first Hollywood picture. Before "The Hurricane" was built, the partners sold a life boat they had designed to the city of Santa Monica, California. . . . Peggy Ryan turned her back on her usual slapstick shenanigans. She plays her first strictly dramatic, no-singing no-dancing role. She also has her first grown up romance complete with marriage and honeymoon. . . . Ernest Truex came directly from "Night in Paradise" to "Men." After flitting about for several months garbed in the flowing toga and laurel wreath of a Greek scribe, he was only too glad to report for work in a business suit. . . . Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom spent his between scenes spare moments getting into condition in the studio gymnasium. The former light heavyweight champion is preparing for a ring comeback and will fight

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

"But you didn't have to deliver it yourself, Mr. Schmidlip!"

South America's heavyweight champ, Arturo Godoy. . . . In a Los Angeles warehouse, Universal dug up a thousand feet of practically non-existent English louvre glass, paid $1,300 for it and built it into the handsome movie offices of Jon Hall. . . . Samuel S. Hinds, who was a retired attorney when he entered films, plays his fifty-first judge. It was "Judge" Hinds' 350th screen credit in 12 years.

NIGHT IN PARADISE

You've heard of Aesop's fables and probably you've seen pictures of Aesop—a bearded, hunchback slave. Hardly a romantic figure, but that was before Universal got hold of him. Now the beard and hunchback are just a disguise, and underneath them Aesop is handsome, dashing and romantic as all get out. He is, in fact, Turhan Bey.

Aesop assumes the disguise because he finds that wisdom is only recognized in the old. He achieves considerable fame as a sage in Samos, and when that little island is threatened by the great King Croesus, Aesop is sent to him as ambassador. It isn't as good a job as it sounds. He's got to tell Croesus that Samos refuses to pay tribute, and Croesus will quite likely have him thrown to the lions. Maybe it's because he's in no hurry to be eaten that Aesop doesn't declare himself when he first gets to Croesus' court. He sticks around until he sees what's up. In this case, what's up is the arrival of Delarai (Merle Oberon) who has promised to marry Croesus.

Delarai is really beautiful. She makes Aesop wish he had never adopted the beard and hump. Croesus greets her with enthusiasm, and Aesop thinks maybe this is a good time to break his news. However, Croesus flies into a rage over his message, and if it weren't for Delarai's intervention, would have had him killed immediately. She is amused by the greybeard and his fables, until Aesop tells her a few things about women who marry for money. Then she gets furious and conspires with the Prime Minister to "frame" Aesop. The king, in the meantime, has become fond of the ex-slave. Nobody but Aesop can soothe him when he is in one of his rages.

Delarai makes a date with Aesop for midnight in her apartment, and tells the Prime Minister to come in half an hour later. But Aesop shows up as his true, handsome self. When the Prime Minister tries to come in, the door is locked! Eventually, of course, the king hears about it. You know how those things get around. So Aesop is sent off on a mission to the Oracle of Delphi, from which Croesus hopes he'll never return. Delarai follows him, to an exciting climax.

This is one of Universal's lavish Technicolor extravaganzas. It's decorative and amusing enough so nobody cares whether it makes sense. Thomas Gomez and Gale Sondergaard are among the cast.—*Univ.*

P. S.

"Paradise" is heaven. For the gentlemen in the audience, Merle Oberon takes her first screen bath—in Technicolor, too. For the ladies, Turhan Bey plants one of his first "heavy" screen kisses on a leading lady. Closest he ever got before was when he hugged Maria Montez in "Sudan" . . . In the beginning, Merle was so-o-o excited about her glamorous Persian princess wardrobe. After a few weeks of being swathed in heavy draperies, she was only too happy to admit that those days are best left to the past. . . . The day Turhan came to the set decked out in a false beard, Universal saw him as a walking fire hazard. The added fuzz was sprayed with

(Continued on page 16)

He didn't forget to kiss you, honey!

You are the one who forgot—to keep yourself nice to be near!

IF KISSES were rationed they couldn't be scarcer. But she doesn't dream it's her own fault. Poor, puzzled wife! *Foolish* wife—to trust just her bath alone instead of topping it off with safe, dependable Mum.

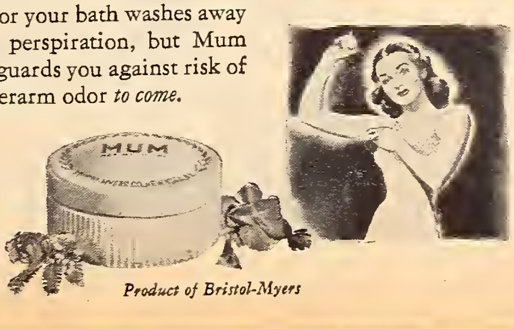
For your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum safeguards you against risk of underarm odor *to come.*

So take just 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. Then you will be free all day or evening from fear of offending. Free from the fault men don't forgive.

Mum guards charm. And charm and romance go together like love-birds. Ask for Mum today. (Note: You can use Mum even *after* you're dressed. Quick, safe, sure—Mum will not injure fabrics or irritate your skin.)

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SCALP ODOR
. . . *not you?*

Perhaps your pillow knows different

Are you *sure* you don't have scalp odor? It's so easy to offend—*and not know it.* Check your pillow, your hat, your hairbrush.

For, you see, your scalp perspires just as your skin does—and unpleasant odors are quickly collected by the hair, especially oily hair.

To be safe, simply use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This gentle, thorough-cleansing shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

To have a clean, fresh scalp . . . soft, fragrant hair, get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. You'll find it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

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DON'T CUT CUTICLES

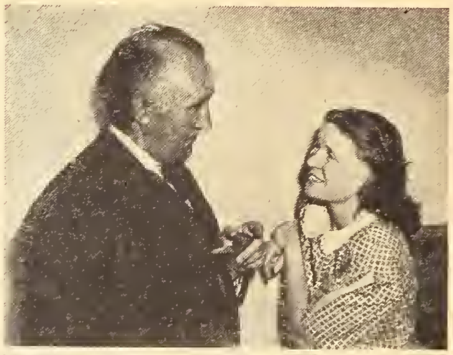
This clever preparation removes rough, dead cuticle without scissors, and helps keep nails more flexible, easy to shape. Manicare brings out their natural beauty. It is a cuticle oil and a stain remover, all in one.

Keep nails nice. Avoid hangnails or brittleness. Use Manicare!

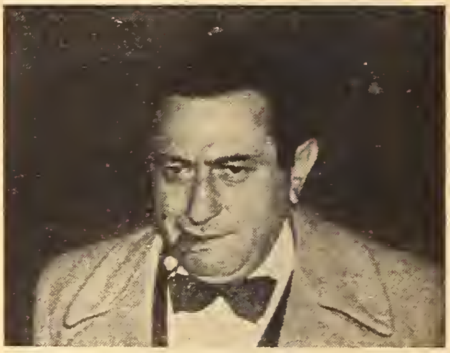
Manicare 35¢ a jar
Plus tax
Sold by leading department stores, drug stores and 10¢ stores

MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

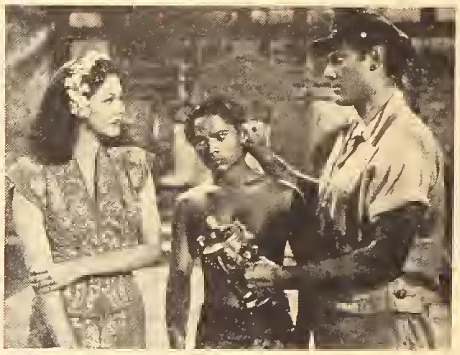
Batters up! Get ready to hit a home run on these questions. Gee, a tried 'n' true M. S. reader shouldn't have a bit of trouble with these toughies. So start picking the correct answer from the three suggested beneath each pic. If you score from 9-12, you're Pennant material. 6-9 just makes the Big League but below 6? Three strikes, you're out! (See page 71 for the answers.)



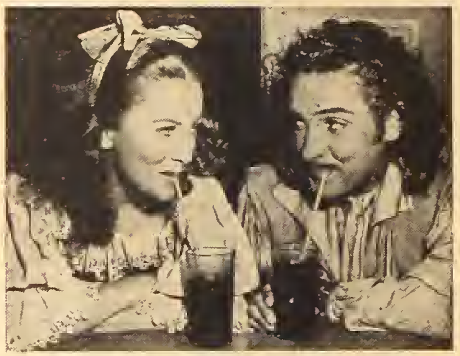
1. These two appeared together in "Birth of a Nation" and 25 years later they re-met as supporting actors. They're Mae Marsh and:
a. Mickey Rooney b. C. Aubrey Smith
c. Donald Crisp



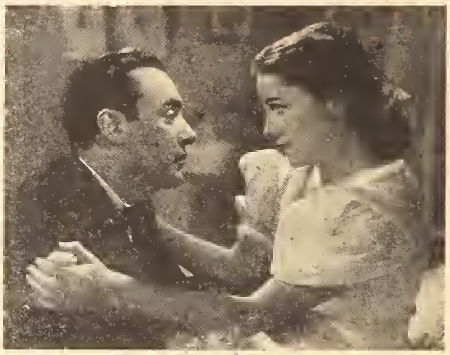
2. Ernst Lubitch is the one-man show known for his:
a. "touch" b. cigarettes
c. meekness



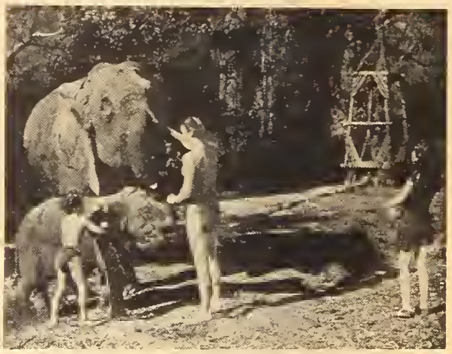
3. Hubby's with the Fighting French even though Maria Montez was born in:
a. Mexico b. the Dominican Republic
c. France



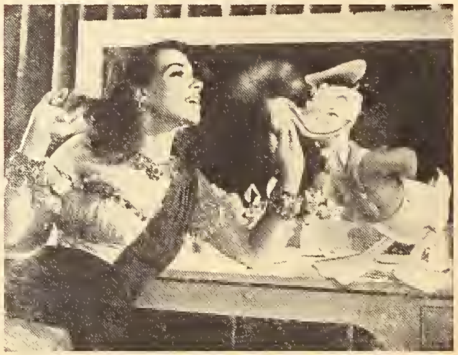
4. Off-stage sparks flew between Fontaine and de Cordova when they finished playing lovers in:
a. Frenchman's Creek b. The Moon and Sixpence
c. Captain Blood



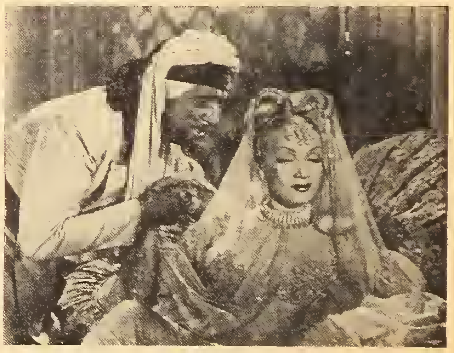
5. He won the first "special" Academy Award in 1942 for:
a. the most outstanding role of the year b. most distinctive forеign direction
c. establishing the French Research Foundation



6. This primitive family group existed in:
a. the nineteenth century b. the author's imagination
c. Dutch Guiana



7. "The Three Caballeros" marks the first time that:
a. Donald loses his temper b. Humans act with cartoon figures
c. Disney has used a South American locale



8. New poppa Ronald Colman, whom you loved in "Kismet," is about:
a. 30 years old b. 40 years old
c. 50 years old

9. You know that Arthur Shields and Oscar winner Barry Fitzgerald are brothers, but what is their family name?:
a. Shields b. Fitzgerald
c. de Maupassant

10. As a lad in Bristol, England, Babs Hutton's estranged hubby answered to the name of:
a. Al McGonegal b. Milton Berlinger
c. Archibald Leach

11. "How Green Was My Valley" dealt mainly with:
a. An annual flower show b. Welsh chorales
c. the coal miners' strike

12. We hadn't seen him since the '30's, now he "runs away" with the tree that grew in Brooklyn. He's:
a. Lloyd Nolan b. James Dunn
c. John Beal

A special process keeps Kleenex

Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong

Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!

YOUR NOSE KNOWS – THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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VICTORY SETS THE HEADLINES OF THE WORLD

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

non-inflammable material so it wouldn't go up in smoke when Turhan worked with the torch carrying extras. . . . The 26-foot high statue of Aphrodite was affectionately called "Kewpie" by the crew. The lady was fashioned by Eduardo Simone, the Hollywood sculptor whose work is known throughout the world. . . . Thomas Gomez, Paradise's King Croesus, drew unrestrained giggles from the crew. An enthusiastic makeup man sent him forth each day, his toes sparkling with vivid red polish to match his bright red beard. . . . Though Gale Sondergaard's role runs through the whole picture, she worked with the rest of the players just once. Most of her scenes required trick photography and were shot away from the crowd on Universal's secret process stage. . . . Turhan Bey was the father of a brand new fad when he began to learn Aesop's fables for his role.. After quoting fables for a couple of days, every joke around the set was introduced by "Aesop says" instead of the old gag, "Confucius says". . . . For four weeks workers labored on the beautifully decorated cake for the Croesus banquet scene. When it was done to perfection, it took just 12 seconds on the screen to burn to ashes. . . . Little Mairzy Doats, making his screen debut, took to direction so well Director Arthur Lubin rewarded him with extra footage. But Mairzy wasn't too impressed, being a five-week-old lamb.

ALONG CAME JONES

How dumb can a guy be, anyway? The all time high—or do I mean low?—is probably reached by one Melody Jones in this picture. Melody is played by Gary Cooper, who is as lean, gaunt, and attractive as ever. His pal, George (William Demarest) spends most of his time being disgusted with Melody's dumbness. You can hardly blame him. Certainly no guy with any intelligence would be so flattered when a strange town seems to be terrified of him that he would go on letting them think he's a stagecoach robber, just for fun. But no one has ever been impressed by Melody before, and it goes to his head.

It starts when he and George ride into Payneville, and someone spots the MJ on his saddle. They think it stands for Monte Jarrat (Dan Duryea), robber and murderer. Melody fits the only description that has been circulated, and when he walks into the saloon everyone practically dives under the table. Then a beautiful girl named Cherry (Loretta Young) kisses him in public and calls him Monte. She hurries him out of town. Even Melody realizes that she's using him as a decoy to lure the sheriff's posse away from the real Monte, but he doesn't seem to care. He has, George decides sadly, lost what few brains he had left.

The two of them are suddenly enmeshed in the manhunt of the decade. Melody is pursued by the posse, but that's not the worst of it. Jarrat has seen him with Cherry, and has sworn to kill him. Then Cherry shows Melody where the loot from the robbery is hidden, and that really puts him on a spot. An investigator for the Express company becomes a corpse at an awkward moment. and Melody's chances of emerging from all this intact seem to be vanishing. A desperate gun battle between Jarratt's men and the posse finds Melody right in the middle. But he's just dumb enough to get away with it—with Cherry's assistance.

There is laughter as well as shooting

FREE OFFER!

Hurry, hurry! There are just 500 FREE DELL Mags waiting for 500 lucky people who will fill in the Questionnaire below and send it to us—pronto! And pronto means not a minute later than the 20th of August. These Dell mags are swell—filled with stories of star doings, star pics, everything you want to know about your favorites. So be quick—and maybe you can be one of the lucky ones!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our September issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Shore Leave (Dana Andrews)..... ☐
Tom Drake's Life Story, part 1.... ☐
Cameo Kid (Phyllis Thaxter)..... ☐
Romances They Won't Talk About by Louella Parsons............ ☐
That's My Pop! (Van Johnson).. ☐
"Anchors Aweigh" .... ☐
Who Said Divorce? (Dick Haymes') ☐
Hey, Sexy! (Peter Lawford)...... ☐
Join a Fan Club! by Hedda Hopper ☐
Small in the Saddle (Elizabeth Taylor) .... ☐
Rhapsody Man (Robert Alda)..... ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons..... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?..............................

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference..

....

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in "Along Came Jones." In fact, no one seems to take the plot very seriously, which is probably all for the best.—*RKO.*

P. S.

"Along Came Jones" is Gary Cooper's first assignment as producer-actor. Gary says he's now "a member of the aspirin group" 'cause he used up a half dozen bottles soothing the headaches that are a producer's lot. . . . As "Melody," Gary sings for the first time on the screen. But Crosby and Sinatra needn't loose any sleep. 'Tis said that as a singer, Gary's a swell producer-actor. . . . An entire cattle ranch was built on International's sound stage, complete with ranch house, barn, hillside, and a menagerie of horses, cows, and chickens. . . . The fact that as a youth Dan Duryea didn't even own a BB gun doesn't influence producers who persist in casting him in "shoot 'em in the back" roles. Dan's reconciled to playing "heavies" though—they're very much in demand nowadays. However, he's always shocked when he hears himself described as "the most revolting man on the screen." . . . Loretta Young found herself in an enviable position in the role of Cherry. She's the only woman in the picture. . . . Bill Demarest, unruffled by the rude laughter of his co-workers when they saw him in a pair of very baggy, very saggy woolies, insisted the oufit would make him the favorite pin-up of the WACS and WAVES. . . . When Gary came out from Montana in 1922 he brought with him his trusty pair of leather chaps. They came in very handy in his cowboy extra days, but one day they disappeared. Walking onto the "Jones" set, Gary spotted the chaps on an extra who had been dressed by a costume company. Until he could buy them back at the end of the picture, Gary, as producer, had to pay rental on his own pants.

BLOOD ON THE SUN

"Blood On The Sun" is probably best known for having had its première in San Francisco during the Peace Conference. Actually, more important is the fact that it's the fastest moving, most exciting picture to come out of Hollywood in some time. Jimmy Cagney is at his toughest, which is plenty tough. He insults Japanese statesmen, tosses Jap cops over his shoulder, knocks out various villains, and finds time in between to make love to Sylvia Sidney. Sylvia, by the way, stages a splendid comeback as the alluring Oriental beauty in the plot.

Jimmy plays Nick Condon, newspaperman who has put Premier Tanaka and his cohorts in a dither. Nick has written a piece about Tanaka's plan for conquering the world, and the Secret Police come around immediately to demand the source of his information. Most of Nick's material was guesswork, but he lets them think he knows something. Later he realizes that there is more to this "Tanaka Plan" than he had believed possible. Two murders result from it, and since the victims are friends of Nick, he takes it upon himself to find out who is back of it all. There isn't much in the way of a clue. The two who were killed were Ollie Miller, a newspaperman, and his wife. Nick glimpsed a girl's hand with a ruby ring on it just closing the door of the Miller room after the first murder. That's clue number one. Ollie gives him clue number two just before he dies. It is the original document of the "Tanaka Plan."

But Nick is arrested by the Secret Police before he can accomplish much sleuthing, and the document is stolen. When he's let out of jail, he is surprised to find that the police haven't got it. They want it and Tanaka wants it. So who has it? Nick is still wondering, when he is introduced to Iris Hilliard (Sylvia Sidney) who is enough to take any man's mind off his troubles. Only with Nick it works just the other way. Especially after he finds a ruby ring in the jewel box in her bedroom. It's hard to tell what side anyone is on, in this melee of spies and counter spies. But it's a lot of fun trying. —*U. A.*

P. S.

Produced by brother William, this is James Cagney's second venture into the field of independent pictures. . . . Though it is a fictional story, "Blood" has its basis in fact. It was inspired by Garrett Ford's fanciful solution to the mystery of the Tanaka Memorial, Japan's Mein Kampf conceived by the infamous Baron Tanaka. . . . As managing editor of the Tokyo Chronicle, Jimmy is right in his stride. He's played a newspaperman so often the role fits him like a glove. . . . Sylvia Sidney returns to the screen after three years spent on Broadway. When she came to Hollywood for the health of her young son, Jody, she had no idea of returning to the films. She had already rejected several picture deals when Producer William Cagney offered her a role in "Blood On The Sun." As bait he showed her sketches of the wardrobe that would be hers if she'd only say yes. After taking a peek at the luscious gowns created by Michael Wolfe. a newcomer to Hollywood, she hesitated no longer. . . . An outstanding makeup job was done by Ern Westmore and Joe Norin, who managed to transform the Caucasian actors into very believable looking Japanese villains. John Emery and Robert Armstrong had the doubtful pleasure of reporting to the makeup department four hours before their set calls to have their elaborate Oriental faces put on. . . . Cagney continues along his famous two-fisted way. The old Cagney form is displayed in two wild slugfests with John Halloran, a knock-down, drag-out with two policemen, a couple of rounds with a ship's steward, a fight with Rhys Williams, and a real judo bout that spares nothing in its attempt to be realistic. . . . Rosemary DeCamp at long last appears as herself. After playing "mothers" for some time, Miss DeCamp accepted a small role in "Blood" just to be able to appear on the screen as a woman her own age. . . . Director Frank Lloyd, three-time Academy Award winner, does his first work since returning from 18 months with the Army Air Forces.

JOHNNY ANGEL

Remember the moment in "To Have And Have Not" when the camera focused on an odd, wistful little man at a piano? The screen acquired a new personality in that moment—Hoagy Carmichael. Now he's back as a talkative taxi driver in "Johnny Angel," starring George Raft, Claire Trevor and Signe Hasso. Hoagy sings "Memphis In June" and helps along the romance at every opportunity. I mean the romance between Johnny Angel (George Raft) and Paulette (Signe Hasso) whom he meets in the French Quarter of New Orleans.

Johnny is looking for the murderer of his father, Captain Angel. The Captain's ship was reported missing, and Johnny himself took a ship out to look for it. He found it adrift in the Caribbean, with nothing but bloodstains to show what had happened to the Captain and the crew. So now Johnny is back in the home port of New Orleans, and a lot of people wish he wasn't. He has found evidence on the ship of the presence there of a French girl in a green raincoat. He combs the Quarter till he finds her—lovely, frightened Paulette. She tells him the whole story when she sees

(Continued on page 88)

Stars ✶ *Girls* ✶ *Laughs* ✶ *Music!*

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Directed by FELIX E. FEIST
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EVERY ONE A SWEETHEART

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Joan Davis back on the air beginning Monday, Sept. 3rd at 8:30 P.M., E.W.T. CBS

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ This month, we ditch our usual format. We leave a lot of records plaintively crying to be paragraphed off and talked about, and, without a backward glance, go away to a date with Diana Lynn. After all, a man's human.

Diana was in town on a short visit, and she said she wanted to tour the swing spots, so Editors Al and Henry contacted Boy Scout Feather. "How'd you like to show a beautiful blonde some hot music?" Well, like I said, a man's human.

I called for Diana at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. I called a little early, and she came a little late. But it was in a good cause—"you see there was this Bond Rally and I had to wait to go on and I'm terribly sorry—"

We got started, finally, along with friendly Bob Gilham of Paramount, and went to the Copacabana for dinner. The Copacabana is a lovely place, and Xavier Cugat was playing there, but *(Continued on page 102)*

1. Diana Lynn lends a pink appreciative ear to Onyx Club's Stuff Smith with Leonard F. and bride.

2. Para's Bob Gilham joined party at Kelly's Stable, which features hepcats . . . not horses.

3. Chalk up another naval victory! Gob spotted Diana at The 3 Deuces and got that autograph.

3.

1.

2.

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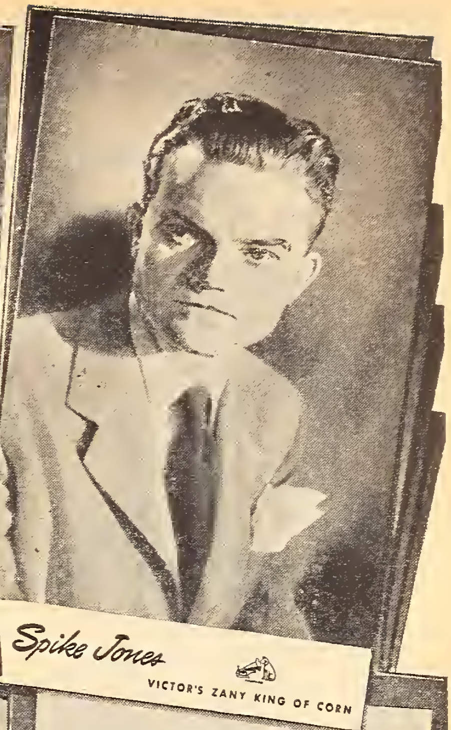

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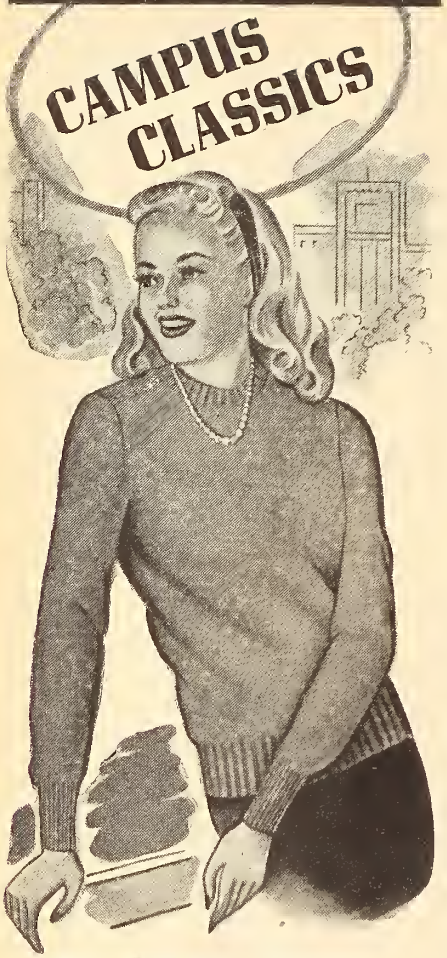

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STREET............

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

120 pictures rated this month

We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. 4★+ means unsurpassed, 4★, excellent, 3½★, very good, and 3★, good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

Movie	Rating
Abroad With Two Yanks (United Artists)	3½★
Affairs of Susan, The (Paramount)	3½★
A Medal For Benny (Paramount)	4★
And Now Tomorrow (Paramount)	3★
And The Angels Sing (Paramount)	3½★
Barbary Coast Gentleman (M-G-M)	3★
Belle of the Yukon (International Pictures)	3★
Between Two Women (M-G-M)	3½★
Between Two Worlds (Warners)	3½★
Big Noise, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Body Snatcher, The (RKO)	3★
Bowery to Broadway (Universal)	3½★
Brazil (Republic)	3½★
Brighton Strangler, The (RKO)	3½★
Bullfighters, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Canterville Ghost, The (M-G-M)	4★
Can't Help Singing (Universal)	4★
Carolina Blues (Columbia)	3★
Casanova Brown (International Pictures)	3½★
China Sky (RKO)	3★
Climax, The (Universal)	3★
Colonel Blimp (Archers Films)	4★
Conflict (Warners)	3½★
Conspirators, The (Warners)	3½★
Corn Is Green, The (Warners)	4★
Counter-Attack (Columbia)	3½★
Dangerous Passage (Paramount)	3½★
Dark Waters (United Artists)	3½★
Delightfully Dangerous (United Artists)	3★
Desert Song, The (Warners)	C 3★
Double Indemnity (Paramount)	4★
Doughgirls, The (Warners)	3½★
Dragon Seed (M-G-M)	4★
Enter Arsene Lupin (Universal)	3★
Escape In the Desert (Warners)	3★
Falcon in Hollywood, The (RKO)	3★
Fighting Lady, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Flame of the Barbary Coast (Republic)	3★
Frenchman's Creek (Paramount)	3★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Gaslight (M-G-M)	4★
God Is My Co-Pilot (Warners)	3½★
Going My Way (Paramount)	C 4★
Goodnight, Sweetheart (Republic)	3★
Hail the Conquering Hero (Paramount)	4★
Heavenly Days (RKO)	C 3½★
Hollywood Canteen (Warners)	3½★
I Love a Mystery (Paramount)	3★
I Love a Soldier (Paramount)	3★
Impatient Years, The (Columbia)	3½★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic)	C 3★
In The Meantime, Darling (RKO)	3★
In Society (Universal)	C 3★
Invisible Man's Return, The (Universal)	3★
Irish Eyes Are Smiling (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
It's In the Bag (United Artists)	C 4★
Janie (Warners)	C 3½★
Jungle Woman (Universal)	3★
Junior Miss (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Kismet (M-G-M)	3½★
Lost in a Harem (M-G-M)	3★
Marine Raiders (RKO)	3½★
Marriage Is a Private Affair (M-G-M)	3½★
Meet Me in St. Louis (M-G-M)	C 4★
Molly and Me (Twentieth Century-Fox)	3½★
Mr. Skeffington (Warners)	3½★
Music for Millions (M-G-M)	4★
National Velvet (M-G-M)	C 4★
Naughty Nineties (Universal)	C 3★
No Time For Love (Paramount)	3½★
None But the Lonely Heart (RKO)	4★
Objective, Burma (Warners)	4★
Out of This World (Paramount)	4★
Pan Americana (RKO)	3★
Pillow to Post (Warners)	3★
Pin-Up Girl (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Practically Yours (Paramount)	3½★
Riding High (Paramount)	3★
Roger Touhy, Gangster (20th Century-Fox)	3★
San Diego, I Love You (Universal)	3★
San Fernando Valley (Republic)	C 3½★
Secret Command (Columbia)	3½★
Sensations of 1945 (United Artists)	3½★
Seventh Cross (M-G-M)	4★
Show Business (RKO)	C 3½★
Silver Fleet, The (Archers Films)	4★
Since You Went Away (United Artists)	3½★
Something for the Boys (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Son of Lassie (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Song of Bernadette (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Song to Remember, A (Columbia)	3½★
Step Lively (RKO)	C 3½★
Sunday Dinner for a Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Summer Storm (United Artists)	4★
Sweet and Lowdown (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Take It Big (Paramount)	3★
Take It or Leave It (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Tall in the Saddle (Republic)	C 3½★
That's the Spirit (Universal)	3½★
Thin Man Goes Home, The (M-G-M)	3★
Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M-G-M)	4★
32 Rue Montmartre (French Films)	3½★
Those Endearing Young Charms (RKO)	3★
Thrill of a Romance (M-G-M)	3½★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	3½★
Together Again (Columbia)	3½★
Tomorrow The World (United Artists)	4★
Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M)	4★
Unseen, The (Paramount)	3½★
Very Thought of You, The (Warners)	3½★
Way Ahead, The (Two Cities)	4★
Where Are Your Children? (Monogram)	3★
Where Do We Go From Here? (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Wilson (20th Century-Fox)	4★+
Wing and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Winged Victory (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Without Love (M-G-M)	3½★
Woman in Green, The (Universal)	3½★
Woman in the Window (RKO)	3½★
Wonder Man (RKO)	4★

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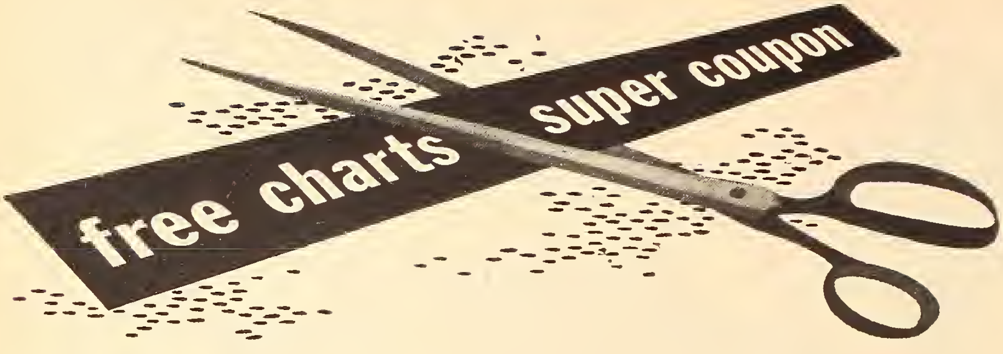

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FOR FANS

★ SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART (10c) This is NEW! A completely revised chart—telling you everything you've ever wondered about such bright new stars as Lauren Bacall, Tom Drake, Dane Clark, Phyllis Thaxter! We've collected vital statistics—here they are—and hundreds more, everything you want to know about the lives, loves, hobbies and latest pics of your favorites. Tells you where to write to them, too. Send 10c and a LARGE, stamped (3c) self-addressed envelope .... ☐

★MUSIC MAKERS—1945-'46—by *Harry James* (5c) This is NEW! And terrific! Everything you want to know about band leaders, song writers, soloists, their lives, their records, albums, movies, radio shows! Here's where you become an authority—this chart tells you the works—from sweet to sweet-and-hot. Send 5c, and a LARGE, self-addressed, stamped (3c) envelope..... ☐

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STAR AUTOGRAPHS—Turn to page 71 to see how you can get autographs of all your favorite stars.

FOR ROMANCE

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Here's a New *Lazy-Way* to REDUCE

—Quickly and Safely

10-Day Miracle Diet—Lose 10 Pounds in 10 Days!—and Still Eat 3 Delicious, Satisfying Meals a Day; Not Do a Bit of Extra Exercise!

PARTIAL CONTENTS

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I. THE SURE WAY TO REDUCE

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. How you can reduce quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pangs, no drugs, girdles or gadgets.

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Lightning Vitamin Calculator. Vitamin units in 78 common foods in handy chart.

Cook Them Kindly. 9 simple rules to preserve vitamins in preparing foods.

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Teeth You Love to Brush. Food, for healthy teeth.

Diet Cure for Constipation. "Scare" warnings vs. truth.

VI. EATING FOR "OOMPH"

Food and Glamour. Relation of what you eat to personal appearance, vitality, sex appeal.

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YES, it's *true*—this new 10-Day MIRACLE DIET—thanks to latest discoveries in weight control! Now—WHETHER A MAN OR A WOMAN—you can lose 10 pounds in 10 days, 30 pounds or more within 3 months—comfortably, pleasantly, healthfully. WITHOUT strenuous, difficult exercises. WITHOUT dangerous pills or drugs. WITHOUT sweating in steam baths or spending money for massages. WITHOUT suffering the dizziness, nausea, and torture of self-imposed starvation!

You'll eat three delicious, fully-satisfying meals a day, including a big breakfast. You'll be allowed to "snack" between meals. This new *scientific* lazy-way—described in the fascinating book, *"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim,"* by Donald G. Cooley—brings you a slimmer, more attractive figure, and also greater health and beauty! Your skin becomes smoother, clearer . . . your hair softer, more lustrous . . . your eyes more sparkling. You have more energy, pep, get-up-and-go.

What Is This Amazing Secret?

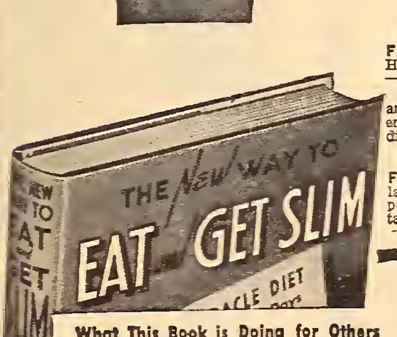
The whole secret lies in your food—not just how *much*, but also *which kinds*. And it isn't (as you may have imagined) merely a matter of "calories." It's the *kind* of calories that makes the difference! Some foods are high in *fat*-producing calories. Others are high in *energy*-producing calories. If you merely cut down the *amount* of food—without being sure to get more *energy*-calories than *fat*-calories—you don't lose weight at all. Your body simply "slows down"—and continues to store fat!

Many people think they know about calories. But *do* they? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half a sirloin steak? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, *the steak would give you 15 times as many precious ENERGY*-calories. Yet the total *number* of calories in each is roughly the same!

What This Book Can Do For You

Mr. Cooley's book shows you, quickly and clearly, how to apply this simple principle of selecting *energy*-calories instead of *fat*-calories. It gives you a "10-Day Miracle Diet" by which you lose a pound a day for 10 days; a diet for losing 10 pounds in 30 days; a "tapering off" diet for losing 8½ pounds in 30 days; and a "Stay-Slim" diet, so that when you reach the right weight, you STAY there.

You don't have to adhere rigidly to these diets, either. The book's Substitution Table gives you dozens of meats, and other foods you may eat instead. The partial contents, on this page, suggests only a *few* of the ways this book goes about improving your figure, health, appearance, and general disposition.



What This Book is Doing for Others

"Lost the specified 10 lbs. in 10 days. Feel better than in years."—Wisconsin.

"My sister is very short, weighed 196. Was so thrilled to be losing weight, would even get up in the night to weigh herself. Now weighs 120, is healthier, happier." —Michigan.

"Kindly forward me the book. Have a friend who lost 34 lbs., is now ever so much better in health, appearance."—California

"Most sensible way to reduce I have seen yet. I'm a registered nurse and can fully appreciate sensibility of this means."—Massachusetts.

"Lost 35 lbs. in 41 days. Compliments to your book."—West Virginia.

Examine It 5 Days FREE

It costs only a stamp to examine this book FREE. No money need be sent now. *"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper)* will be sent with the understanding that you may keep it 5 days. If, even in that short time, you are NOT convinced it offers you the quick, safe, lazy-way to reduce—return it without obligation. Otherwise, keep it for only $2.00, plus few cents postage.

A body that is slim, healthy, and *alive* will win admiration the rest of your life. Take the first step toward lovely, alluring slenderness *now*. Mail Free Examination Coupon at once. WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. R359; 354 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

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CO-ED

So you're all grown up now . . . had a summer job 'n everything . . . and you're thinking of leaving school! But are you sure you're thinking? Really ?

■ Summer career gals, what would w do without you? You in the dungaree and pigtails pitching hay, 'cause th farmer's boy is pitching grenades thi year. You in the crisp white apro brewing our elegant sundaes, buildin our meatless Dagwoods—'cause you pop's in the Army, and mom can us the extra dough. All you bright-faced bright-haired angels who've been selling paint in hardware stores, mindin babies, making bomber parts—thanks We couldn't be more grateful. We' miss you next month when you go bac to school, but we know that school i the most important job you have righ now. You know it too, down deep i your heart, but some of you have gotten a little mixed up. Some of you gal think you're being more patriotic, more useful working in a war plant than grinding away in a school room. Some of the lads are muttering, "The hec with plane geometry, I'm going to enlist." Whoa, kids! Let's talk about it

There *is* a labor shortage, but if i were acute enough, the Governmen would close the schools and conscrip student labor. This hasn't been done so obviously industry can get along without your help. Uncle Sam think it's ever so much more important fo you to get all the education you can so that your clear, trained young mind can help set the world to rights when the war is over.

"But I'm Beyond all That!" You're thinking, "Gee, all summer I've had my own money. Been my own boss. I don't want to go back to school and be a *baby* again, asking mom for every nicke I need." Of course you don't want to do that, but can't you work out a schedule whereby you work two or three hours a day after school, longer on Saturdays? Can you dope out a deal whereby you'll have your own little income, your nice grown-up pride—without forfeiting your priceless education? We *(Continued on page* 90)

CO-ED LETTERBOX

What do you think about Dutch treats? Do boys ever expect you to pay your own way? J. C., Dallas, Texas.

If a boy asks you for a date, you may be sure that he has the price of the movie and soda in his gray flannels. He'd be kind of surprised and a little embarrassed if you attempted to pay your half. However, if you meet a boy you know in front of the movies and he asks you to sit with him, don't expect him to pay for your ticket. Likewise, if you run into a lad at the bus stop, have your nickel all ready for the conductor. Unless you're somebody's date, you ride on your own dough. (In both these cases, should the boy make a sincere attempt at paying, don't hurt his feelings by refusing, of course.) If you invite a guy over for dinner and the movies, have your tickets in advance so that he's not put in the position of a.) having to buy them himself, or b.) squirming while you step up to the box office.

I broke up with a boy a few weeks ago over a foolish quarrel. Would it be wrong for me to take the initiative in patching *(Continued on page* 90)

JEAN KINKEAD

Color Harmony Shades..

for BLONDES

BRUNETTES

BROWNETTES

REDHEADS

Jinx Falkenburg
in a Columbia Picture
"THE GAY SENORITA"

1..it imparts a lovely color to the skin

2..it creates a satin-smooth make-up

3..it clings perfectly...really stays on

You'll like this famous face powder created by *Max Factor Hollywood* in Color Harmony Shades to accent the natural, youthful beauty of each type...blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Try your Color Harmony Shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder and see how lovely your make-up will look ..$1.00

Max Factor ✶ Hollywood Face Powder

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

Straight from Paris

these exciting young hair-dos!

On this page Drene brings you, through its Paris correspondent, news of how smart young Parisians are wearing their hair!

LOVELY MADELON MASON . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, a Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl" . . . posed for all three photographs. For this perky up-swept arrangement her hair was parted down middle from forehead to nape of neck, pulled up toward each side and tied firmly with narrow ribbon. The lustrous smoothness of Madelon's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, which Madelon always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.

(*Left*)—HUGE RIBBON BOWS, one at each side, are the fashion feature of this lovely centerpart hair-do! Back hair set as for a page boy, combed to each side, from center, and held firmly with rubber bands. Ends arranged in big, smooth curls. Bows attached with bobby pins. Madelon's hair illustrates the wonderful combination of sheen and smoothness found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

(*Below*)—NEW PARISIAN PAGE-BOY! Notice the covered ear . . . and how the hair slants sharply down from above the ear to a long, long back! Notice, too, the smooth sleek look, the shining beauty, due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.

No other Shampoo...

only Drene with Hair Conditioning action leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Make a Date with Glamour! Now . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. ✓ *Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing. ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

There's never a dull moment down at MODERN SCREEN. We keep on the go. The other day, for instance, we hired ourselves the high priest of Swing!

High priests are very scarce these days. So we're extremely proud of ours. His name is Leonard Feather (see Sweet and Hot, page 20) He is the critic for Esquire magazine and heads the judges who pick Esky's All-American Band each year. He is one of the editors of Metronome. He is one of the country's finest composer-arrangers . . . having worked with the top bands. His piano playing is half way between Frankie Carle and Teddy Wilson. But what *really* impresses me is his collection of three thousand records!

Henry and I stewed around a lot about meeting the guy. Primarily because neither of us had a thing to wear. Not a reet pleat between us. No suede shoes. Mortifying, don't you know.

But Leonard wasn't zoot. Leonard, in fact, was born in London 28 years ago and is a very serious young man, who beats time discreetly with one knowing finger while he listens to hot music.

Aside from that one fault, he's the nicest high priest you'd care to know. He has all those human qualities that you never expect from a man of his achievement. He's shy and sincerely modest. And *so* absent-minded. He has a worried habit of writing himself memos on odd sized slips of paper, which he crumples into his pocket. As often as not, he forgets to read them.

He was having lunch with us one day in a little Italian restaurant and kind of subconsciously fishing in his jacket while we waited for the spaghetti. He got a nibble from a piece of canceled check and started reading what he'd scribbled on the back. Sweat broke out on his face.

"Gosh, fellows, this is *awful!*" He looked at his watch. "You'll really have to excuse me. I'm getting married today, and I'm already half an hour late. My bride will be quite cross!" And off he dashed, frantically scratching a vivid dash of tomato sauce off his conservative tie.

You see what I mean about his being the nicest high priest I ever met?

Al Delacorte

Executive Editor

P.S. If you're between 14 and 20, take a look at page 113.

Host Dana Andrews had more fun than anybody at party. Showed up late, so Mrs. Brand casually mentioned how prompt Tyrone Power always is!

"Dear Naval Aid," they wrote. "We're two gobs who'd like two gals. Can you help?" They did. Dana Andrews did. So did we.

shore leave

■ "Dear NAA," he wrote—

"I hear you influence people and help gobs. I'm a gob who needs help. My worries are strictly social. Also slightly unreasonable. But after seventeen months in the South Pacific, it'll take more than a brush-off to kill me.

"So I'll come straight out with it. You couldn't fix me up a date with a movie actress, could you? I'm no hog, NAA. I don't ask for Betty Grable. If she's tied up with the James guy, let's don't horn in. Matter of fact, there was a girl in "Lifeboat" who's just my style. Not the ritzy dame, but the one who played the nurse. Maybe that's why. Seeing what they did for us, we guys go for nurses in a big way. Then there's another kid I'd like to meet, name of Cathy Downs. Used to be a model, but I hear she's in Hollywood now. She was our *(Continued on page 102)*

That's Mrs. Sybil Brand, head of NAA, who dreamed up party. Tall, dark and handsome sailor is Kice Miller, Gunner's Mate, of Illinois. Blue-eyed pal hails from Ohio; he's Steve Balogh, Electrician's Mate.

What's a barbecue without hot dogs . . . ? Mary Anderson (see "Within These Walls") in print suit, and Cathy Downs (nickname's "Kitten!") heckle Chef Dono for gobs . . . of mustard!

MORE PICTURE

shore leave

Mary, Steve, Dana, Cathy and Kice drove to Sunset Plaza Apts., switched to swim togs. Steve's on way to Pacific.

The water's the same . . . but the Navy was never like this! Kice, 22, has seen action at Tarawa, Saipan, and Tinian, but refuses to wear campaign ribbons. Too shy!

Dana subs for blackboard in tic-tac-toe game. Mary played Anne Baxter role in stage's "Guest In The House." Studied diction to lose drawl from German teacher; lost drawl, acquired German accent!

Later, Dana piled kids into car, chugged to NAA party for returned vets at Cira's. Danced till end of a perfect day.

Batter up! Steve, a former motion picture projectionist, prefers Mory to baseball. Dana (see "State Fair") is in practice from games with son, David.

"Just try it on for size!" says Kice to Mory. Cathy adores Mexican jewelry, sun-tanning, gets dreamy-eyed over exotic perfume, thick steaks! So do we!

tom drake

By Ida Zeitlin

Tom's learning to sing at studio's request; but they can't make him spruce up conservative wardrobe! Career soared after "This Man's Navy." Hidden talent: Sketching! Drew Judy G. for Vince Minelli.

Drakes need a new home with bannisters for three-year-old daughter to slide down. Present landlady objects for fear baby will sabotage her heirlooms! Tom owes Chris a million dollars . . . in gin rummy paper stakes!

They're gone now . . . but Tom and his sister can't forget the blithe spirit of Mom and Dad. (Life Story, Part I)

■ His name, which is Tom Drake now, was Buddy Alderdice then—Alfred, after his father, in the family Bible, but nobody ever called him that. He was five years old and Claire was six, and they sat very close together because their big sister Monona had died.

Monona had been like some faraway princess, whom you didn't get to see except once in a while. Being sixteen, she belonged to the grownup world. But mostly they didn't see her because she was ill. Or because Dad had taken her to another doctor in Europe. Once they were all going, only Mother hated crossing the water, so at the last minute Dad and Monona went alone. You could tell, the way he looked at her, how much he loved her. Her name was after the lake in Wisconsin where he'd met Mother, and there was just nothing he wouldn't do for her. When she was little, he'd even arranged for Santa Claus to ring his sleighbells down the chimney for her—

"Why doesn't he ring them for us?" Claire had asked.

Mother'd looked sad. "I guess your father hasn't the heart to ask him—"

Sometimes, when she felt well enough, Monona'd

Tragic death of older sister Monona (she died a few years after picture was taken) shocked five-year-old Tom, made him cling to little sister Claire. Still close today, they gave their children same name.

Fourteen-year-old Tom signed this picture "Buddy," his nickname; Wife Chris prefers it to "Tom" also. To tease her, Tom calls her "Izzy"; *her* real name was Isabel! His was Alfred; never used it.

In 1941, Tom (second from right, bottom row) played stock at The Red Barn Theater in Westboro, Mass. Experience was great, salary small: $25 a week, but room and board were included!

tom drake

play hide-and-seek with them. And Buddy remembered the time he'd wandered into the livingroom, and there was Monona giving Claire a dancing lesson, both holding their skirts and laughing and looking pretty. And the time she was angry with him for hitting Claire. Claire was bigger and could always beat him, no matter how hard he hit back, but Monona said that didn't make any difference. "A gentleman never strikes a girl—" What Monona said was law to Buddy. Never again did he hit back at Claire.

Now his eyes strayed to the Scotch collie, curled on the rug. He'd been sent from Scotland for Monona, and had come only a few days ago. There was trouble getting him, on account of something called quarantine, but Daddy told the man about *(Continued on page 122)*

After Claire grew up (she's 23 here) she moved to New York City, and roomed with Isobel Knopp (Chris Curtis) . . . who became Mrs. Tom Drake!

om and Claire grew up in New York City's suburbs. laire's married, has two daughters Tom adores; he ves to shop for fancy duds the kids don't need.

3-year-old Tom's proud boast was that he never had more han one girl . . . at a time! Requirements for little lock book were high: Dates had to dance well, be pretty.

That's my Pop!

Last May we let proud Dad Johnson have his say about son Van; now it's Van's turn!

BY KAAREN PIECK

■ A couple of months ago MODERN SCREEN ran a story about Van Johnson, told by his father to our Jean Kinkead. Van was deeply moved by the story. He wrote to Jean: "It meant more to me than I can tell you. I learned things about my dad I'd have died not knowing, if I hadn't read it."

Charles Johnson could tell Jean how he felt when his kid trotted off to school for the first time and when the 18-year-old, who'd never been further than Providence, set out with his straw suitcase to conquer the world. In a million years he couldn't have told Van. That's the masculine way. Besides, the elder Johnson, descended from Swedes, was less given to gab than most men. What you felt was apparent in what you did. Words were excess baggage. They'd have embarrassed Van no less than himself.

Van admits he was disturbed when he first heard about the story from his dad, whom he calls at regular intervals.

"I've been busy," said Dad. "Drove to Providence to pick up a writer and cameraman for MODERN SCREEN. Told them about you—"

"Are you kiddin'?"

"Certainly not. Had a good time doing it too—" *(Continued on page 92)*

Like Van, his blonde dad has same freckles and pale lashes. Van lives in terror of friends dropping in while he's having lashes dyed. Submits to hated ordeal only because studio insists, for photographic purposes.

Mrs. Keenan Wynn jitterbugs with Van at Palladium. His current gal is June Bright, Conover model. Van's studio worries about his persistent headaches, result of that old motor accident.

by Willinger

Willinger

by Fredda Dudley ***"Look," a friend said earnestly to the Dick Haymes', "you kids have something pretty special here . . . hang on to it!"***

who said divorce?

Dick (at Ciro's with wife Joanne) will tour Army camps after "Kitten on Keys."

■ Bill Burton, who is probably the best friend Dick and Joanne Haymes will ever have, picked up his morning paper and promptly went into his dance. His war dance. The news, on Page One, was that Dick and Joanne had announced their separation! Bill Burton couldn't believe the type. There must be a mixup somewhere. Dick and Joanne, that pair of deeply-in-love characters—separating! Bill took a benzedrine and a fast trip into the country, arriving in time to find Dick in the pool and Joanne minding her young daughter, better known as Pigeon, in the music room.

"You stay right there," he told Dick. "Don't you move until I have time to knock your head against a brick wall."

Then he descended upon Joanne in the manner of a Dutch uncle mending dikes. "All right," he boomed, giving her that 50-calibre look, "what goes on here?"

She launched into a tearful story that indicated that friends are not sometimes the best people but a bad influence. Seems that Dick and his radio company decided to have dinner after the show one night, and one of the men in the group had a new girl friend whom he brought along. The girl sat between her escort and Dick. Naturally, being the light-hearted type, Dick laughed and chatted with the girl as well as with other people (*Continued on page* 76)

HEY, SEXY!

Every girl Pete Lawford went out with promptly fell in love . . . with somebody else!

■ Between two requests for his autograph, Peter Lawford, unknown, became Peter Lawford, new dreamboat of the Bobbysox Brigade. He's not sure which of the two gave him the bigger laugh.

The first book was handed him as he left M-G-M one day. Even at the studio, they barely knew him from Adam. He had to show his pass to get in. So he was thrilled but puzzled when the little girl said: "Can I please have your autograph?"

Her companions hung in the background, their voices carrying farther than they knew. "Who's he—?"

"Nobody—"

"Then what does she want his autograph for?"

"She has to be polite, doesn't she, else how can she ask him about You-know-who?"

With difficulty suppressing the shout in his throat, Peter returned the book. Its owner glanced rapidly at the signature, then lifted a pair of limpid eyes. "Thank you *so* much, Mr. Lawford. Could you tell me when (*Continued on page* 114)

C.B.S. draws a thirsty couple: Shirley Temple and Peter. Like Shirley, he started as a child actor (only, he debuted on the Continent) and was known as "England's Jackie Coogan."

Athletically inclined, Peter Lawford holds an honorary locker in U.C.L.A.'s gym. School ball team conferred award. Right now, he's enthused over post-war flier's license. Pete's in "Son Of Lassie" with June Lockhart.

Nancy Winslow Squire

JOIN A FAN CLUB!

by Hedda Hopper

A fan club's a big happy family, exchanging letters and snapshots with its adopted star.

■ It was the night of Frank's last broadcast for the Hit Parade, and the president of The Sigh Guy fan club was in a dither. Not that that was anything new, really. She'd been in one since the night when she'd answered the phone and *that* voice had said "Pam? Want to do me a favor, hey?" That had been a month ago—the busiest month Pam had ever spent. Now, watching Frank come onstage for the broadcast, she thought about what he had said that night.

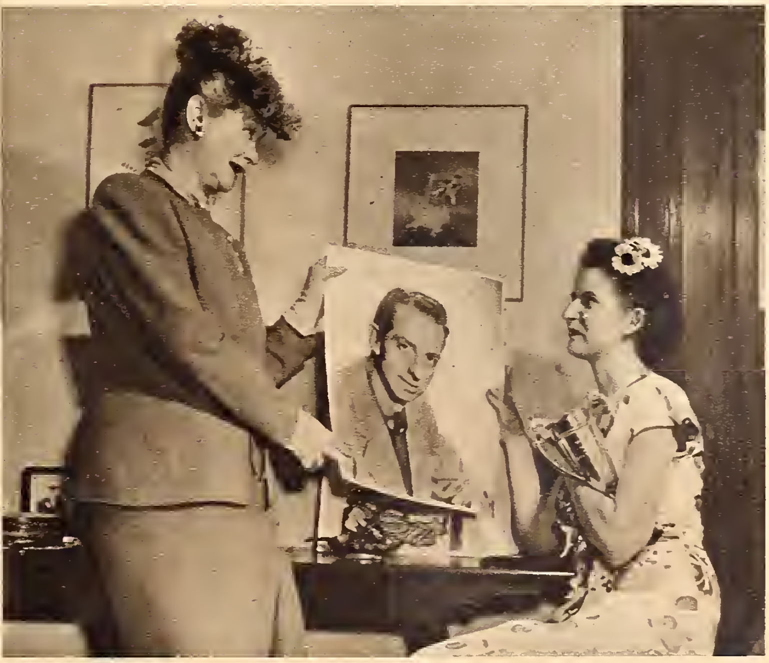
"Look. You know, Pam, my fan clubs around the country are spending an awful wad of dough on presents for me lately. And it's kind of silly, because I've got money to buy things for myself. So how about you contacting the clubs in New York State and persuading them to send the money to the Halloran Hospital Swimming Pool Fund instead? Would you?"

Would she? As if he'd had to ask! That had been the beginning. And now (*Continued on page* 108)

Iedda (The Hat) Hopper rejoices with Gwen Littlefield and unie. Gwen, president of June's fan club, won M.S. Fan lub Assn.'s coveted award for club that's been most active.

aybe you're one of the few who hasn't heard of Gil Lamb et . . . but you will! Estelle Grey's prexy of his fan club, nd if her efforts count, he'll hit the top in no time.

Vhat an Oscar is to motion pictures, Modern Screen's silver oving cups are to members of the Fan Club Association. Iere's big winner, Gwen L., with Inspiration June Allyson.



Small in the Saddle

by Cynthia Miller

New star Elizabeth Taylor can sing, cook, and sew a fine seam . . . but not with a horse around!

■ Miss Margaret O'Brien's stand-in and boon companion called from the doorway of Margaret's dressing room, "Come *on*, Margaret, come play hopscotch with me."

"I'm sorry, but I can't," said Margaret abstractedly. "I'm busy working on my scrapbook."

"It isn't EITHER your scrapbook. It's a scrapbook about Elizabeth Taylor—so there!"

"She is my ideal," stated Margaret with great dignity, "and when I grow up, I'm going to be a jockey exactly like Elizabeth." She cut another picture from the magazine at hand, then delivered the ultimate haymaker of hero worship. "And I'm going to start a collection of horses *exactly* like hers."

Furthermore, Margaret has taken up horseback riding despite the fact that she is mildly allergic to horses and contact with the giddyups brings on a minor case of asthma. The doctor says she will outgrow this in time—meanwhile, she suffers in order to emulate her shining heroine, Elizabeth Taylor.

If you have seen "National Velvet" you are probably as berserk over this 13-year-old English girl as

"Twinkle Toes" applies to both, but it's cocker spaniel's name. Pet alley cat's called "Squeaker." Elizabeth's favorite sports: Swimming and . . . you guessed it, riding!

Shirley Johns attends M-G-M school with Elizabeth, whose favorite subject is art . . . but she likes spelling, reading, and . . . whispering! Other classmates include Gloria Jean, "Butch" Jenkins. She'll star in "Now That April's Here."

Eliz. studies piano, voice, and ballet. Only public appearance before movies was at age of 3; danced at recital before British Princesses Eliz. and Margaret Rose!

Small in the Saddle

Margaret is; and if you didn't see "National Velvet," your local picture purveyor just isn't doing right by you, that's all.

But, to go back to Margaret's threat to start a collection of horses like Elizabeth's, such a feat will take a bit of doing—even taking into consideration Margaret's impressive talents—because Elizabeth currently owns something like 30 miniature nags and 3 genuine hayburners.

Boarding at the Riviera Riding Academy are Prince Charming, the pony given to Elizabeth by Producer Joe Pasternak; Sweetheart, brother Bill Taylor's mount; and King Charles, as magnificent a specimen of horseflesh as ever neighed at a pretty filly.

King Charles is the real name of "The Pi," on whose back Velvet won the Grand National. During the filming of the picture, one scene was planned to show the influence of Velvet over the undisciplined, mettlesome steed: The Pi was to come *(Continued on page 141)*

Studio wanted a taller girl for "National Velvet," so Elizabeth did stretching exercises, ate plenty of eggs and milk, slept ten hours nightly . . . and grew three inches! Catching up to Mother!

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE—Shirleyan Gibbs' engagement was announced in May

SHIRLEYAN GIBBS HELPS A SOLDIER make a record to send home. She has been taking a special course in Occupational Therapy to fit her for work with convalescents in the hospital—bringing the patients cheery diversions like the record machine in the picture, teaching arts and crafts planned to re-educate stiff muscles. Many more girls and women are needed to help in this important work. Can't *you* volunteer in your community?

SHIRLEYAN'S COMPLEXION is one of her greatest charms—and the cream she uses to help guard its fresh "soft-smooth" look is Pond's!

Shirleyan Gibbs of Detroit

to wed James E. Scripps, Merchant Marine Officer

SHIRLEYAN'S RING **is unusually lovely—a marquise diamond surrounded by small diamonds.**

Softly curling dark hair, wide-spaced, velvety-brown eyes, patrician clear-cut features—that is Shirleyan.

And her fine, smooth complexion has that clear, fresh satiny "Pond's look" you'll notice about so many engaged girls these days.

"I really *love* Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so soft and silky, and it does a perfectly grand cleansing job."

This is her quick Pond's Beauty Care . . .

She *smooths* on Pond's fluffy-soft Cold Cream generously. Pats it lightly all over her face and throat to help loosen dirt and make-up. Tissues off carefully.

She *"rinses"* with *more* Pond's, sliding cream-covered fingers all over her face with little spiral strokes. "It's this *extra* cleansing and softening that's so special," she says. "Twice-over cleansing is just *twice* as good, I think."

Copy Shirleyan's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream, every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Get a *big* Pond's jar today—the big wide-topped jars are a joy to use!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney · Miss Nancy Leeds · Lady Doverdale

Cameo Kid

No glamor here, no glitter. Just loving a boy with wings and being his wife, Phyl Thaxter.

■ There must have been, say, three hundred service men on leave at the Hollywood Canteen that night. Short and tall, in blue and in khaki, fresh as wet paint or moanin' the blues, all very busy gawking and all lonesome as the devil. So what happened? Instead of a nice gin rummy or doughnut dunking fiend appropriating Miss Anything-For-The-Boys Phyllis Thaxter for a quiet evening, the jitterbug champion of the U. S. Fleet tagged her for a torso heaving session. She whirled and wiggled, twirled and twisted, flipped, flopped and flew off into space. She did her best but it was no use. When the music stopped, the gob gave her a severely critical look. "I thought you said you could jitterbug, Baby," he remarked scornfully. "*So long,*" he added with emphasis.

Well, Phyl felt pretty crushed at her failure and she knew she'd never see that sailor any more. But after a couple of numbers, there he was right back again, holding out his hand and asking, "Dance?"

"Well!" huffed Phyllis. "What are *you* doing back?

Phyl, weary from emoting for "Bewitched," got talked by her mom into swapping books for tennis.

by Jack Wade

The PRIZE of the Pirate Loot—

HIS...if he can Tame Her!

THIS reckless son-of-danger, feared by men, meets his match in the loveliest, most dangerous of females—his captive bride!

The SPANISH MAIN

starring

PAUL HENREID · MAUREEN O'HARA · WALTER SLEZAK

with BINNIE BARNES · JOHN EMERY

A FRANK BORZAGE *production*

RKO RADIO

Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS • *Associate Producer* STEPHEN AMES • *Directed by* FRANK BORZAGE

Screen Play by GEORGE WORTHING YATES *and* HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ

Cook-pal Margot's busy popping raw carrots, custard and quarts of milk at the meal-forgetful Phyllis, checking to see she doesn't sun worship herself into a crisp and dusting off her Crosby-Jive-classical record collection.

A born putterer, only her wee garden (with willow tree!) can wrest her from eternal auto washing. Phyl's misty-eyed over hubby Capt. Aubrey, would ditch career for lo-o-ve "like *that*!"

Cameo Kid

I thought you said I couldn't dance!"

"You can't," sighed the sailor. "But neither can my wife—and hell, I'm homesick!"

Her fellow glamor hostesses almost swooned when they got a giggled report of the conversation—who ever heard of a dancing partner being popular because she *couldn't* dance?

But then, for that matter, whoever heard of a singular character like Miss Phyllis St. Felix Thaxter turning into a Hollywood star practically overnight? A girl who's allergic to glamor?

(*Continued on page 131*)

Joan McCracken, hit of "Bloomer Girl," and her adoring shadow, Lynn Clayton, admire their Bates "Big 'n' Little" print dresses

As bright as "T'morra!"

Fresh as a new day are Bates "Big 'n' Little" prints . . . another smash hit by Bates' designers. They're twosome cottons with a single theme, beautifully styled for grown-ups and scaled down in perfect proportion for small fry. The "Little" prints are smart for accessories, too.

BATES FABRICS, INC., DEPARTMENT F, 80 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13

Bates
FABRICS

Bates Keeps Living Costs DOWN! Supplies for civilian use are limited but you can still buy famous Bates Fabrics at the same prices you paid for comparable quality in the Spring 1942.

By Abigail Putnam

Happy days—but Bob and wife Joan remember when he doubled as wage-earner and baby nurse after their son was born. Bob's in "Rhapsody In Blue" with Joan Leslie.

Warners searched two years for right man to play Gershwin; then they discovered Alda. Background for role: Six years as "straight man" in burlesque, night club singing, and comedian in USO Camp Show Units.

■ Love is everywhere. Even in delicatessens. The mother of Alphonse D'Abruzzo said to him one afternoon when he came home from school, "Run down to the store and get a pound of bologna, son."

Now Alphonse D'Abruzzo believed in Fate. He still does—implicitly. But if some good reliable fortune teller, wearing five red petticoats and four layers of beads, had told him at that moment that he was about to meet the girl he was to marry and set out on the adventure that was to take him to Hollywood as Robert Alda, he would have said, "Bologna—one pound for my mother." Which he did.

The delicatessen had another customer, a blue-eyed, blonde-haired slip of sugar cane named Joan Brown. *Her* mother had sent her to purchase a pound of salami. Bob looked Joan over and his corpuscles said, softly, of (*Continued on page 99*)

RHAPSODY MAN

They started out with more blue than rhapsody: Bob Alda lost his job just before the wedding!

for
ever
changing
fashion . . .
the
never
changing
Beauty
of
Marvella
Pearls

*Jewelers' Quality Pearls**
AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

**Simulated*

Marvella
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

383 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

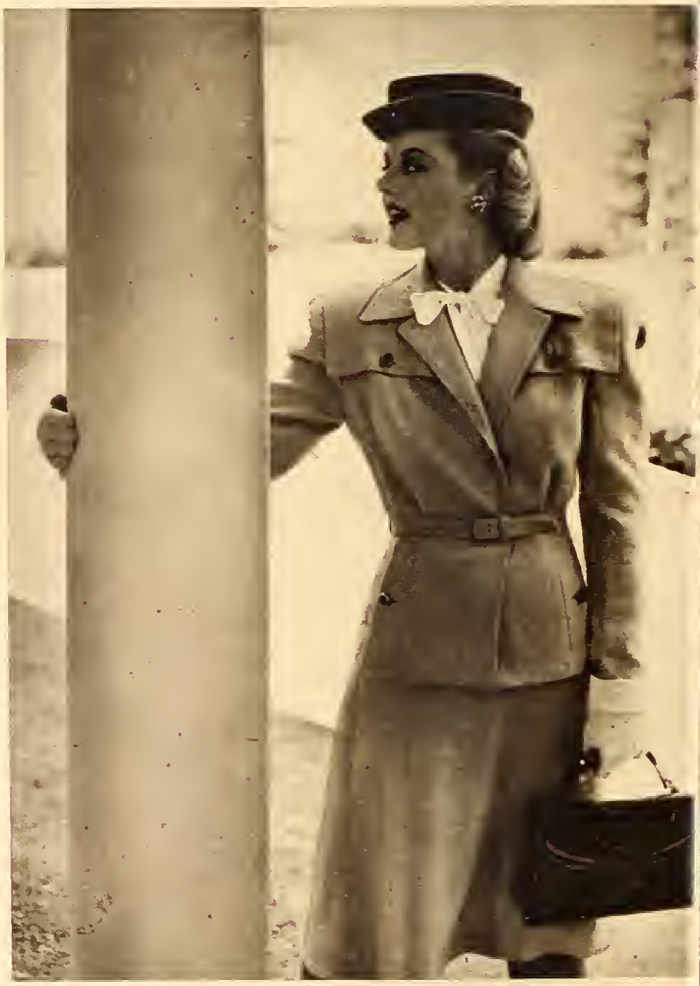
ILLUSTRATED, THE BEAUTIFUL MARVELLA ZENITH . . . $18 (PLUS 20% FEDERAL TAX) . . . DINNER DRESS BY BEN REIG

Suit-ables For Fall

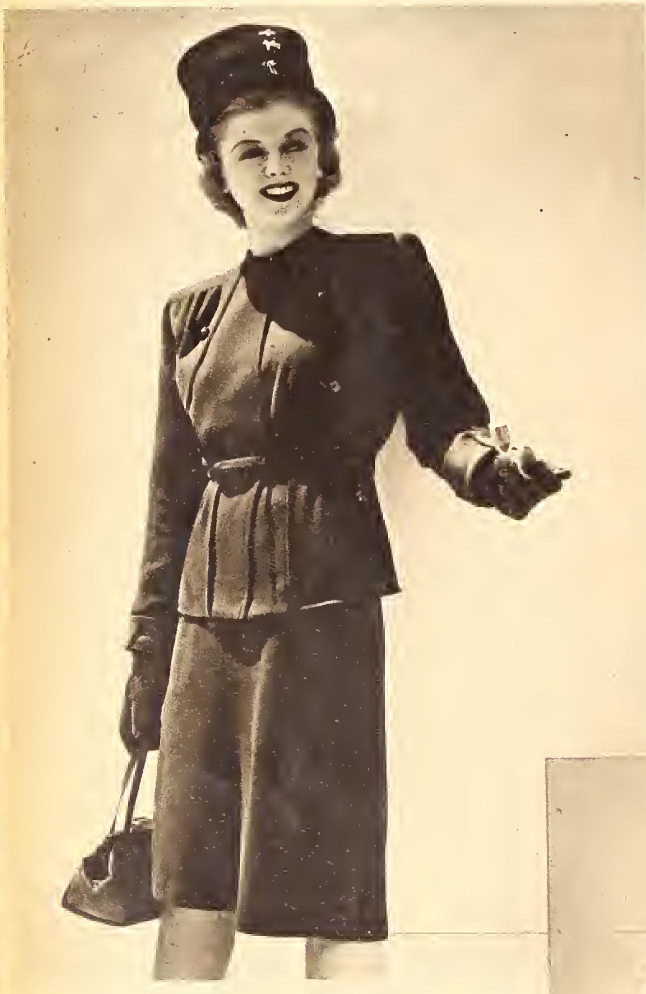
The suit story, with accent on you.

Angela Lansbury models three glamorous

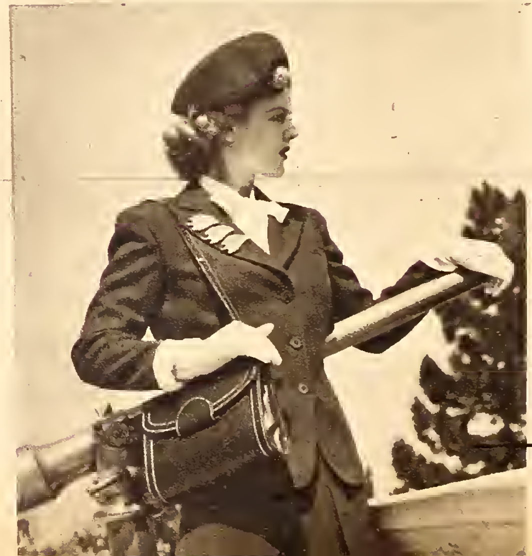
new versions of the feminine suit.



Lady-like version of your guy's trench coat by Junior Deb. Sissy sailor dresses it up for work, for play, for dawn to dusk glamor.



This winged-sleeve suit by Leeds forecasts the newest, smartest fashion. It's for you!



Dress up this classic Kessler Schwartz suit to get that best-dressed-gal air Angela has.

■ We've been thinking ahead to Fall. To bright blue days that are suddenly cool as an air-conditioned movie, to dark blue evenings that are *cold.* We've been thinking about the first roaring fire in your long-neglected fireplace, about russet leaves and the first frost, and lights in the windows at suppertime. And naturally we've been thinking about Fall clothes. Anticipating the switch from straw hats to fedoras and from dress whites to dress blues. And do you know, we're looking forward to the change of scene, the stepped-up tempo? Are you, too?

To get ready for it, begin checking over your wardrobe, airing the things you've had in mothballs. Look over belts and buttons and make replacements where necessary. Then figure out what you absolutely need in the way of supplementary clothes. A good basic dress? Maybe. Some really good looking accessories? Probably. A suit? Almost certainly.

Foreseeing your needs, we're covered the suit market thoroughly and come up with these dreamboats, all of which you're going to love, one of which you're going to want to have. We're proud of them, because they're all as good as they are beautiful.

For a Bride: If you want something heart-stopping enough for a honeymoon, practical enough for an old married woman, you'll adore this sweet softie of a brown wool, its lines new as your marriage vows. The winged victory dolman sleeved silhouette gives you all the drama you crave with its fullback shoulders and ballerina waist, and the marvelous fabric by American Woolen handles the practical side. Fashion wise are the hand and button detail, the waist-cinching belt. The well cut skirt is slim and uncluttered as your wedding ring. *He'll* like the good, clean lines, the fact that it makes you more beautiful than you've ever been before. And the price, of course, which is only $25. Top it off (*Continued on page* 121)

By Jean Kinkead and Toussia Pines

Newest Make-up Idea... A Broadway Success

TWO
MAKE YOU
TWICE AS LOVELY

Jergens
Make-up Cake
+ Matching
Jergens Powder

"**With Jergens Twin Make-up,** it's one... two... and surprise... you're twice as lovely!" says Jean Sorensen of Broadway's famous "Latin Quarter."

One! Sponge on new Jergens Make-up Cake (made with special skin-softening oils). See what a flawless look it gives you...

Two! Fluff on *matching* Jergens Powder ... and your new complexion is complete!

Matched and in one box... the Cake and Powder... that's Jergens Twin Make-up. A $2.00 value for $1.00.* Six skin-tone shades. Wear YOURS today... for twice the loveliness!

Jergens
Twin Make-up
Both in one box
Both for $1.00
($2.00 value)

JERGENS POWDER "TRY-IT" SIZES, **25¢, 10¢***

*Plus Tax

Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

HAND-MADE BEAUTY

■ "Somebody should tell Linda Darnell there are no vitamins in fingernails!" wrote a columnist in what must have been a very peevish moment. Come, come, Mr. Columnist. Maybe in one hectic moment you *did* see Linda nibbling at her nails. But I assure you that she doesn't make a habit of it. The girl has beautiful hands. As have any number of Hollywood people: June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Joan Fontaine and our pretty model, Lana Turner. . . . Such beautiful hands, in fact, that they're models for all of us. We want handsome hands and—zip—to our aid comes any number of intriguing hand grooming items. For example, there's that gadget that I've grown to love. It's a plastic affair, shaped like a fountain pen. Packed with it, is a bottle of fine pink oily cuticle remover. Uncap the barrel, fill it with the lubricating liquid. There's a nib (see, I said it's like a fountain pen) that when pushed against the cuticle

Oily polish remover tackles old polish.

Shape your nails into smooth, even ovals.

Oily remover keeps cuticle trim, healthy.

A base coat prepares the way for polish.

Long, firm strokes apply polish evenly.

Hand cream or lotion keeps hands velvety.

Regular manicures do it. Lana Turner, of M-G-M, has two winning hands!

releases just one drop of the liquid. That's enough remover for one finger and you use the nib to push back the softened cuticle. No ado about orangewood sticks, cotton wads or separate bottles. A really smooth performance. Incidentally, the whole works also comes packaged in a strictly masculine box. It weighs less than eight ounces, there's no request necessary . . . all in all, a fine overseas gift.

Here's another item you're bound to like, a liquid to apply over nail enamel. Usually, isn't it true that after you've done an enameling job, there is a long, long pause in your life while you wait for the darn stuff to dry? The new oily liquid takes care of all that bother.

It goes right on over polish *and* cuticle both, sealing in and drying polish and softening cuticle simultaneously. It safeguards fresh polish from smudging. As soon as you have applied polish to both hands, the first finger should be ready for your speed-drier. Only a thin coating is necessary. Wait a few seconds and then wipe off lightly. Polish is shielded from marks and scratches, cuticle has extra lubrication . . . and the time you've saved!

Such hand-maids of beauty are wonderful at keeping fingertips at their best . . . and you cooperate with regular care. None of us are ever going to neglect that weekly manicure. To make sure we use the correct process, let's whip through the routine so that we'll be properly briefed for our next manicure session!

Removing Polish: Roll absorbent cotton in a ball. Moisten it with an oily polish remover, place on fingernail and hold firm for a few seconds . . . long enough to soften the polish. Then, still with a firm hold, draw the cotton pad away from the base of the fingernail to the tip.

Cuticle Remover: That fountain pen gadget does a wonderful job at this step of the game. If you use the regular method, be sure the remover has an oily base . . . your cuticle will be grateful! We all know that a little cotton should be wound on the end of an orangewood stick when it's dipped in cuticle remover. But do you know that it actually saves time and effort if you roll cotton on both ends of the stick?

Filing: Never ever file up and down the fingernail. If you do, you'll have a frayed edge that catches in everything, absorbs dirt and looks pretty awful. And don't file too deeply into the corners. Allow nails to grow out at the sides to protect tips and to make fingernails more graceful.

Nail Enamel: Dazzlingly beautiful stuff, this. Take your pick of different tones of red . . . true red, tawny or blue-tinged. Just because it's so pretty, be nice to it. Apply it perfectly. Try using a base coat that lets polish flow on smoothly, evenly. Or, there's a protective over-polish liquid that guards against chipping and peeling.

Day In—Day Out: Creamy, silky-textured hand lotions are what you need for every day care. No more chapping, no more redness, no more roughness! Instead of that unpleasant trio, lotions give you the hands *he'll* like to hold. Beforehand, when setting to work, a lotion protects your hands. And, of course, you know about using a lotion every time your little fists have been dabbling in water.

Special hand creams also do a dandy softening job. Nice to use just before climbing into bed. Massage cream on firmly with the same movements used in drawing on a pair of snug kid gloves.

* * *

Beauty hand-outs! That's what I've got for you if any problems of hand-care, of makeup, of skin care or of hair grooming, have been troubling you. Write to: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, Modern Screen, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

PERFECT POPPY
REDHEAD—BY SUNDBLOM

Redheads rejoice! Artist Haddon Sundblom creates the image of your complexion glorified with this original* "Flower-fresh" shade of

CASHMERE BOUQUET
face powder

Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for *you!*

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural. *Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
Rose Brunette, Even Tan

Oh! Lady be good to your fair, fresh beauty. Play up the rosy, Titian tones in your skin with Cashmere Bouquet's new "Flower-fresh" Rachel No. 1. It clings to your skin in a superfine finish, veiling those tiny blemishes. Stays on smoothly for hours without need of re-powdering. Cashmere Bouquet comes in brand-new "Flower-fresh" shades to flatter every lovely complexion from a honey-blonde to an exotic brunette.

Lana bitterly regrets all the publicity her past romances received, now that she's in love with Pvt. Turhan Bey of "Night In Paradise."

Romances they won't talk about

The stars used to wear their hearts on their sleeves . . . but too many hearts got broken!

by Louella Parsons

■ So they won't talk!

I mean these new love birds of Hollywood who have practically broken out in an epidemic of coyness, shyness and reserve. There was a time when a new amour was the inspiration for not only the love light in a glamor girl's eyes, but the springboard for her conversation both privately and for the press. But those were the old days of the Harlows, Crawfords, Lupe and the Alice Whites.

These are the new days—and believe me—the picture has changed.

I am not saying I have not talked to Lana Turner about Turhan Bey; to Robert Walker about Jennifer Jones and his new love, Florence Pritchett; to June Allyson about Dick Powell; to Bogey about Lauren—but it's like pulling teeth. Parsons ain't a girl to give up easily, but if I were, there's many a heart story I would have to write off to: "They aren't talking."

Why?

Well, every love story is different with its peculiar problems but this I believe to be true: These new youngsters of Hollywood are acutely conscious of good taste and ofttimes of just solid common sense and they have become wary of proclaiming a new love to the world until they are sure it is the real thing.

For that I really *(Continued on page 62)*

Bogey (at La Rue's) and Lauren were in a tough spot when he forgot the "think before you speak" rule and blabbed about marriage before Mayo's divorce was final. But he's learned his lesson now!

Bob Walker won't talk about his romance with Florence Pritchett (together at Ciro's) until his divorce from Jennifer Jones comes through. He said he'd never marry again . . . but don't bet on it!

HYBRID MAGNOLIA
Fingertip Glory!
the DURA-GLOSS touch!
DURA-GLOSS

Your hands come to life,
as graceful and delicate as an exquisite flower . . .
when fingertips are done with glorious,
glamorous Dura-Gloss. Dura-Gloss, the polish of
perfection, is smooth to apply,
dries with speed, stays on for days.
At all cosmetic counters. 10¢ plus tax.

Something New
Dura-Gloss Nail Polish Dryer—
dries polish faster. Try it.
10¢ plus tax.

16 Exciting Shades

Dura-Gloss is the only nail polish that contains Chrystallyne
Copr. 1945, Lorr Laboratories, founded by E. T. Reynolds

respect them—and if I didn't have to earn my living the hard way, I *might* think they are right!

I remember what Lana Turner told me the day she dropped by my house after work.

"Louella," she said, "you know I am very much in love with Turhan Bey. Everyone knows it. But I hesitate to talk about it because, well, I have discussed other romances of mine in the past—and now I regret that very much.

it's real for lana . . .

"You see, I am a different person now in every way. I'm not just a carefree girl as I was when I thought I was in love with Greg Bautzer and Artie Shaw and when I married Steve Crane. I was just a kid then—perhaps more in love with love than anything else.

"But suddenly, after I married Steve and had little Cheryl, everything changed. I'm only twenty-four years old now—but I'm a woman with a daughter to bring up—and I want always to have my little girl's respect and admiration. My whole outlook on life has changed because of her. Sometimes I am bitterly sorry for all the publicity I had as a night club girl—seemingly out dancing with a different beau every time my picture was taken.

"What I feel for Turhan is something entirely different in my life and that is why it is so hard, almost impossible, for me to discuss him with anyone.

"The thing I love best about him is that he is so devoted to Cheryl. Sometimes, I think I have two children to look after. He's so very young for his age. And then, again, he is so wise and gentle about everything concerned with the happiness of the three of us.

"That is the way the situation is now—just happiness for us—and no plans. How can there be, with Turhan in the Army? I'm just another woman waiting for the man of her heart to come home—and until then we can just dream about our future."

Personally, whether Lana talks or doesn't talk, I believe these two will be married as soon as her divorce from Crane is final and when Turhan can make her his wife whether he is still in the Army or not. I also have very good reasons to believe that by the time this is printed in MODERN SCREEN, petite June Allyson will be the wife of Dick Powell—another romantic duo who have certainly given their romance the silent treatment.

There are two reasons why June wouldn't "give" in the early days of her courtship with Dick. First, he was separated from Joan Blondell, but not divorced. Second, it is no secret that M-G-M, her company, wasn't as much in love with this romance as June was with Dick. In fact, hell did a little poppin' every time any scribe tried to get June in a corner and talk to her about the man of her heart.

Perhaps it was good business on the studio's part to try to keep the little Allyson girl heart whole and fancy free. She's the idol of a small army of GIs. One boy even wrote in that he couldn't stand it unless June waited for him to get back before making up her mind to marry anyone!

But trying to advise her not to fall in love with Dick was like trying to tell a pneumonia victim that she shouldn't have caught cold! She couldn't mention his name without lighting up like a Broadway sign. Every time she said "Dick," her face was illuminated by the inner spotlight of her feeings. Somehow, she touched me deeply. She was so darn young about it.

Just like a high school girl, she would say to me, "Isn't Dick wonderful? Oh, not just on the screen in 'Murder, My Sweet,' but on the radio, too, and in everything he does!" But in June's conventional little soul there burned even more brightly the warning signal of good taste. Until Dick was legally free of his former marriage her lips were sealed. I wrote that interview for my paper—but, believe me, it was a job of blood, sweat and tears.

She did admit to me, however, that she was a little worried that Dick had been married twice before and she had never been married. The fact that he is fifteen years her senior made no impression on her at all! But she worried that he might find her inexperienced and childlike.

Junie said, "I know I must seem young to Dick for he has lived broadly—and, more important, he has learned and benefited from everything that has happened to him. But he is sweet about not treating me as a child. He respects my opinions and consults me about even his business affairs.

"When I marry (she still wouldn't say 'When I marry Dick') my husband would always come first and my career second." (Oh, M-G-M—are you l-i-s-t-e-n-i-n-g?) "I would always do what my husband wanted me to do."

Well, there's one particularly nice thing about June's being in love with Dick Powell. He will hardly ask her to give up her screen career, for not only is he an actor and entertainer himself, but he is proud of the strides she has made and feels that loving her has been lucky for him. Maybe Dick and Junie won't talk—but their love speaks so loudly it isn't really necessary.

The most amazing non-talkers of them all have been Errol Flynn and Nora Eddington in what has been the most talked-about romance and secret marriage (and possibly divorce by now) of them all.

Unfortunately, what Errol did have to say about it, in the beginning, was the wrong thing, and landed him in plenty of Dutch with the press and with Nora. Flynn is an Irishman whose temper flares and I am sure he did not realize how it would look in black and white when he said to a reporter, after the birth of his and Nora's baby in Mexico, "If I were married as many times as the papers say, I would win an Academy Award for bigamy!"

When Nora came back to Hollywood from Mexico with their beautiful little daughter, everyone was sure there was a divorce in the offing for these two. I talked with her soon after her arrival, and was surprised to find her not cynical nor bitter, but deeply hurt and still madly in love with "Flynn," as she calls him.

heart freedom for flynn . . .

"Perhaps he will be angry with me for talking at all," she said, "but there is no reason why he should fear anything I could or would say about him. If there is anyone to blame about the humiliating position I am in now—it is myself. I fell in love with Flynn with my eyes wide open, realizing he was not the type of man

(Continued on page 72)

FEMALE, KEEP THAT V-MAIL!

Ten years from now, when Joe Serviceman is Joe Civilian, and sits around the fire telling tall tales to the kiddies, you'll be glad you saved his V-Mail letters . . . if only to prove he didn't really take that hill single-handed! So store them carefully in one of those practical transparent V-Mail files before they get too ragged to read!

Ann Dvorak REPUBLIC Pictures Star

Overnight... YOU'LL HAVE LOVELIER HAIR

Convince yourself with one application of this Famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment

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LOUELLA PARSONS' Good News

Judy's Mrs. Minelli and the John Paynes are parenting. Are Van's bachelor days numbered?

■ Judy Garland's wedding to Vincente Minelli was the most simple and unpretentious ever held in Hollywood. Judy wanted no fuss or fanfare and only ten people attended the ceremony, which was held in the living room of her home.

Just before the wedding, a pianist played "I Never Knew What Love Could Do," Judy's favorite ballad, and as the music stopped Judy came from one side of the room and Vincente from the other, and they met before a large window to exchange their vows.

She was wearing a soft gray jersey silk dress with a matching hat and she carried beautiful white peonies. The belt on her dress was really a lovely thing—and the only ornament. It was studded with medals of the Renaissance period in assorted bright colors.

The bride spoke so softly she could hardly be heard but Minelli was very emphatic in his "I do's."

After the ceremony he kissed Judy very tenderly on the forehead and then kissed her hand. They looked into each other's eyes for a minute—wordless, and then turned smilingly to their guests. Somehow there was more emotion between them than if they had been the usual demonstrative newlyweds and everybody wishes little Judy great happiness in her marriage this time.

* * *

The other June bride, Donna Reed, managed to get herself in Dutch but plenty with the Los Angeles press. She knew that she was to be married July 15th to Tony Owen, the agent. But when the newspaper crowd asked her for information, she said, "I have no plans."

Her happy bridegroom was certainly less evasive and freely admitted that he and Donna were getting married and leaving for Chicago almost at once. Having had experience with the lady before when she denied she was getting a divorce from Bill Tuttle, I went ahead and printed the

Lieut. and Mrs. Van Heflin in a rare outing to the Santa Anita racetrack; rare 'cause when Pop's home on furloof, it's strictly home and boby. Mrs. H's hunting a good movie script, Van'll do the best seller, "The Green Yeors."

At NBC, Reggie Gardiner kept imitating wallpaper so H. Lloyd had to lend June Allyson his goggles for better concentration. Harold's movie comeback marks Hal, Jr.'s debut. Junie's Dick Powell just bought their $33,000 wedding home.

GI bound, Laddie'll sell his home for $65,000 while Bob, fainting from exhaustion, was warned by MD's, "Go easy or else!" Mrs. Payne, of course, is baby expecting.

With "The Life Of Walter Mitty" his next, Danny's publicist's so sure of the Kaye success, he works several hours daily in a war plant! Clark's Eng. bound, will do a pic, sight-see freed countries.

Just out from Santa Ana hospital, Don O'Connor's down to 115 lbs., but reports "I'm great." Pronounced okay for active duty, he reports for special service in N. J. (Coke-sharing with the Mrs.)

advises even his adorable *Child Powers Models* to use *only* this shampoo!

Certainly You'll Want This Remarkably Beautifying Shampoo For *Your* Child's Hair

Mother! those darling little *child* Powers Models whose pictures you see in magazines are also advised by Mr. Powers to use *only* Kreml Shampoo to wash *their* hair.

And there are very good reasons why Mr. Powers *always* recommends Kreml Shampoo—and why you should buy Kreml Shampoo for your *child's* hair.

Beneficial Oil Base Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry

Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses scalp and hair of dirt and loose dandruff. It leaves hair so much softer, silkier—easier to comb—just gleaming with *natural* sparkling beauty.

Kreml Shampoo never leaves any excess dull soapy film. It positively contains no harsh caustics or chemicals. Instead it has a beneficial *oil* base which makes it so excellent for shampooing children's hair—which helps keep hair from becoming dry and brittle.

Why not take a tip from the gorgeous grown-up Powers Models and glamour-bathe *your* hair with Kreml Shampoo? Sold at any drug, department or 10¢ store.

{ Buy The Large Size—Let Your Whole Family Enjoy Its Benefits }

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FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
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What Kreml Shampoo Does For Powers Models' Hair

Brings out natural sparkling beauty and lustre

Helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle

Leaves hair with silken sheen that lasts for days

story in spite of her denials.

Donna must learn that newspaper reporters will forgive a lot of things, but not being on the square with them is one thing they will never forgive or forget.

* * *

I've got bad news for you, kids. I think Van Johnson is really interested in lovely Jacqueline Dalya. He's had more "solo" dates with her than any other Hollywood charmer. Want to compare yourself to the new honey and see if you are Van's type?

Jacqueline is 5 feet 5 inches tall. Weighs 120 pounds. Has creamy olive skin and black hair with brown eyes. She's very vivacious in type, laughs a great deal, and speaks in a husky, attractive voice which is unusually low but still not as deep as Lauren Bacall's. She once worked as an extra in an M-G-M picture, which may be where Van met her. She rides, dances, cooks simple dishes—particularly a terrific spaghetti sauce—loves the color "electric" blue, is twenty years old, and hails from New York.

* * *

Nora Eddington Flynn has made more friends than ever since Bruce Cabot's birthday party for Errol Flynn. Bruce, who dearly loves to kid his pal, invited Nora, Lili Damita (the first Mrs. Flynn) and three blonde girls who were a part of Flynn's gay bachelor days.

If ever a girl conducted herself with dignity it was Nora. Every eye in the room was upon her, but she certainly proved she is a little thoroughbred.

Although Lili had promised Bruce she would come after dinner, she didn't show up. When the cake was brought in the inscription read: "NOT ENOUGH ROOM FOR ALL YOUR BIRTHDAY CANDLES." I asked Errol how old he really was. He said, "I'm a Warner Brothers 32!"

I must say he gave none of the blonde cuties a tumble, spending the entire evening at Nora's side.

But when they went home—she went to her house and he to his home on the hill. They are still married but living apart.

* * *

Bing Crosby's 10-year-old chip off the old block, Lindsay, is certainly a rooter and tooter for his Old Man.

Lindsay makes no secret of being allergic to Frank Sinatra, not for any personal reasons, but because he also croons. The kid takes plenty of ribbing because everybody, by this time, is on to his sore spot.

Even Bing gives him no peace. The other day he said, "You know, a singer like Frankie comes along just once in a lifetime."

"Yeah?" said Lindsay. "Well, it's too bad he had to come along in *your* lifetime!"

From Crosby père—no comment!

* * *

Ouch! Was there a fuss from all concerned when I said Clark Gable and Joan Blondell were dinner dating off the set of "Strange Adventure." What can I say after I say I'm sorry—if it wasn't true. But certainly no one will deny that Clark and Joan have a lot of fun kidding each other on the set.

It certainly isn't true that Gable, the one and only, and Greer Garson have developed a chill. I know—because I was out on the set one day, had some laughs with both Greer and Clark, and had my pitcher taken with them.

* * *

After sitting on the fence for months, fighting and then kissing and making up, affirming and denying they were rifting—it is now all over for the Robert Huttons. (I guess! With these two you never know—or do you care?)

Anyway, Bob turned a little pink under the collar when the following happened on the set of "Janie Gets Married." Director Vincent Sherman was kidding Joan Leslie. "What type of a man would you really like to marry?" he asked with an amused twinkle in his eye.

Joan must have taken his remark seriously. "I'd like to marry a man like Bob Hutton," she said. Everyone roared—and Bob couldn't have looked more embarrassed.

P.S. He used to take Joan out before he met and married Natalie Thompson.

* * *

Errol Flynn's car broke down on Laurel Avenue the other evening. A huge mail truck came along and pushed him up the grade to a filling station.

"Thank you," said Errol with a wave of his hand.

"Not so fast, Mr. Flynn," said the mail man, "while I've got you, you might as well pay up for these letters with postage due!"

Which goes to prove, I suppose, that every silver lining has a cloud!

* * *

Believe it or not—Marguerite Chapman has made twelve movies and never been kissed in any of them, until she got a big kiss from Fred MacMurray in "Pardon My Past." When asked to comment, the lady said, "It wasn't much!"

Oh, Marguerite! Or should I say—Oh, Fred!!??????

* * *

Gloria De Haven Payne laughed her sides out when she returned home the other day and found that her groom had left a poem on her dressing room table. It read:

"Gloria De Haven and Johnny Payne
Hope it will be a boy—but if it ain't—
They'll take a girl—because,
Only a girl can wear a curl!"

"And," laughed Gloria, "Johnny had the nerve to take a bow on what is probably the worst poem ever written!"

* * *

Bogart on the Bias: He likes booths in a cafe because he has a little habit of cat napping after a meal. . . . He swears that he has never called Lauren Bacall "Baby" and that she never calls him "Bogey". . . . He is one of the most completely honest men in Hollywood. If he doesn't like you—you know it. . . . Martinis are his favorite drink. . . . He says nothing could happen to his face that hasn't already happened! . . . He hates to wear coats and prefers soft wool shirts—but he gets dressed up when his bride asks him to . . . his favorite flower is the carna-

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His pen was clogged, he thought it doomed!

Till Suzie Smart suggested Quink...
He tried this pen-protecting ink!

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Countess
ADA MOHL
A member of the chic international set in Paris before the war, she is now Fashion Directress for one of New York's exclusive shops.

"As Important as the Clothes You Wear"

Countess Mohl says:
"I use Djer-Kiss perfume and I've noticed how many really smart women do, too. I know the fragrance a woman chooses is just as important as the clothes she wears. For me, there is no lovelier scent than Djer-Kiss."

Pronounced "DEAR KISS"

DJER-KISS PERFUME

WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

Kerkoff

With the wedding rice scarcely out of her hair (she'd traveled half way round the world to meet and marry fiancé Col. Tex McCrary, former editorial writer), Jinx Falkenberg threw a fancy dress Mexican party to celebrate opening her dress shop. (Hot dogging it with Esther Williams.)

tion because it's "got a smell to it". . . . He would like very much to be a father and hopes any baby they would have would look like "The Look." Of course, I mean Humphrey Bogart.

* * *

I don't know anybody in the world who takes things more to heart than Frank Sinatra.

He was bluer than indigo because of criticism over that plane priority business.

In all justice to Frankie it must be said that he had to get to New York in a special hurry to leave on an entertainment tour overseas. And he had been detained in Hollywood until the last minute making a juvenile delinquency film (for which he received not one penny) until the very last minute.

He could have explained all this to the New York reporters and thus been completely in the clear. Instead, he felt it sounded too much like boasting to say anything in defense of himself and just went into a blue funk instead.

Frank Sinatra is going to have to learn to state his case. In the spot he is in, he is the target for much unfair criticism and snide comments.

* * *

Jeanne Crain's boy friend, Paul Brooks, looks so much like Errol Flynn that poor Jeanne is getting rumored about as having dates with Errol—which ain't true.

She told me, "I'd like to pin a sign on Paul saying, "MY NAME IS BROOKS—NOT FLYNN. WANT TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT?"

* * *

In spite of her great beauty, Hedy Lamarr is a very practical gal. Just before her baby was born she was upset because her house wasn't big enough for a nursery and a baby kitchen.

One night she awakened in her sleep, excited, and jumped out of bed much to the concern of husband John Loder who had been sleeping calmly.

He found Hedy out on the back porch, yardstick in hand. She was making notes excitedly and mumbling to herself.

The back porch is now the new nursery and a former broom closet has been converted into a kitchen for the nurse to cook baby's food.

* * *

Glenn Ford told Walter Brennan that he and Eleanor Powell were having trouble getting enough milk for the baby and what does Walter do but present them with a real cow! The Fords, who live in a Hollywood apartment, have to board Bossy out until they can find a home—or a farm.

* * *

That publicity hound—and I mean HOUND, "Blaze," is at it again!

The other day, Faye Emerson brought the famous pooch to the studio and at the end of the day they went into the projection room to see the rushes on "Danger Signal."

On the screen Zachary Scott is supposed to be chasing Faye on the beach and trying to kiss her. She squeals and tries to get away—which is all Blaze needed.

All he needed was to hear Faye's voice crying out for help and he made a mad dash

(Continued on page 71)

Once they called her Dateless Dora,

Now her dates would fill a book

I gave her my beauty secret

See—she has that Ivory Look!

Here's how you can have a lovelier complexion—

"Date bait"—the younger crowd calls it. We call it that Ivory Look—the smoother, more radiant skin that invites romance.

You can have a complexion like that—if you'll change to baby's own beauty soap—pure, mild Ivory. Take doctors' advice: stop being careless about skin care.

Start regular, gentle cleansings with a cake of Ivory Soap. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin.

Begin Ivory care now—see how soft and smooth just one Ivory cleansing leaves your skin. Soon you'll have that Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory—

THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS PUT TOGETHER! 99$\frac{44}{100}$% pure

DON'T BE A SOAP WASTER! Soap contains materials important to the war effort. So make every cake of Ivory last and last!

She was the biggest sucker of them all!

Back in the hooch-happy days of the Terrific Twenties Texas Guinan greeted the mob at her famous night club with her famous shout of "Hello Suckers" . . . but she was the biggest sucker of them all, for she was desperately, hopelessly in love with a man . . . gambler and racketeer . . . she could never marry.

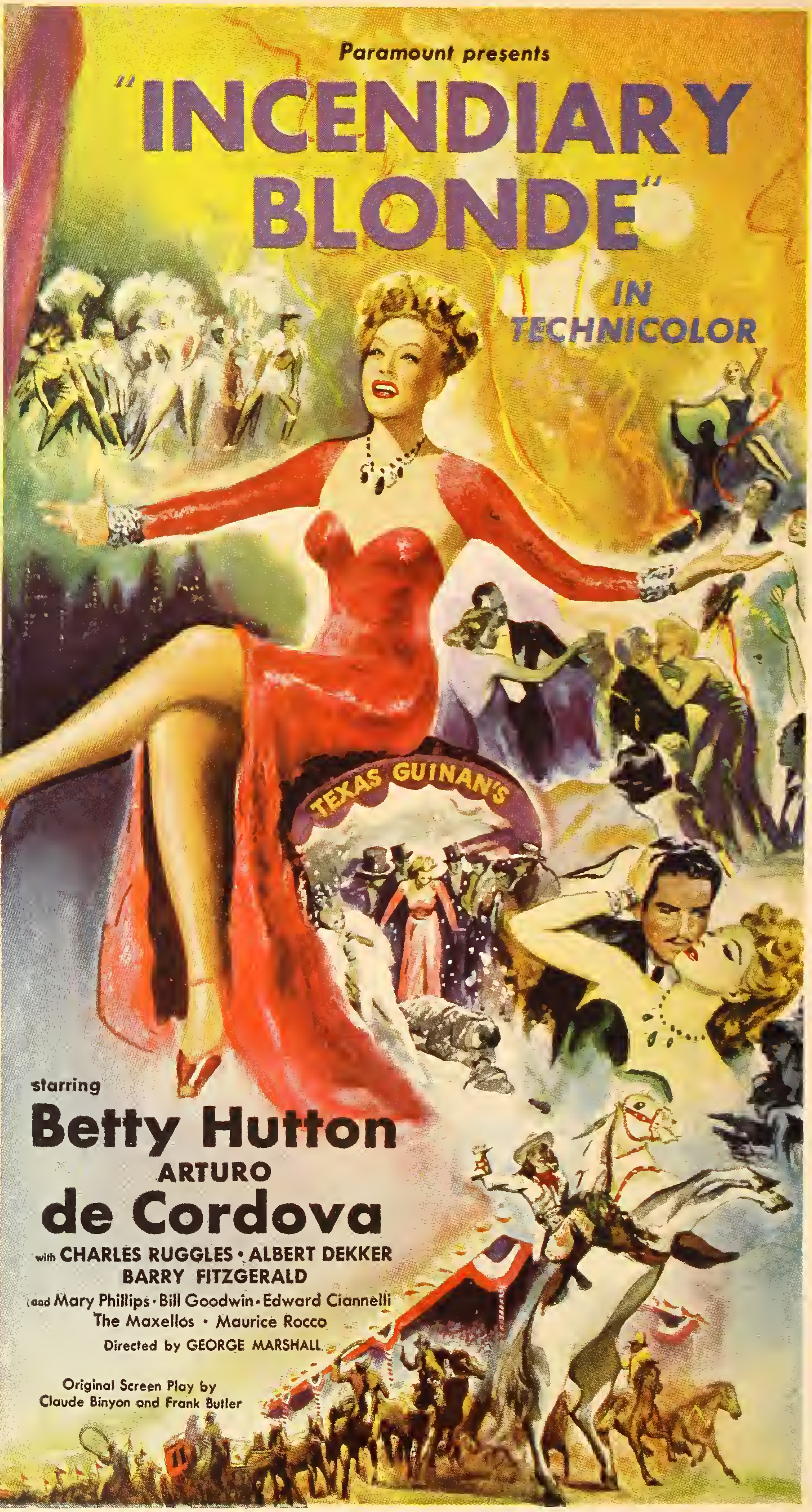
•

Texas was famous for another expression, "Give this little girl a great big hand" an expression that she would use again today if she could see Betty Hutton as Texas Guinan in "INCENDIARY BLONDE." Betty is slightly more than terrific as the great Guinan . . . she has to be for Texas was a fabulous personality, rodeo queen, Ziegfeld girl, Hollywood star, and owner of her own night club, telling off the gun-toting gangsters who tried to muscle in on her.

•

Paramount has filmed Texas Guinan's exciting story in a riot of color, with a cavalcade of great hit tunes, and at a mile a minute pace. The picture is so good that Paramount has chosen it to mark its Third of a Century of Entertaining the World.

•


Paramount presents
"INCENDIARY BLONDE"
IN TECHNICOLOR
TEXAS GUINAN'S
starring
Betty Hutton
ARTURO
de Cordova
with CHARLES RUGGLES • ALBERT DEKKER
BARRY FITZGERALD
and Mary Phillips • Bill Goodwin • Edward Ciannelli
The Maxellos • Maurice Rocco
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
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Paramount—Entertaining the World for One Third of a Century!

AUTOGRAPHS!

Why do things the *hard* way? Suppose you do live in Kansas . . . or Oregon . . . or Quebec . . . or any place that's thousands of miles away from a movie star? If you really crave the autograph of any of the stars listed below, why, all you've got to do is send a quarter to us for each one you want. There's a bonus of an extra autograph if you order four! And the best part is this: Your quarters go to the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND, that organization which watches over a sailor's family while he's off somewheres fighting.

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Dana Andrews
Lois Andrews

Lauren Bacall
Jane Ball
Lucille Ball
Jess Barker
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Julie Bishop
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Marguerite Chapman
Dane Clark
Claudette Colbert
Nancy Coleman
Ronald Colman
Richard Conte
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Stephen Crane
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Ted Donaldson
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Dunne
Irene Dunne
Jimmy Durante

Nelson Eddy
William Eythe

Jinx Falkenberg
Alice Faye
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Errol Flynn

Clark Gable
Ava Gardner
John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson

Jon Hall
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Sonja Henie
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Skippy Homeier
Bob Hope
Lena Horne
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson

Jennifer Jones
Arline Judge

Danny Kaye
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Peter Lawford
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Fred MacMurray
Lon McCallister
Joel McCrea
Roddy McDowall
Fibber McGee & Molly
Dorothy McGuire
Alan Marshal
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Carmen Miranda
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Tom Neal
Lloyd Nolan

Merle Oberon
Edmond O'Brien
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Kevin O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

Frances Rafferty
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Walter Reed
George Reeves
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Gail Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Phyllis Thaxter
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

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LOUELLA PARSONS GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 68*)

for the screen trying to chew Zachary's shadow to pieces. She really had to struggle to hold him—and that marked his first and last (albeit devoted) appearance in a projection room.

* * *

I saw Private Donald O'Connor dining at Chasen's during his brief furlough in Hollywood. I thought he looked much thinner and much more serious than before he left Hollywood but he told me he is completely recovered from the illness he had when he first went into the service.

"I'm doing some radio stuff for the Army while I'm out here," he said, "writing the material and getting the kids on the air."

I asked him if he was still just as glad to get his fan mail. "You bet," he said enthusiastically, "the studio holds it for me—and I spent one whole day a few weeks ago going over it. Sure, I certainly want my friends to keep on writing."

* * *

Shirley Temple entertained for a dozen of her classmates two nights after graduation at the Beverly Tropics, and with no one to supervise their eating, all the kids ordered the exotic Chinese plate with pressed duck and all the trimmings.

The little hostess wore a Kelly green sports suit, matching bag and a very cute off the face hat with a bright feather.

One of my spies, sitting nearby, heard one of the girls ask Shirley, "Are you really going to wait three years to get married?" to which she made the surprising reply, "No, I'm not."

Don't know what that means but we might watch out.

Shirley, who has always said she liked costume jewelry better than the real variety was, nevertheless, wearing the lovely diamond-studded watch her parents had given her for a graduation present.

Another thing she said was that she was planning to attend college at UCLA (University of California at Los Angeles) because "a college education is just as important for a girl as for a man."

* * *

Poor Alan Ladd has finally found a place where he can eat in peace. It is the very quiet and very dimly lighted Beachcombers, and everytime I go in there I usually spot Alan and Sue at a little table for two almost completely surrounded by bamboo walls.

There are plenty of stars in Hollywood, popular, too—who can go almost anywhere without being molested. But Alan isn't one of them. He's just as popular with the home grown fans as he is with the "outside" variety.

QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. c
2. a
3. b
4. a
5. c
6. b
7. b
8. c
9. a
10. c
11. b
12. b.

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What's more tempting to men than a girl who's alluringly fragrant? And Mavis, showered on after your bath, leaves your whole body that way: Skin pretty, flower-sweet, soft . . . armpits dry and dainty. Clothes and shoes slip on easily. Get Mavis today . . . See how its fragrance helps *you* keep lovely!

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All prices plus tax

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ROMANCES THEY WON'T TALK ABOUT

(Continued from page 63)

to be tied down in the conventional sense.

"But it doesn't matter, because I love him very much. I think it is better to love greatly for even just a short time than never to feel real love at all. If he wants a divorce I will give it to him and all I expect is just support for our baby. I'm well and strong and I can work and support myself."

My heart went out to Nora that day. She is such a pretty, refined looking girl, with auburn hair and a peaches-and-cream skin. The newspapers had printed that she met Errol when she was behind the cigar counter at the Court House during his trial. But she told me this was not true.

"I worked at the Court House for a few days, relieving a girl friend of mine who had the job and was ill," Nora told me. "I saw Flynn passing through daily—but I did not meet him until several weeks later at a party. But it isn't important where or how we met. The important thing is that I loved him from the start."

She was such an unhappy little thing then and I am almost sure she felt Errol would ask her to divorce him. But what a change several days later when I had a telephone call from Nora telling me that "Flynn" was entertaining in her honor at a party at his home and that he was introducing her to all his friends as his wife.

I attended that party and I must say Mrs. Flynn was graciousness itself, completely charming all of Errol's friends. Since then they are still refusing to talk—but I have seen them on several occasions at night clubs and Errol is certainly attentive to his wife. In fact, his manner is completely that of an infatuated swain as he dances cheek to cheek with Nora.

Whether or not this marriage will last is in the lap of the gods. Personally, I think Nora is good for Errol. If he can be happy with anyone I believe he can be happy with her. But I can only repeat Nora's own words, "Flynn doesn't like to be tied down; he's a free soul." So we can only wait and see what we shall see—for these two are saying no more.

Judy Garland and Vincente Minelli are another duet of love birds who have had little to say about their romance beyond the mere announcement of their engagement and then of their marriage in June.

There were none of the usual reasons for Judy and Vince to lapse into silence, for Judy had filed for her divorce and Minelli was not married.

I think Judy's reserve where her new love was concerned was due to business reasons! Not heart reasons! Here is what happened:

During the making of "Meet Me In St. Louis," the first picture Minelli directed her in, he had several tiffs with the front office. There were even rumors that another director might take over. But Judy went to bat and the mat for him, and this was the first tip-off that there was more than a casual interest between them. The movie turned out to be one of the little Garland girl's biggest hits—so she certainly proved her point that she was right about Vince's talent.

Everyone commented on the fact that Judy glowed in that picture as she hadn't glowed on the screen in a long time. "It was because she was in love," a very close friend of hers told me. "Judy is the type of girl who wilts and fades when she is not loved—and in love herself.

"The pictures she made when she and Dave Rose first broke up—and she was unhappy—prove this. She just wasn't herself. But Minelli rekindled the spark in her heart and it radiated once again in her personality."

Vincente is the type of man who was bound to interest Judy. She is attracted to the artistic, sensitive man such as Dave Rose or Minelli. Before he came to Hollywood to direct pictures, he had been very successful putting on artistic stage shows in New York. She has great respect for his judgment and there's no doubt but that he will be a big influence on her career from now on.

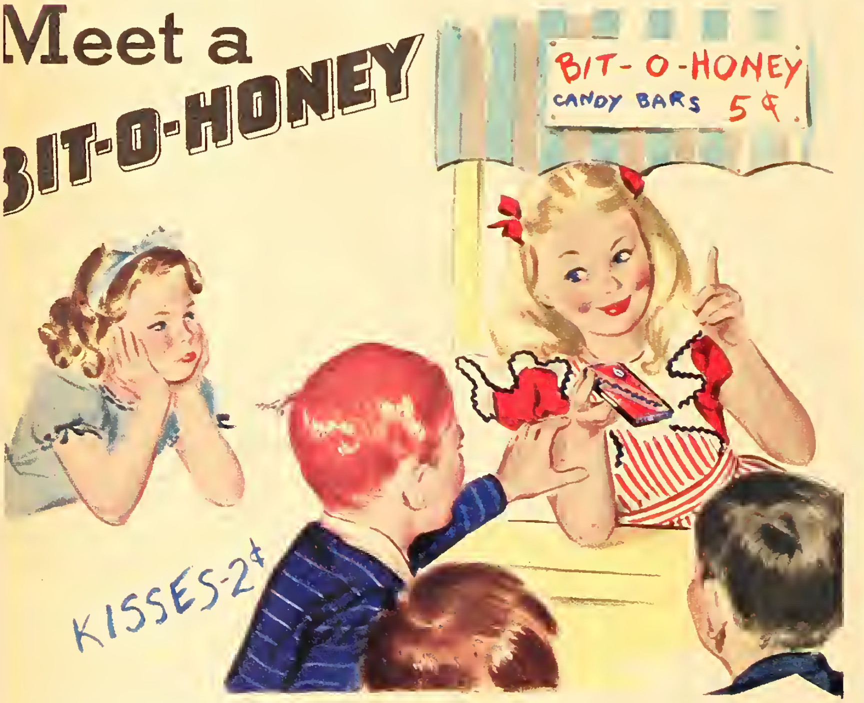
But it is no particular secret that studios are not too crazy about lovers or husbands who have too much influence over the careers of top feminine stars!

Judy knew she was going to make another picture with the man of her heart, "The Clock," and so, being a very wise little girl, she just decided not to talk too much about her husband-to-be! I call that smart, if you ask me.

bogart ya-ta-ta . . .

It is hard to include Bogey (Humphrey Bogart, in case you don't know) and Baby (Lauren Bacall) in any group of "silent"

Meet a BIT-O-HONEY



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lovers because the very-much-in-love Mr. Bogart certainly shot his mouth off even before he was legally free to do so!

After making me promise I wouldn't tell a soul that *he* had told me he was marrying Baby as soon as Mayo Methot Bogart obtained her divorce, what did Bogey do but go to New York and give out an interview spilling the beans all over the place. Later, he wrote me that he was sorry and had spoken in confidence.

all's swell that ends well . . .

It put Lauren in a very bad spot and there was nothing she could do but say that "perhaps" she and Mr. Bogart would be married following his divorce. Of course, you know that they have been Mr. and Mrs. since last May and by now are settled down (I hope!) as one of Hollywood's happiest married couples.

I will say in defense of Bogey that he is so much in love with Lauren that he just can't help talking. He is 46 and she is 20 and I don't think he has quite recovered from the fact that she fell in love with him in spite of the difference in their ages. Like most older men in love with very young girls, he can't do enough for her and showers her with gifts of jewelry—not to mention a little $46,000 home he just bought as a honeymoon nest. "I didn't even like the joint," he said in his typical fashion, "but Betty did." That settled it!

Both of the Bogarts are wise-crackers and talk like a Damon Runyon story. But under the brittle, sophisticated surface they are very much in love.

Not long ago I was on one of his sets when Lauren blew in, all excited about this particular house I have just mentioned. At that time Bogey had not yet seen it. Lauren, or "Betty" (her real name), went on and on about the floor plans and the den and the gardens. "All houses have those things," said Bogey, suddenly serious for him. "All I want to know is, is there a room that can be turned into a *nursery?*"

Very much on the q.t. at this writing is the hot and heavy romance between Robert Walker and the former fashion editor of the New York Journal American, Florence Pritchett. She is a raven-haired honey and one of the most stunning girls to hit Hollywood in a long time.

Oddly enough, she came into Bob's life at a time when everybody thought he was trying to put out the torch occasioned by Jennifer Jones' divorce by having dates with little Diana Lynn. These two youngsters were having a wonderful time night clubbing, dancing and going to all the parties together. Then the sophisticated New York girl came onto the scene. Since then, Bob has had eyes for no one else.

When I interviewed Bob not so long ago, he was very emphatic when he said: "I don't expect ever to marry again. The big interest in my life is my two sons—they're wonderful little boys and I still have the greatest admiration in the world for their mother. To me, Jennifer is the most exciting actress on the screen."

But saying he would never marry again occurred before he met the eye-filling Miss Pritchett.

Florence he finds to be a marvelously gay companion, and I think he is proud that every place he takes her all eyes follow her slim, chic figure in obvious admiration. Bob is head over heels, and that's no mistake. But he's still sticking to his story—"no story."

"My divorce isn't final yet," he said, when I cornered him at a recent party, "and won't be for almost a year. I'm not sure what will happen in that time."

Yes, Bob, like all the rest of them—won't talk—but he can't hide that love light in his eyes. That speaks louder than words.

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"ANCHORS AWEIGH"

1. Clarence Doolittle (Frank Sinatra) is "a bum from Brooklyn" who used to sing in a choir. In on leave with his pal Joe (Gene Kelly) he tags along with the "wolf." Otherwise he'd spend his liberty in the library.

4. Donny's parents are both dead (his father was a Navy man killed in action) which is why Susie (Kathryn Grayson) has to leave him in the landlady's care while she's out working to make a home for them both.

5. Joe doesn't want any ties, and besides, he's faithful to Lola, a cute trick he dates. He and Susie go to a county fair where a fortune teller prophesies Susie's marriage to a "tall, blue-eyed man—like *him*."

7. But Susie's a nice kid, the boys figure, and if it'll make her happy, they'll arrange to have her audition with Iturbi. Of course, the fact that they don't know the great man doesn't faze them, they'll gate crash.

8. They never *do* get to see Iturbi, but Susie corners him herself and wangles an audition. Their leave up, the boys report to the ship where a concert is underway, featuring Iturbi's "great new song star"—Susie!

2. A police car picks them up, drives them to headquarters to try and persuade a little lost boy to identify himself. He finally tells the gobs his name is Donny (Dean Stockwell), a "sailor" who lives with Aunt Susie.

3. Contrary to the sailor's image of Aunt Susie as a wrinkled old lady, she turns out to be a lovely young girl who works as a movie extra but longs to be a great concert star, singing with conductors like J. Iturbi.

6. In the meantime, Joe has fallen in and out of love with Susie. For a guy with only a public library to date, he gets around, because he's found The Girl, a blond waitress who's "swell—she's from Brooklyn."

9. All's well that ends swell. Choir boy Clarence is off books and onto blondes (from Brooklyn) forever. Joe's wolf howl is a thing of the past and the boys are off to fight the war—Anchors Aweigh!

by Maris MacCullers and Mary Stanley

When Shy Guy Sinatra takes lessons in love from Wise Guy Kelly, it's full speed ahead, no holds barred.

STORY: The band fanfared once more and then the Admiral stepped forward, moving toward the small group of men lined up on the deck of the huge battleship. Behind him the sun was high over San Diego harbor. The Admiral's voice boomed out as he read the citations for valor and then as each man stepped forward he pinned a medal on the breast of his uniform.

"Clarence Doolittle, Seaman 1st Class, Joseph Brady, Gunner's Mate, 2nd Class."

Clarence and Joe stepped forward together and the Admiral's voice droned on: (*Continued on page 82*)

PRODUCTION: Gene Kelly's gob garb was a hint of things to come. Last day of shooting, Gene went directly from the set to the nearest Naval Enlistment Center. When he emerged he was a sworn-in member of the Bell Bottom Trousers brigade. As a farewell gift, friend Frankie optimistically presented him with a solid gold checkbook case. . . . The Sinatra-Kelly friendship really got started the day the company locationed at the Hollywood bowl. Frankie invited Gene to lunch at his nearby Toluca Lake home. Over a dish of Nancy's famous spaghetti, Frankie confided his plan to (*Continued on page 81*)

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WHO SAID DIVORCE?

(*Continued from page 41*)

at the table. At another table, distant enough so that Dick's conversation could be seen but not heard, were a group of people who knew Joanne rather well. They looked, commented.

The next morning, foggy and early, since bearers of bad news can't contain themselves until the laggard California sun emerges at noon, one of these "friends" called Joanne and asked where she had been the night before. "We saw Dick having dinner with a strange girl . . . or perhaps she was with someone else in the party . . . or perhaps he was table hopping . . . or something," hissed the serpent's tongue.

he sez, she sez talk . . .

Joanne laughed and skipped that one. No wife whose husband is in show business takes these after-broadcast gab fests seriously; on the other hand, no wife whose husband is constantly surrounded by the most beautiful and most entertaining girls in the world can afford to be completely complacent. And when a girl is in love, trifles no bigger than a salt spoon look like bulldozers trying to tear down the lofty hill of one's happiness.

When the same report came to Joanne several weeks later, and again a month later . . . well, try it on your own domestic harp and see what sour scales you can play.

When Joanne finally asked Dick about it—in a slightly brimstone tone of voice——*he* had a bill of particulars of his own that he wanted to discuss. There was, for instance, that time when she was over an hour late getting home from dramatic school; he had never liked the idea of dramatic school for his wife, and he thought a career of wifehood and motherhood should keep her busy . . . furthermore . . .

Hot words and bitter tears go here. Plenty of them.

Bill Burton listened to the recital of riot until Joanne had it all out of her system. "Okay. You sit right here until I send for you," he ordered. Then he strode out to Dick, his mouth a thin line. "Let's have it," he said. "Begin at the beginning of *your* beef."

After Dick had itemized each of his marital bruises, Bill Burton heaved a profound, synthetic sigh, and announced, "You're a couple of crazy kids. You've got everything the heart could desire: Each other, a swell career, a comfortable home, two wonderful youngsters—and what do you do about it? You quarrel. You fight. You argue. You jeopardize your entire future happiness. Now, listen to me: You stay right here until I get back."

He collected Joanne from the music room and brought her to the wide white porch swing near the pool. "I ought to crack your heads together, d'ya know that?" he growled. "The very idea of letting a little domestic upset hit the front pages. Do they do it in Des Moines? No. Do they do it in Seattle? No. Do they do it in Bangor? No. In other towns, a man and his wife sit down and discuss their misunderstandings fairly. You two should be ashamed of yourselves, God bless you! Now sit here and talk your troubles over until you are in perfect agreement. And don't let me hear any more of this cockeyed conversation about divorce!"

And Mr. Dove-Of-Peace Burton strode into the house where he summoned the servants. "No matter who calls on the telephone, tell the caller that the Haymes' are not here and that you don't know *when* they'll be back. No matter who rings the doorbell, tell the person no one is at home. Let's give them a chance to get hold of themselves."

The porch swing moved to and fro. Joanne cried a bit, then her head was pulled down on her husband's contrite shoulder. For a long time they sat in the morning sunshine, recapturing the fragile, precious thing that they had almost kicked onto the scrap heap.

Afterward, friends learned a few of the decisions reached: Joanne is to have her career if she wants it, with the understanding that she and Dick will never appear in a picture together. Dick feels that a man cherishes no partisanship for his usual feminine lead; she can blow her lines 45 times in a row, and he feels only a kindly pity for her. But if a man's wife is inadequate, he dies a thousand deaths of chagrin; his pride, his sense of partnership, even his love go writhing.

On the other hand, Dick stipulated that any time he was seen with another girl (or such an incident was reported) he would explain the entire situation to Joanne at once.

Toward noon of this important day, Bill Burton called the house and asked the maid how things were going. "Mr. and Mrs. Haymes aren't in," said the maid dutifully.

"Look, this is Bill Burton," explained Mr. Fixit. "*I'm* the guy who told you to give that message to all callers. *I* want to know the real lowdown."

The maid chuckled. "That's the real lowdown, Mr. Burton. Mr. and Mrs Haymes have gone horseback riding together. They left word for me to tell you 'Thanks' when you called."

Mr. Burton mopped his brow and telephoned a reconciliation report to all the papers. He had had a busy day.

When Dick Haymes goes horseback riding, every woe in the world seems to vanish. He first learned to ride when he was four and a resident of a ranch just outside of Santa Barbara, and now, as then, his idea of a gentleman's kingdom is the back of a blooded steed.

His present mount is a handsome hunk of horseflesh named Thunderbolt, but Dick calls him Pappy. Pappy, a stud stallion, stands about 16½ hands high and his lineage is impressive: Three-fourths Palomino (which explains his superb

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Summer is a fickle lass . . . she's gone before you know it. And if you're at all like us, you'll be wanting to buy Fall clothes before long. That takes plenty of green folding stuff, though—and there's where we come in. All you've got to do is sit down, take your typewriter (or a reasonable facsimile) in hand, and give with what happened when you met a movie star in person. We're that curious, our ears are burning to hear all about what he (or she) said, and what you said then . . . and we hope your palms are itching for the five dollars we send for each acceptable contribution. So do Tell All to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

blond mane) and one-fourth Arabian. Feminine guests at the Haymes stables have been known to glower at Pappy's naturally curly mane and mutter, "It should happen to a horse!"

wild for hosses . . .

Dick is so wild about riding that, even when he is too busy or has made plans that should postpone a fast canter, he can't resist Pappy. One morning he rushed out to the corrals he has rented o check up on some questions of food and care. He was wearing slacks, wool ox, and moccasins—totally inadequate costuming for riding. When he saw Pappy, he couldn't refuse Pappy's whinnied invitation—he saddled the stallion and set out joyously along a winding lane.

When, sometime later, he dismounted, he found that the stirrups had blistered his ankles. For several days he hobbled around in bandages, white sox and loose-fitting boots.

Skipper, Dick's 3-year-old son, will soon be big enough to learn to ride. Dick doesn't believe in starting a boy on a pony; he plans to buy a gentle mare, only about 14 hands high, small if possible, and start the junior rider on a real steed.

El Senor Skipper has already, incidentally, outgrown that ancient equine enthusiasm of infants, the merry-go-round horse. It happened this way—

About a mile from the Haymes home there is a permanent pint-sized carnival, with a few baseball booths, a pitch-penny concession, a milk bottle target range, a steel tree from which—on chains—miniature airplanes swoop in a careful circle, a diminutive racetrack around which toy automobiles race at turtle speed, a merry-go-round, and a ferris wheel.

As the Haymes family was driving past one day, Skipper announced loudly, "Me ride the horsie!"

Dick stopped at once, happy to find his son getting hep to the hobbies. He lifted Skipper to the back of a nag, leaping in a timeless wooden prance, and they rode around while the music snorted out a newie, "Ben Hur's Chariot Race."

After that, whenever he passed the carnival, Skipper insisted on a canter. One afternoon, however, he stopped midway toward the merry-go-round, his small fist curled tightly around Dick's paternal forefinger, and stared at the ferris wheel. He leaned backward in defiance of the laws of gravity; his wide eyes scanned the steel monster from entrance step to apex. "Daddy, me ride big bicycle," was the way he summed up his thoughts.

Dick thought, "This'll do it. About the time we get to the top, Mr. Haymes, Jr., is going to give us a solo that will make Lucia's mad scene seem quieter than the sound of cotton rubbing together."

Which shows how wrong a father can be. As the wheel swung Skipper and Dick upward, Skipper clung to the bar with small fists that had turned white with pressure even though he was sitting on his dad's lap, entirely safe. He drew in a long, trembling breath, his small body quivering, but as the wheel began its descent, Skipper began to laugh.

Nowadays, Skipper ignores the merry-go-round and makes straight for the ferris wheel whenever he and his dad pass the carnival. The wooden horses are too tame for the sturdy character on the 'big bicycle.'

Mr. Skip has two additional accomplishments: He has started school, and as a citizen getting his first sip from the Pierian spring, he patronizes the daylights out of his little sister who is just learning to talk. He corrects her English.

promise is a promise . . .

There are times, though, when Skip

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has his own peculiar problems with expressing himself. Not long ago he was spreading havoc around the house, after having spent the early part of the day at school, yelling and running, teasing and tipping things over. Joanne corrected him several times, then decided to use psychology on him. "If you'll be a good boy all day, tomorrow we'll have an ice cream and cake party down at the store. I'll take you and Pigeon down in the afternoon."

Skipper became a model of ingratiating manners for children.

The next morning, Joanne had entirely forgotten her promise. Toward noon her young son tugged at her skirts and observed, "Pahty, Mommie p'ease." Mommie rushed the young man upstairs. He looked puzzled by the incomprehensible behavior of his favorite mother, but endured it.

An hour later, he returned to repeat his comment: "Pahty, Mommie?"

Again, Joanne rushed him upstairs. Skipper seemed to be extraordinarily thoughtful. He scowled as he turned his problem over in his mind.

Somewhat later his forehead cleared. Again he approached his mother, but this time he was prepared to make himself clear, having discovered wherein lay their mutual misunderstanding. "Mommie—Pahty. NOT pottie. Pahty—with ice keem and cake."

He and Pigeon were bundled up by a chuckling Joanne and taken to the treat store at once.

aquatic sprouts . . .

In addition to becoming a scholar, Skip is learning to swim. Whenever Dick has a day off from 20th where he is working in "Kitten On The Keys" with Maureen O'Hara, Harry James and Reginald Gardiner, he starts the leisurely morning off with a dip in the pool. This area is separated from the rest of the yard by a stout fence so that Skip and his kid sister will be protected against their unchaperoned aquatic urges.

But when Dad is at home, Skip dons a pair of bathing trunks about the size of a gnome's mitten and rides his father's chest around the pool. He also hangs on to his father's back when Dick crosses the pool at a rapid clip, using his racing crawl.

When the Haymes family goes to Palm Springs, which it did for several weeks this spring, both Skipper and his dad get Comanche brown from the sun. Someone asked Dick what he did in the Springs—how he passed the time. "Very simple," he said, stifling a reflective yawn. "I get up, have a heavy breakfast, then sit in the sun until just before noon. Then I go for a swim. Then I have luncheon. Then I sit in the sun until around four. Then I have another swim, sit in the sun, and have dinner. Then I turn in early."

"Rugged existence. What are Joanne and the kids doing while this is going on?" asked the friend.

"Helping me," said Dick.

Once each week he scorched into town (on an A ticket) to rehearse and then to broadcast his Tuesday night show, "Everything For The Boys." By Los Angeles broadcast time (7:30) Skipper and his sister are usually sound asleep, but each program is waxed and afterward Dick plays the recordings for the family or for a group of friends.

The most popular program to be aired so far seems to be the one on which Judy Garland sang; everything went along just right that night. Timing was perfect down to radio's split second, the gags came off sure-fire, Judy and Dick were both in unusually good voice.

Dick's favorite program recording is another, however. As you know, through the War Department, Dick and Helen Forrest interview each week one to three service men stationed in some foreign theater by using the two-way short wave. Sometimes atmospheric conditions make it impossible to establish contact; sometimes the combat zone GIs can be heard in the studio, but the Los Angeles station can't get through; sometimes the Los Angeles beam goes through, but nothing comes back.

It had been arranged, on this particular program, for the pretty young wife of a service man stationed in Germany to talk to her GI by short wave. With her she brought her 16-month-old daughter, whom the father had never seen.

When Dick explained the circumstances, the studio audience waited in agonized eagerness for the contact to be made. And then the overseas station came in, clear and strong. The GI's voice reached into the room. At its first sound, the wife's eyes filled with hot tears. She tried to fight them back; she tried to make this moment a joyous one. Clutching her baby she said tremulously, "Talk to your daddy, darling. That's Daddy's voice. Say something to him, sweet."

The child, staring with wide eyes, bewildered by the bodiless voice, became frightened. Her face creased, she began to wail.

The voice of the GI came pleadingly across thousands of miles: "Don't cry, *please!* Say 'Hello' to Daddy." And then, sensing the futility of this tenuous contact, aching for the sight—not simply the sound—of the two whom he loved, the boy in Germany began to cry, too. His sobs echoed through the studio.

At that his wife broke down completely and sobbed incomprehensible words of love and longing into the microphone. By that time Dick was crying as hard as either of the principals in the drama. And crying, too, were the orchestra and the entire audience.

All this was faithfully recorded. It remains in Dick's files, a poignant souvenir of the heartbreak of our times.

After the broadcast, Dick—considerably shaken—hurried to the nearest telephone to talk to Joanne. "Did you . . ." he started.

"Yes," sobbed Joanne.

"I love you," said Dick.

"Me, too," said his wife.

"We're lucky people," Dick admitted. "Let's not ever forget how lucky we are . . ."

"Never. Well . . . I'll be home in half an hour. 'Bye—till then."

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AT EASE
OFF DUTY
ALERT
HONOR BRIGHT

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)
By Beverly Linet

"I was gathering stars, while a million guitars kept on playing . . ." *As goes my favorite song, so went my trip to Hollywood, substituting the guitars with a hot swing band from Earl Carroll's, plus soft music floating through the Bev. Hills Hotel's Polo Room, with me sipping cokes with Tom Drake, Guy Madison, Ben McMorrough, and Johnny Sands.*

Then, came The Mitchums . . . consisting of Bob, charming wife Dot, and adorable chilluns, Jim Robin, four, and Chris—going on two. Peter Coe and his wife were visiting, so we all sat on the floor and ate sandwiches and ice-cream like mad. Peter, who played opposite Montez in "Gypsy Wildcat," is 27, and has just been discharged from the Marines. He's with Universal Pix, as is Charles Korvin, to whom he introduced me. Korvin débuted as Arsène Lupin, and he is Czech by birth, the date being, Nov. 21, 1907. Has hazel eyes, dark hair, and is married to Helena Fredericks.

No visit would have been complete without a tour of M-G-M, so that came next . . . starting with lunch a bit away from Keenan Wynn . . . followed by a whirl around the sets, watching James Craig, Abbott and Costello and Frances Gifford. Van wasn't working in his latest, "Early to Wed," nor were June Allyson or Bob Walker on the set of "For Better, For Worse." Consolation took the form of a big hello from John Hodiak. Would have stayed much longer, but what with a dinner awaiting me at the McCallister home, time was not to be wasted. And such a dinner! Everything from half a fried chicken to Lon's pet lemon pie . . . Mrs. M. and I lounged on the rug in front of the hearth and heard Lon's records, until he phoned long distance to say hello.

And it went on. Lunch at The Players with one of the loveliest of gals—Janie Withers, and Ross Hunter . . . with Turhan Bey a few feet away. Then two yellow orchids, followed by a tour of Paramount, including "The Stork Club," where Betty Hutton, Andy Russell and Barry Fitzgerald were shooting, all courtesy of a very wonderful Billy Daniel. (He was Pierre in "Frenchman's Creek," and Marjorie Reynolds' dancing partner in "Bring on the Girls."

And despite his efforts to stay away from sweets, I shanghaied Billy to Farmers' Market where we both guzzled down chocolate malts. Then he drove me to my rendezvous with Kurt Kreuger, (who was the blond major in "Hotel Berlin"). Kurt whizzed me to his hilltop home, and we turned a half-hour visit to 122 minutes even.

Oh—almost forgot to tell you about my visit to Scarlett O'Hara's home, and the soda with Scott MacKay, and the wild time Don Taylor and I had trying to find each other, cause everyone gave us the wrong directions . . .

But—hey—I'm running out of space now—tho I'm filled to the brim with new 'n' exclusive info . . . so if you have any questions about anything, send them along with that STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 16, and I'll do my best for you.

"ANCHORS AWEIGH"

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 75*)

tour the U. S., speaking to school kids about racial tolerance. Gene excitedly contributed some thoughts of his own, and the following morning appeared on the set loaded down with books on the subject which he and Frank studied and discussed for weeks. . . . To Frank fell the season's loftiest honor. The Ouray (Colo.) Chamber of Commerce renamed its highest mountain Mt. Frank Sinatra. . . . Surprise casting: Rags Ragland, the guy with the face that launched a thousand nightmares, slays the gals in this one. They trail him like slaves, while Frankie-boy can't get a single date. . . . The lovely melody, "La Golondrina," is put through the vocal wringer by Kelly, Sinatra and Kathryn Grayson. As Gene tells it, three schools of song are represented; the Classic, as rendered by Grayson, the Sweet of Sinatra, and the Bathtub of Kelly. . . . Whenever Mr. James Durante appeared on the set, lovely women dropped their gin rummy and knitting and flocked to his side. The lure? Jimmy was handing out choice tickets for Sinatra broadcasts. . . . Now it's Gene Kelly who can boast of an anatomical nickname. Gagsters labelled him The Feet. . . . Frank's slender form contracted and expanded like an accordion. Strenuous dance routines, taught him by Gene, whittled eight pounds off his frame. Six malts a day put them back on. But when new dance rehearsals were scheduled, he again fell away to a shadow. . . . Though well past draft age, Henry O'Neill can't get out of uniform. As "Anchors" Admiral, he plays his ninth "gold braid" role. . . . Armchair travelers will be treated to a Metro-guided tour of Los Angeles, for reproduced to the last cobblestone are Olvera Street, L.A.'s famed Mexican thoroughfare, and the world-famous Hollywood Blvd. Appearing as themselves are the Hollywood Bowl and Metro's own studio lot.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Singing star Dick Powell appeared at the Metropolitan Theater in Providence, R. I., several months ago. He sang and played the cornet to the enjoyment of the huge crowd present. In the middle of a song, however, a baby started crying very loudly. An impatient usher tried to get the child and its mother to leave, but Dick had other ideas. He stopped singing and asked the mother to bring her baby up to the platform. Then he sang Brahm's Lullaby to the bewildered infant until it stopped crying. As the grateful mother went back to her seat, he told the audience that many times he had paced the floor himself, singing that lullaby to his own baby!

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AUBURN RUBBER CORP.

"When do you expect Aunt Susie to turn up?" Joe said.

"Oh, Aunt Susie'll come," Donald said.

"What's an old lady doing out so late anyway?" Joe said.

Aunt Susie turned up around midnight. Aunt Susie turned up in an evening gown with her hair done up in a high swept pompadour. Aunt Susie, give or take a few months, looked twenty-three. It was Clarence who whistled when he saw her.

Joe was too sore.

"Well, what do you know," Joe said. "That's some gag to pull on a kid, sister. He could have been in Podunk by now while you were out stepping—"

The girl swept forward, hardly looking at Joe and Clarence. She found Donald. Her eyes looked him over swiftly. Then she turned back and you could see the relief on her face.

"For a moment you frightened me. I thought something was wrong with Donald."

"Something's wrong with you, sister. Not the kid. We turned him up in a police station—"

"A police station?" Susan said sharply. "Why, I left him here with Mrs. Murphy."

"Maybe you did. Maybe you didn't. Gals like you murder me, anyway. Come on, Clarence . . ."

They were halfway down the block before Clarence said anything. Joe was looking at his watch and muttering angrily to himself. There wasn't a bus, a trolley or anything living stirring anywhere within five miles.

"Joe—" Clarence said.

"Yeah?"

"I'm sorry about Lola. It was all my fault, I guess."

"You guess? If you hadn't trailed me in the first place—say, where in the world do you come from that you never got around to wolfing a girl in your life?"

"Brooklyn," Clarence said.

"Brooklyn?" Joe said. "What did you do in Brooklyn all these years?"

"I sang in a choir," Clarence said.

"Well, what do you know," Joe said.

"Joe—"

"Yeah?"

"About the girl you were going to get me . . . I know the girl I want, Joe."

"Spill it, sonny boy."

"Susan."

"That dame? Aunt Susie? I won't do it. She's poison, kid."

"Susan," Clarence said.

"If you think—"

"Susan!"

There was a long, pregnant moment of silence, then Joe sighed.

"Joe—"

"What now?"

"I'm sorry about Lola. I guess it's too late for you to see her tonight."

"You guessed right."

"I know a Dorm where we can put up tonight. It's run by two nice old ladies."

"Two nice old ladies!" Joe said, he sighed again. "Why did you ever leave that choir in Brooklyn?"

Susan Abbott, it turned out, wasn't quite what Joe had thought. She was a girl trying to make her way in movies and the night she came home late in evening clothes she had been working as an extra. When they saw her again the next afternoon she looked fresh and young and somehow very innocent and appealing.

"So you work in pictures," Joe said.

"Sometimes. I'm not really an actress though. I'm really a singer. Someday, maybe, when I'm working with Jose Iturbi or someone like that, a good fairy might come along and get me a chance to sing for him . . ."

"That so?" Joe said. "You sing good?"

"I try to."

"Well, you know Clarence here is a great friend of Iturbi. Clarence is in the music racket himself. Right, Clarence?"

"Iturbi? Me?"

"Modest," Joe said. "That's Clarence all over. Why if it's an audition you're after, Clarence has it all fixed up. How about Saturday? Saturday be all right, Clarence? You'll talk to Jose about it?"

"Audition? Saturday? Jose?"

"Then it's all settled," Joe said.

Susan just stared. And then suddenly her face seemed to light and she turned to Clarence. Clarence stared back at her.

"What do you say we celebrate?" Joe said.

"Why not?" Susan said. "It's something to celebrate, isn't it Donnie? Come on now, to bed with you. I'll call Mrs. Murphy. And no tricks this time."

Clarence waited until she was out of the room and then he swung on Joe: "What's the idea, Joe? Iturbi—me. How'm I going to get an audition for Susie? What am I going to do?"

"One thing at a time," Joe said. "You got her now. Don't you see? You're a big shot. Play your cards right and you can't miss."

"You can't walk out on me, Joe. Iturbi—me! Susie!"

"If you think—" Joe began.

So they all went to the El Parador. It was a little Mexican place down in a corner of Los Angeles. The small band in the corner was playing softly. Joe nudged Clarence.

"Dance with her," he whispered.

"It's a rhumba," Clarence whispered back. "I can't."

So Joe danced with her and somehow they found themselves out in the small patio that faced the garden, bathed now in the gold of the moonlight.

"You're a funny girl," Joe said.

"Am I?"

"Yeah. You know what I thought the first time I saw you?"

"I know."

"Well, you're not. You're just the girl for Clarence."

"Clarence?"

"Sure. He's a straight guy. You're a straight girl. It's a natural."

"Is it, Joe?"

"Sure thing."

"And what do you want, Joe?"

"Me? Oh, I don't know, Susie. I'm a guy out strictly for the laughs, I guess. I'm a guy strictly for—"

"Lola?"

"How do you know about Lola? Okay. A guy for a gal like Lola."

"No promises. No questions. No ties?"

"That's how it adds up, I guess."

The music stopped then and slowly they walked back into the room. Joe followed her slowly. Why, a girl like that was one in a million. Joe shook his head angrily. What was wrong with him anyway? This California moonlight was getting him. Going soft. Mushy. Well, that wasn't Joe Brady . . .

It was late when they got Susan home again. But this time all was safe and sound. Donald was asleep upstairs, clutching his sailor's cap. The house was quiet. They left Susan and started down the hill.

"Joe," Clarence said as they walked. "What are we going to do about Iturbi?"

"Don't worry," Joe said. "We'll give the guy the spiel. He'll see it. And she's in."

"Yeah," Clarence said. "Funny thing happened tonight," Clarence said finally. "You know when you were out dancing with Susan?"

Joe looked up sharply "Yeah? What?"

"The waitress. I got to talking to her. She's from Brooklyn."

"You don't say!" Joe said.

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"She's a nice girl," Clarence said.

"A nice girl," Joe said.

And he wasn't thinking of the waitress from Brooklyn . . .

Out at the Studio, the cop said no, they couldn't get in to see Iturbi or anybody else. They just couldn't get in. So they had to go all the way around the back and hop three fences and dodge a half dozen guys with badges and when they finally got to Iturbi's office the girl said no, Mr. Iturbi wasn't in, he was on Stage Five.

But he wasn't on Stage Five or at Recording or at the Rehearsal Stage. They *could* try the Producer's Building, though.

There were a hundred offices in that building and there was a blonde secretary in each one and before Joe finally made all the rounds it was getting pretty late. And Iturbi wasn't anywhere.

There was a little motorcycle chugging away down the street when they got to the Parking Gate and there was a line-up of limousines, fat, black and round as grounded dirigibles. Clarence cocked an eye at the limousine. Joe talked to the Gate Attendant. The attendant pointed down the street where the little motorcycle was becoming a dot against the horizon.

"Iturbi," he said.

It was late evening when they climbed the street to Susan's house again. Friday night. Clarence pulled himself up the hill wearily. Joe's face was angry.

"What are we going to tell her?" Clarence said. "That we chased Iturbi for two days all over Los Angeles?"

"How are we going to tell Susie?" Clarence mourned.

"I'll tell her," Joe said. "At the El Parador tonight."

But at the El Parador that night he didn't quite say it. Instead he found himself out in the garden with Susan.

"Well, Joe—" Susan said.

"Well, Susie—"

She half turned, throwing a pebble into the pond, watching the ripples catch and spread: "How's Lola?"

"Lola? I haven't even seen her."

"No? Isn't she . . . isn't she what you wanted, Joe—?"

"I don't know, Susie. I don't know anymore what I want—or what I don't want. I'm all mixed up."

"Mixed up?"

"Yeah. Take a girl like you, Susie. I know you're not for me. But sometimes I get a feeling—"

"What kind of feeling, Joe?"

"I don't know. Moonlight and roses. I want to say things to you I never said to any other girl in my life. And I want to say them right—"

"What kind of things?"

Joe said softly "Things like: I love you."

And there in a little Mexican garden off a crooked street in Los Angeles under a California moon that looked like a painted orange lantern in the sky, Joe Brady was kissing a girl named Susan Abbott . . .

He had to tell Clarence, of course. Not that it made much difference. They'd both never see Susan again. Early tomorrow morning he'd tell Susan that the audition with Iturbi was just a gag.

"Joe—" Clarence was saying.

"Yeah?"

"We're going to have to tell Susie about Iturbi—"

"Yeah. Tomorrow."

"And we're going to have to tell her something else."

Joe said: "What else?"

"We're going to have to tell her," Clarence said, "that I don't love her."

"What!"

"Remember that waitress I told you about, Joe. The girl from Brooklyn—she's the one, Joe. That's all there is to it. She's the one."

"Well, call me a wolf . . ." Joe said.

He came up the hill again early the next morning. Donald saluted smartly.

"I'm all alone," Donald said. "I promised Aunt Susie I'd be all right."

"Where *is* Aunt Susie? Joe said.

"Aunt Susie went to the studio to see Mister Iturbi. She wanted to ask him what he wanted her to sing. Aunt Susie has an 'addition.' "

"Oh!" Joe groaned.

He looked at his watch. There wasn't time for him to go out to the studio. He had only time enough to catch the bus back to San Diego and get back on board ship before his liberty ran out. He bent to Donald.

"Donald," he said, "will you do something for me?

"Aunt Susie is going to come back. And maybe she's going to be mad. But you tell her I was here—"

"Uncle Joe was here—"

"And tell her I'm sorry—"

"Uncle Joe is sorry—"

"And tell her I tried—"

"Uncle Joe tried—"

"And tell her I love her—"

Susan Abbott sat in the commissary trying to drink a cup of black coffee. There was a nervous flutter in her stomach. Someone sat down beside her; a well-knit, sturdy man, keen eyes—

"I'm early, Mr. Iturbi," she said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said I'm early. For the audition. I'm Susan Abbott."

"Audition? Susan Abbott?"

"The audition Clarence Doolittle arranged. With Joe Brady. The sailors. Your friend, Clarence—"

"Clarence?" Iturbi said. "My friend Clarence? I have no friend Clarence."

"The audition," Susan said wildly.

Iturbi leaned forward. He took her hand gently: "Now," he said, "suppose you start from the beginning . . ."

The Admiral's Office on board the battleship was clean and efficient looking. Clarence Doolittle and Joe Brady stood stiffly at attention as the Admiral returned their salute from behind his desk. In one corner a man with keen eyes was seated.

"Brady. Doolittle," The Admiral said. "I'd like you to meet Mr. Iturbi—"

"I understand you wanted to see me," Iturbi said.

"See you?" Joe gasped. "We were all over California—"

"Yes?" Iturbi said.

"No, it's too late now," Joe said. "There was a girl—"

"Susan Abbott, perhaps?" Iturbi said.

Clarence and Joe stared at each other.

They were out of the office in a flash. Up on a platform the ship's band was swinging into the final bars of an orchestral number. Joe pushed his way through the crowd of sailors until he was just opposite the platform.

He was in time to see Iturbi come to the conductor's podium. Iturbi rapped his baton on the stand a few times, said something to the players. Joe got half way up the platform. Then he saw her. Iturbi's hands rose.

And then she saw him . . .

Iturbi turned to the crowded deck.

"In a moment, gentlemen," he said, "you will hear the debut of a new young singer named Susan Abbott. Just now—"

Just now, Susan Abbott was kissing a Gunner's Mate named Joe Brady . . .

CAST

Characters	*Name*
Clarence Doolittle	*Frank Sinatra*
Susan Abbott	*Kathryn Grayson*
Joseph Brady	*Gene Kelly*
Jose Iturbi	*By Himself*
Donald Martin	*Dean Stockwell*
Girl From Brooklyn	*Pamela Britton*
Police Sergeant	*"Rags" Ragland*

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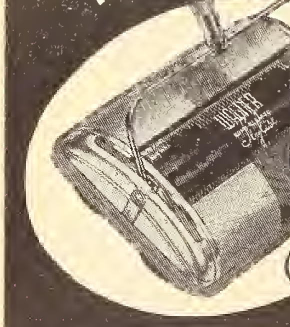

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

she can trust him. How a cargo of stolen Free French gold was put aboard the boat, how a mysterious stowaway shot Johnny's father and the crew. How the boat was abandoned with Paulette hidden away on it, and her escape. But she knows too much, and the murderer is after her.

There are indications that a night club owner named Sam Jewel (Lowell Gilmore) is involved in the mystery. And other clues point directly to seductive Lilah Gustafson (Claire Trevor), wife of the owner of the Gustafson line. It was on a Gustafson ship that Johnny's father was murdered. Somewhere there must be a missing factor which will solve this curious equation, and Johnny is determined to find it. His search leads to a knock-out conclusion that will leave you gasping.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Patriotically "sharing the ride" on her way home from the studio, Claire Trevor invited several Army officers to join her in her cab. Last one to leave, Claire discovered one of the officers had taken her bag by mistake. A quick call to the cab company straightened things out, but not soon enough to spare an Army officer the shock of finding a backless evening gown in place of his expected khakis. . . . That old "ciggie" shortage caused one of the scenes to be shot two ways. When the cameras recorded cigarette girl Rosemary La Planche selling a pack to George Raft, someone reminded Director Ed Marin of the shortage. He had the scene reshot with Rosemary's tray filled with Bull Durham for George to roll his own. Which scene stays in will be determined by the cigarette situation when the picture is released. . . . You could always find George on the set just by following the tootsie roll wrappers. He picked up the tootsie roll habit during his overseas tour, and has been a slave to it ever since. . . . Signe Hasso can now be classified as foreign correspondent as well as actress. She received a commission from an old friend in Sweden, and is now Hollywood correspondent for a Stockholm newspaper.

LOVE, HONOR AND GOODBYE

It's tough when you have a beautiful wife who insists on being an actress. Especially when she can't act. Bill Baxter (Edward Ashley) thinks he has the answer, though. He secretly backs a show for his wife, Roberta (Virginia Bruce), knowing that the critics will pan it, and hoping that she will then return to the fireside and start raising a family. He is right about the critics. They walk out in a body after the first act, and most of the audience goes along. Everything might have been okay if the play's leading man hadn't persuaded Roberta that Bill arranged things that way. Presumably he even bribed the critics! Anyway, Roberta believes it, the dope, and she packs her things and goes home to mother.

Bill decides to drown his sorrows in the time honored manner, but in the process he gets himself involved with some pretty weird characters. He meets them at the Penny Arcade, and they include a tattoo artist named Terry (Victor McLaglen), his girl friend, Marge (Veda Ann Borg), and a cute three-year-old orphan, Sally. Terry has been trying to persuade the Welfare Society that he would make a fine father for Sally, but so far they have remained impervious. They keep pointing out that a Penny Arcade is not an ideal environment, which Terry considers very narrow minded of them. Bill, who is more than slightly bottled, solves everything—he thinks—by bringing Terry, Marge and little Sally home with him.

A friend tips Roberta off that something strange goes on, and she comes back and finds them there. She jumps to the somewhat evil-minded conclusion that Bill has been having an affair with Marge and that Sally is the result. She must have proof for a divorce, however, so she disguises herself in a wig and uniform and applies for the job of nursemaid. Bill recognizes her, but decides to go along with the gag and see what happens. Well, what happens shouldn't happen to a dog, and it takes a lot of explaining to clear things up. All of it mildly amusing.—*Rep.*

P. S.

This is Edward Ashley's first post-war service picture. He's been in the Ferry Command division of the Army Air Forces since 1942. . . . This will be Virginia Bruce's first screen appearance as a brunette. In one half of her dual role, Virginia's a French maid complete with accent and dark wig. When Victor McLaglen reported to the studio gym, he found himself face to face with a ghost from his past. As a child in Arabia, studio athletic coach Abdullah Abbis was lost on the desert with his mother, who died. A British Desert Patrol happened by, and a captain took the youngster to Baghdad and safety. The British captain was (you guessed it) Victor McLaglen. . . . When a living room set needed a portrait of Miss Bruce, the studio borrowed an unfinished one from Tito Costa, famous California portrait painter. . . . Four-year-old Judith and Jacqueline Wells, identical twins, were supposed to splash Virginia angrily in their bath scene. But bathing was too much fun, and the kids wouldn't look angry. Neither would they splash Virginia, explaining "But mother would spank us." It took the cajoling and threatening of the whole crew to convince the twins that mama wouldn't mind.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When I was in my 'teens living in Niagara Falls, there was a timid looking fellow who lived across the street from my house. My friends thought him shy and supercilious, because he didn't pal around with us. One day as I was crossing the street, I was struck by a car, and my ankle was broken. People gathered around, but nobody did anything, although my leg pained me immensely. Suddenly a young man pushed through the crowd, bent over, picked me up gently, and carried me to his car and drove me to the hospital. From that day on, the erstwhile reclusive and 'supercilious' fellow was the most popular boy in town. Whenever I remember his kindness and consideration, I murmur, "Thanks, Franchot Tone!"

William Lane
Jackson, Michigan

Cornhusker! Bob's a farm boy, and he's helped husk corn like a Trojan today. Corn to feed the stock with, come winter—and to help relieve the food shortage everywhere.

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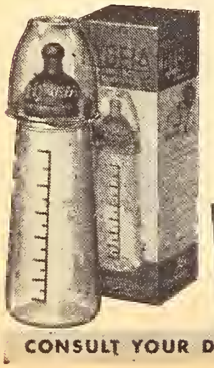

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CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 26)

things up? H. M., Yazoo City, Miss.

It wouldn't be wrong at all, provided that you did it deftly. In case he has a new girl or something, you don't want to put yourself out on a limb, do you? Drop him a note saying that you're sorry you behaved so badly and asking him to forgive you. Be brief, and having made your apology, don't grovel. At the end of the note, say something like, "I've got a new Goodman album I know you'd love. Come listen next time you're in town." You're not pinning him down, not throwing yourself at him, but the latchstring's out, and he'll know it. And what do you bet he'll be over!

May an engaged girl whose man is overseas date occasionally? A. G., Lancaster, Pa.

That's strictly between you and your guy. If you've promised him to sweat it out all by your little fat self, you're honor-bound to do just that. However, if he said, "Oh g'wan. Have fun!" (as Shirley Temple's sergeant has) that's all you need to know. Just be sure he's made it clear to his family that he wants it that way or you may run into some bitter misunderstanding. There are a couple of things to remember, even if you're dating with his approval. Stick to double dates. Don't date the same person more than a few times. Wear your engagement ring, and make it plain that your post-war plans are all taken care of.

If you don't let the boys in our crowd kiss you good-night, they never ask you out again. What's a gal to do? B. B., Gainesville, Ga.

Personally, we think the girls have the boys all wrong on the subject of woo. It really isn't all most of them have on their minds, and if the boys in your crowd are like that, then they're dopes, and good riddance. Don't go through the evening with a chip on your shoulder waiting for your date to make one move toward you. Intrigue him with your gay patter, flatter him a bit, tell him that you're having fun. Give a thought to his finances and his precious-as-perfume gasoline. He'll forget he's a wolf and act amazingly like a gentleman.

I've just moved to this town, and it's so hard to crash any of the little cliques at school. I'm so lonesome for some of my old pals. What can I do? H. O., Paducah, Ky.

Well, first of all, don't push. And don't clutch at the first soul who speaks to you and turn her into your best friend. She may be the class dud. Case the joint a couple of weeks. See which kids have the most fun, do the most things, wow the most nice guys. Then ferret out their extra-curricular activities. Join the dramatic club, get on the swimming team, be around where they can see you. And be sure you're looking just as cute as they are. Smile at them, talk to them. Gradually, you'll be one of the crowd at the local spa. One of the queens at the football dances.

Our house is so ugly I hate to have my dates see it. Would it be very incorrect to have them pick me up downtown? E. P., Woonsocket, R. I.

Your dates should pick you up at your own home. Completely aside from what is correct or incorrect, your parents will want to meet the lads. Also, if you were to meet your dates elsewhere, you'd get involved in lies and more lies and you'd be utterly miserable. The thing to do is to get to work on the house. Would a freshly painted porch help? Window boxes at the windows? How about inexpensive slipcovers for the living room furniture? If the furniture is scratched or worn-looking, wax it or apply some scratch removing polish. Could the family chip in and get a good looking rug? What about water paint for the walls? Have a family conference, then all of you pitch in your pennies, ideas and time, and in a jiffy you'll have a house you'll be proud of.

* * *

Kids, bring your problems to us. We take 'em on in all sizes and shapes and make 'em disappear like so much smoke. Stop stewing about the fact that the lads by-pass you as if you were a land mine, about the way the gals thumbs-downed you for the Friday night club. Stop mourning that lost love, tiffing with your mom and dad, worrying about your face and figure. We'll help you get things squared away. Will you let us try? Write to Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, *149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.*

CO-ED

(Continued from page 26)

know you can, and if you need help in planning, go to your class counselor or your school principal.

"But I'm the Breadwinner" Maybe you've got a couple of brothers overseas, maybe even your father. There's less income, and the difference has to be made up. Have a family pow-wow, and figure out exactly how much more money is needed; then let each member share the load. You can work after school; your kid brother can do errands; maybe the soldier brothers could up their allotments a few dollars. There's a way. Find it.

"But my Dad says, 'No More School.'" Make him see that when the war is over, the boys will reclaim their jobs, and the competition among girls for good jobs will be terrific. That if you ever hope to get a civil service job, ever hope to go on in nursing or teaching or executive secretarial training, you just won't have a prayer if you're not a high school graduate. You know, your mom and dad honestly want what's best for you, so if you handle this business cleverly and patiently, we know they'll be waving you off to school next month.

"I Love a Soldier!" Gals, you're not doing the teen-aged civilians any good with that kind of talk. If you have a guy or a kid brother who is torn between going back to school and enlisting, give the old books a *big* build-up. Tell him that his diploma will make him more valuable to his country both in war and in peace. You know he'll listen to you. So let him have it. With both barrels!

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THAT'S MY POP!

(*Continued from page 39*)

It was a pretty bewildered boy who replaced the phone. His father! Who's always cherished his privacy and shied away from strangers. He must have been *willing* to do it. Else he could have said no in a few well-chosen words, and Dad knew how to choose 'em. Van scratched his head. *He* couldn't figure it out . . .

He gave up trying after the story saw print. "I've had five hundred fan letters," wrote Dad, "and I'm answering them all. Don't know when I'll get a chance to turn the lights off and go to bed. The phone hasn't stopped ringing and when it's not the phone, it's the doorbell. Children asking to see your room with the movie stars' pictures. I can't refuse them. Then I start for the bank and never get there. Everybody wants to talk about the story . . ."

"I pass," says Van. "After all these years Dad's coming out of his shell. Hallelujah, it's a miracle—"

backslappers, beware! . . .

There's nothing mysterious about the shell. Van's father is a man who buries his roots deep. All his life has been spent in Newport, with occasional side-trips to Providence. He'd be as wretched on big city pavements as a quiet tree. Facile talk and easy acquaintanceships are not for him. He's the opposite of what's known as a mixer. So is Van, for that matter. Hello-joeing round the lot is all very well, but his intimacies, if you notice, are few and well-tried.

As children, we see parents only in relation to ourselves. Not till we're older, do we see them as people. Looking back, many things are clear to Van which he once took for granted. Clearest of all is a quiet man's devotion to his son, inarticulate but never-failing.

Van's earliest memories are of a big old rambling frame house—of lilac bushes in the yard, deep purple and white—of peach-trees and grapevines a boy could raid (that's where he developed his colossal appetite for fruit)—of a snug little safe little world, bounded on either side by Dad and Grandma.

Indoors, Grandma was the presiding spirit—energetic as she was tiny, hair knotted on top of her head, earrings in her pierced ears, rustling in a dozen petticoats, and always the fragrance of cleanliness about her. That's one of Van's sharpest associations with home—something clean and fresh and aired-in-the-sun. Dad had the same immaculate quality. To the longest day of his life, when Van smells Florida water, he'll think of his father.

And candied apples will always bring Grandma back. "Grandmas," she'd say, "are for spoiling little boys," and she'd stir up a batch of candied apples or fudge. Their meals were eaten in the kitchen, and she was the kind of cook who washed as she went. Every last pot had to be scrubbed and put away before she'd sit down with her menfolk. Then, with the smell of fresh coffee brewing—the coffee-pot was always on the stove—she'd sing Van little Swedish folksongs while Dad read his paper, or tell him stories of "the old country," as she invariably called it.

He remembers that first day Dad took him to school, and how he loved it from the start. Loved it so much that, after lunch, he trotted back.

"Where are you going?" asked Grandma.

"To school—"

"But you don't have to go in the afternoon—"

"Well—I'll go anyway—"

She smiled and let him go, but the minute he reached the schoolyard, he knew he'd made a mistake. The sun was higher, the atmosphere was different—it seemed to push him out—

"What are you doing here?" asked the teacher.

"I came to school—"

"Well, you go home now and come back tomorrow morning—"

It gave him a kind of unwanted feeling which Grandma must have anticipated because, when the small figure hove into sight, she was waiting on the porch with a large piece of cake.

Dad was his outdoors companion. "A great Joe Health guy," Van calls him affectionately today. In the old days, his eyes widened in awe and admiration of his father's prowess. No one could sock a ball straighter or swim as far or skate as well. Dad swam all year round—practically had to break the ice to get in. On the lily pond round by the ocean drive, he taught Van to skate—and still skates there himself every Sunday in winter.

Summers, they'd cross the bay on the Jamestown ferry, walk to the end of the pier and feed the fish Necco wafers. There was the warm feel of the sun on Van's back, his wavy reflection in the water, the little minnows coming up to grab the bits of candy he dropped, and Dad lying beside him. Or they'd go to the beach and after their swim, Dad would buy tickets for the merry-go-round—not one, but a whole string. They'd ride themselves dizzy, then play all the games on the midway. Whatever it was—throwing balls, shooting guns—Dad always won, and Grandma'd shake her head, seeing them arrive with another load of kewpie dolls.

And of course, the circus. If you lived in a town like Newport, you always watched the circus come in. Van was positive he wouldn't sleep all night, and next thing he knew, it was five in the morning, and there was Dad waking him up. It was terribly exciting and, for all his air of doing it for the boy, let nobody tell you that Dad was less excited than his son. Usually, the circus came on a Saturday, and they'd take in the afternoon show. But the year Van was ten, Barnum and Bailey hit town on a schoolday. Barnum and Bailey was to other circuses as Hedy Lamarr is to Lizzie Zilch. But Dad never said a word, and Van just took it for granted he wouldn't go. In the Johnson book, you didn't ditch school for fun.

When he got home late that afternoon, Dad met him at the door, all dressed up. That meant they were eating out, as they did occasionally.

"Get yourself cleaned up, son."

He scuttled in and out of the shower. A storm was brewing. Lightning streaked the sky as he hopped into the old Model-T Ford. "We eating out, Dad?"

"Yes, and going to the circus—"

"At night!"

"Looks like it—"

good comrades . . .

The circus was wonderful. But even the circus couldn't match the thrill of that moment when he drove beside his father through the crash of thunder, rain pelting against the windows, and in his heart the taste of high adventure to come.

It was Dad too, who took him to his first movie—"The Galloping Fish" with Louise Fazenda and Chester Conklin. He laughed so hard that Dad must have been embarrassed—people turned in wonder to hear these raucous sounds from the throat

Dancing in the moonlight . . . he draws you close . . . closer . . . There's thrill, there's appeal men can't resist, in skin that's fragrant, *sweet.* So don't take chances —make daintiness *sure.* Lovely screen stars tell you a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap does the trick. Active lather carries away every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin exquisitely fresh. You'll love the delicate perfume, too, a flowerlike fragrance that clings lightly to the skin. Try this Hollywood beauty bath!

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of a child. His passion for movies dates from that day. Till he was old enough to go alone or with the other kids, Dad took him to the Colonial every Saturday. Before they went in, he'd buy the usual package of Necco wafers, break it in half and give Van his share. If it happened to be a comedy, there was always some point at which the chortling Van would choke on a wafer and have to be thumped.

He remembers the time Dad plunked down his fifty cents, and the man said: "Sorry, Mr. Johnson, it's six dollars today." Dad glanced at the billboard—"The Cat and the Canary"—not a movie, but a New York show. He reached for his wallet, and plunked down the six bucks. They sat right up front with all the millionaires.

Van thought that was swell, but not till much later did its full significance dawn on him. He was three when his parents separated, and Charles Johnson was well aware that, with no mother in the house, a boy misses plenty. He was firmly resolved that Van should miss nothing more than he could help. Though he didn't earn a great deal, his son's clothes were the best money could buy. Van had to take care of them, yes—especially after Grandma died—had to keep the suits cleaned and pressed, and the shoes polished. He can still feel the heft of the big old-fashioned iron; he's still a fanatic about the shine on his shoes. And, thanks to his father, he knows that when he walked down the street, he looked as well turned out as any kid in town.

Dad never made a fuss over him, but at Christmas his tree was the biggest, and was hung with the most lights and the shiniest ornaments. His bikes and trains were as good as the next guy's. Better. Dad always said quality paid in the end. But it wasn't just laying out dough, because there are things you can't dig out of a pocket; they have to come from the heart. Like Dad's taking down the old bathroom mirror, and making it into a lake for under the tree. He'd cover the frame with cotton batting snow, and build a little enchanted village of gabled cottages and sleighs and people skating around and Santa Claus driving his reindeer through the whole thing . . .

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was New Year's Eve, 1942, and I was standing at the window watching the road when a car pulled up outside our house. The next minute I was shaking hands with Pvt. (now Maj.) Melvin Douglas, whom my father had met when both were stationed at Little Rock, Arkansas. We spent two wonderful hours, just talking. Capt. Douglas told us about his family, his children, and friends. He showed us his Sharpshooter's Medal and said, "My son loves medals; I'm going to send him this," with great pride in his voice. At eleven o'clock he had to leave, and my parents drove him into town. After he left I just sat there and wondered how many girls' fathers had such famous friends as mine!

Arlene Shapiro
Chicago, Illinois.

Of course it wasn't all movies and merry-go-rounds and fun. Dad had a well-balanced sense of values. He believed in responsibility and self-reliance. Van had his daily chores—coal to bring in and wood to chop and a lawn to mow. The mower was a corny antique, and he's sure no grass ever grew as fast as his father's. He'd hang out the wash and beat the rugs for Grandma, rake and burn the leaves and throw horse chestnuts into the fire. California's wonderful, but even now Van gets homesick for a tangy October evening and the smell of roasting horse-chestnuts on the air.

Winters, when they'd cleared their own walks, he and Dad would go on a little neighborhood tour, shoveling snow for the ladies who had no menfolk of their own. That was Dad's idea, and a nice one too, thinks Van. And his early training's stuck. When he has a day off, he feels uneasy till he's done something constructive—like a fast game of tennis, since he has no lawns to mow. That earns him the right to be lazy the rest of the day.

loss of a world . . .

He was 12 when Grandma died. To both her men, it was like losing a right arm. You know how, when somebody dies, you want to get away from the place and its aching memories? Well, Dad would no more have abandoned his home than his skin, but it must have been the same idea. Because, while he'd never liked changes, now he suddenly decided to do the house all over. Night after night they'd pore over paint charts and wallpaper samples. Then they started on the rooms, one by one, working all night and taking all winter to do it. Dad was the boss workman and Van the helper. He'd scrape woodwork, putty cracks and wet the old wallpaper down. Dad painted, matched up the new strips and pasted them on. At nine he'd go down to the corner for ice cream and a couple of bottles of Moxie and the New

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York World. He never went to bed without reading the old New York World.

They became their own housekeepers and, if Van does say so himself, you couldn't have found a cleaner darn house in town. Left it dusted and speckless each morning, and on Saturdays gave it a regular spring cleaning. They ate out a lot—there was a grand new diner down the street—but Van also developed a taste for cookery. He owned every cook book from Fanny Farmer on down, and his greatest asset was faith in himself. Running out of canned applesauce one afternoon, he took a couple of apples and made his own. From there he went on to prune pie, and it turned out fine.

domestic training . . .

His meals could generally be counted on, but a notable exception was the Case of the Pork Roast. Leaving the market, he noticed they were running a new picture at the movie house—Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life." It was very sad and, tears dripping over the roast, he sat through it twice. They had dinner at ten. Dad had spoken his piece and that was the end of it. He was no nag. Only Van couldn't get over the woes of Claudette—

"Look," said his father at last. "Could you manage to quit basting that meat in brine?"

When Van had the kids in of an evening, Dad would find himself some errand in town, leaving the gang to their blackjack or michigan rummy. Van would fix his specialty—bacon, cucumber and tomato sandwiches—and big pots of coffee, and stay up till midnight with the dishes, because a good host doesn't make his guests help.

Animals were permitted within reason, and you could hardly blame Dad about the German shepherd. Van found him tied up at the gas station, looking noble and patient. "Want him?" asked the man.

"Whaddaya mean, want him?"

"He's a stray. We've been keeping him here, but nobody's called for him—"

Not pausing to look a gift dog in the teeth, Van hauled him home and dumped him into the tub, where he continued patient while water sloshed over him and soap got in his eyes. In the midst of this, Van heard Dad at the door and rushed out to forewarn him. But the noble beast beat him to it, cleared the tub in one leap and went gamboling through the house, spraying lather as he went. In three minutes the place was a shambles. They finally coralled him and led him to the garage.

"That's all, son," said Dad. "From now on, nothing over thirty pounds."

Just the same, they kept him—strictly in the garage—till Van found his owner.

As he grew older, he developed the same kind of reticence about his feelings that his father had. This was partly force of example, partly the sense of being different from other kids, which made him shy. Calling for a schoolmate, he'd find him at table with his family 'round him and could hardly escape the realization that he and Dad led a kind of one-sided existence. But that was a subject he never brought up, knowing instinctively it would hurt his father.

Because of their reserve, the moments when emotion showed through were unforgettable. Confirmation, for instance. Van didn't expect Dad to be there. He never laid off work except for drastic reasons, and to him any public assembly was a thing to stay away from. So when Van looked up as he left the altar, and saw Dad standing at the back of the church, it came as an utter surprise. Their eyes met and Dad gave a little grin. As if to say: "Sure I'm here. Where else would I be on this important occasion?" Van's never lost the warmth of the memory.

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☐ *A starvation diet*
☐ *A new girdle*

If you would shirk-the-workout—try the 5-minute Lazy Mae routine. It means setting-up without *getting* up! Prone in bed, stretch for your tootsies ten times. Bicycle your legs two minutes, then pull them back till toes contact bed headboard. Keeping trim props up your poise. On problem days, let Kotex bolster your confidence—for those patented, *flat tapered ends* don't show revealing outlines. And you'll thank that special *safety center* for the safety *plus* that Kotex gives.

Which proverb applies here?

☐ *All that glitters is not gold*
☐ *Handsome is as handsome does*
☐ *Beauty is only skin deep*

Okay . . . suddenly your face needs a retread. But why make it a public project? It's bad manners. What's more, it deglamourizes a gal. "Handsome is as handsome does"—so do your patchwork in the powder room. And remember, loveliness is lost without *daintiness*, especially on "those" days. Choose Kotex.

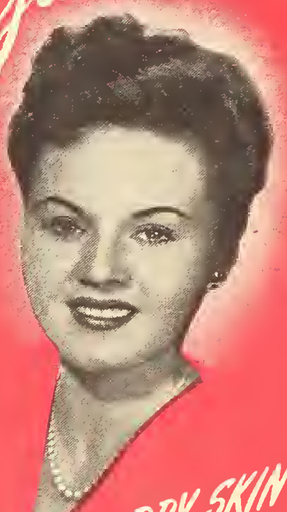
Yes, Kotex contains a deodorant. Locked inside each Kotex, the deodorant can't shake out, because it is processed right into each pad—not merely dusted on. You'll appreciate this new Kotex "extra" to help safeguard your charm.

A DEODORANT
in every Kotex napkin
at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Hello Glamour"



Goodbye DRY SKIN"

says "Outdoorsy"
JUNE STOREY
Appearing in "End of the Road" a Republic Picture

As she sings the praises
of these two
Rich Creams containing
OLIVE OIL

June faces studio lights and outdoor shots—so her advice about dry skin is worth taking! It's this...

Use Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil for quick relief from dryness. It's *all-purpose*—cleans exquisitely... softens... so rich for overnight!

Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil is *grand*, too. Get *both* at your 10¢ store.

LANDER'S CREAMS
WITH OLIVE OIL

10¢ AND 25¢ EACH
plus tax

BUY BONDS AND KEEP THEM!

PINK DELIGHT... New, thrilling shade—in smart Dorothy Reed Lipstick—made with Cream-Seal base so the color stays longer. Jumbo size, swivel case, only 25¢ at your 10¢ store. Dorothy Reed, Cosmetic Stylists, Fifth Avenue, New York.

Then there was his first high school dance. He was taking a girl, the tickets cost plenty, and later you had to treat her to ice cream and stuff. Dad gave him an adequate allowance, and this was his own responsibility. It never occurred to him to ask for a handout. To make sure he wouldn't be caught short, he skipped lunches for a couple of weeks.

"Have a good time?" asked Dad next morning.

"Oh sure. Danced my fool head off. Then the crowd went down to the diner for a snack—"

"Have enough money?"

"Oh sure. Been saving lunch money—"

lunchless lover . . .

There was such a long pause that Van glanced up. Dad had the funniest look in his eyes. "You mean you went without lunch?"

"Gee, that's nothing, Dad." He had to wipe the look out. "All the fellows do it. We just stoke in more at breakfast and dinner, that's all—"

"I'd like you to promise never to do it again, son. There's always enough for anything you need—"

Van kicked himself straight through his chores for not keeping his trap shut.

He doesn't know how the story got around that his dad was a rigid disciplinarian. True, there were certain things he insisted on—like cleanliness and doing your job right and minding your manners. But his methods were mild, and Van was no problem child. Whatever misdeeds he committed stemmed from thoughtlessness rather than deliberate hellraising, and the most Dad ever did was cut down on some privilege. In fact, the punishment Van will remember longest was inflicted by his own conscience.

The pride of Dad's heart was his new Ford. Before driving off mornings, he'd clean it inside and out, and again when he came back. After Van learned to drive, he was allowed to use it on special occasions. One rainy night he backed it into a tree, and crashed the whole rear in—one of those nightmare things that couldn't possibly happen, but did . . .

He remembers driving it into the backyard and crawling miserably to bed—waking to the memory of what he'd done and hating to get up—going to the window where the rain still slashed—

There stood his father, looking at the wreck. Just looking. Then, under his old umbrella, he turned and trudged through the rain toward town. If he'd raised cain, it would have been easier on Van than that glimpse of his dad's face, and the way he plodded patiently off to work.

That night he tried to stammer apologies—

"Well, you didn't do it on purpose. Next time, be careful—"

Next time! With most dads, there'd never have been a next time—

He can't remember when the acting bug bit him, but it must have been pretty early in the game. Naturally, Dad knew he was moviestruck. So were lots of kids. When he plastered movie stars over every inch of his room, right over the new wallpaper, Dad only grunted. "Do what you like in your own room. Just don't bring it out here—"

The chief reason he went to dancing school was that every year they put on a big revue in a real theater. That's where he got the smell of paint in his nostrils, and couldn't get it out. When they handed out questionnaires at high school, asking, among other things, what the kids wanted to be, Van wrote boldly: "Actor—"

With Dad, he wasn't quite so bold. Oh, he'd drop hints every now and then, which were mostly ignored. Or Dad would say, "Sure. And when you were five, you

"Stay perky through your period!"

Be yourself—bright and active. It's easy with Midol. And it's so sensible. Just take Midol at the first sign of menstrual pain. It contains no opiates . . . gives quick, three-way relief of functional discomfort—easing cramps, soothing menstrual headache, brightening you when you're "blue". Get Midol now at any drugstore. Be ready for *comfort*.

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MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

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12 FOR $1.00 Latest shots of your Hollywood favorites. High gloss gives lifelike appearance. FREE! Catalog of over 250 miniature photos including 16 pages of "Pin-up Paradise" sent with order. (To avoid delay, state 2nd choice.)

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Donkey about $13.50*
Two Monkeys about $15.00*
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JEWELRY BY Jordan

*Plus Tax

wanted to be a shortstop." One night they were having dinner at a neighbor's. Dad was in the pantry when the crucial question was tossed at Van. "What're you going to do after graduation?"

"Go to New York and be an actor—"

Dad's eyes came peering round the pantry corner, and his son suddenly felt as if he'd grown eight heads.

If he *had,* you couldn't have blasted the obsession out of any of the eight. It stayed with him through the summer days after graduation, as he got his first taste at wage earning in a fried clam joint. It flourished through the summer evenings as he talked to Lois Radcliffe, who'd traveled in Europe and was pretty sophisticated from his point of view. "You've got to get away," she kept telling him. "New York's the place for you."

To his father he said with elaborate casualness: "I've saved a few dollars, Dad. Think I'll go down to New York for a couple of weeks. May look around—"

Dad eyed him over his spectacles. "Thousands of people down there looking around. And starving—"

"Yeah—well—I can always come back—"

Neither was fooling the other. Dad knew what Van meant by looking around, and Van knew that Dad was saying to himself "He's a Swede and as stubborn as I am. Let him get it out of his system."

At the train, Van was in no mood of elation. He loved his father. He was worried over leaving him alone. What did he think he was doing anyway?—a green galoot off to the big city to crash a profession he didn't know the first thing about—

"Well, goodbye, son. Take care of yourself. Be a good boy—"

Van grinned. That was Dad's regular line. "Be a good boy," he'd say, whenever Van left the house. His spirits lifted. What did he have to lose? There'd always be Dad to come home to—

"You take care of yourself, too. So long, Dad—"

The tall, erect figure stood on the platform till the train disappeared.

You know that Van never went back to stay, though there were times when it looked as if he might. But he kept afloat, and promised himself five years. If he hadn't made a dent by then, he never would. . . .

Periodically, he'd go up to see his old man. Bearing neckties or a sweater or golf balls, depending on how his luck was running. Johnson Sr. had his own way of receiving gifts. His voice would go a little gruff. "Well, that's fine," he'd say. "Now tell me about yourself—" But as quick as next day, he'd be wearing the tie or using the golf balls.

They'd go around visiting old friends, driving to Providence, taking walks along the beautiful cliff road by the ocean. Dad still seemed bewildered by the fact that Van could get *any* kind of job on the stage. "How do you go about it? What happens then? What kind of people are they? How much do they pay you—?"

Skeptical he might be, but nobody else could take a peck at his fledgling—not even a fancied peck. Dad, of course, wouldn't brave the tumult of New York, but when the townsfolk went down, they'd take in Van's show and report.

Once Dad remarked: "So-and-so saw you." Van was in the chorus at the time. "Said you stood out like a sore thumb—"

"That's good," grinned the appreciative actor.

"What's good about a sore thumb?" growled Dad, annoyed. "If he liked you, there's nicer ways of saying it—"

He was also determined that Van shouldn't worry about him. The boy had his own life to live, and Dad was an old hand at looking after himself. During one

GEMS FOR JUNIORS

Something new for lovely you

Here is the bra so different, so comfortable, so essential to your figure beauty. In Perma-Lift an exclusive cushion inset at the base of the bra cups gently supports your bust, remains soft yet firm through countless washings and wear. You'll enjoy wearing Perma-Lift, the bra with the permanent uplift. Wear it daily—wash it nightly—wilt it never.

- Made by the makers of famous Hickory Juniors—Girdles and Panties—"The Foundation of Loveliness." Modestly priced at fine stores everywhere. Trust Perma-Lift and Hickory—trademarks that have stood the test of time.

A. Stein & Company—Chicago—New York—Los Angeles

of his successful years, Van treated himself to some snazzy luggage, including a brass-studded steamer trunk, heavy as lead. All along the line it had taken a couple of porters to move this job. At Providence, before Van could stop him, Dad had it on his back, hauling it to the car. Not bragging exactly. Just making a kind of unspoken statement. "I'm fine, son. Look at me. Good as new—"

long distance fame . . .

The five years passed. Van had been in "Pal Joey," and made a test for Columbia. And though nothing had come of the test, there was a kind of stir in the air that seemed to call for a bonus of an extra year. He went home for a couple of weeks that summer and was in his room, typing a letter, when the phone rang with the bid from Warner Brothers.

"Looks like I'm going to Hollywood, Dad—"

"What happened?"

"Just got a long distance call."

It wasn't the offer so much as the long distance that impressed Dad. "If they'd go to that trouble," he said slowly, "I guess they must want you—"

Eventually they dropped him, which wasn't so smart, because M-G-M picked him up and parlayed him into a gold mine. But that's another story. . . .

Dad continues to use his regular line. His letters are never signed, "Yours etc." They always wind up: "Be a good boy. Dad."

What he can't say, he can sometimes write. Especially since the night his son almost died. . . .

Van lay in the hospital after his first transfusion. Through the haze of pain and faintness, words penetrated. "What's his father's phone number?" Everything within him rose up and cried no. His dad had never been on a train in his life, much less a plane. They couldn't do this, he had to stop it—

BE A SUMMER SANTA CLAUS!

Seems funny to think of Christmas while your sunburn's still peeling, but packages to your fightin' man overseas must go out between September 15 and October 15 . . . or he'll be fightin' mad! Don't let him down! He's twice as lonesome for home now that half the job is done. So shop early, unless you want your gift to arrive for Easter instead . . . and do shop wisely: No perishables! Wrap well in strong box and cord, address clearly in waterproof ink, and make it a really Merry Christmas for That Man overseas!

The doctor leaned toward him. "Don't—get my father—out here. He'd—die—"

Keenan Wynn bent over. "I'll phone him—"

"Yes—but tell him—I'm all right—"

Without going to church every Sunday, Van's dad is a deeply religious man. He hates hearing the Lord's name taken in vain. Yet all he could say to Keenan that dreadful night was "Oh God! Oh God!" over and over again. It was the measure of a man's agony.

actor's father . . .

That's all over now. Though on the phone he still asks first of all: "How are your headaches? Do you get enough rest?"

Reassured on that score, he goes on to other things. "Saw 'Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo' last night. There was quite a turnout. Had to stand on line—"

The management would be pleased to pass Van's father in, but he doesn't believe in special privilege. Also, Van's beginning to suspect he enjoys his position as an actor's parent—

"Like the show, Dad?"

"Yes, it was fine. But why did you make so many faces?" Or: "Why didn't you smile?"

Van explains that you can't go round showing your fifty-four teeth all the time.

"Well, I like to see you smile—"

The conversation continues. "How's Martha, Dad?"

"Don't call an older woman by her first name. *Mrs.* Martin's fine. So-and-so had all his teeth out. Remember the Armstrong boy? His wife just had a baby boy. By the way, thanks for the jacket—"

"Think it's too loud?"

"I thought so at first, but I'm getting used to it now—"

There's one phenomenon of success that still puzzles Dad. After Van's first radio broadcast, he asked: "What's all the yelling?"

"Kids. They pulled my coat apart—"

"Does that mean they *like* you?"

"That," laughed Van, "is a very legitimate question. The answer seems to be yes—"

"Glad to hear it. Sounded to me like they might be mad at you—"

Occasionally he'll let slip a rather wistful: "I'd like to see you." With no time off to go east, Van's been trying to get him out to California. So far, no soap. Dad still clings to the old familiar places. Maybe, when the war's over and Van has a house. . . .

Maybe's as far as Dad will commit himself. You can't have everything, and the main thing he's got. The main thing—as it's always been—is that Van's well and happy. And a good boy.

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is Worth a Pound of Cure!

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat.

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

RHAPSODY MAN

(*Continued from page 54*)

course, "Huba, huba, huba!" The next day they met before the same counter. Bob bought salami and Joan bought bologna. By the end of the week a tradition had been established: They were meeting every day over a cupa cawfee and a sandwich.

Bob discovered the salient characteristic of the wand-like little woman: She believed in things such as love, marriage, a home, ambition, struggle . . . and Bob.

So Bob lightly turned his thoughts to that springboard of matrimony: Money. Of which he had very few. Originally, in his early high school days he had decided to become a doctor. He liked chemistry and he was a fast man with a triangular bandage, but his relatives discouraged him. Those already engaged in the healing profession pointed out the long years of training necessary, and after that the long years of thankless service to be rendered before a man could support a family.

Abandoning this ambition, he got a job as office boy in an architectural firm and had worked his way up to junior draftsman standing when, in the classic words of VARIETY, Wall Street laid an egg. It crashed with a splash that egged architecture right out of the financial district. Tycoons became scrambled yeggs, and Bob got himself a job as stock clerk in a department store.

It was during this period that he met Joan. However, juggling packing cases was not his only means of support; he was also holding down a radio job during his noon hour. This is the way he got into show business in the first place: At a neighborhood theatre a picture entitled "Merely Mary Ann" starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell was playing, and someone was wanted to sing the theme song. Bob qualified, was paid $25 for winning the "Merely Mary Ann" competition, and decided that he was in show business.

He discussed his career with Joan while they were out walking one Sunday. Did she think they would be able to make a start on his income as stockroom clerk and occasional radio singer? She said positively that he was going places; she had galloping premonitions about his future.

"Oh, look," she interrupted her lavish tribute to his future success, "at that darling print dress." The gown was worn by an austere store window manikin. The background was white and on it were nosegays of soft blue flowers.

"You'd sure look sweet in that," agreed Bob.

Joan sighed. "Maybe I'll buy it in a week or so." And they walked on, returning to talk of the future.

When Bob received his paycheck that week he strode to the store, asked the size of the dress (14), said, "That's just right," and made his purchase. It was the first gift he had ever purchased for Joan. Currently, whenever Bob and Joan spy such a frock, they smile into each other's eyes and nod. "Reminds me of 'our' first dress," one of them says.

Bob's most recent gift to his wife was made on February 26 to celebrate *his* birthday and it consisted of what he described, beaming broadly, as "a little old mink coat."

They decided in November, 1932, at about the time President Roosevelt was being elected, that they would be married on New Year's Eve, the day before the hopeful beginning of 1933. Bob was just past eighteen; Joan was a year younger.

Bob, not quite so jaunty as usual, had

Pond's *Make-up Pat*

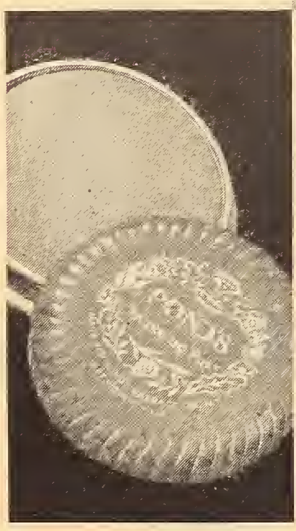
"Water-Colors"
Pond's new Make-up Pat washes gorgeously smooth, natural color over your face.

"Camouflages"
Make-up Pat hides little blemishes, freckles. Gives skin a young, "poreless" finish.

"De-Shines"
Does away with nose shine! Gives your face a velvety, just-made-up look that lasts and *lasts!*

Famous Beauties of Society love it!

MRS. ROBERT BACON WHITNEY—one of the young society leaders who wear—and love—Pond's Make-up Pat.



POND'S MAKE-UP PAT protects your skin from dirt, weather. Wear it every day—for more glamour!

Pond's double-formula discovery means foolproof flattery in Every Shade!

Pond's tested the many cake make-up shades carefully—discovered that *no one formula* works equally well for both light and dark shades! So Pond's Make-up Pat uses a *double* formula:

The ***lighter*** **shades** are in a featherweight formula—go on soft-tinted . . . fresh. Never chalky.

The ***darker*** **shades** are in a richer formula to carry richer color, rosier glow. Never sallow!

And it's so *easy* to look lovelier with Pond's Make-up Pat! Apply with a damp sponge or cotton. While moist, blend with fingertips. 6 shades—and they all give *foolproof* flattery! 69¢, 39¢, plus tax.

Sandra found shopping packed plenty of punch...

–But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair stylish till lunch!

• Why is a bobby pin? To *hold* your hair—smoothly, firmly, invisibly. And that's the way HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads. Add satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends ...and you have the advantages that make HOLD-BOBS America's favorites! Look for, ask for, the HOLD-BOB card.

HOLD-BOB
IN COLORS TO MATCH THE HAIR
10¢
THE SPRING THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE

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HOLD-BOB
"The bobby pins that HOLD"

an announcement to make on December 30, the day before the ceremony was scheduled. "I got notice today that I'll be through tomorrow night. They're cutting down the Christmas force, so that means I'm going to be pared, as well as paired. How about it, Joan—still game?"

She didn't hesitate an instant. "You'll get something better. I *know* you're going to be a big success."

The times were really rugged. Bob got a job, singing with a burlesque show; the management liked his voice so much that they spotted him for twelve songs, each song to have two or three choruses. The first night he gave out with everything but the sextet from "Lucia;" he poured it on strictly from Pagliacci. And the next day he had laryngitis.

After that he sang a little less and worked a little more at playing straight man for the comedians in the show. Incidentally, did you ever realize that there would be no comedian (except in Danny Kaye cases) if it weren't for the straight man? Comedians are steak sauce, but first you've got to have the steak.

The show went on tour, and Joan went along. They lived in suitcases, in trunks, in trains, buses, bleak hotels. But at least they were in New York when Alphonse, Jr. arrived. Bob had managed to get a practical nurse, but as the doctor left he said to Bob: "Now, it's up to you."

Bob cooked, sterilized bottles, made formulas, shampooed the three-cornered slacks. He would light a cigarette with trembling fingers, open a can of creamed chicken, light another cigarette, answer Joan's call bell, get her a glass of water, light another cigarette . . . At one time he discovered with horror that he had six glowing cigarettes chummily burning holes in the furniture.

Somehow all three members of the family managed to survive the perils of parenthood. Bob went back to burlesque and bounced around considerably until he landed a night club spot. The next day he was offered three screen tests, two in New York, one in Hollywood. He talked it over with Joan. "You belong in Hollywood. Let's go," said that intrepid teammate. So they hit Los Angeles in 1943 when the housing shortage was making

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My husband and I are baseball fans, and as our home is in Los Angeles, we've seen a number of movie celebrities at the different games. Most autograph hunters confine their activities to before and after the game, but this afternoon a particularly impatient little boy couldn't wait to ask his idol—George Raft—to sign his book. It was the last half of the ninth inning, and the score was tied. Everyone was tense with excitement, including Mr. Raft, who rose from his seat with the others to see if there was going to be a home run. Just then the little boy tugged at George Raft's coat, and said, "Could I have your autograph, please?" Mr. Raft didn't hesitate a moment, though I'm sure he was as anxious as the rest of us to learn the outcome of the game. He gave the kid a big smile, said, "Sure, sonny," and sat down amidst all the excitement to write in the boy's book. A great guy, I think!

Mrs. R. L. Qualls
Los Angeles, Calif.

more people homeless than Vesuvius managed in its best day. The three Aldas found a room in a small, a very small, hotel.

Bob reported to the studio almost daily, then returned to the cramped hotel room. Nothing definitely had been established, but after seven weeks Joan found a bungalow, persuaded Bob to lease it, and settled down to write to all the Alda family friends: "We are settled in Hollywood and we are so happy. Everything is wonderful. Bob is to play 'George Gershwin.'"

Bob hadn't even tested for the part so his scalp shriveled like a dried apple when he learned of this blithe assumption. But Joan is a better Fate foreteller than Bob believed at that time. He *did* get the part; he *did* sign a contract; he *did* go to work; and he *did* have problems. He was accustomed to stage technique; he didn't know how to play the piano. He was rolling out of the tired Simmons every morning at six, reporting to the studio, rushing home long enough at night for a quick dinner, then reporting to his piano teacher, with whom he practiced until midnight. Sometime during those hours he studied his script.

Then came the day when he began to relax; he had become accustomed to the medium of motion pictures and he knew from the reaction of the people with whom he was working that they approved of the job he was doing. The biggest day in the shooting was that scene in which Gershwin returned after a triumphal tour . . . this festive scene was interrupted by the set telephone's insistent light blinking, blinking . . . a frantic voice demanded to talk to Bob . . . "Oh, Bob, I'm so worried. The doctor is here, he says our boy has polio. . . ."

Bob, ashen-faced, drove home, took his son to the hospital, walked the corridor for nine hours. Today, in 1945, Alli is unmarked by his ordeal. He is nine, has the gay, glib personality of his dad, the coloring of his mother.

He and Bob are constant performers at the Hollywood Canteen; they do the celebrated Abbott & Costello baseball routine. Alli has been taught certain remarks—i. e. "I still have to go to school, but look who stays home!" "What is the country going to do about *senior* delinquents!" etc. Bob's line, defensively spoken, but with a proud parent, proud co-star beam, is always, "Stick to the script."

Afterward, on the way home to the 11½ acre farm Bob has bought near Sunland, he and Alli discuss their timing, alteration of gags, and reaction of audience like old-line troupers.

There is just one thing about which Alli is impatient; His dad has been a star for 25 months at Warner Brothers, but he hasn't yet seen Bob in pictures. Even as you and I—but "Gershwin" is currently packing 'em in at theaters the country over (after a really terrific premiere in New York), so from here on in there's no question but that we'll be having loads of Alda instead of Nothing At Alda.

OCTOBER ISSUE

You know how fast a theater fills when Van Johnson's on the screen? Well, that's nothing compared to how fast the October MODERN SCREEN will vanish once it hits the newsstands on September 11. So get there early . . . And P.S. Frankie's on the cover!

Be Lovely to Love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh . . . . the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth. Doesn't dry out... usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢

On lips that know romance . . .

Stadium Girl LIPSTICK in SUNSET PINK

Sunset Pink on your lovely lips — soft . . . warm . . . alluring. One of six of the season's smartest, most captivating shades, available in Stadium Girl Lipstick. . . . Long a favorite of many popular, budget-wise, beauty-wise women, Stadium Girl now has a smoother-than-ever texture — new, lingering radiance for your lips. Convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up container. . . . Let Stadium Girl Lipstick—in Sunset Pink — help you enjoy the thrill of kissable lips. Ask for Stadium Girl at your nearest five-and-ten cent store. 10¢ and 25¢ sizes (plus tax.)

Leading 10¢ stores also carry Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . and Stadium Girl Compacts.

Six exciting shades:

Cherry Red *(med. lt.)*
Sunset Pink *(med.)*
Orchid
Tropic *(med. dark)*
Ruby *(dark)*
Burgundy *(very dark)*

Be a charmer with a Chatelaine! Intriguing eye-catcher that will highlight your prettiest dress or suit. Pink gold finished metal. About $4.00 at your favorite store.

Coro JEWELRY

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*Plus Federal Tax

SHORE LEAVE

(Continued from page 31)

pin-up from a magazine cover and used to write regular to nineteen fellows in the outfit. When I left, they said: 'Find Cathy Downs and tell her thanks—'

Please don't think I'm fresh. Just sitting here, thinking of home, this kind of spilled off the pen by itself.

Yours truly,
Kice Miller,
Gunners Mate 3rd Class,
Terminal Island, San Pedro, Calif.

P.S.—I know it's a pipedream. Please forget it and excuse me."

In the course of events, this letter reached Sybil Brand. You kids know that Sybil Brand is head of the NAA, which sends you stars' autographs at a quarter apiece, and uses the money to brighten things up for our Navy boys on shore leave. Well, Mrs. Brand looked up from that letter and she wasn't laughing. "Seventeen months in the South Pacific, and he says excuse me." Then she picked up the phone. "I want to get hold of Mary Anderson and Cathy Downs—"

Dana Andrews and his wife dined with the Harry Brands that night, and Mrs. Brand told them about the letter. "Let me do something, too," Dana begged. "Tell him to bring a buddy along, and let's give them a day with the girls and I'll play host—"

"And maybe we can get Modern Screen to take pictures. Then they can send the magazine home to their folks—

"And to those nineteen guys in the South Pacific—"

You can read the rest of the story in the pictures.

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 20)

dinner was not what you'd call peaceful. I kept trying to pump Diana about her musical preferences, and every time I opened my mouth someone would put his head in it, leaning down to talk to an honest-to-goodness movie actress.

union member . . .

From the Copacabana, we hopped a taxi to the Onyx Club, and in the taxi we had a chance for some conversation. It turned out that Diana's a member of Local 47—the Los Angeles chapter of the American Federation of Musicians. She's also something of a prodigy—started playing the piano at the age of four, and by the time she was six, she was reading music fluently! She's very casual about it.

"I studied with my mother, and when I got older I accompanied violinists and singers sometimes." Nothing to it, you understand. She played with the California Junior Symphony from the time she was twelve to the time she was fifteen, though most of the kids were twenty and twenty-one. She was quite a snob in those days, she admits.

"About music. Strictly classical, I wanted it. I didn't care for popular stuff until about two years ago when I began to go to dances with boys."

She still isn't what you'd call a rabid swing fan, though her tastes are vastly more catholic than of yore. Next to the Chopin, Cortot, Debussy, Ravel and Bach in the Lynn collection, you can find some Duke Ellington (he's pretty much her favorite jazz man) and some Artie Shaw.

She goes for the small bands like Louis

Jordan and King Cole. She likes Martha Tilton, Lena Horne and Ethel Waters. Songs, she'll take schmaltz-y—"Sweet Lorraine," "These Foolish Things," "Dancing in the Dark."

And now comes a blow. You know that boogie-woogie she plays so beautifully in "Out of This World?" Well, it doesn't come natural to her. She says so right out. "I'm not a jazz musician. I can't play boogie-woogie unless it's written down for me, note by note, and there's a big orchestral background. Nothing spontaneous about it."

She sighs, a little wistfully. "But I've got perfect pitch."

Now don't overlook that last. Perfect pitch is fairly rare, and many musicians don't have it, and it isn't a thing you can cultivate. It's a very remarkable gift. If you've got it, a person can sing, hum, play or whistle any note in the whole wide world—and before he's done, you can name the thing. "B-flat, C-sharp. F-natural," just like that.

Anyhow, by now we were at the Onyx Club on 52nd Street where Stuff Smith and Hot Lips Page were spreading themselves around.

Diana's technical knowledge influences her appreciation, and she kept squealing, "Ooh, listen to those fourths! Oh, listen to those elevenths!" all the time Stuff was playing. Confusing for the uninitiated, but vastly gratifying to Mr. Smith. Hot Lips impressed her, too. He's a fellow from Texas who plays trumpet and sings blues in a very authentic way.

I tore Diana away from the fourths and elevenths, and across the street to the Three Deuces. Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet, was soloing when we arrived. 21st Century Gabriel would be a good name for Dizzy—his stuff is so radically different from, say, that of Harry James, that it hardly seems he plays the same instrument. I'm not saying one is better than the other, but I think Dizzy's twenty years ahead of his time.

Once again, Diana's musical background made her realize what was going on, and how difficult it was to do. She could hear him changing keys in mid-phrase, so to speak.

After Dizzy came a chap named Erroll Garner—a pianist who works with a quartet. Garner came into town from Pittsburgh, last year. He doesn't read music; doesn't study much. He's just a natural genius. Diana got so excited she was in imminent danger of being drowned in her own Pepsi. She talked a lot about Erroll.

"I want to go home and work. I want to do some really serious practicing. He's been the most exciting thing on my whole trip!"

Everyone's saying Erroll's the hottest piano discovery since Tatum. His playing shows definite classical influence—he's been inspired by everyone from Debussy to Ellington, and yet his music is vitally and peculiarly his own.

When he'd gone, Diana leaned across the table. "Do you think maybe he'd do an encore?" I went back to ask him. Erroll obliged, and I didn't think the grin would come off the Lynn face, ever.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Like Lon McCallister? June Allyson? Tom Drake? We thought so! If you'd like their (or any other star's) autograph, whisk over to page 71 and learn the MODERN SCREEN way of getting them!

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We headed for Kelly's Stable, a while later, to hear the Vivien Garry trio. They have a lot in common with King Cole's threesome. Same style. Diana loved Vivien's singing and bass playing, and she sat in at the piano herself for the photographer, but she refused to play a note. "I'm not a jazz musician," she kept explaining patiently.

Possibly not. But she *is* a swell kid.

The Astor ballroom was very crowded and very hot the night I went to seek out Harry James. I caught him, between sets, behind the bandstand. He was sprawled out in a chair, shirt open at the throat, tie off. We couldn't go down to talk, because Harry'd be mobbed, so we stayed there and kicked things around a while.

"What do you think you'll be doing ten years from today, Harry?" I said.

He sounded as though he'd had it all figured out very carefully for a long, long time. "In ten years, I'll be living on a ranch in Southern California. I'll have three kids at school, and three thousand head of cattle (not at school) and the ranch'll be self-supporting."

I wondered whether he planned to keep in contact with the music business. "Maybe as a publisher," he said. "I might have a music publishing company. And I guess I'll make a record occasionally."

"Would you want the kids to be in music, Harry?"

That was easy. "I'll give them a musical education, if they want it, and show talent. After that, they make their own choices."

Harry said Betty would be retired long before the ten years were gone.

He and Betty wouldn't like to stay in New York all the time. "Everything and everybody is too busy. You can get more work done in less time on the coast."

The Jameses weren't at the Astor. They had an apartment (the location of which only about two people in the world—and I'm not one of them—know). This insured them a million times more privacy.

"No phone, though," Harry said. "The former tenant took it with him. It's wonderful, in a way, because the place is so quiet, but on the other hand, where there's a baby, you like to have a phone available for any little emergencies. Of course, we can always use the neighbors' if we have to, but we don't like to bother them." If you can picture the neighbor who wouldn't love to be bothered!

new york's nice to visit . . .

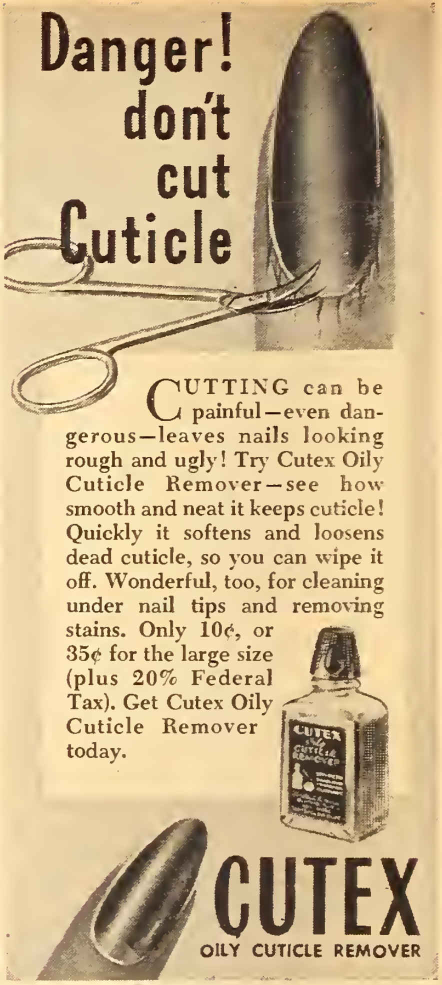
Anyhow, Harry seems to prefer quiet apartments to crowded hotels, and peaceful Hollywood to more frenzied New York.

"Maybe it's because I lived out of a trunk from the time I was fifteen, when I first went out with a band. For twelve years (not counting the years with the circus, before that), until I bought my house, two years ago. That house gave me a good feeling."

Now, while the life of Mr. James is not placid, it's got an air of order about it. Once a year he does a picture for Twentieth Century-Fox, and they have an option for another. If they don't take the option, he can make one outside picture. Currently, he's interested in Dorothy Baker's "Young Man With a Horn"—a best seller of a few years ago. Bruce Manning—Harry says he's one of the best young screen writers—is nuts about the story, and he'll do the screen play if the project goes through.

We discussed Harry's newest picture, "Kitten on the Keys." There's a number in it that ought to be sensational. Harry does "St. Louis Blues" with a hundred and three piece symphony in back of him. The orchestration was done by Herb Spencer and Billy May.

"I don't know how it came out," Harry said. "You never can tell until you see



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the finished picture. I saw rushes of 'Two Girls and a Sailor' and thought it would be awful. It turned out swell."

I asked Harry where he'd be in September.

"Probably at the Palladium in Hollywood, playing. Or else doing a picture."

I wanted to find out any news about other members of the band before I took my leave, and Harry said a flying clique had developed. Vocalist Kitty Kallen had started taking lessons at a field in Rahway, New Jersey. So had Buddy Di Vito. Ray Heath, who's a solo trombone player, is a solo flyer now, too. He had to make a forced landing on his first flight, but everything came out okay.

Harry grinned, as he got up, stretched and prepared to go back to work. "Take it easy," he said. "Be seeing you."

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

AND THERE YOU ARE—Andy Russell (Capitol), Kate Smith (Columbia)

ENLLORO (VOODOO MOON)—Xavier Cugat (Columbia), Carmen Cavallaro (Decca)

GOOD, GOOD, GOOD—Jose Bethancourt (Musicraft)

GOTTA BE THIS OR THAT—Benny Goodman (Columbia), Joe Marsala (Musicraft)

I FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY—Dinah Shore (Victor), George Auld (Guild)

IF YOU ARE BUT A DREAM—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

IF I LOVED YOU—Perry Como (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca), Harry James (Columbia)

JUNE COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)

ON THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE—Johnny Mercer (Capitol), Tommy Dorsey (Victor)

OH! BROTHER—Harry James (Columbia)

BEST HOT JAZZ

SIDNEY DE PARIS—The Call of the Blues (Blue Note)

TOMMY DORSEY—DUKE ELLINGTON—The Minor Goes Mugging (Victor)

ERROLL GARNER—Twistin' the Cat's Tail (Black and White)

DIZZY GILLESPIE—Salt Peanuts (Manor)

BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET—Slipped Disc (Columbia)

WOODY HERMAN—Goosey Gander (Columbia)

GENE KRUPA—What's This? (Columbia)

JOE MARSALA—Southern Comfort (Musicraft)

LUCKY MILLINDER—Shipyard Social Function (Decca)

BILLY TAYLOR—Carny-Val In Rhythm (Keynote)

BEST ALBUMS

DEBUSSY PIANO MUSIC—Artur Rubinstein (Victor)

DINNING SISTERS—Vocal Trio Numbers (Capitol)

GERSHWIN—Billy Butterfield Orchestra (Capitol)

GOLDEN MOMENTS OF SONG—Jan Peerce (Victor)

JEANETTE MacDONALD—Religious Songs (Victor)

ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH—V-E Day Broadcast (Columbia)

PORGY & BESS—Sevitzky-Indianapolis Symphony (Victor)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Arthur Fiedler & Boston Pops (Victor)

SONGS OF DEVOTION—Fred Waring Glee Club & Orch. (Decca)

See **BETTY HUTTON** starring in "Incendiary Blonde"—*A Paramount Production*

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Pan-American Coffee Bureau

How to prevent a case of poison ivy: Picnic luxuriously on your front porch with fancy sandwiches and iced coffee to forget the heat!

● Omar Khayyám's picnic lunch—"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou," sounds a little dull to most of us. He was probably secretly hoping that "thou" wouldst show up with a well-filled hamper containing potato salad, frankfurters, cheese sandwiches, sweet pickles, fruit gelatine, sponge cake and a thermos full of lemonade!

Don't underestimate picnic appetites. Fresh air, exercise and relaxation, as well as the care-free atmosphere of the meal, have their effect so that even the friend who is a nibbler pitches in saying, "Usually I can't eat a thing! I can't think why I'm so hungry! May I have another sandwich?"

Because there are so many kinds of picnic meals, we'll limit ourselves to the lunch which is almost entirely prepared at home and has to be carried, without benefit of car, to the picnic site.

More or less unrationed and easy to find are favorites such as potato chips, pretzels, baked beans, olives, sweet pickles, fruit, packaged cookies, crackers, cheese and meat spreads, and, if there's a chance to build a campfire, frankfurters and potatoes. (And don't forget paper plates, cups, napkins, wax paper and something resembling spoons and forks!)

While some people just won't budge unless there's going to be potato salad and deviled eggs on the menu, we're giving you a number of sandwich filling combinations. Proportions of each ingredient aren't so important, but do use plenty of mayonnaise with the non-sweet fillings and season them to taste.

Dessert had better be fresh fruit and some kind of cookie—easy to pack, easy to serve.

Have a nice time and *don't* forget the salt shaker!

PICNIC SANDWICH FILLINGS

Trim crusts from white, whole wheat or rye bread. Spread bread with softened butter, fortified margarine or mayonnaise. If bread is too soft to be handled easily, chill it for 15 to 20 minutes to make it firmer. Wrap sandwiches carefully in wax paper to keep them from drying out. Let us not be stingy in spreading any of the following sandwich fillings!

1. Crush salted peanuts with rolling pin. Add chopped stuffed olives and mayonnaise to taste.
2. Blend hard cooked eggs, finely chopped, with mayonnaise and any one of the following: Finely

By Nancy Wood

chopped sweet pickles; chopped olives; crisp bits of bacon; sardines or anchovies, mashed or chopped; chopped watercress.

3. Cottage or cream cheese blends well with any of these: Chopped nut meats, minced onion or chives, sardines, anchovies or marinated herring, piccalilli, chopped watercress, olives or marinated cucumber.

4. Peanut butter is a very favorite sandwich spread "as is," but it combines flavorfully with jelly; shredded carrots and chopped raisins; crushed crisp bacon, or sweet pickle relish.

5. Use watercress as the main ingredient of an appetizing, low-calorie sandwich. Its flavor blends well with many foods, but for a summer sandwich add other salad vegetables in combination: Chopped marinated cucumber, minced chives or onions, sliced tomatoes or green peppers.

6. Very conspicuous by its absence—the time-honored ham sandwich! So we'll talk about liverwurst instead. Fancy it up by mashing, and adding finely chopped green pepper or onion, minced celery or radishes. If you've Worcestershire sauce, add it by the eighth teaspoon until you have enough for a delicate flavor blend.

This is a good picnic salad, for none of these vegetables will wilt:

AL FRESCO SALAD

1 *cup diced cooked beets*
1 *cup diced cooked carrots*
1 *cup chopped celery*
½ *cup cooked or canned green peas*
½ *cup diced cucumbers*
1 *cup diced, cooked potatoes*
mayonnaise
lemon juice, optional

Combine vegetables with enough mayonnaise to moisten. Add salt to taste and a few drops of lemon juice if needed. Sweet or sour cream or cream cheese blended with the mayyonnaise adds richness. Serves 6. Serve chilled, if possible.

PLAIN CUP CAKES

½ *cup shortening*
¼ *cup sugar*
¾ *cup corn syrup*
1 *teaspoon vanilla extract*
1 *egg*
2 *cups sifted enriched flour*
3 *teaspoons baking powder*
1 *teaspoon salt*
½ *cup milk*

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add corn syrup gradually. Beat well. Add vanilla extract. Add egg, beating until light and fluffy. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with milk, beating well after each addition. Fill greased 2-inch muffin cups half full. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 20 minutes. Yield: 24 2-inch cup cakes. May be frosted or, before baking, dough may be sprinkled with chopped nut meats, cocoanut or sweet chocolate bits.

UNBAKED CHOCOLATE BROWNIES

2 *squares (2 ozs.) unsweetened chocolate*
1⅓ *cups (15 oz. can) sweetened condensed milk*
2 *cups (⅓ pound) vanilla wafer or graham cracker crumbs*
1 *cup finely chopped walnut meats*

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and stir over rapidly boiling water 5 minutes or until thick. Remove from heat and add cracker crumbs and ½ cup chopped nut meats. Butter shallow 8 x 8 inch pan and sprinkle with ¼ cup nut meats. Place chocolate mixture in pan and spread evenly, using a knife dipped in hot water. Sprinkle with rest of nut meats. Chill six hours or overnight. Cut in squares.

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JOIN A FAN CLUB!

(*Continued from page 45*)

tonight, before the broadcast, Frank was going to announce the amount they'd raised for the fund. It was a lot. It had surprised everybody, including Pam. Most of the clubs had given ten dollars apiece. Some of them more. And then a friend of Frank's had heard about Pam's efforts, and had sent a check for *one thousand dollars!* So the Swimming Pool Fund had done all right, and Pam had a nice little glow of happiness at having been able to help in something Frank wanted.

what's in a name? . . .

He looked awfully handsome tonight. Half the kids in the audience were crying because it was his last broadcast for the Parade. Frank stepped to the mike and made an earnest little speech about the fund, and how proud he was of the amount they were contributing. "I can't mention each individual contributor, of course," he said. "But someone has just handed me a list of some of the clubs. I could read that."

They clapped, and he pulled the list out of his pocket. He grinned down at them, and then he looked at the list, and his ears got red. "Go ahead, Frankie!" they yelled.

"Well. Uh." The corners of his mouth twitched uncontrollably. "Number one—'The Frank Sinatra Solid Sending Swooning Screaming Sirens.' Two—'Grand Guy Frank.'" The ears got redder. "Three—'The Swoonettes.' Four—'The Bobby Sox Brigade.' Five—'The Hotra Sinatra Club.'" Laughter overcame him momentarily. His blue eyes rolled gleefully. "Whoever dreams up these names? They're terrific! Six—'The Semper Sinatra Swoonettes.' Seven—'The Fascinated Fans of Frankie.' Eight—'The Frank Sinatra Swoon Club.' Nine—'The Sigh Guy.'" He stopped and grinned right at Pam. "Who's supposed to do the sighing? You or me?" He looked at the list again. "This last one's a killer. Get this. Number ten—'The Sinatra Swoon Society of Sizzling Swooners Suffering From Sinatritis.'" He exploded into hilarious laughter then, and the fans forgot their tears and laughed with him.

Well, not all fan clubs have as fancy names as those. But whether they do or not, they are very practical organizations indeed. Like the Sinatra club that opened an office in a Staten Island business skyscraper. Imagine a bunch of executives at an important business conference, while in the next office somebody's playing a record of Frankie singing "Night and Day." But from the kids' point of view, their set-up was a sound idea. Because fan clubs are really a business. Files must be kept, bank accounts coped with, hundreds of letters sent out. People who don't know about fan clubs are apt to think of them as a dozen or so kids sitting around cutting out pictures of their favorite movie star. They do that, too, but believe me, that's only a minor item. The amount of time, money and energy that goes into these clubs gives me gray hairs just thinking about it.

There are dozens of Frank Sinatra clubs, and they really accomplish things. Take that California group. They wanted to give Frank a really super-extra-hoopla present. One that none of the other clubs could duplicate. So they raised money every way they could think of, and finally had a handsome sum stacked up. Then the club president went to Nancy.

"Look, what would Frank like? Better than *anything?*"

Nancy pondered. "Honestly, I don't know. But I'll find out."

She did. "You know what he wants you to do with the money? Use it toward that fund they're raising for a game room for the returned soldiers. There isn't a thing in the world you could give him that would please him as much as that."

Your Frankie's word is law. The dough made an impressive contribution toward the game room. And in New York another Sinatra club was knocking itself out to raise money for the swimming pool at Halloran hospital. They sent a bunch of Sinatra records out to Halloran, too, and if you don't think the GIs go for them, you aren't as bright as your Aunt Hedda believes.

The Nelson Eddy club is another that does its bit for charity. They collect money "for Nelson," at Christmas time, and see that he gets a very nifty present indeed—with exactly one-tenth of the money. The rest goes to the Red Cross. A lot of other clubs follow much the same principle. Of course you can't expect people to know things like that about fan clubs, because the kids don't ask for any publicity on these gestures. They do it because they know it pleases their star.

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I've heard some very silly talk lately about fan clubs being "dangerous." "Pressure groups," and all that. Pressure groups, my eye! Suppose the kids in your neighborhood happen to like strawberry ice cream instead of chocolate or vanilla. Every time they go to the drug store they're going to ask for strawberry ice cream. Does that make them a "pressure group?" If it does, I'll take a running jump into the pretty, blue Pacific. Naturally, each club boosts its own particular star. Naturally, they do everything they can to help him or her along the road to success. Look at the influence the Gene Autry "postcard patrol" has had. When Gene went into the army and Republic started building up other stars to take his place, his fan clubs went into action. They organized the "postcard patrol." It was all done in a very efficient way. So many postcards per fan per month. Editors of every publication you can imagine were deluged with requests to print pictures and mentions of Gene Autry. I happen to know a man who edits a staid and conservative magazine, read mostly by dowagers. He's a charming person, but he has one really spectacular allergy. He can't stand horses. A newsreel of a horse race will give him the screaming meemies, and the sight of a mounted cop gives him the shakes for a week. The Gene Autry patrol began to get this guy down. All these requests to run pictures of the cowboy star and his horse! The editor got so he didn't dare open his mail in the morning. He'd sit there staring at it as if a horse might leap out of the top letter with a loud neigh. He finally, in sheer desperation, ran a picture of Autry, hoping it would stop the deluge. P. S.: It didn't!

inner sanctum . . .

Of course, the fundamental reason the fan clubs have waxed to such impressive dimensions is because they're fun to belong to. In the first place, the fan club journal sees to it that you get all the dope on your star. What he eats for breakfast, whether he's really as tall as he looks on the screen, who his current girl friend is. Pretty soon you know as much about him as his own mother. You get snapshots of him that club members have taken. You're *in.* But there's another important angle. Through club meetings or letters, you meet a lot of girls who have the same interests you do. Some boys, too. Sure, boys join fan clubs. Anyway, the point is that if you swoon over Bob Walker, for instance, and the girl sitting next to you at a club meeting does too, you'll probably find you have a lot of other things in common. Some pretty swell friendships have come out of fan clubs. And a romance or two.

There's a young couple living happily in a small Ohio town today who would never have met if they hadn't both been nuts about Jimmy Stewart. The girl lived up in Massachusetts, which is quite a step from Ohio, but they belonged to the same fan club. They each liked poetry, and they happened to have a poem apiece in the same issue of the club journal. The boy wrote a complimentary little note to the girl, and she answered it. After that they corresponded all the time. Finally the gal went to New York to work, and the boy came to the Big Town to see the sights. Of course the sight he wanted most to see was The Girl. Only they were scared to death to meet. Suppose, she thought miserably, he turned out to be completely different from his letters. An awful wolf, or something. And the boy worried about whether the girl really looked like the snapshot she had sent him. You read about kids sending men pictures of their glamor girl sisters,

Complexion dull... weary looking?
Too scratchy for smooth make-up?

1-Minute Mask

Lovely Mrs. Allan A. Ryan—

This popular member of New York society is an enthusiastic user of the 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. "It's an ideal pick-me-up for a roughened, end-of-the-day complexion," she says. ". . . Makes it softer and fresher—*quickly!*"

Make your skin look clearer . . . smoother!

Three or four times a week—whenever your skin looks rough or tired, have this refreshing glamour pick-up:

Spread a white, cool coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your entire face—except eyes. Leave this Mask on for one full minute.

"*Keratolytic*" *action* of the cream loosens scratchy dead skin cells and dirt particles. It *dissolves* them!

Now tissue off the Mask. Your complexion feels smoother, more pliant . . . looks clearer, brighter, even *lighter!* In one minute . . . one treatment . . . the 1-Minute Mask shows *results!*

For lightning-quick make-ups . . .
Always before powder, smooth on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and leave it on. A perfect foundation. Non-greasy!

Get a BIG jar of Masks!

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR
HALO GLORIFIES IT!

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

New-Design
SANITARY NAPKIN ENDS
YOUR 2 MOST
DIFFICULT PROBLEMS!

SANAPAK gives extra Comfort—Protection—
on those "difficult" days of the month!

This month, *be smart!* Switch to the napkin that gives you *extra* comfort—*extra* protection! SANAPAKS are made with a super-soft cotton facing. They have three "pink layers"—for triple protection. Flat, tapered ends. Yet SANAPAK cost no more than ordinary napkins.

Say SANAPAK and be SAFE!

and things like that. But when they met, everything was rose colored. Love unfolded like a flag in the breeze, and before you could say "Jimmy Stewart" they were married.

Sometimes members of the clubs get on pretty intimate terms with the stars themselves. A few years ago, the president of the Robert Cummings club corresponded with Bob at some length. She happened to mention that California sounded like an elegant place, and she hoped she could visit it some day. Presto—an invitation to come out and spend a week at Bob's home arrived in the next mail. She went, and had a divine time, as you might imagine. Visits to the studio, swimming in the Cummings pool, the works. Bob finally insisted that she go up for a ride in his plane. You know he's quite a pilot—there's a rumor around, by the way, that he and Sinatra are going to open a flying school after the war. Well, the girl had never flown before, and she didn't care much for the idea. But Bob is the persuasive type, and the first thing she knew, they were flying around in the wild blue yonder, with Bob doing loop the loops and heaven knows what all. It was enough to turn anyone green. He brought the plane back to earth at last, and feeling a bit repentant, looked at her guiltily.

"I guess I gave you too much fancy stuff. You'll never go up in a plane again, I know."

But his fan was smiling delightedly. "I *loved* it! It was just like the roller coaster at Coney Island, only better. Let's go back up!" In the end it was Cummings who had to yell "uncle."

two gals; one thought . . .

Bette Davis is another star who is particularly nice to her fans. Last year when she was East, she gave a luncheon for her New York club at the Hotel Gotham. It was an elaborate affair, and the kids loved it. They adore Bette anyway, as who doesn't, especially after all her wonderful work for the Hollywood Canteen. At the luncheon, the club president sat beside Bette, and when the ices were being served, Bette noticed that the girl was as jittery as a waitress on roller skates.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked. "You seem nervous."

The girl blushed like mad. "Oh, Miss Davis, you'll think I'm an absolute pig! But I just *love* chocolate ices, and—well, everyone is taking chocolate and I'm so afraid they'll all be gone."

Bette laughed suddenly. "That's really funny. Because I'm in exactly the same predicament. I've been watching those trays like a hawk, but I was being the perfect hostess and not doing anything about it. Now that I have an excuse, we'll both get chocolate ices in a hurry."

fan meets star . . .

With a star like that, no wonder we have fan clubs! June Allyson, too, is on very friendly terms with her club members. She happened to meet the founder of her club at a broadcast in Hollywood, and took a great fancy to Gwen. After the broadcast, June drove her home, and they sat around on the living room floor all afternoon while June signed membership cards and Gwen blotted them. If you had glanced in the window you would have seen a couple of kids in sloppy sweaters and loafers, with shining hair and friendly smiles, and it wouldn't have occurred to you that one of them was a movie star. That's a pretty far cry from the days when the stars rode around in purple limousines a block long and used ermine bath towels, and spoke only to God and their press agents. Personally, I think this deal is a considerable imrovement on the old system.

Speaking of June Allyson, her club has ust won one of MODERN SCREEN's big fan lub contests. That is definitely a trimph, with all the clubs competing, and : means that her club has done a wonderul job. The award was based on coopration between the club and the star, n the club journal, and lots of other imortant angles. The trophy is a handome silver cup, and both June and the lub are positively oozing pride. My own ersonal congratulations to the club memers and to June!

There are some fan clubs that go in or being different. Like the Turhan Bey lub which a girl in New York started, nd which wants one member from each ationality. A sort of fans' League of Vations, and maybe that's as good a way s any to promote international friendhip. After some of the things I saw at he San Francisco conference, I think the ans might do as well in that direction as he statesmen!

There's a Frank Sinatra club that picks :s members in an original way. First, ne member from each of the forty-eight tates. Then one additional member from ach major city within the state. That lub would no more have more than two nembers from one city than I would have wo heads. Not as much—if I had two heads could wear two hats, and you know how love hats!

The Rise Stevens club is another that's ff the usual track. It concentrates enirely on music. Its files contain scores f all the operas, and its journal gives pera news and anything which might id in appreciation of good music. The nembers go to the opera at least once a nonth, and when Rise comes to New York she has them all to tea and tells hem the latest gossip about the tenor in La Bohème" and the soprano in "Tristan nd Isolde."

You'd be amazed—or would you—at the vay a fan club can mushroom into being oractically overnight. Suppose you go to a movie and spot a new player who strikes your girlish fancy. You're curious about nim right away. You want to keep track of his activities and watch for his next oicture. You are, in fact, now one of his ans. So, what do you do? You write for MODERN SCREEN's chart: How to Join a Fan Club (see page 24), and find out if ne has a club. If he does, you join at once. If he doesn't—well, there's where something pretty exciting can happen. You're Columbus. You're Balboa. You're a Discoverer, honey. You write the actor and say "Look. I think you're wonderful and can I please start a fan club for you?" Only you put it in your own inimitable style. If he writes back okay, from that moment on you're an Influence.

Look at the way it worked with Guy Madison and his fan club. Guy is a lively lad with a swell sense of humor and an apparently larcenous ability to steal scenes. He appeared on the screen for exactly three minutes in "Since You Went Away," and the studio was promptly deluged with a pile of letters as high as the Waste Paper Collection for Greater New York. A Guy Madison fan club was organized immediately, of course. Guy is in the Navy and hasn't made a picture since, but his club sees that he gets more mail than almost any star at the studio.

within the ranks . . .

You know, there's one thing I've noticed about fan clubs that gives me a nice, warm feeling around the spot where my heart would be if I had one. (My enemies claim I haven't one, and I'm not going to start an argument.) It's the spirit of loyalty that the members show, not only to their star, but to each other.

FRANCES LANGFORD, APPEARING IN "RADIO STARS ON PARADE"
AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE

FRANCES LANGFORD
her "HANDS of Heart's Desire"

YOU: *Such darling hands! Wish mine were so smooth and soft.*

FRANCES LANGFORD: They easily can be.

YOU: *But how?*

FRANCES LANGFORD: Have you tried Jergens Lotion?

Hollywood Stars, 7 to 1, use Jergens Lotion

Their reasons? A girl has lovely *protection* against dismal, rough hands, just by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Supplies needed-for-beauty moisture for your skin. Two special ingredients in Jergens—same as many doctors use to help coarse, abused skin to youth-like smoothness and endearing softness. Simple! No inconvenient stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this almost-professional hand care.

FOR THE SOFTEST,
ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION

They'll defend the star to the death, and they'll also go to bat for each other at every opportunity. I happened to hear of a little incident that will show you what I mean.

Frank Sinatra was doing a broadcast from a city that was off his usual beat. All his fans there were in a dither of excitement, for this was their chance to see their favorite in person. One kid—let's call her Peggy—was especially excited because the broadcast came on her birthday, and what a birthday present *that* was! She started for the civic auditorium where the show was to be held, but there must have been a little too much rose colored haze in front of her eyes. She stepped off the curb just as a bus came along, and was knocked down. When she woke up she was in the hospital. So what happened? The fan club sent her a birthday cake and chipped in to pay her hospital expenses, and every day a different member came to see her. To cheer her up, each visitor brought her a different snapshot of Frank, and by the time Peggy got out of the hospital she had a scrapbook of Sinatriana that was unequalled in the city.

Speaking of Sinatra and his fans, that little redheaded Gloria in New York is certainly the super-fan of all time. You ought to see her at the Paramount when Frankie Boy is making a personal appearance. They surround her with guards to keep her quiet, and even then the gal has to stuff three handkerchiefs in her mouth to keep from screaming. She knows Frank doesn't like noise while he's singing and she honestly tries to stop, but her emotions go haywire when she hears The Voice. And when she sees him face to face —well, one time his manager took her backstage. She gave one look at Frank and literally threw herself into his arms. Fortunately, he's a huskier guy than he looks or he'd have landed flat on his back. As it was, he stood there and blushed, while everybody tried to pull the redhead off. She says she really didn't know what she was doing—it was just a reflex. Some reflex! Gloria, by the way, is a member of seven different Sinatra clubs.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Trigger can't write, or we'd include *his* name on the list of stars whose autographs we're pining to send you! Trot to page 71 for details.

Let me put in a word of warning here to you kids who are thinking of joining fan clubs. There are all kinds, including a few which are, I'm afraid, strictly a racket. So do a spot of investigating before you join up. There are, too, some people who try to join fan clubs in order to use them for their own commercial purposes. You see, club members get some special privileges, and these characters want to cash in on them. But these are isolated instances, and shouldn't prejudice you against clubs in general.

Funny things happen to members sometimes. Like the Rosemary De Camp fan who went to visit her idol on the set of "Rhapsody In Blue." Rosemary was wearing the clothes and makeup of an old lady for the part of Mother Gershwin. She and the fan had lunch together, and in the course of it the kid broke her camera. Well, her heart was broken along with the camera, because she'd wanted so much to get some snaps of Rosemary in that makeup. Rosemary said hastily, "Never mind. My stand-in lives just a few doors from the studio, and she has a camera. I'll ask her if we can go down and borrow hers." The stand-in gave them permission, but neglected to notify her husband. A few minutes later the police got a call from the irate husband. "An old lady and some crazy kids are trying to break into my house." Rosemary got her makeup off just in time to keep them from being arrested.

If odd things happen to club members, some very pleasant ones happen, too. A girl who was one of Helmut Dantine's original fans plugged him so hard through the club, and did so much work on it, that he finally gave her a job as his secretary! Another fan became quite a friend of Anna Neagle and through her met Anna Lee, who hired her as a secretary. Then there was the girl who wrote a poem to Eddie Cantor for the club journal. He liked it so much that he began to correspond with her. When he came to New York she went to see him and through his influence she got a chance to display her talents on the Major Bowes hour. She joined a vaudeville unit and later went overseas for the USO. Quite a success story, eh? There is, too, Beverly Linet of MODERN SCREEN's Information Desk. She got her first experience writing articles for fan club journals, and she met editor Al Delacorte through a letter he wrote to one of the journals. Eventually came the job with MODERN SCREEN

You know, I'm continually amazed a the way fan club members get around the country. Seems to me they sort o commute from coast to coast, stopping of along the way. Of course they know tha in whatever city they come to, they'l have contacts—members of their own club maybe girls they've corresponded with It's like belonging to a sorority. Sometimes they travel for club business. The representative of the John Garfield club in Michigan, for instance, was invited by Warner Brothers to come to Chicago fo

Better Together!
WARREN'S FRUIT Cocktail CHEWING GUM 5¢
WARREN'S MINT Cocktail CHEWING GUM 5¢
WARREN'S CIN-A-MINT CHEWING GUM 5¢

Like boy and girl, chewing gum flavors have their romantic thrills.

Take velvety spearmint and sparkling peppermint—combine them ✳ WARREN'S MINT COCKTAIL! There's a chewing gum flavorite as delicious as romance, as cool as moonlit water! And WARREN'S MINT COCKTAIL is proof that *good* chewing gum can still be made.

ASK FOR **WARREN'S CHEWING GUM**

Made by Bowman Gum, Inc.
Philadelphia 44, Pa.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE—WITH WAR BONDS

the première of "Between Two Worlds." They paid all her expenses, including a luxurious room at a fancy hotel. The day of the première, she and all the Chicago members were given special blouses with JG on the back, like a cheering section, and marched through the streets, banners flying and band playing. What could be more exciting?

So you see how it is. Joining a fan club means you'll get certain definite advantages and maybe a prize package or two thrown in. I'm sold on the clubs myself, or I wouldn't be writing this. Join up, kids, and have fun.

P. S. FROM AL DELACORTE

Anything Hedda can say in praise of fan clubs, I'll double in spades. Modern Screen has been privileged to work with the clubs for two years now, and I can tell you that they are a splendid American institution. If you call yourself a movie fan, you belong in a club!

Fan clubs toss you right up on your favorite star's front porch. Suppose you happen to be carrying on a platonic love affair with Van J. Van doesn't even know he's your guy. How can joining his club bring you two kids together?

Well, the moment you pay your dues (*about a nickel a month!*), your romance flies straight out of this world. You find candid snaps of Van in your mail—many of them from Modern Screen's exclusive files. You get a club journal, featuring perhaps a heart-to-heart letter from the curly-headed guy himself.

Join a club, Sister, and you're no longer just Van Fan number two million and one. Nor is Van just a cute face high up on a silver screen. You're his girl. He's your guy. You may get to know him personally. If you don't, at least you'll outgrow that sad, sad feeling of worship from afar. You're in the inner sanctum!

Speaking of friends, do you need any? Boy friends? Girl friends? Join a club and let nature take its course. Everybody'll love you 'cause you love Van.

Get the idea? Join. Pay that nickel. Relax. And your life starts looking up. Fan clubs are fun—if fun's what you want.

But if your sights are set on the future, that nickel pays even greater dividends. No high school business or journalism course can teach you the practical knowledge you pick up working for a club. You'll learn to write. You'll learn publicity. You'll learn to handle money. And I'm talking from experience. Most of our staff are former fan-clubbers. We've come to insist on it. Modern Screen is duck soup for kids like that. They speak the language. Modern Screen's just another club journal to them—only bigger.

As for publicity, just ask Frankie Boy's manager, George Evans. Ask him what proportion of his staff has had fan club experience. You'll die when he tells you!

So you see, fan clubs are fun—nothing but fun, if that's the way you want it. But for kids with ambition, they are Route One to success in the fields of journalism and publicity. And all for a nickel!

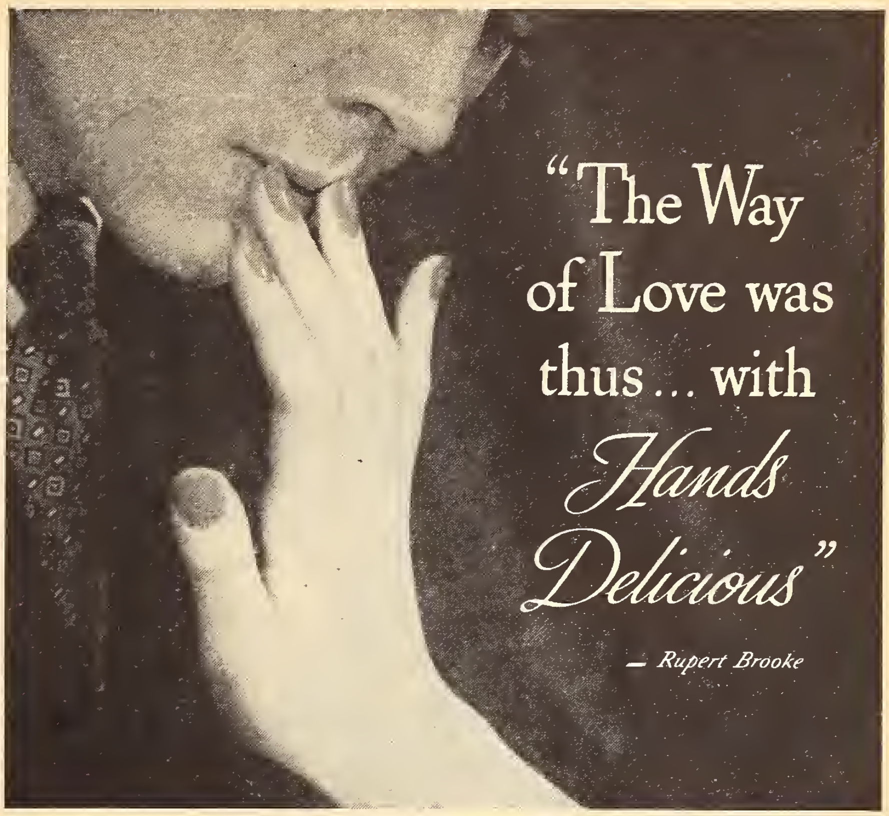
Think it over for about two seconds, and then fill in the coupon below.

Okay, Editor Al; send me your chart, "How To Join A Fan Club!" Here's my name, address, and a LARGE, 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Name ....

Street ....

City ....Zone.... State.........


"The Way of Love was thus... with *Hands Delicious*"
— *Rupert Brooke*

"Hands delicious"?—not from Doing the Dishes

Sure, you get E for Effort doing housework. You also get rough, red, unromantic hands! *No Man's Hands* ...unless...*unless!*...you use that fragrant, snowy-white cream that helps keep your hands looking as smooth, white, and lovely as a gardenia!

Doctors and Nurses know about

... the damage scrubbing can do to skin. Their hands get 30 to 40 *scrubbings* a day! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated to help keep their hands in good condition even though they take a worse beating than yours. Pacquins is *super*-rich in what doctors call "humectant"—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!

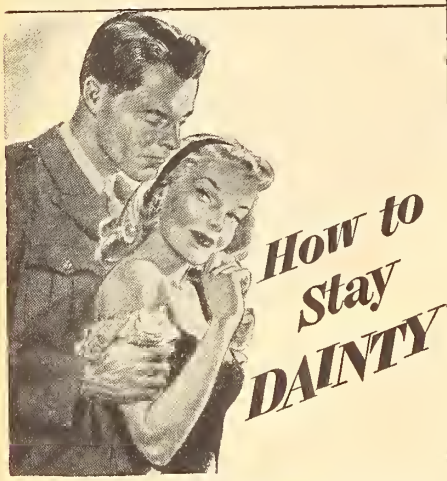
Pacquins
HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth . . . not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

Smart start! Begin with a bath. Shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Like a cooling caress it sweetens your skin and leaves you fresh all over.

Pearly girlie! Before you dress smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talc over chafable places. For hours your body benefits from its pearly smooth sheath of protection.



Fragrant finale! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc at least twice a day . . . for coolness, for comfort and for the beguiling scent it gives your skin. It's the *fragrance men love.*

Such an inexpensive luxury— 10¢ and 20¢ sizes

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC

with the fragrance men love

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUMMER TEETHING

EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion—the actual prescription of a famous Baby Specialist. It is effective and economical, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

SEAL-COTE

POLISH PROTECTION

Makes MANICURES LAST LONGER

Brush over nails daily

Only 25¢ and 35¢

Everywhere

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

HEY, SEXY!

(*Continued from page 43*)

Van Johnson's coming out?"

On the second occasion—after "Son of Lassie" was previewed—the kids spotted him and gave him the works. "What goes on here?" demanded a cop.

"Sheer bedlam," replied Peter's bewildered mother.

As the cop went to disentangle Peter, something butted him in the stomach—something feminine and all of twelve. He laid a restraining hand on her shoulder. "Cut out the rough stuff, Junior, or I'll put you in the hoosegow—"

Junior flung the hair back from a scornful face. "You can't do a thing to me. I'm from the Bronx—"

To the copper's intense disapproval, Peter grabbed for her book and signed it before pushing on.

Like Sinatra, he thinks the kids are swell—symbol of the spirit of free-wheeling America. From his first contact with it at the age of 14, his own spirit rose up and called it brother. He was charmed by a certain breezy relationship he noted between parent and child—"Hi, Pop, can I have a dollar?" He'd never addressed his father as "Hi, Pop." He was expected to operate within the limits of a fixed weekly allowance. Grasping the advantages of the New World system, he decided to give it a whirl. The "Hi, Pop!" stuck in his throat, but he did ask for a dollar. For him, the system failed to work.

Though he takes to us like a cat to cream, Peter remains unmistakably British. Not in his speech alone but in his manners, which are gentle in the original sense of the word. He has the instinctive courtesy of a boy who was taught to give precedence to the maids in the house, because they were women. He never goes to a party without writing the hostess a note of thanks. Recently, he attended a preview with the Gary Coopers, and went on with them to supper. His parents, also at the preview, went directly home. From the supper club, Peter phoned to apologize for not having been able to see them to their car. Such deference, let's face it, is alien to most American boys, however polite. To Peter, bred in the English tradition, it's natural.

He'll be 22 in September and basks in the illusion that he looks at least 25. A near-tragedy of eight years ago keeps him out of the service. The Lawfords were living in a private cottage, attached to a large hotel at Aix-les-Bains. Running up the steps one Sunday, Peter stumbled and made a grab for the handle of the French door. His right arm went through. Hearing the crash of glass, his first thought was: "I'll get the devil for this." Then he looked at his arm: "I'd better go put some bandaid on it." Only he felt funny, and his white tennis shirt was covered with blood. He ran for the main building and into the lobby.

high courage . . .

"What's this, what's this?" grumbled the old concierge. "Blood all over my carpet." As Peter turned to take his blood out-of-doors, the old man caught sight of his face. Next moment he had the boy on the floor, with a coat over him, and was tearing up towels for a tourniquet. His mother was visiting friends, but they got his father. With Dad kneeling beside him, Peter sought reassurance. "Dad, I can still play tennis, can't I?"

Meantime, no doctor could be found. They were all eating Sunday dinner with their relatives. Eventually one was tracked down at a little clinic, and Peter was lifted into the hotel bus. As they reached the gate, his mother appeared. Dad got out. "Peter's had an accident—"

If she'd wept and carried on, his morale would have been shot. He'll never stop being thankful for her courage. She came in and took his hand, and her own was steady. "You picked a fine time to do it," she said. "Just before dinner—"

A weight rolled off his chest. If Mother wasn't worried, there was nothing to worry over. So he didn't feel too alarmed when the doctor picked up an instrument, lifted the muscle and pulled it back, so you could see the bone. Or when he grunted to the nurse: "What am I to do with this?" The operation took three hours. Mercifully, Peter was asleep when the doctor advised his parents later to have the arm amputated.

"Not without telling him," said his white-faced mother.

"Very well, madame. But it is you who must do the telling—"

"Don't let them, Mother, don't let them," Peter begged.

The doctor shrugged; it was their responsibility. They decided to take it. The arm healed, but a nerve had been severed and the fingers wouldn't straighten out. They took him to Paris. A beautiful job, said the specialists, no surgeon could have done more for the boy. In time and with training, he might regain partial use of his hand, if not full control.

england's jackie coogan . . .

At seven, Peter was called England's Jackie Coogan.

His father would have been profoundly shocked, had he known he was raising his boy to be an actor. Not that he objected to actors, but Peter, of course, would join the 41st Royal Fusiliers, his own regiment. The army was General Lawford's career. He'd been knighted for gallantry in action in World War I.

Peter was born in London shortly after his father's retirement. Since neither of the Lawfords could endure the English climate, they spent most of their time on the continent, shuttling between Monte Carlo, Deauville and Aix-les-Bains, and returning to England only for the summer.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Here in Philadelphia we have a club called "Fellowship House." The members are all high school students, whose purpose in joining the club is to promote better relations among the different racial and religious groups in our city. Recently, when Frank Sinatra was visiting Philadelphia, he paid a surprise visit to our clubhouse, and I was lucky enough to be present. Mr. Sinatra spoke at great length about how wonderful he thought our work was, and how important it was to educate school children about religious tolerance. In concluding, he gave us a sincere offer of his help, whenever we might need it, whether it be monetary or otherwise. When he left, we were all filled with renewed vigor to continue our work. We realized that if a person as busy and influential as Mr. Sinatra could take time off to speak with us and offer us his help, our ideals and ideas must be pretty important!

Janice Lekoff
Philadelphia, Pa.

"*Glamourous!*" says Mrs. Ronald Colman —lovely wife of one of the screen's most celebrated stars

MRS. RONALD COLMAN:

You know, Mrs. Huhn, we Hollywood wives have to watch our lip-appeal. That's why I'm so excited about your glamourous new colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Tangee Red-Red is my favorite—but they're all thrilling!

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN:

That's what almost everybody thinks, Mrs. Colman! It gives me a thrill, too, to find that the smartest women from Hollywood to New York are so pleased with the latest colors in Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. Satin-Finish is a Tangee "exclusive" that keeps your lips unusually soft and alluring—not too dry—not too moist . . . In Red-Red, Medium-Red, Theatrical Red or Tangee Natural.

CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee and one of America's foremost authorities on beauty and make-up.

Use **TANGEE**

and see how beautiful you can be

You'd be Proud, too! it's a

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Keepsake

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Use this positive deodorant powder on sanitary napkins

Lady Lawford was a journalist, whose ideas on child education didn't include Eton or Harrow or gray flannel trousers. Peter's never gone to school. His lessons were done first with a governess, then tutors. He was treated as an equal, allowed greater independence than most English children and lots of Americans. He's always been at home with his elders. When there were guests, he wasn't shunted off to the nursery. Even bedtime wasn't a sacred tabu. He could stay up till nine or ten if he felt like it, and sleep late next morning.

He got his first taste of the theater at the Monte Carlo Casino, where Thursday was gala night, with a big revue. It was all duck soup to Peter—the music and lights, the glitter, the dancing, the girls. He'd hound Mother and Dad to let him go watch rehearsals, then he'd come home and imitate what he'd seen. Mother thought it was fine for him to meet all kinds of people, and Dad was more amused than perturbed. After all, Peter wasn't quite ready for the army yet.

Not till one summer in England, did Sir Sydney cease to find Peter's talents entertaining. A friend invited mother and son to the Elstree Studios. There Monty Banks, now married to Gracie Fields, was directing a picture called "Poor Old Bill." Banks is an Italian counterpart of our own Gregory Ratoff—the mercurial type. He'd been tearing his hair over the child lead who didn't suit him at all. Taking one look at Peter, he cried: "There's the boy I want. May I try him out?"

Between high pressure from Monty, and her son's pleas, Lady Lawford found herself in the director's office, with Peter reciting some nonsense called "Tony Goes to War." Convinced that the child was heaven-sent, Monty hardly listened.

"Wonderful, perfect, he's in, let's sign the contracts—"

Here Lady Lawford took firm hold of the reins. "Now wait just a minute. I'll have to call his father—"

At the other end of the phone, you could all but hear Sir Sydney dropping dead. "I think you'd better come home and talk it over—"

now is forever . . .

At home there was a long discussion, in which Peter was invited not to take part. Mother won, on the reasonable ground that, if they let the child try it, he might quiet down and, since they'd be leaving in three months anyway, what harm could it do? So Peter became England's child star of the moment, and even Dad was rather bucked. He made a second picture in London and three in Paris and was about to return to the scene of his first triumphs, when the British passed a law, forbidding any child under 14 to work. The young workman's disappointment was tempered by the fact that now the family's long-cherished plans to travel could be realized. Dad's only stipulation was that Peter stick to his five hours a day with the tutor. Otherwise, he was free to drink in the wonders of the world.

The next five years took them to Tahiti and Honolulu, to Australia, Ceylon, India and back to the fateful hotel at Aix-les-Bains.

"He should live where there's plenty of sunshine," said the Paris doctors. So they took him to California.

At first he wasn't well enough to do very much. But as he grew stronger, the old itch for acting returned, and here he sat in the very thick of the movies. Since the regiment was out of the question now, Dad made no objection. Ruth Collier, the agent, placed him as one of four English boys in "Lord Jeff" and got him a couple of radio jobs. Then his voice broke, ending the second phase of his career.

They spent the troubled winter of '38-'39 in Florida, and had reservations to return to Europe on the Rex when England declared war on Germany. British currency was frozen. Except for a meagre allowance, Dad's funds stopped coming. They went back to Florida and a new scale of living. Mother, who'd never known which end of an egg you boiled, tackled the cookbooks and went around muttering: "This is how you bake—this is how you broil—four minutes for an egg, but how do you keep it from cracking—?"

The first meals were awful, but she tried so hard that of course you had to grin and eat them. Salt was what threw her. In Mother's hands, salt was like something bewitched. She'd eye Peter fearfully as he took his first bite—

"*Hon*-ey!" he'd sigh—Honey being one of his acquired Americanisms.

Her face would fall. "*Not* too much salt again. But I only used a *pinch*—"

(Footnote: Lady Lawford is now a grade-A cook.)

It was Peter who engineered the move back to Hollywood. He'd be 18, come fall, and sitting in Palm Beach was getting him nowhere. A man he knew was opening a parking lot on fashionable Worth Avenue. "Will you let me run it for you?" asked Peter. The man was skeptical, but surrendered to Peter's sales talk. Most of the parkers were friends, and tipped like friends. He amassed five hundred dollars —enough to take them all back to California. They found a small apartment in Westwood.

"I'll go out and buy some furniture," said Peter.

"With what?" asked his mother, who'd been selling rings and fur coats as the need arose, and whose ideas on interior decoration were conditioned by the Chinese antiques and Persian rugs she'd left behind in London. Her enterprising son, on the other hand, had discovered Barker Brothers' basement. For fifty dollars he bought a full dining room set. Every night he'd leave the house at ten for some auction, and come back with a lamp— "One dollar!"—or a table—"Two twenty-five."

"But, darling, why do you go so late?"

"Because the later you go, the sorer his throat is."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was on a busy corner late one Sunday afternoon, opposite the beach at Waikiki. Crowds of beach-goers were waiting for the bus to take them home, but bus after bus passed by, too full to take on more passengers. Among the crowd was a group of servicemen, who had to get back to their various bases on time, and were very worried at this unexpected delay. Suddenly a "banana wagon" pulled out of the traffic and stopped at the corner. A young Navy ensign was at the wheel. "Anybody going to Pearl Harbor?" he asked, peering through the window. You can imagine the servicemen's happiness and relief as they piled into the car, filling every available space. I looked at the driver, as he pulled away from the curb. He was whistling in a carefree manner which suddenly seemed familiar to me . . . I looked again, and it was Ensign Dennis Day! What a good sport!

Jerry Young
Honolulu, T. H.

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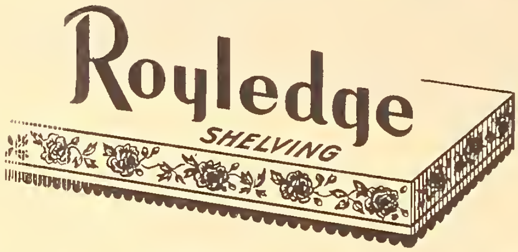

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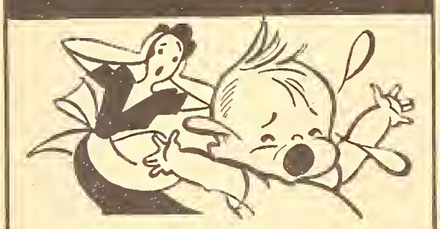

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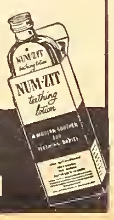

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He found himself an agent, but nothing happened for six months. Weary of being without pocket money, he promoted a job as usher at the Village Theater—fifteen a week. One Saturday morning the agent called. "Get over to M-G-M. There's a bit in 'Mrs. Miniver' for an English boy."

All very good, but he was supposed to stay on the door at the theater till the manager came at six. It was Saturday, and the joint would be jumping. Peter thought fast, phoned one of the girl ushers, bribed her to take over his post and reported at Metro. Two other boys tried out, but Wyler picked him. There was just one line, spoken before the air raid that killed Teresa Wright. "The Germans are coming! Better head for shelter!"

He was through and back on the door at 4:30. The manager never found out. But that line was to bear fruit. When Joe Pasternak saw the picture, he asked who the boy was and watched his progress through the pictures that followed. Last month, under the magic Pasternak-Koster combination, Peter was set in his most important assignment to date—"Two Girls from Boston" with Allyson and Grayson. To Pasternak, big names don't matter. He's proven often enough that names can be made. Fresh talent and enthusiasm are what he looks for. "So we didn't have to look further than Peter," he chuckles.

Between "Mrs. Miniver" and "Two Girls from Boston," the career built slowly. When he got six weeks in "Thunderbird," he quit ushering. "A Yank At Eton" brought him to Clarence Brown's attention. When Brown cast him in "White Cliffs," the studio signed him to a contract. He held his breath till they picked up his first option. Now he's breathing easier.

There's little to choose between his tastes and those of his American pals. He loves malted milks, rumbas, volley ball and being called Pete. His hobbies are photography—when he has a dark room—and collecting records. People call him the English jitterbug. He'd rather have a solid Benny Goodman sextet than two steaks. The minute he gets home, he starts the records going. The house is small, and he plays them loud. If he neglects to close the door, his father does it for him.

british jitterbug . . .

"How can you listen to that stuff? It's not music—"

"I like it," says Pete.

Of the girl singers, he unhesitatingly picks Peggy Lee, and he's been mad about The Voice since the old Tommy Dorsey days. They've become close friends. Peter wears a pair of cuff links Frank gave him last Christmas. He's one of the gang that talks music and plays gin rummy at Sinatra's house. In fact, he's their favorite pigeon.

Among his other intimates are Bob Walker and the Keenan Wynns. You'll find Peter and Bob at the Wynns as often as anywhere. Evie Wynn's such a marvelous hostess, with a sense of humor that's out of this world. And they practically hero-worship Keenan. Nor are they the only ones. Hollywood seems pretty generally agreed that his qualities of mind and heart make friendship with K. Wynn a stimulating experience.

Peter met him at a party and, as always, the first topic Keenan broached was motorcycles.

"I ride, too," said Peter, man of the world.

"What have you got?" Peter described it. "A motor-scooter he's got!" groaned Keenan.

So they scoured the town till they found an Enfield, which Peter rode till the studio put a stop to it. "You've got a future with us," they told him. "We don't think it's to your advantage to break your neck."

mother promotes a house . . .

This was right after Bob Walker's accident, so he saw their point. But Keenan was disgusted. *He* wouldn't quit riding for anyone. Well, he's quit now, too, though it took a smashed jaw to do it. Peter won't soon forget an executive's frank and pithy remark to his friend: "I'm glad you were hurt. It's kept you from being killed." Nor Keenan's rejoinder, mumbled through his wire braces: "Papa knows best."

The tiny house he shares with his parents represents a major triumph, because for a while it looked as if they might have to bed themselves down in a tent. The building in which they'd been living changed hands, and the new owner commandeered their apartment for himself. They had ninety days to find a new one.

"Don't worry," said the agents, "we'll get you a house," and showed them mansions that called for five servants and five hundred bucks a month to run. Not knowing how to procure one or the other, and with 15 of the 90 days left, their plight grew sufficiently desperate for unorthodox methods. In the Village drugstore, where ladies gather 'round and make talk, Mother heard a perfect stranger mention the fact that she was leaving for South Africa, and followed her home.

"I beg your pardon," said Mother, alighting from the car, "but what do you plan to do with your house?"

The lady *had* planned to sell it, but Mother's no mean promoter herself. Before she left, the Lawfords had a roof over their heads.

The garden is Dad's province. With the aid of Spot, who contributes noise, Dad raises flowers and does battle with gophers. Spot's the overprivileged member of the household—a mutt with a collie face, rescued by Peter from a pound in Nassau nine years ago. You'd never guess his ancestry from his habits. He owns a woolen coat and refuses to go to bed without it. Every night after his run, he plants himself in the middle of the draw-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few months ago, my friend celebrated her 16th birthday at the Statler Hotel in Washington, D. C. It was my first formal party! As if this weren't exciting enough, in walked Lt. Robert Taylor! My first instinct was to walk right over and get his autograph, but I got cold feet. Finally the rest of the party persuaded me to go over with their place cards. I did, and said, "Pardon me, but there is a young lady at our table celebrating her 16th birthday, and we were wondering if you'd autograph our place cards." He said he'd be glad to. But when I handed him the cards, my hands shook so, he noticed it, and told me not to be nervous, because he wasn't! The cards were small, and I suggested he sign them on the other side, to which he jokingly answered, "Aw, no! I'm gonna have top billing!" Later on, my friend brought him a piece of her birthday cake, and he congratulated her. What a thrill!

Madeline Arslanian
Washington, D. C.

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Stage and Screen Star . . . says:
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1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
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At any store which sells toilet goods

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ing room, waiting to have his coat put on. He's the only one who's a late riser. Like the belle of the ball, he shows up at noon, smiling and ready for breakfast.

Peter's parents are only less adaptable than himself. Mother used to be confused by the bobby sockers. Now when they corral her at previews, and ask, "What color eyes did he have when he was born?" she says, "The same color he has now," without turning a hair. As for Dad, believe it or not, he's an actor, too.

He's typically British army—tall, erect, spare, with gray hair and a clipped moustache. He and Mother were visiting Peter on the "Dorian Gray" set and met Al Lewin, the director, who eyed Dad. "In a few weeks," he said, "we'll be needing someone who looks exactly like you. I wonder if you'd care to do it—"

Dad was pleased but embarrassed. He sort of huffed and puffed and said, "Well, I'll let you know—" Peter could have wept at his reason for hesitation. "I thought you might not like it. Sort of barging in on your territory—" Reassured, he proceeded to call everyone he knew. "I'm an actor," he announced.

Since "Dorian Gray," he's worked in "The Suspect" and "Kitty," though most of him's been left on the cutting room floor. That depressed him till Peter explained, as one actor to another, that they'd snip Lamarr herself if the picture ran too long. Dad pretends not to prick up his ears when the phone rings. But a minute later he'll wander in. "That call wasn't, by any chance, for me—?"

Except by military standards, Peter's hand is okay. Four-F, he spends most of his leisure on week end and one-night hops, playing "Kiss and Tell" for army camps. His ambition is to be a versatile actor, not a personality kid. Twice a week he takes tap dancing lessons, because some day he'd like to be in a musical.

He admits to two superstitions. If salt is spilled, he'll throw some over his shoulder. And he'll grab your wrist to keep you from lighting three on a match. Clothes are his downfall. "Oh, *no*, not again!" groans the tailor, as Peter appears for a sixth alteration. He abhors loud colors. His suits are all pin stripes, his jackets tweeds, his ties knitted blacks or dark blues. Even for girls, he prefers black at night, grays and fawns in the daytime. His favorite feminine costume is the bobbysock uniform—sweater and flannel skirt, white socks, moccasins and no hat. If your hair's shiny and well-kept, he thinks it's prettier than any Daché model. His pet peeve is Miss Showoff—the girl you take out to dinner, who talks to you and twelve others at the same time.

The ring on his right pinky, a gift from Dad when Peter turned 21, bears the family crest. The other's a friendship ring. It's from a girl, but it's still just a friendship ring. He wears it because he likes it. While he and Bob frequently double-date with Gail Russell and Diana Lynn, that's friendship, too. He's romantic in general, but not in particular.

There *was* a time when he wondered if he'd jinxed himself. Every girl he went out with—Judy Garland, June Allyson, Lana Turner—promptly became preoccupied with somebody else.

"What's wrong with me?" he inquired dolefully of a friend in publicity.

She laughed. "Everyone loves you, Peter, but you *are* young—"

"Well, I'll get over that—"

"Oh, honey, *you're* all right—you're *sex-y!*"

"I *am*—?!!" he breathed.

The story got around. So if you hear someone bawling, "Hey, Sexy!" on the M-G-M lot, it's Pete Lawford being paged.

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SUITABLE'S FOR FALL

(Continued from page 57)

n a knowing little cloche by Alice y—be-bowed, bewitching, it'll put an to that hat-in-the-hand routine of rs. Your smart brown gloves are by ar Right; the brown lizard pouch, d looking catch-all for your momen- s trivia, is by Weeks.

or a young mom: You can get by in ks and brunch coats most of the time, aren't there moments when you'd e anything to look really smooth? en it's your turn to collect for a bond ve, f'rinstance, when you have to give alk at Red Cross, or when your small 's pop is due home. For those monts, choose this wonderful looking suit Bermuda basket weave. The design s pinched from a man's trench coat, Junior Deb craftsmen have softened prettied it, made a lady of it. You'll e what it does to your figure, love the y accessories can change it from a rts job to a party gal. Our model, ssed for shopping, for luncheon in n, wears a cute pint-sized hat whimally christened "Willie Sailor"—by ce May. Classic gloves by Wear Right. quisitely detailed blouse by Margate. e B and F Manufacturing Company g is a stunning pigskin envelope, longaring and eye-catching, with an adtable strap. Sling it over your shoul- when your arms are full of bundles; er your arm when you're spree-bound. it about $30.

he dreamy thing about suits, we think, he way you can dress 'em up or down, e just the jacket, or just the skirt with glamorous blouse, an important belt. uses today are really dress tops; so ch thought, so much styling go into em, even if they are a bit on the bankeaking side! Consider a winged sleeve use with the ditto suit, a turtle-neck sey smoothie under the classic suit—ey're suitable!

For a school gal: If you go for a classic ery time—and you know you do—this perbly tailored Shetland by Kessler hwarz is all yours. You'll drool over beautiful wide shoulders, nipped-in ist, rare-as-porterhouse tri-pleated irt. You'll walk proudly to live up to 'cause from the easy, casual set of the cket to the flawless cut of the skirt, this e's a thoroughbred. A perfect backound for sweaters and blouses, you'll e in it at school this year, wear it to e office come career days. *The* hat for is this tiny Brewster beret, very Lauren acall, utterly right in its simplicity. ne gloves are by Wear Right, and the w-tie blouse is another Margate honey. ne pigskin bag is the same one you lored in picture three, but here it's oulder slung. Brightening the lapel ere's a trio of delicate silver leaves by oro, excitingly expensive looking, but vinely easy on the piggy bank. The it is about $20.

* * *

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ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

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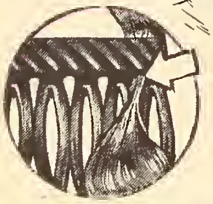

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TOM DRAKE

(Continued from page 37)

Monona and somehow they arranged i The man must be glad now. Yesterda he'd dropped by at Dad's office to in quire, and the girl had said "Mr. Alder dice isn't in. His daughter just died The man must be glad he'd let Monon see Laddie before she died . . .

Father came in, looking quiet. He too them to where Monona was lying, and the knelt down beside her. Buddy knew sh was on her way to heaven, but suddenl he felt they shouldn't have let her go alon —she might lose the way and get lonel and frightened. God better help her. Th line of a hymn slipped into his mind, an a childish treble broke the silence of th room—

"Guide her little feet to Thee," praye Buddy.

He never felt that Monona was reall gone. Dad and Mother and people wh came to see them talked about her th way you talk about someone in a story book. When you said Monona, you mear everything that was sweet and beautifu and kind . . .

change of scene . . .

They stayed in New Rochelle, but Da couldn't bear the house where Monona ha lived, so they moved to another. He gav up his linen business, then got restles doing nothing, and started building house Life changed for Buddy and Claire. U to then, they'd spent most of the time wit their Finnish governess. All the servan were Finns, and the children talked Finnish long before they knew English. Bu now Dad and Mother seemed to have mor time for them.

Every night after dinner Dad woul take his big easy chair in the living roon light up a cigar, sit Claire on one kne Buddy on the other, and tell them storie No one could tell stories like Daddy. O the table beside him lay a box of cand known as Peter Rabbit candy, becaus Peter was their favorite character. Afte each story, he'd pop a candy into the mouths. And one for Laddie.

As they grew older, the stories change They never tired of hearing about Dad boyhood in Ireland. Grandfather believe in spare-the-rod-and-spoil-the-chil Buddy's eyes would pop at the things Da used to get thrashed for—

"Golly, you couldn't hardly breathe—

"Lucky for you two young scamps I' not your granddad—"

He kept a switch behind the hall clos door—called it a hangover from his earl training—but never used it. Not eve when he should have. One morning Budd decided not to drink his milk. The dev was certainly in him because, when Da insisted, he flung the milk into his parent face and beat it. After one stunned secon Dad made for the switch, but by th time Bud had crawled through the litt milk door in the kitchen, and vanished.

He was a very smart boy. He knew was Dad's unbreakable rule never to mak a scene in front of the servants. What ever you'd done, if any of the help wei around, you didn't get punished. From h hiding place, Bud watched for the chau feur to drive up, then followed him int the house. Dad was ready to leave. Bu slid a paw into his hand, looked up wit the eyes of an angel and said, "I'm sorry Dad's hand twitched a little, and his ey kind of slithered round toward the clos door. But that was just an act. As Clair an admiring observer of the whole per formance, remarked: "Boy, did you g away with murder that time!"

Mother was less predictable. Let any- else, Dad included, lay hands on her lings, and she'd raise the roof. But en she got mad herself, watch out! Like time he and Claire climbed to the top a house Dad was building. A neigh- spied them and phoned Mother. Now rule Mother was plain and simple, but occasions like that, she'd go phony nd on them. "Clai-ah! Bud-deee! ne down to Moth-ah, children. Noth- 's going to happen to you—"

lenty happened, once she got them hin four walls. When it was over, ddy drew himself up. "I just want you know," he informed her with dignity, at you didn't have us fooled for a min- "

When she left it to Dad, they felt pretty e. Because she'd always bring it up at dinner table, and to Dad the dinner le was sacred. According to Dad, noth- unpleasant must be discussed at din- . According to Mother, it was the ideal e. Say that Buddy and Claire had done nething awful enough, so that Dad had be dragged in on the deal—or, in ther's words, "I'll let your father handle s." Say he came in at five, she wouldn't a word. She wouldn't mention it till y'd started on the soup—

Then: "You'll have to punish the chil- n, Alfred. They—"

I'd rather not discuss it at the table, dear—"

But we're all together now, and it's y fair they should hear what I have say—"

'Let's keep it till after dinner—"

After dinner, two lambs would climb o their father's lap and ask for a story a sight that tended to melt Mother's art. Somehow the subject of their sins nished into limbo. They suspected other did it that way on purpose.

In spite of the shadow of Monona's ill- ss and death, it was a happy childhood. ly things Dad was strict about were ayers and church, and Mother wasn't ally strict about anything. What they nted, they pretty much got, and what ey didn't see, they asked for.

Claire had a birthday party every year. ddy didn't, because his birthday fell in gust. Most summers they went away, d when they didn't, the other kids ere away. One summer Bud said: "I'm ing to have a birthday party, if it kills e."

"But, darling, there's no one to ask—"

"I'll find someone—"

He dug up four boys who were virtually rangers, but willing to consume ice cream d cake. Mother couldn't talk him out of ntertaining them in the kitchen. He liked e kitchen. "But it's not a party in the tchen—"

He marched out and back with two lver candlesticks, which he planted on e kitchen table. "Now it's a party." The uests ate their refreshments and went ome. When Mother asked him the fol- wing year if he wanted a party, he said: What for? I *had* a party—"

iss and run . . .

He fell in love with Iona School from e day he started. Only bad thing about was Mother's driving him there. Even at would have been okay, except she'd et out and see him smack to the door and xpect him to kiss her—right there in ont of everyone.

"Why can't I kiss you in the car?"

"Well, you could—but I like to kiss you oodbye when I leave you—"

He'd look desperately around, give her peck and run.

One evening he tackled Dad. "Mother," e announced, "is ruining my career at chool."

Dad saw how it was. Bud knew he

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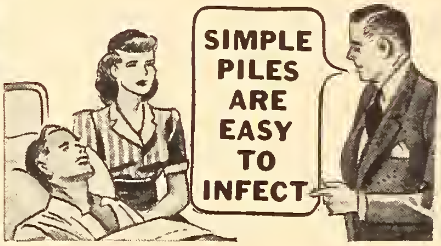
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would. But he wasn't prepared for the glory that followed. "You're old enough to have a bike," Dad said, "and go to school by yourself."

The morning he set off on his bike, he owned the world. Of course Mother hadn't taken it lying down. "You don't know that child, Alfred. When I call for him at school, first thing I look for is a pile of boys. Nine times out of ten, he's under them—"

But Mother was no match against two men, and everything went fine till Bud tried a special circus stunt with the bike and came down on his head. The lump swelled out to there. With the logic of an ostrich, he buried himself behind a newspaper in the living room. He might as well have waved a red flag, because reading was Buddy's idea of applied torture. By no wiles could his parents get him to open a book.

His idea was that maybe the lump would disappear before Mother got home. Then he heard the maid's stage whisper. "I think something's wrong with Buddy. He's been reading a newspaper all afternoon."

It didn't matter. The lump was still there, only many-colored now like Joseph's coat. "That settles it," said Mother.

He didn't know what she meant till the next morning. Dad had said: "Pooh! Of course I wouldn't take the bike away from him." So he sailed off as usual but, turning a corner, caught sight of Mother following in the car.

Recognizing a crisis when it pursued him, he got off the bike and waited. The car drew to a halt. Bud was very calm. "Mother," he said, "do you want me to quit school?"

"Oh, don't be silly. I just want to make sure you don't kill yourself, that's all—"

He spoke slowly. "If the kids found out, I'd never go back. I'd be ashamed—"

A funny look came over her face. "You mean it, don't you? All right, Buddy, you win—"

Thus did he achieve his independence.

He did all right at Iona except for spelling. (He still can't spell.) It wasn't his love of learning, however, that made school so wonderful, but the gym and the handball courts and athletic meets. Life began after three, and didn't stop till five. He played football and baseball, but the track was his meat. As a runner and high

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When the boys in the hospital here asked me to tell them something interesting to put in the ward newspaper, I told them about the one and only time I ever skated with the great Sonja! It happened at Lake Placid, long before she went into the movies, and my friends dared me to ask her for an ice dance. Not being such a good skater, I took my nerve by the feet and asked her for a waltz. Miss Henie was more than gracious, and when we came to a waltz turn which I couldn't do very well, she just lifted me off the ice and put me down again in the right position, much to the amusement of my pals! In skating circles, that is known as a "waltz jump" and to say Sonja is a powerful as well as a graceful woman, is putting it mildly!

Pvt. Ken Parker
Santa Ana, Calif.

jumper, he was up with the best.

Then came the spring afternoon, six years after Monona's death, when he wheeled his bike up the drive, and was met at the door by a white faced Claire. Dad had been taken ill. A stroke, the doctor said. He was upstairs. Again brother and sister sat close together, waiting—older now, more conscious of the implications of what they waited for.

Mother came down with the doctor. "Dad seems a little better," she told them gently. When the doctor had gone and Claire was safe with Mother, Bud went to his room. There'd always been Dad to take his troubles to. Now, where Dad had been, there was a great dread—

He dropped to his knees. "Don't let him die. Please, God, don't let him die—"

passing . . .

He didn't die then, he got better. One arm was paralyzed, but Dad could do wonders with the other. Played cat in the backyard with Buddy and Claire, and beat 'em all hollow at marbles—smack on the nose Dad hit 'em every time.

It was funny about Laddie. He'd been the children's dog since Monona died, but now he stuck close to Dad. Not that Dad acted any different, and the last thing he wanted was gloom round him. For instance, Bud had taken over the job of helping him wash his hands before dinner. Usually they did it in the pantry, but this one evening Dad was kind of dozing in the living room. So Bud hauled in a huge tub and a bar of soap and a scrubbing brush and when Dad woke and saw them, he laughed his head off. The way he laughed made you feel everything was all right.

But it wasn't. He died in the fall after another stroke.

The three who were left drew closer together. They weren't a crying family. Every now and then, somebody'd break down, but mostly they didn't for the sake of the others. Only they couldn't bear to sit downstairs any more. Life with father had centered round the living and dining rooms. Now it shifted to Mother's bedroom. Without talking about it or planning it that way, the children found themselves taking their homework to Mother's room. Claire slept there, and Buddy moved to the room next door. They ate in the breakfast room, and always went out to Sunday dinner—Sunday used to be so cheerful with Dad bringing friends home from church, and carving and piling the plates. He loved to see people eat at his own table.

That was the year they lost Laddie, too. They were spending the summer with relatives in Madison, and had to leave him behind at the kennels. Billie Drew, the owner, was a great friend of theirs, and Laddie knew him well. So they thought he'd be content. But he died a week after they left. Billie said: "I don't know any reason why he should have died, except his heart was broken—"

glamor on a budget . . .

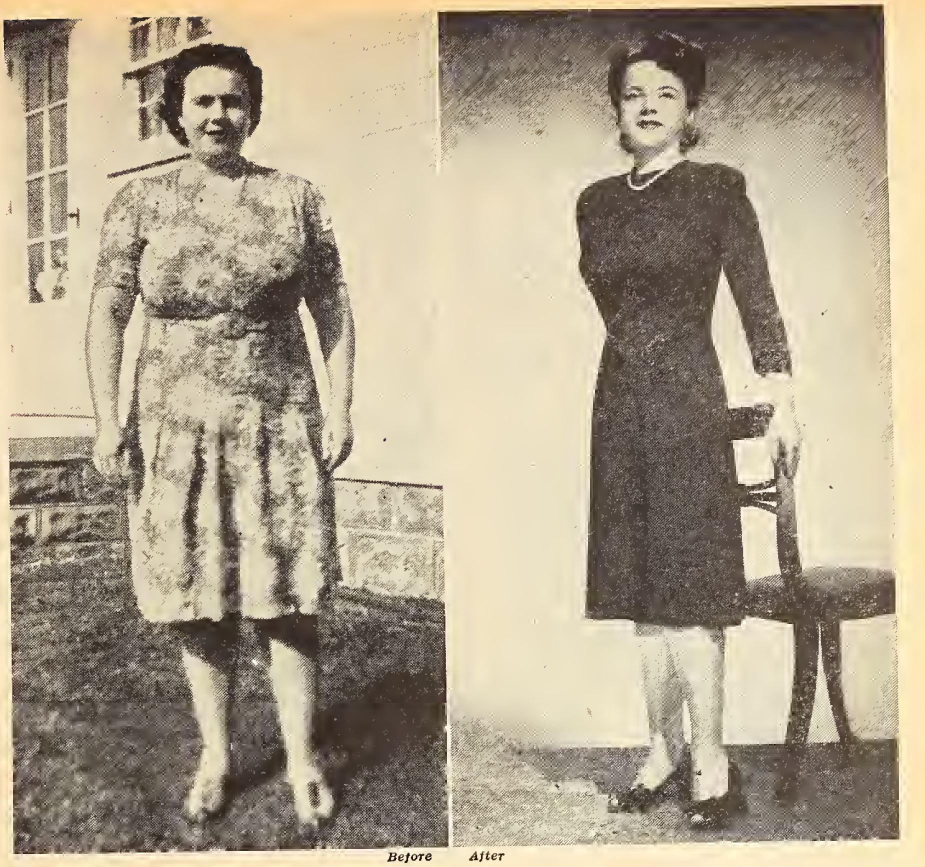
When Mother suggested moving to an apartment, because the house was so big and they hadn't as much money as they used to, the children were enchanted.

"Houses are passé anyway," said Claire. "Apartments are much more glamorous."

"Sure," Buddy agreed. "And you can go running up and downstairs and annoy the neighbors."

His fun was short lived. After a year at New Rochelle High School, Mother packed him off to Mercersberg, in preparation for Princeton.

Accustomed to freedom, he chafed at the prep schools rules. You couldn't go off the grounds, you had to be in your room every night by seven. He was no conformer. Athletics might have been the answer but,



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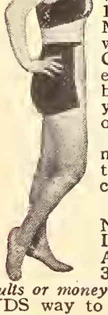
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though he's six feet now, he was a late grower. At 14, he measured 5 feet 2 inches and weighed a hundred pounds. He couldn't make any of the teams, he couldn't even fight. Everyone was too big.

At Iona you counted that day lost which didn't include a couple of fist fights. You'd see a kid whose face annoyed you. "Gee," you'd think, "I can't stand that kid," and put a stick on your shoulder. He was supposed to knock it off, and you'd fight. If he didn't knock it off, you'd put it on *his* shoulder and knock it off. Then he'd have to fight, or his name was mud. At Mercersberg, all the kids were bigger. You can't make a fool of yourself, picking fights when you're bound to get licked. Bud found one fellow his size, and tipped him up. They had a good fight, but he was a nice kid. Just Bud's dumb luck. One guy his size, and the guy's face didn't annoy him . . .

He found other ways of venting his misery. As a scholarship student, waiting on table alternate fortnights, he'd cut the bread so thick, you couldn't eat it. Or he'd serve one course and disappear. Asked for an explanation, he'd give it. "They had enough. No one can eat that much—"

He was finally turned over to the headmaster, a very kindly man. "What makes you do these things?"

"I'm unhappy—"

"Can you tell me why?"

You can't tell a man you'd rather be home, so Bud just mumbled. In an effort to learn more, the headmaster invited him to dinner two successive Sundays and took him for a drive. Since Sunday was the only day you could go to town and buy yourself a soda, Bud's unhappiness wasn't appreciably diminished.

He'd never been much of a student. Now he was worse. A friend had talked Mother into having him repeat the year he'd taken at New Rochelle. Made a good foundation, she said. That year was a lead-pipe cinch. He lost the habit of studying, and never found it again. Still, he managed to get by, which pleased Mother. Claire, flitting from school to school, garnered honors in popularity and an average of 45 in grades. Mother was beginning to wonder whether Claire might be dumb. By comparison, Bud was brilliant. At least he passed.

He thought often of running away, and once climbed out of the window with his suitcase. But imagination drew a vivid and humiliating picture of Mother hauling him back, so he changed his mind.

Only the holidays made life bearable. Then he was his own man again, with his own girl. She was slim, pretty, brown-haired and her name was Alice. He was fourteen when he met her at a party she threw, and sixteen when their engagement was announced. This happened while they danced cheek to cheek at the Westchester Biltmore—

"You two look serious," observed a chum.

"We ain't kiddin'," Bud agreed.

"Mind if I announce it?"

"Go ahead—"

The announcement was made over the loudspeaker and Mother saw it next day in the local sheet. "When are you getting married?" she wanted to know.

"Soon as I open my nightclub."

night club day dreams . . .

Buddy wove his dreams of the future round his own nightclub, with himself as crooner-in-chief. As a child, he'd sung solo in the choir, and a teacher had advised voice training, but he couldn't be bothered. Now Crosby was the god of the younger set, and they all wanted to sing, including Bud, only no one would let him. Three or four times a week he'd go to the movies, and sit drooling over the night-

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s in musicals. New Rochelle had no nightclub. What New Rochelle ed was a good million-buck night- and Buddy was the guy who could it to 'em. Nothing simpler. The r of his roommate at Mercersburg ed the Divan Parisienne in New York. , you know somebody in the business, hows you how to run it, you hire a , and, being the boss, who can stop from singing? Dough? At 21, he'd over the family funds and invest . At 21 he'd be a financial genius.

other laughed. "By the time you're ve'll be in the poorhouse." Then she'd ut and buy a new car—all the proof dy needed that they still had enough.

other realized he'd never make Prince- Other people's children studied and to college. Her kids were mavericks, she might as well face it. She let him his last year at New Rochelle. It after he had left Mercersburg that he zed how much the school had done nim.

was a wonderful year. Almost as if 'd been forewarned, they packed it fun. More than that, Buddy got ed on a career of sorts . . .

was the year they bought Wrinkle. heir daily horseback rides, Buddy and re used to drop off at Billie Drew's to with the dogs. A certain Giant Dane onded with such enthusiasm that her and sister exchanged one of those s by which things were settled be- en them.

'ou can't break another dog's heart," Claire.

Ve'll take her," said Buddy.

other disliked her from the start. Be- se Wrinkle growled at her, she said. ually, it was because they'd ganged up ner and bought the dog without asking nission. Nine times out of ten, she ldn't have given it a thought. But this the tenth time, and women get funny ks. She said they'd have to get rid of nkle. Claire fell back on her original "You can't break another dog's rt." But Mother wouldn't budge.

became a case of the immovable ob- and the irresistible force. Buddy, re and Wrinkle took up residence at ie Drew's, explaining to Billie that they ed to learn all about running a kennel. ry morning Mother'd call up with per- good humor. "How're the kennels ning?"

Fine. Like to buy a dog?"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

On one of those foggy days so typical of London, the wailing of the Air Raid siren still echoed in the Soho streets as citizens hastily took shelter from the rain of bombs. On duty as a Warden, I was surprised to hear a oice, recognizable the world over, aised in melody at the window of Soho restaurant. Proceeding there, found a crowd of men and women, ully aware of their danger, but ounting no cost too high for the privlege of seeing as well as hearing Bing Crosby, on his visit to Britain. For hese people, possible danger was of ittle importance beside the fact that Bing was singing to them and giving new courage to folks greatly in need of it.

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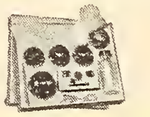

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"I might, so long as the name isn't Wrinkle."

The impasse was broken by strategy. They disguised Wrinkle slightly—don't ask me how—and phoned home. "Billie has another Great Dane. Very gentle. Can we make a deal?"

"On approval," said Mother.

As if she knew what was at stake, Wrinkle walked in and flopped her head into Mother's lap. "You angel!" crooned Mother. "Now why couldn't you get a dog like this in the first place?"

Their best friends were the Careys, who lived downstairs. Mary and Helen were a little older, but lots of fun. "And very good to confide in," said Claire, "being so much more sensible."

Mary was not merely a swell dancer, but a highly successful teacher at Arthur Murray's. Sometimes, when she had a party, she'd ask Bud to sing. For his own amusement, he'd worked up some imitations—Lionel Barrymore, Fu Manchu—the usual thing. One night he did them for Mary's friends—

"You know, Bud," said Mary, "I bet you could be in the movies—"

"I *could?*"

"Certainly. Lots of dumber kids are—"

"Wonderful. When do we start?"

theater bug bites . . .

She knew Reginald Goode, the dramatic teacher, and made an appointment. On the strength of the Barrymore imitation, Goode agreed to give him lessons. Life became thrilling. Through Mary, he met some kids in show business. After his lesson, they'd have dinner in town and dance. To keep them from swiping her Dodge, Mother bought him and Claire a convertible Ford. He began cutting school and writing his own notes. The whole thing came to a head when two things happened. Mr. Goode offered him a spot in summer stock, and the principal of New Rochelle High School put his foot down.

"Either he quits cutting school," said the principal, "or he quits altogether."

"A man after my own heart," said Bud. "Now I can give my all to my career."

To join the Goode stock company at Poughkeepsie, you had to plunk down two hundred and fifty bucks. Well, there was money in trust for Bud's education. He'd educate himself at Poughkeepsie instead of old Nassau. It was just an investment anyway, like the nightclub. You appear in a play, and a talent scout comes along and discovers you for Hollywood. Last year they discovered Doris Nolan. This year they'd discover Buddy Alderdice. Why waste time at school?

To Mother, it was one of his nutty whims. Yet a boy had to be interested in *some*thing. She talked it over with Helen Carey, hoping Helen would tell her what she wanted to hear. Helen did.

"If you force him back to school, he'll just go on cutting. Maybe he's got a talent for acting, who knows? Let him try it out this summer, and see what happens."

"All right," sighed Mother. "I feel better about it now. I've got you to share the blame with if it turns out wrong—"

On a lovely summer's day, Bud drove up to Poughkeepsie with Claire and Wrinkle, who were going along for the ride.

There were forty in the company, and they all bunked together in a house five miles from the theater. Bud roomed with three other guys and Wrinkle. Watching the first rehearsals, Claire decided she'd be an actress, too. Meantime, Goode was inspired to put her in charge of the box-office. Since she could neither add nor subtract, this made for confusion. However, Claire had talents of her own. Accounts never came out even, but the balance was always in favor of the house.

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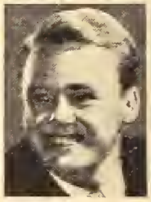

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Their first play was a thing called "Take y Advice." Bud played the juvenile ad—a gangling 17-year-old who fell over s feet. Being exactly that, he felt perctly at home in the part and reaped ughs galore. Made such a hit, in fact, at Goode decided to star him. Posters ere designed, with his name in large tters, and the kids splashed them all er the countryside.

What got Bud, though, was that people ere actually paying a dollar ten to see m and a lot of other amateurs act. orizons opened. By now Claire had the ug, but good, and they laid their plans. inters, they'd act. Summers, they'd run stock company. Not just at first, but hen Bud was around thirty. By thirty, e'd be grizzled round the temples, he'd ear a beard or moustache, he'd look as if e had a brain in his head. Claire would ck a husband who could design scenery anyway, someone who could add and ubtract—and they'd be all set.

"I think we should let Chris in on it o," said Claire.

"That *babe!*"

"Well, she won't be fifteen forever. Use our head."

Chris Curtis was a peppy, long legged olt who ran around with her hair flying nd braces on her teeth. She had plans f her own—which included changing her ame to something chic like Tallyho, and aking it mean to Broadway what Bernardt meant to Paris. Meantime, she layed Bud's kid sister in one of the omedies, and developed a certain nuiance value by getting a crush on him. ith the new life, Alice had faded from e picture—but, after all, *fifteen!* That as practically cradle snatching.

race of kisses . . .

One day he ran an icepick through his and, and was given a tetanus shot. As he olled on his bed of pain, Claire and Chris renched him with calomine lotion. Chris as particularly devastated. In a burst of nguished sympathy, she bent over and issed him. Somehow her braces proruded—

"First an icepick, now this," he growled, while the woman scorned wailed in Claire's omforting arms, "I'll never kiss another oy till these darn things come off—"

She looked so small and woebegone that e relented, and allowed her to bring his inner in on a tray.

Half the season was over when the hone call came. Bud was rehearsing at he theater. Claire got the message. She ouldn't call him. She stood waiting as he opped off the bus, and the minute he aw her face, he knew. Mother'd been erfectly well when they left home, but e knew from Claire's face—

"Mother's dead—"

"Yes—"

For a while he made complete sense, went about his packing, did what had to e done as though nothing had happened. Then he found himself struggling against some weight, trying to get up. Mr. Goode was there—

"Where's Claire? We've got to go—"

"You've been out for an hour, Bud. Just lie quiet a few minutes longer, then you can go—"

upheaval . . .

Mother hadn't been ill. She'd been reading on the living room couch and had asked the maid for a glass of water. When the maid came back, she was dead.

The Careys couldn't have done more if they'd been family. Everyone was kind, and most of them were troubled. What would happen to the kids now?—a couple of youngsters, 17 and 18, a little wacky by New Rochelle standards, because in New

HOW I LOST MY HUSBAND

I guess I was really to blame when Stan started paying attention to other women. It wasn't that I didn't know about feminine hygiene. I had become . . . well . . . *forgetful.* Yes, I found out the hard way that "now-and-then" care isn't enough! My doctor finally set me right. "Never be a careless wife," he said. He advised Lysol disinfectant for douching *always.*

AND WON HIM BACK AGAIN!

Our romance is so *special* again—now that I know about *proper* feminine hygiene care! Since I had that talk with the doctor, I use Lysol *always* for douching. As he said: "Lysol is a *proved germ-killer* . . . far more dependable than salt, soda or other homemade solutions." Lysol is easy to use and economical. But, most important, it *really does the job!*

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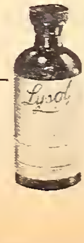

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Rochelle boys don't give up college for acting, and girls don't go to eight different finishing schools . . .

Their guardian was a cousin, anxious to do his best by his young, orphaned kinfolk.

"I'm afraid the money's gone. But I can get you a job at Bethlehem Steel, Bud, and my mother'd like Claire to come and live with her—"

They looked at each other. "It's terribly kind of your mother," said Claire, "but I can't leave Bud—"

"We don't care if there's any money or not. All we care about is not being separated—"

"But how will you live? You haven't been trained to anything—"

"We'll make out," said Bud.

going their way . . .

Once convinced that he couldn't help them *his* way, the cousin set about helping them in their own. They found that there was money left. Apart from the untouched trust funds for their education, there was enough to give them a modest income, enough to live on while they looked around.

They decided to finish the summer at Poughkeepsie, then go to New York and hunt for acting jobs. As at Dad's death, their instinct was to get away from all that reminded them of the past. The apartment furniture went into storage with all the stuff from the big house. They sold the Ford for four hundred dollars. In Mother's Dodge, they drove back to Poughkeepsie. A saddened, subdued Chris met them and tried hard to be helpful without getting into their hair. Mr. Goode offered Bud a scholarship for the rest of the season, but he said no thanks, he'd wind up the way he'd started.

And so, at summer's end, with Wrinkle in the back, they headed the car toward New York, trying not to remember that other carefree day when the summer again had just started. For the first time in their lives, they stood alone against the world—a little terrified, but ready to rise to the challenge. If they were alone, at least they were alone together. Whatever lay ahead, each had the other for comfort and support.

Claire turned to her brother and smiled. "We'll make out—"

He picked up her hand and laid his on the wheel. "Atta girl," he said.

(Tom Drake's life story will be concluded in next month's MODERN SCREEN.*)*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It happened backstage at the Ethel Barrymore Theater, about five years ago. June Havoc came out with one of the boys in the chorus. A girl with a camera said, "How about a picture, Miss Havoc?" "Sure," the actress replied. The girl focused her camera, looked up, and said irritatedly to the chorus boy, "Look, you're getting into the picture. Would you mind moving aside?" The boy stepped away awkwardly, and the girl snapped the picture. June Havoc left with the redheaded chorus boy . . . and that's the story of how a gal with a camera managed not to snap a picture of Van Johnson! But who'd have guessed he was to become a famous star?

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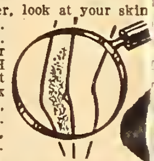

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CAMEO KID

(*Continued from page* 52)

There's nothing really wrong with Phyllis, understand. She's as fresh and pretty as a daisy and sweet as Ida's apple cider. She wears a dainty little cameo-cut face, a peach bloom complexion, rebellious brown hair, and eyes as merry as a Walt Disney chipmunk. She's slim and trim in the chassis department, but with all standard equipment. She's bright as a new bullet, and bubbles with personality like champagne. Also, it's generally agreed by the cinema seers that Phyllis has more acting talent in her little finger than most new movie starlets have in their entire packages of Petty girl pulchritude, if you'll go for a ten-dollar word. She's just twenty-four but already she's got solid years of Broadway and road company stage experience behind her and a starring hit, too, in "Claudia," so she's no green pea when it comes to tossing the emotions around. In addition to these virtues, Thaxter's nice to her folks, goes to church every Sunday and stopped smoking corn silk years ago. In fact, she's got every qualification in the book—except the one most wise men tag the principal ingredient for Hollywood fame—Glamor. Phyllis has about as much glamor as a rag doll. She admits it. She's sorry, but that's just the way it is.

terrifying test . . .

A fan wrote Phyllis the other day. "Dear Miss Thaxter," she began, "I think you have an awfully nice face—but it's in the wrong place." Phyllis read that again and looked in the mirror, wondering vaguely just where else her awfully nice face ought to be. At the bottom, the kibitzing correspondent cleared it up. "You look too darned natural to be in glamorous Hollywood," explained her pen friend. Phyllis knows what she means. Already, she's had some sad experiences. Her first Hollywood screen test, for instance, was pretty grim.

That debacle took place a few years ago when Phyllis rolled into California touring with the "Claudia" company. A sharp-eyed M-G-M talent scout thought he saw something and against her better judgment, Phyllis was lured out to the studio for a hurry-up camera once over one afternoon between performances. Well, they handed Phyllis a scene from the current production, "Kismet," and that's about as tailor made for her as "Camille" would be for Marjorie Main. They draped Thaxter in an old Oriental robe that Myrna Loy had worn in some ancient movie and a make-up man plastered phony glamor beauty aids here and there, including a lengthy hair-fall that made poor Phyllis look like a cross between Brenda Frazier and Veronica Lake. Then they stood her before a vine covered fence, and let the camera loose. "Your lover's coming over the wall," said the director. "Make with tender emotions."

Phyllis tried to oblige. But every time she turned her head tenderly to the absent lover her transformation tresses caught in the fence and almost yanked her head off. The glamor test wound up with Phyllis resembling a wax-works Cleopatra with St. Vitus dance.

Of course, most Hollywood careers are cluttered up with first test tragedies, and a public bonfire of those ghastly mementos would make a lot of stars sleep better of nights. Only in Phyllis Thaxter's case it was the same sad scene the next time Hollywood Glamor caught up with her, and every time after that, too.

They booked her for a glamor sitting at

Jan Clayton

Lovely Star in New Musical Hit, "Carousel," Uses and Recommends Super-Foamy Mar-o-Oil

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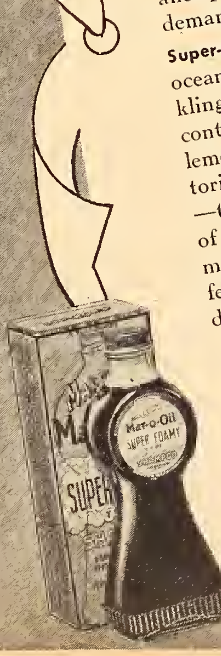

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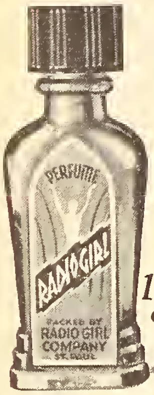

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the request of a swanky fashion magazine right after she'd made "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and rated as one of Metro's up and coming young stars.

"The picture will be terrible," promised Phyllis. "I'm just not built for elegance!"

"Pish-tush!" scoffed the studio experts. "We can make *anybody* glamorous. We're the best in the business. It's all in the know-how."

"You don't know me," protested Phyllis. They soothed her with big names in person. Creations by Irene. Hairdo's by Guilaroff. Makeup by Jack Dawn. Camera portraits by Clarence Bull. She got the works. But on Phyllis the Irene creations weren't dreamy, the Guilaroff hairdo wasn't a bit slinky and when she posed in all those sophisticated, come-hither Bull bulb postures it just looked like Little Sister Mary trying to show off. The pictures came back with a polite note. "The sittings are very nice but regret we cannot use them at this time."

And later, when she married her Army Air Transport Captain, Jim Aubrey, Arthur Hornblow, her producer on "Week-end at the Waldorf," thought he'd surprise Phyllis by wrangling the wedding dress she'd worn in the picture for her real nuptials. It took some string pulling, because that's taboo around Hollywood as a rule, but Mr. Hornblow really pitched. When he got the hard-won okay he telephoned Phyllis with the surprise. His jaw dropped when he heard the Thaxter reaction.

"Oh, I couldn't!" protested Phyllis. "Thanks so much but I wouldn't *dare*. Something awful would happen if I got really dressed up. It always does. I'll just wear a suit." Which she did, and everything went off smooth as silk.

So it just goes to show—some girls are cut out for glamor and some aren't, namely, Phyllis Thaxter. But if she's suffering from a deficiency of Hollywood Vitamin G, Phyllis has plenty of other personality molecules in her makeup that are just as potent and ten times as rare. In fact, not since Margaret Sullavan hit town years ago, has such a fresh and solid American girl charm quotient been seen ambling around these parts.

It's her girl-back-home appeal that landed Phyllis Thaxter in Hollywood—as the perfect Ellen Lawson, the girl heroic Captain Ted Lawson left behind him when he flew to glory in the historic bombing premiere of Japland. Producer Sam Zimbalist spotted it the minute he saw Phyllis' screen test of "Claudia" made in New York two years before and latched onto a great casting inspiration for "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." And even though Phyllis tosses her real self aside to play a split-personality witch in Arch Oboler's "Bewitched" (which you'll be seeing any day now) just to prove she can mix her dramatic shots—underneath that All-American girl is the real Phyllis Thaxter—right down to her initial "T"—and it's absolutely no accident.

Phyllis is from Portland, Maine, the very citadel of Yankeeland, and she says "Mommer" and "idear" if she doesn't watch her step. Her dad's a judge of the Maine Supreme Court and her brother's a Harvard man who's serving his country in the U. S. submarine service. Phyllis herself learned her Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson right in Portland's public schools and, like most Maine girls, improved the body beautiful by skiing in the winter and sailing in the summer. Not exactly the Bohemian background you'd expect to steer a young girl on to New York's stage-happy Rehearsal Club, with her starry eyes bent on Broadway and her soul dedicated to art and the theater, is it? But like most girls, Phyllis had a mother, and

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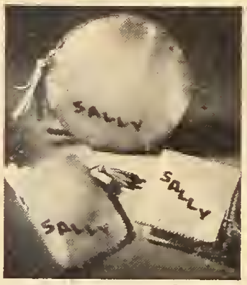

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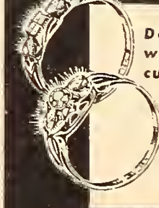

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hers happened to be the former Phyllis Schuyler, who brushed off a dramatic career of her own to marry and have children like Phyllis Number Two.

And somehow in the biological shuffle, all the dramatic chromosomes ganged up on Phyllis. Her mother found that out when Phylly was a mere moppet. She'd put on little plays around Portland to dabble away her own theatrical frustrations, and always it was daughter Phyllis who ran away with the penny productions, playing Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" or something terrific like that. So when she finished Deering High and calmly announced she'd skip college, which nice girls just don't do in Maine, Phylly had a private Fifth Column plugging for her in her Maw.

deep dram-er . . .

She went up to Ogunquit, Maine, for summer stock, paying her own way out of some money her grandmother left her. Because her practical judge dad, with Yankee reason, okayed the project only on the condition that Phylly made good. "And when you do," he promised, "I'll pay the bill. Until then—it's your party." Later on, too, when Phyllis clicked in "Claudia" she got her check from papa in full for the early summer training expenses. That shows you the kind of solid citizens the Thaxters are in their thinking —and maybe hands out a hint why Phyllis made as good as she did and still kept her Triple-A's right on the ground without a rush of glamor to the head.

Phylly got going early. She was just sweet sixteen when she espoused the artistic life up in Ogunquit, dwelling in an attic over a flower store (which she thought was very poetic, because her own tag, Phyllis, means "Green Bough") and having all the mad little theater moments that kids do in the Summer Circuit. As for early art: It's on record that the first Thaxter footlight triumph was wheeling a baby buggy across the stage in "Boy Meets Girl" and the immortal first Thaxter lines were, "Say 'Da-da.'" But Grandmaw's legacy wasn't entirely frittered away, because, as it always has, Phyllis' fresh American girl charm soon paid off. Laurette Taylor, the Broadway

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While I was visiting California with my cousin, we decided to dine at a famous restaurant. When we got there, my cousin reprimanded me for staring at everyone. Then a young man walked up to our table and asked to borrow the ketchup. Because I was irritated, I just slammed the bottle toward him without looking up. But I slammed it too hard; the bottle cracked and ketchup splashed on the three of us. The young man started to laugh as he brushed off the bright red stains from his attractive tweed suit. What a swell guy he was to take it so nicely! I looked up and tried to apologize, but he only laughed some more. How embarrassing it was to have splashed ketchup on Cornel Wilde!

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star, came to Ogunquit, took one look at blooming Phylly and cried, cryptically, "There's Daphne!" Turned out that Daphne was a sweet, unspoiled character in one of La Taylor's new plays and naturally Phyllis added right up. She played it for her first real stage job and got so wrapped up in the part that she darn near changed her professional name to Daphne Schuyler, honoring that and her mother. But she came to in time.

Just the same, the Ogunquit summer infected Phylly with a stage fever from which she's never entirely recovered. She's as starry-eyed today about such matters as she was when she walked into the Rehearsal Club in New York and became one of those ambitious young characters they made the movie "Stage Door" about—remember?

please, mr. producer . . .

All those odd young bodies seem to do about the same thing when they descend on Broadway. They see all the hit plays from the peanut gallery, carry casting sheets of the new productions in their purses, sit up all night for the newspaper reviews, eat lunch at the Automat and make pests of themselves at all the agents' offices. Somehow, the Good Lord lets them live until It happens. Phyllis was a typical type. She got her dainty foot in Producer Oscar Serlin's sanctum one day. Mr. Serlin was very nice. "But it's a little girl's part," he explained. "You're not young enough." Thaxter rushed back to the Rehearsal Club with a burning idea. Pretty soon she reappeared in disguise as a little girl. Mr. Serlin pretended he didn't know. He was very nice again, but at the end he said, "But Miss Thaxter—you're *still* not *young* enough for the part." He should have called the cops, Phyllis admits.

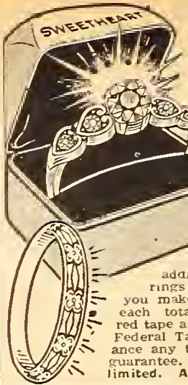
She finally landed a job in a George Abbott show, "What A Life," at fifteen dollars every Saturday and the great dramatic task of walking across the stage once during the evening. That thrilled her so—just to be actually on Broadway—that Phyllis wrote her folks and her ever loyal Mother made the long trip down from Maine to see Junior do her stuff. Only just as Phyllis' big moment arrived that night, a fat man lifted himself up smack in front of Mrs. Thaxter and leisurely removed his coat. By the time all was clear again, Phyllis had entered and exited, too. Her maw never did see her in action.

Tripping across a stage night after night, no matter how brightly lighted, got to be a bit of a bore, even to Girl Scout Phyllis. But she stuck it grimly for a whole year and finally saved up $350.

Phylly celebrated with a skiing excursion upstate with her brother, Sidney, and was all set to go on home with him for a Maine vacation when her first experience with an Inner Voice occurred. Phylly isn't psychic but she gets a bunch of hunches every now and then and she's superstitious, too. Somebody gave her a lucky silver dollar dated 1843 once and she carried it for months, because the cartwheel was supposed to bring her buckets of luck at its centennial in 1943.

Well, later, way out in Butte, Montana—of all places—where she was on tour, she found herself broke and had to spend her lucky dollar. She was desolate, but never gave up hope and sure enough, in 1943—boom—what did she do but click in "Claudia"? So she never sells an Inner Voice short.

This one told her to grab a rattler right back to New York instead of Portland, because something was going to happen. Phylly did. First person she talked to was a Rehearsal Club girl who gave her the important word on a new



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Lunt and Fontanne show, "There Shall Be No Night." "There's an understudy job open," revealed the girl. "Why—that's what I came back to New York for!" breathed Phyllis.

It was easy as pie. Lynn Fontanne took one look, as Laurette Taylor had done, and Phyllis had the job. She understudied in the show for a year, traveled all around, never played a scene but paid her first income tax—$6. She also learned plenty from Miss Fontanne, who turned pretty soon into as good a fairy godmother as a girl could ask for when Thaxter's crack at "Claudia" came along.

another claudia . . .

If many more ex-Claudia alumnae turn into Hollywood stars they'll have to order graduation pins, start a hockey team and learn a class song. Phyllis makes the third sweet young thing to invade Hollywood wearing a Claudia cap-and-gown. Dorothy McGuire, Jennifer Jones and now Phyllis Thaxter. Phyllis knew that the role was right for her the first time she read the script. She was determined to get it and her turn finally came—but they sort of dared her to do it, though. John Golden, the producer man, wanted a Claudia for the Chicago company, every bit as good as Dorothy McGuire, which was a fairly tall order, seeing as how Dotty had created the role and clicked like a turnstile. But again Phyllis' demure and dainty American girlishness turned the trick. Producer Golden took one look at the youth-through-joy or vice versa or whatever it is that Phyllis packs around and smote his brow. "Good Lord—a child bride if I ever saw one!" he cried. "Give her a crack at it by all means."

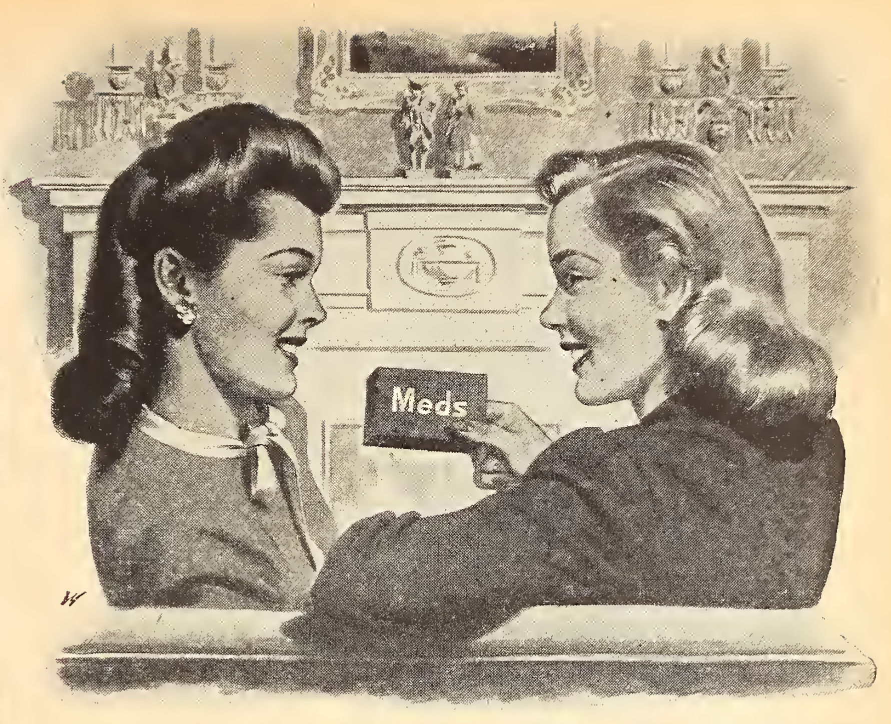
Today Phyllis gets edgy if you call her the perfect "Claudia"—she thinks it's a reflection on her dignity or talent or something—but that's just what she is, so let's face it. If not—unless she was Bernhardt—how the heck could she have pulled off the miracle matinee that she did?

It was a Tuesday when she got the go-ahead to try out by taking Dotty McGuire's place at the Wednesday matinee. She knew the lines by heart after all the off-and-on exposure she'd had to Claudia. She'd even made a movie test from the play (and that's the one, remember, that cinched her M-G-M contract). But still—well, when everything hangs on one performance and about all you've done before is trot across a stage and look charming—it's a state of crisis, and no mistake. "Can you go on tomorrow?" asked Mr. Golden blithely.

"Oh, natch," replied Phylly nonchalantly, or words to that effect. But down inside it was a plain case of panic.

She had time for one quick rehearsal. Mama Thaxter was in town, thank goodness, so she whipped along Fifth Avenue and got new clothes because Phyllis didn't have such things as a slinky negligee, which the play called for. But what really did it was that night—and Lynn Fontanne. She had panicky Phyllis over to her New York apartment, calmed her down with tea and stayed up all night priming her for the performance. They acted out Claudia until it came out Phylly's every pore—and can you imagine a better coach for anything in the acting line than Lynn Fontanne?

Next afternoon Phyllis walked out of the wings—the perfect Claudia by nature, and about to find out is she is or is she ain't an actress. She opened her mouth—nothing came out. She tried it again. Out popped her first speech and she doesn't remember a thing after that until the end of the first act when John Golden hugged her in the wings and cried, "You've got the part!" Then somebody brought her a



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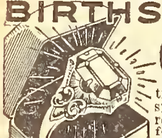

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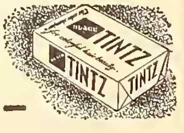

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cup of tea and she knew whom it was from—Lynn Fontanne, of course—it's sort of her trademark. And knowing that Miss Fontanne was right there in the audience, and Mama and all her Rehearsal Club pals—well—Phylly sort of spread herself from then on, and the applause left her on the deaf side. She celebrated with her family afterwards.

Phylly was just as solid a hit in Chicago, and later, touring around with the show, she had the practical experience she needed to sharpen her natural talent into professional skill. She had her triumphs as well as her trials, such as the time she fell downstairs right in the middle of the show and the time her negligee zipper caught during a two-minute quick change and she had to dodge artfully around the rest of the show to keep her scandalous bare back away from the audience. Then, too, the time the cast tricked her by filling with water a pickle she had to crunch so that the minute she bit in, it squirted her all over. But all in all Thaxter was mad for the life. That's why, perhaps, when Zimbalist spotted her for Ellen Lawson Phyllis said, "No." Also, she hadn't forgotten that disastrous first test with the Cleopatra hairdo. Remember, too, she was one of those young star-struck arty Rehearsal Clubbers whose creed is to boo Hollywood as a crass commercial joint—until they get a fat contract.

lucky thirty seconds . . .

But Mr. Zimbalist knew what he wanted and how to get it. "Will you read the script?" he wired Phylly, and sent it right along. By then Phyllis was playing around San Francisco and busy as a bee so she just kicked the script package from Hollywood around for a few days and then one night, with nothing better to do, riffled through it. Well—she didn't sleep much *that* night. The Inner Voice was shouting in her ear again. And the next morning Phylly was calling Hollywood and inquiring, "When do I start?" That's what it did to her. She blames it all on the wonderful story of Ted Lawson and his wife, Ellen. And today she'll tell you the thing she is proudest of is her job in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." She's flooded daily with letters from service wives with husbands overseas, thanking her for the courage and hope the picture blessed them with. Phylly knows now what a vast influence a Hollywood film can have—what a wonderful audience she plays to. As for art—no Broadway stage could give her a better crack at it than she has in "Bewitched," the Oboler psyche-study I mentioned a while back. M-G-M has no kicks either, naturally, what with Phyllis' landing on MODERN SCREEN's popularity poll almost before you could say "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo."

But I suspect the main reason Down-East Thaxter is so happy about being a Horrible Hollywood citizen at present could be traced to another source without too much sleuthing. If she hadn't come to Hollywood she wouldn't have met and married Jimmy, pardon, Captain James T. Aubrey, U.S. Army, Air Transport Command.

Phyllis met her fate in as neat a boy-meets-girl sequence as a Hollywood scripter could dream up. On a blind date. And even if her New England ancestors took a turn or two in their graves at such a thing, Phylly's sure it was worth it. Jimmy's a six-foot, young ex-Princeton University footballers, and it was a case of love at very first sight.

Phyllis Morgan, who runs Hollywood's famous Cock and Bull restaurant, was the Cupid in the case. She's a young, pretty matron, whose friends call her "Kelly," which is a good idea here since there are

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already too many Phyllises cluttering up these pages, anyway. Kelly's husband's away to war and she's a demon home front activity girl with a flock of friends. So it was natural that when handsome young flier officers from families she'd known back East started roosting at her place on their leaves, she'd try to fix them up with dates. That's not such a breeze around busy Hollywood as you'd think, even with the manpower shortage, but the lonesome look in Capt. Aubrey's eyes stirred Mrs. Morgan to drastic action. She called up a girl she'd just met at a party, even though she barely knew her. The girl, of course, was our Phyllis, who was getting around by now but was not optioned by any means. Phylly was sorry, she had a dinner engagement, but she promised to drop by the Cock and Bull and meet the boys afterwards. So she did, in her usual sweater and skirt, and with her short hair flying in all directions. She didn't look any more like a Hollywood actress than the gals Jimmy'd met around Smith and Wellesley. He'd never heard of Phyllis Thaxter and wasn't a bit bedazzled by glamor which, of course, Phylly hasn't anyway.

But that night Kelly Morgan's phone rang in the wee hours and scared her out of her wits. It was only Jimmy sighing, "Kelly, what have you done to me?"

And no sooner had she slipped back into bed than the thing jingled again and this time it was Phyllis singing in a love-in-bloom voice, "Kelly, I've met the man I'm going to marry!"

continued story . . .

They had a typical war time, installment plan courtship. Because Jimmy flies big four-motor jobs all over the globe. And he's as like as not to be off to Alaska or somewhere at a minute's notice. Luckily, though, he brings a lot of damaged planes into the Douglas Santa Monica factory for repairs and that's right over the hill from M-G-M.

Maybe the reason Jimmy and Phyllis clicked so solidly at romance is because both were away from home in a strange land. Anyway, in no time at all Phyllis went back to Chicago on her first layoff to meet the Aubreys and Judge Thaxter was there and also Jimmy, who'd had a lucky flying break in that direction. From then on it was just a question of when,

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While Betty Hutton was appearing at the Chicago Theater here in the "Windy City," I managed to get a seat in the third row. Sitting about three seats away was a smart alec who annoyed everyone around him. When the lovely Betty started her songs, he shut up, only to start again the moment she stopped singing. Betty started "Murder, He Says," the first line of which goes, "Finally found a fellow, almost completely divine." The nuisance bent forward and shouted, "Oh yeah? What's he look like?" With complete poise and typical Hutton speed, the star stopped singing, looked down at the offender, and replied, "Not like you, Bub!" We had no more trouble from him, and Betty Hutton had scored another victory.

Wanda Willhoite
Chicago, Ill.

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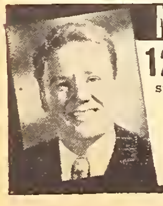

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and again a lucky flying break decided that.

Phylly was bicycling back and forth between "Weekend at the Waldorf" and "Bewitched." Then Jimmy flew into Hollywood for an overnight plane pickup. Only as he landed, the big ship got banged up and he laid over a week for repairs. That seemed like fate to Phyllis and the Inner Voice got going. Next day she made a bargain with M-G-M that she'd work until midnight if they'd let her off over the week end. From that moment things began to pop.

Phylly rushed from Lot Two at Metro during her noon hour to meet Jimmy for the license business. It was a pretty hectic wedding, as most wartime weddings are. Phyllis worked until 5:30 with the rites set for 7 o'clock. And Jimmy's flier best man from March Field got lost and just made it to the church five minutes before the wedding march. But a preacher finally made them one in proper style. Movie villain Sidney Greenstreet, who'd fathered Phyllis through "There Shall Be No Night," gave her away, Kelly Morgan came through with a gala reception at her home with champagne, wedding cake and everything, and Bob Landry, the war photographer, snapped a set of private stills for their memory album. So they were off to a Palm Springs honeymoon at last.

dinners 'n' dust . . .

The Aubreys are cozily at home these days in a tiny little furnished apartment out near M-G-M, and Phyllis knows what it's like to be a war bride. By now, Mama Thaxter has been out for a visit, leaving Margot, a Norwegian maid whose sister raised the Thaxter kids and who's practically a member of the family. That's lucky for the care and feeding of the Aubreys because Phyllis will cop an Academy Award long before she'll ever win a prize in domestic science. In the cooking line she's handy with popovers—but you can't live on popovers. Sometimes she can sew on a button, but having started acting too young she's just not handy around the house. When Ellen Lawson was expecting her last baby, Phylly thought it would be nice to knit some tiny garments. She started months before the event but at the last minute had to run out and buy the gift. Her effort was still dangling on the needles.

She would live off avocados herself, yami yogurt (a kind of thick milk) and caviar, if Margot would let her. The avocado passion is a California discovery but caviar's been a weakness for years and years. She used to have her friends give her the stuff for Christmas and birthdays and once when she was down to her last two bucks, out of a job and afraid to write her folks, she blew the whole sum for caviar just to bolster her morale. Next day, too, she got a job.

Rich fodder like that doesn't bother Thaxter's trim figure one bit—in fact, Phyllis is always eager on the gaining weight side. She burns up so much energy that chubbiness hasn't a chance. She's no ball of fire as a girl athlete, although she swims and rides well and thinks the beach is California's her best bet for fun and a tan, which she acquires like a Kanaka. She takes tennis and golf lessons now and then when she finds time because Jimmy was a championship links guy at Princeton and she'd like to keep up a bit. But what really keeps her trim is the way she knocks off the calories with work.

Phyllis thinks nothing of staying awake all night sopping up a new script. She'll work all hours on the set, knock herself out and love it. When she encountered this sexy lady part she has to play in "Bewitched," Thaxter knew a wild tomato

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character like that was nothing like her own naive self. So she studied all the torrid tootsies and the pictures they'd made, all the way from Hedy Lamarr to Theda Bara. That's an old stage trick of hers, too. Some of her most prized possessions are ancient recordings made by old time stage greats like Joseph Jefferson and Ellen Terry.

She knows her business so thoroughly by now that Phyllis is never threatened with a camera freeze or stage fright the way you'd expect any gal suddenly catapulted into stardom, would be. The only time on record of any such bucks and balks took place the other night when Phyllis did a radio skit with Van Johnson on the Screen Guild Theater. A bunch of bobby sockers in the front row gave out with such vocal hysterics at Van that Phyllis lost her voice in amazement. After the show some of them, to be polite, asked for her autograph along with Van's, although they really didn't have any idea who she was.

clothes clash . . .

Phyllis' clothes help keep her incognito in public. She still sticks to suits, sweaters and skirts, peasant dresses and things like that. Her favorite she calls her "Aubrey suit." That's the pink one she was married in, but the advent of Jimmy into her life hasn't helped glamor any. He sent her an Army raincoat for Christmas! Phylly just can't wear hats, for some reason. They tried exactly one hundred bonnets for a scene in "Thirty Seconds" where she simply couldn't go bareheaded, before finding one that didn't make her look silly. She's allergic to most jewelry too, outside of a beaten silver belt Jimmy bought her in Arizona and which she wears constantly, and her wedding ring. Anything like costume baubles make her look a fright.

Coiffures, of course, are impossible, considering Thaxter's hair habits. She snips her own unruly mop and washes it every other day in the shower and as a result it would take a wrestler to hold it down. But somehow on Phyllis it looks good. Besides, Jimmy likes it that way. He doesn't spoil her, though. He calls her "the ugly duckling," and tries to hide the love light in his eye.

Jimmy flies in and out as usual for Uncle Sam, but when he does get home Captain Aubrey and his busy bride have themselves a time about town. They like to dance and they've got lots of friends, especially Jimmy's pilot buddies at nearby California's airfields. Major Ted Lawson and Ellen (of "Thirty Seconds" fame) are old friends by now and Phyllis sees them constantly, especially since the hero of the Doolittle raid is now solidly established in business near Hollywood. Sometimes, too, their friends, Tom Harmon and his bride, Elyse Knox, blow in town and then that's a celebration.

scared o' the law . . .

They steer clear of all Hollywood parties, and previews are avoided like the plague, because they make Phyllis squirm, especially if she's in them. So a dance place like Mocambo or the Grove and oc-

QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 14)

1. c
2. a
3. b
4. a
5. c
6. b
7. b
8. c
9. a
10. c
11. c
12. b

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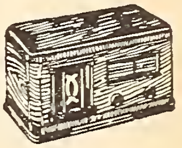

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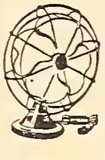

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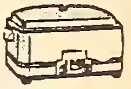

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BEFORE

Here are actual photos of Lynn Lambert of Staten Island, N. Y., showing her *before* and *after* taking the Bonomo Course "It did wonders for me" she writes.

AFTER

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casionally a trip to the Palladium to watch the jitterbugs whirl, is the answer. Jimmy always drives their little Ford car when he's home, because Phyllis is kind of careless about cars. Once she left the door of her flivver open and when she rounded a corner it tossed her right out on the pavement, bunged her up and scared her half to death. She flunked her driving test in Los Angeles but blandly trotted out to Beverly Hills the same day and passed it, so she's not sure it's all legal anyway. Phyllis is continually worried about such official matters. She wouldn't let them say she was twenty-one at the studio when she really is twenty-four, because she thought she might land in jail or something. And her bad habit of writing checks and then not entering the amount on her stubs worries her half to death, but she can't help it. The first thing a resolute Phyllis did when she got married was to buy a steel file and a set of books so she wouldn't disgrace Captain Jimmy with her wayward finances.

sentimental gal . . .

When Jimmy's off to the ends of the earth, Phyllis walks strictly alone except on Canteen nights. She's probably the most sentimental bride ever invented. It's an old failing, really; she had her mother send out her Santa Claus stocking the first Christmas she spent in Hollywood. After she married and Jimmy flew off to the wars again, Phyllis made a vow she'd go to church every Sunday until the war ends—and she has.

The other night Phyllis came home, as limp and frayed as an old shirt. She'd made retakes until all hours for "Bewitched" and all she could think of was the heavenly hay, pillows and white sheets. But when she'd tucked herself in, so tired she ached, a funny thing happened. She couldn't sleep. She tossed and turned and counted little lambs eating ivy but it was no use. Bushed as she was, she stayed wide awake and staring.

Then she remembered. No wonder—she hadn't written Jimmy! Phyllis hopped out of bed and scribbled the daily report, trotted to the corner and mailed it, then climbed back in bed. In a second she was off to Dreamland.

She may be in gay, glamorous Hollywood but Phyllis Thaxter's New England conscience is still clicking on all six. Or maybe you'd call it love.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

During the shooting of "Home In Indiana," all the bobby-sockers in town wanted to get autographs of the stars. Lon McCallister was staying at a hotel, and after about two weeks, my friend and I sneaked up the servants' entrance in a final attempt to get his autograph. I had a pretty good idea of where his room was, so when I got to what I thought was the right door, I peeked through the keyhole. Just then the door opened, and I don't remember anything until I woke up on a couch in Lon's room. He was bursting his sides laughing. I didn't think it was very funny, because I had an awful headache. Then he apologized, talked with me, and finally saw me home . . . with his autograph!

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SMALL IN THE SADDLE

(Continued from page 48)

galloping down a narrow roadway. Velvet was to stand squarely in his path, and he was to slacken speed and approach her almost with nuzzling gentleness at the end of his wild charge.

The director, the horse handler and others discussed the scene. "I think we'd better use a double," someone said. "We can get a real jockey to stand with his back to the camera. I don't think we should risk Elizabeth."

perfect faith . . .

Elibabeth looked horror stricken. In her light, gentle voice she objected, "Gracious, The Pi, I mean King Charles, wouldn't hurt me. We're friends. We can try just once, and I'll stand close enough to the fence to slide through if he doesn't seem to want to stop."

Reluctantly, the officials decided to try it. As Elizabeth predicted, King Charles poured down that lane like lightning aimed at lodestone, but when he saw Elizabeth he turned partially sidewards, eased his stride to a prance and drew up softly beside the girl who had already begun to covet him for her very own.

She brought up King's ownership at home one night. Her father is an art dealer and her mother, (an amazing pretty woman who looks like Elizabeth's older sister) was once an actress, so she can always depend upon their sympathy and understanding. "Do you suppose we could buy King Charles from the studio?" she ventured.

"But, darling, you already have a horse," protested Mrs. Taylor.

Elizabeth smiled rapturously. "I've thought that all out. If we had Prince Charming AND King Charles—two horses—you and I could go riding together, Mother."

Mr. Taylor laughed. Mrs. Taylor laughed and said she'd be afraid even of Prince Charming, since she wasn't such an equestrienne as her daughter. Bill laughed and said that even if she became King's owner, she would probably give him away to the first person for whom she felt sorry.

Elizabeth looked horror-stricken, but she grinned a little, too. This open-handedness of Miss Taylor's is something of a family joke. The reason: When "National Velvet" was first planned, the assumption was that it would be directed by Mervyn LeRoy. However, when the final directorial schedule was perfected, it was found that Mr. LeRoy's commitments were such that he couldn't handle it along with his other pictures. The assignment was handed to a joyous Mr. Clarence Brown. Elizabeth and her mother admired both men equally, but Elizabeth felt certain that Mr. LeRoy would be bitterly disappointed.

That morning, Elizabeth's father had made her a present of a handsome horse carved of teak; its mane rose magnificently from a strong neck, the muscles in his shoulders and hocks appeared, in the heavy black polished wood, to ripple with eagerness to race the wind. The carving, exquisite and not to be duplicated at any price, was an antique that Mr. Taylor had acquired in the course of his purchase of art treasures for his gallery, and—well aware of his daughter's adoration for oaters—he had presented it to her.

When Elizabeth and her mother went to the studio, toward noon, Elizabeth carried the horse—heavy as it was—with her and showed it to everyone. Then they went to Mr. LeRoy's office where he

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confided his disappointment. He wasn't to have the intense pleasure of directing "National Velvet." As Elizabeth turned to go, she reconsidered, came back to Mervyn, and handed him her teak horse. "Even if you don't get to direct the picture," she said, "here is something to make you remember it and Velvet Brown forever."

Mr. LeRoy stared at the slim sprite smiling at him. "I couldn't accept this," he announced as he hauled out a handkerchief. "It's swell of you, Elizabeth, but . . . well, it wouldn't be right."

Elizabeth's hands clasped behind her. "It's yours," she insisted quietly.

Mrs. Taylor, feeling perhaps that Elizabeth was making a gesture that she would regret later, suggested, "Why don't you think it over, dear? I'm sure Mr. LeRoy would understand. If you still want him to have your new horse tomorrow, then you can bring it back."

But Elizabeth understood what her mother was trying in a tactful way to say: That Mr. Taylor might be hurt to have his prime gift passed on so quickly. "Father will understand," Elizabeth said, nodding into her mother's eyes. "No, I've made up my mind and I know what I'm doing. The horse belongs to Mr. LeRoy."

So, when Elizabeth's brother kidded her about giving King Charles away, she knew what he meant. And it didn't bother her in the least. There are things one *must* do and things one must *not* do. On the *must not* list would be giving King Charles away.

"Well, we'll see," said Mr. Taylor.

On her own, Elizabeth telephoned the studio and asked about how much King Charles would be, say in round millions. They said King wasn't for sale. That was comforting; it meant that someone else wouldn't snap up King before she had persuaded her family to buy him for her. Not for an instant did the nasty thought arise that King wasn't for sale to anyone. Miss Taylor, like Velvet Brown, had definite convictions about intrinsic ownership. Ever try to separate a ten penny nail from a four inch magnet?

Came then the witching day, February 27—the day on which Elizabeth was 13. She was called to the telephone by the secretary of Mr. Thau, one of Metro's executives. Said Mr. Thau, "Elizabeth—happy birthday! I have a gift for you—his name is King Charles."

"Jeepers!" gasped Elizabeth.

"The studio is giving him to you because you and The Pi belong together," he added.

"Oh, Jeepers," repeated Elizabeth as huge tears formed in her incredulous eyes and slowly moved down her cheeks. Mrs. Taylor, having been tipped off in advance, was also drying her eyes. Mr. Thau, hearing Elizabeth's third exclamation of "Jeepers" grow tremulous, was digging in a hip pocket for a handkerchief, and his secretary—who had been invited to stay on the wire in order to hear Elizabeth's comments on the subject of King Charles—was diving into the bottom drawer of her desk for a tissue.

"Well, jeepers!" said Elizabeth for the fourth time. And then she really started to cry.

Mr. Thau said it was the most sincere and eloquent speech of acceptance he had heard in a long life of after dinner addresses.

horseless hobbies . . .

Don't think for a moment that horses are Elizabeth's only interest in life, because she has more hobbies than a merry-go-round. Take reading, for instance. Her allowance is fifty cents per week (which Mrs. Taylor frequently forgets to give Eliz.,

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and which she forgets to request) and she spends it entirely on comic books. She has also read the entire Little Colonel series with the exception of five volumes. The books had to be purchased from time to time in second hand book shops throughout the country, because the many-volumed saga of the Old South is out of print.

Another activity is her music. She studied piano for a year, but she and her mother agreed that Miss Taylor spelled backward would never be Iturbi, so they abandoned her studies in black and white. But Elizabeth did show one early interest: When she stood only knob high to the home radio, she used to sing with Lily Pons, and when Lily held a high note, Elizabeth held it just a trifle longer so that her astonished family would know who deserved the more enthusiastic applause at the song's end.

So, for the past three years, Elizabeth has been studying voice, and that glint visible in the eyes of certain Metro officials is strictly a golden (as in Fort Knox) glow in anticipation of the début of their new singing star.

Elizabeth's taste in music is longhair. She has albums and albums of classics and plays them by the hour, with never a boogie beat to mar the Mozart, but when it comes to selections for her own singing that is something else again. Her all-time favorite is Gershwin's "Summertime."

And recently she was given a military air, newly equipped with lyrics, to try. It was so stirring, so fluttering with banners, that she wanted to cry it out. She could feel the music marching down flag-draped streets, echoing from tall buildings, ordering thousands of rhythmic feet, and it throbbed in her blood, making her burn to give full voice to the sound. "Keep it down, keep it down," ordered the director. "There's plenty of time for that. That will come later. Right now—KEEP IT DOWN."

Practically everyone has seen pictures of Elizabeth with her chipmunk. She trapped him herself in a private Taylor invention. The trap consisted at first of a rectangular wooden box with a trap door tripped by a string; on the floor of this furry Alcatraz was placed a thick carpet of wheat. However, Elizabeth discovered that a chipmunk, quick to sense his mistake in going for black market grain, made a mad dash for the light, i.e., his original spot of entry, and got away. She solved that one by boring a few very small holes in the opposite side of the box so that the confused chipmunk cast himself at the wrong exit. Some of the chipmunks she captured simply never got the idea of local culture, but Nibbles took to civilization like Breathless took to Shaky's safe deposit dough. Currently, he is hand fed and lives luxuriously at the end of a long string which is used chiefly to withdraw him rapidly and forcefully from the nervous attention of the resident cat, a character named Jeepers Creepers.

help wanted . . .

Elizabeth has several household duties. On Thursday and Sunday mornings—when the maid is out—she makes her own bed. (This is an indication of progress, because the previous maid had given Elizabeth strict orders that Miss Taylor was to make her bed EVERY morning. The new maid is more indulgent.) She is required to set the table for dinner, to remove the dishes to the kitchen after dinner, and to set the table for breakfast before she goes to bed at night. She is also learning to cook.

Her decision to make with the pots and pans was reached in an unexpected way. Elizabeth and her mother were on the set

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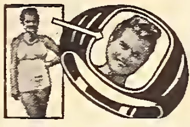

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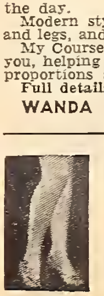

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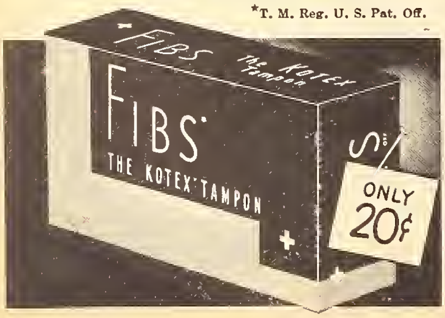

one day when, quite by accident, they overheard the conversation of two extra players. One girl was saying to another, "I can't boil water without burning it. Really, I'm totally helpless in a kitchen, I can't even fry an egg."

The other girl, not to be outdone in reverse domestic virtue, said, "I burn myself and spill things and break dishes and generally create havoc in a kitchen. I'm strictly a career girl, I guess."

On the way home that night, Elizabeth broke a long silence to observe to her mother, "I don't think being useless in a kitchen is anything to be proud of, do you? I mean, why shouldn't everyone know how to go into a kitchen and prepare an appetizing meal? We don't ever know when it might be very necessary to know how to cook well."

"That's right," agreed Mrs. Taylor.

lookie at cookie . . .

"And besides, it's feminine to know those things. I think every girl should be able to be a homemaker . . . even if she *is* a career girl." So Elizabeth is learning how to make light bread rolls, several different kinds of cake, salads, and how to cook vegetables properly. So far she hasn't had a serious failure, so it would appear that her future husband is going to be robbed of that bridal biscuit gag.

One of Elizabeth's best friends is the daughter of a tremendously wealthy family; she is a girl who has, literally, everything, yet she is required to perform the same household tasks as Elizabeth is. Also, she takes care of the simple mending of her clothes; when a dress needs to be shortened or lengthened, this girl is perfectly capable of attending to it.

Recently, Elizabeth, accompanied by her mother, bought two lightweight frocks for summer. Both dresses needed to be shortened for Elizabeth, so she persuaded her mother to pin in the hem, then Elizabeth settled herself with needle and thread and ran a fine seam. A third girl friend arrived in the midst of this work and demanded pityingly, "Does your mother make you do your own sewing? Gosh, MY mother does all those things for me. You and Mary sure have your troubles."

"My mother doesn't MAKE me do any of the things I do around the house," Elizabeth said easily. "I like to have responsibility, and that's the way Mary feels about it, too. We think it's womanly to know something about domestic tasks."

The following afternoon all THREE of the girls spent in shortening slacks and sewing on buttons.

Elizabeth's taste in clothing is something over which the Kodacolor cameramen drool. One outfit consists of a pair of purple slacks, a chartreuse blouse, and a chartreuse sloppy joe. Another is made up of silver grey slacks, a coral blouse, and a coral sloppy joe. The last time she counted them, she had 30 sweaters, some in matching sets, some singletons, but her favorite ensemble is a pair of russet frontier pants, western high heeled riding-boots, a yellow blouse, yellow ascot, and a russet fringed suede vest.

Her favorite dress-up dress is summer-sky blue silk on which are hand painted a herd of wandering, cottony clouds. It's really dreamy. The rest of her skirted wardrobe is mainly peasant, with white blouses and full skirts decorated with wide bands of color and rainbow ric-rac. She is parting her hair just now from the middle of her forehead to the nape of her neck with the hair brought upward from the temples and a hank of yarn braided into a plait on each side of her head and crossed over to meet in the middle.

Mrs. Taylor, catching her before the mirror one morning completing this coiffure, shook her head slowly. "I don't think so, dear. It's pretty, but honestly I think it's a little too mature for you. Not old, exactly, but just a trifle too grown up."

"May I wear it this way today while you think it over?" Elizabeth, the diplomat, wanted to know. Mrs. Taylor said, "Well, all right."

They stopped in a shop in Beverly Hills to check the blouse situation, and Mrs. Taylor's conversation with the salesgirl was interrupted by her daughter's joyous request, "Please turn around, Mother!"

About four feet away stood two little girls, one about six, the other about eight. Their hair was combed exactly like Elizabeth's, yarn and all.

"Too mature?" queried Elizabeth.

Mrs. Taylor grinned. "It's very becoming to them—and to you, dear," she said, giving in gracefully.

People who know Elizabeth well are convinced that she never walks; she runs. Everything must be done in a hurry, life is short, there is excitement everywhere, nothing can be missed. So—on one of her streaks from sound stage to school room—Elizabeth tripped over some lurking object, fell on her foot and broke one of the tarsal bones. She was rushed to a doctor who took X-rays and committed the foot to a cast, "And there, young lady, it will have to remain for at least two months. Come back in three weeks and we'll see how you are getting along."

Pictures taken at the end of three weeks time indicated that the break was healed. However, the doctor thought that she should use crutches for several weeks.

"What if she won't use the crutches?" asked Mrs. Taylor.

milk maid . . .

"She will because the foot will pain her," said the medical man. "The reason she has recovered so rapidly is her love of milk—her system really produces the calcium needed for fast repair, but I don't think the repair will be so fast that she will give up her crutches for a long time."

She discarded them at the end of a week. Currently they are gathering dust in the garage and Elizabeth hasn't even suffered a twinge since.

There are six girls in the immediate vicinity of the Taylor home, so they recently organized a slumber party to be held at Elizabeth's. For dinner they had four hamburgers and two hot dogs each, then settled down for a long, complicated gab session. They talked about boys—"not very interesting, but our ideas may change"—about dogs, horses, clothes, Dick Tracy, L'il Abner, good places to go bicycling, and the summer vacation. Elizabeth scorched everyone with envy when she announced that within a week her family was leaving for a month in Wisconsin where her uncle owns an estate embracing several lakes.

At midnight the girls decided the time had come to raid the icebox. They tiptoed downstairs, giggling, and viewed the larder. Mrs. Taylor had anticipated them with a huge bowl of potato salad, cold fried chicken, and fruit.

The girls looked at the marvelous, beautiful food. Then they looked desperately from one to the other. They were too filled with hamburger and hot dogs to eat a bite. They slipped back upstairs and turned in, after having sworn a solemn oath to meet every year on the same night for another slumber party. "To compare notes about our futures," Elizabeth said.

One of the girls giggled, "And next year, maybe you'll be able to pronounce 'linoleum.'" Elizabeth is inclined to call it "niloleum" or "niloneum."

No matter how she pronounces floor covering, Elizabeth is pronounced adorable

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"How about a love life of your own, Pet?"

GIRL: Umm... Hardly my Big Year, is it?

CUPID: But it *could* be, Cupcake. It *could* be.

GIRL: Of *course* it could! Just let somebody leave me a million dollars, for instance. Or give me a big movie contract. Or even a new face. Or—

CUPID: ...or just teach you that even a *plain girl* can be pretty if she'll smile! If she'll sparkle at people!

GIRL: If she *can* sparkle at people... which *I can't*. Not with my dull teeth. And I brush 'em, too. And—

CUPID: Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

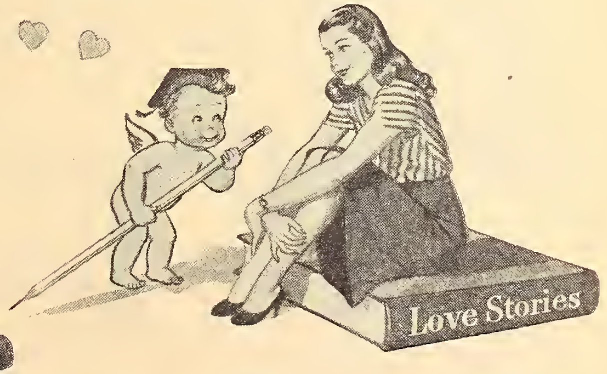
NEVER IGNORE "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

GIRL: Well, lately, but—

CUPID: But *what?* Don't you know that's a warning to *see your dentist?* He may find your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: And *that'll* help my smile?

CUPID: Chick, Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth and you help your gums to healthier firmness. And healthier gums means sounder, brighter teeth. *And* a smile that'll help you to your own love life! Start with Ipana and massage today!



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The greatest star of the screen!

GINGER

How's your tan? Summer working out nicely? We have a suggestion to top it off—a "Week-end At The Waldorf".

★ ★ ★ ★

Forsake the vales and hills, the rills and lakes. Try the Great Indoors. Pleasure guaranteed; good hunting.

★ ★ ★ ★

Of course the hunting is the Boy-Chases-Girl variety, but that's good too. Especially when it's Walter Pidgeon after Ginger Rogers and Van Johnson after Lana Turner.

LANA

★ ★ ★ ★

WALTER

Ginger plays Irene Malvern, the movie star. Walter plays Chip Collyer, the war correspondent. Lana plays Bunny Smith, the hotel stenog. And Van plays Captain Hollis, who's in a bad way.

★ ★ ★ ★

Anything can happen in a big hotel. Well, anything *does* happen. And it all happens adroitly, amusingly, excitingly.

★ ★ ★ ★

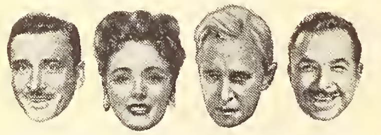
It's a picture charged with intrigue. It excites. It has hearty laughter. There's also music provided by Xavier Cugat. We like all of it.

VAN

★ ★ ★ ★

You may go so far as to think "Week-end At The Waldorf" is the best picture of the year. We *know* it's first class.

Along with those other big stars you meet Edward Arnold, who plays a tycoon; Phyllis Thaxter, a worried bride; Keenan Wynn, a cub reporter; Robert Benchley, a columnist; Leon Ames, a father; Lina Romay, a hot tamale; Samuel Hinds, an oil magnate.



It's a big "Week-end". Thank Robert Z. Leonard, the director. Thank Sam and Bella Spewack, screen playwrights, who took an idea from a play by Vicki Baum. Thank Guy Bolton who made the adaptation. Thank Arthur Hornblow, Jr. who produced it all.

★ ★ ★ ★

And thank

—Leo

modern screen

STORIES

***THOSE HOLLYWOOD PARTIES! by Hedda Hopper**
Hedda Hopper digs into 30 years of party going and comes up with some memories. SOME memories! 30
***UP IN CENTRAL PARK**
Dane Clark's not proud: A ride in a buggy was good enough, a basket of food, two pretty fan clubbers—a day in the park with MODERN SCREEN! 32
"THE HOUSE I LIVE IN"
Frank Sinatra knew all "the angles" as a member of a tough neighborhood gang—maybe that's why he's doing such a swell job with these "problem" kids 38
BABY TALK
Gloria's just like a little girl playing house—except that she and Johnny Payne are gonna have a real, live baby! 40
LUCKY BUM
He's rough and he's tough and he sure ain't purty, but Bob (Busted-Nose) Mitchum's got a way with him! 42
TOM DRAKE'S LIFE STORY (Concluded)
The final chapter, as of now, in Tom's "boy meets girl, loses girl, marries girl" mix-up. We'll keep you posted on further developments 44
***LAST LEAVE**
A date with Jeanne Crain, a tussle with his 100-pound lap dog, a camping trip—then overseas for Pvt. Lon McCallister! 46
***JUNIOR DREAM MAN**
Greg and Greta Peck whizzed to the hospital, dashed to the maternity ward and then breathlessly confessed they were just making a test run! 48
***"MY DAUGHTER," by Mrs. Natalie Bacall**
Mrs. Bacall remembers her Lauren when she was skinny, with braces on her teeth and a tendency to swoon at good acting 50
***"WICKED WILLIAMS"**
Literally, Esther's the gal who took a nose dive into fame. The swim champ with the "beautiful profile all over." 52
JOHNNY COME LATELY
John Dall likes hamburgers for breakfast, hates the country—and has a terrific mother named Henry! 56
"PRIDE OF THE MARINES"
It took a girl's love to convince blind Marine Al Schmid (John Garfield) that there were no "ordinary guys" at Guadalcanal—just heroes 68

*COLOR PAGES

Frank Sinatra *in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh"* 30
Peter Lawford *in M-G-M's "Son of Lassie"* 30
Helmut Dantine *in Warner's "Shadow of a Woman"* 30
Errol Flynn *in Warner's "San Antonio"* 30
Capt. Ronald Reagan, *United States Army* 30
Dane Clark *in Warner's "Stolen Life"* 32
Private Lon McCallister, *United States Army* 46
Gregory Peck *in Selznick's "Duel in the Sun" and M-G-M's "The Yearling"* 48
Lauren Bacall *in Warner's "The Big Sleep"* 50
Esther Williams *in M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Follies"* 52

FEATURES

Editorial Page 29

BEAUTY

Best Face Forward 62
Highlight Your Hair 66

FASHION

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide—"For 'Teen Agers" 72

DEPTS.

Fannie Hurst Selects "The Story of GI Joe" 6
Movie Reviews by Virginia Wilson 10
Sweet and Hot by Leonard Feather 16
Super Coupon 22
Co-Ed by Jean Kinkead 26
Good News by Louella Parsons 76
Modern Hostess—"Dining With Dana" 120

COVER: C.B.S. stor Frank Sinotro in M-G-M's "Anchors Aweigh." Cover and color partraits af Pvt. Lon McCallister, Helmut Dantine, Capt. Ronold Reagan, Peter Lowfard and Gregory Peck by Willinger.

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and romantic...

Week-end at the Waldorf

EDWARD ARNOLD · PHYLLIS THAXTER · KEENAN WYNN · ROBERT BENCHLEY
LEON AMES • LINA ROMAY • SAMUEL S. HINDS
and XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA • A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Sam and Bella Spewack. Adaptation by Guy Bolton. Suggested by a Play by Vicki Baum. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD. Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

Talking turkey: Lt. Walker (Bob Mitchum) demands Christmas dinner gabblers for his men from Quartermaster's (Gene Garrick) as Ernie Pyle (B. Meredith) looks on in a lighter moment of "G.I. Joe."

Fannie Hurst

SELECTS "THE STORY OF G.I. JOE"

■ Ernie Pyle's "Story of G.I. Joe" is a restrained telling of unrestrained war.

As stories go, it is not very well put together. Neither is war.

On the other hand, as stories go, G.I. Joe is well put together, because it is cemented into a kind of cohesive whole by such stuff as blood and tears, dirt and laughter, fears and grandeur.

Here is a scraggling, repetitive picture, whose ingredients are nothing new under the sun, yet they are never old.

They are the ingredients of your young men's valors, and your young men's fears. They are the ingredients of your sons' puniness and your sons' magnificence. They are mixed with everything you know about this American kid. His perpetual adolescence. His naiveté. His smart-aleckness. His bravery. His pitiful apprehensions.

His grandeur comes out on top.

G.I. Joe could be any one of Ernie Pyle's home-spun stories, spinning itself across the screen.

It is a narrative of the butchers, the bakers, the candlestick makers; the soda jerkers, the bank clerks, the college professors; *(Continued on page 8)*

FIRST THERE WERE TEN...

A Poisoned Drink... and then there were NINE!
A Strangling Terror... and then there were EIGHT!
A Knife in the Back... and then there were SEVEN!
This One With An Axe... and then there were SIX!
For Her A Deadly Needle ... and then there were FIVE!
A Shot in the Dark... and then there were FOUR!
His Head Was Crushed ... and then there were THREE!
The Sea Washed Him Up... and then there were TWO!
WHO WOULD BE NEXT... AND WHO WOULD BE LAST? ... THE KILLER KNEW —

Rene Clair's

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

Agatha Christie's world-famous Masterpiece of Terror... with the Screen's greatest all-star cast!

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with

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SANITARY BELTS

(Continued from page 6)

the trucksters, the hucksters, the poets, the dirt desert farmers, the teamsters; the Mama's boys who one strange day following Pearl Harbor, found themselves flung into the maelstrom of war.

This story of colossal implications begins with a white and woolly pooch, a G.I. in a tin hat, the tin-horn of Harry James, and a desert crawling with jeeps and army cars.

As the Army prepares to cross the desert, the guy in the tin hat is ordered to get rid of his woolly pooch.

There is a moment of silent conflict between hundreds of G.I. boys who want that dog along, and a commanding officer, Lieutenant Walker.

Pooch wins and this Iliad of immense warfare is off to a sentimental start. So is a convoy which includes Ernie Pyle, late and beloved American war correspondent, who, although well past the age limit, attaches himself to the unit, as all America knows by now, and treks along.

Burgess Meredith plays the difficult role of Ernie for all he is worth, and he is worth a great deal. At best, such a characterization is a thankless task, because no one man can be expected to live up to America's composite version of this dearly beloved war correspondent. Meredith plays him lovingly, but the characterization seems "white." Meredith plays him tenderly, but the characterization seems a little too old and too tired. But he does manage to achieve sensitivity. Both in real life, and in this rather halting and ambling picture, Ernie Pyle typifies what we have learned to admire most in our American fighting men; their innate and deeply rooted decencies, plus those everyday virtues which overshadow their everyday vices.

The story is about the rough and terrible going of a group of veterans of the campaigns of Africa, Sicily and Italy.

There is a G.I. infantryman who yearns to be in the Air Forces (Jack Reilly).

There is the gallant and comprehending Lieutenant Walker, just one more example of a man who under pressure acquires genius for leadership (Robert Mitchum).

Lopez, (the very names of these men are significant) murmurs his pathetic homesickness for his wife in Arizona and wonders what he can bring back to the kid on his return.

"That is, if you do return," another G.I. retorts with the cynicism of men who live in the shadow of death.

Then there is Ernie . . . always Ernie . . .

Dawns come. Dawns go. Motor trucks, jeeps and armored cars fill the air with their din.

Through it, like a minstrel, wanders Ernie, nonchalant, humorous, gentle, his eyes packed with appreciation of these fighting fellows who find it so difficult to hate.

The rains come, the mud thickens, the artillery fire comes closer and closer.

The first man in the company is shot down.

Unaccustomed to death (except in the ordered way of the coffin in the family parlor, the slow hearse, the hillside graveyard), American boys leave a comrade in khaki lying face downward in strange dust, thousands of miles from home.

Tramp. Tramp. Tramp. The rains come down in solid deluge, the mud twists around the plodding feet.

It is defeat now, for the Americans are obliged to retreat down a mountain path. Bodies hurtle from towers. Italian palazzios, older than America, totter to bombarded destruction.

No, there is nothing new in these battle scenes, but to Ernie Pyle, every individual boy's dilemma is terribly separate, terribly vital, never old, always new.

The obscenity of war constantly appals him. He remarks: "The G.I. lives miserably and dies miserably."

There is no glory in war, no glamor for Ernie. He knows that these G. I. fellows love life, and too often pretend they do not dread death in battle.

The bombardment of San Vittorio begins. Tanks, men, shells, form chaos. Streets are flaming rubble. Bullets whizz. Ernie always in the thick of it.

One G. I., Dondaro (finely played by Wally Cassell), stumbles into a momentary dazzle of romantic adventure when he bursts into a ruined cafe and finds a lovely Italian girl crouching there. But war splits his moment of passion and he is snatched back into hell's fire.

The devout Lopez stops to worship at a ruined altar. Up in the belfry of the shattered church, a sniper grabs at the bell rope as he falls to his death, and the bell begins to ring over Lopez and the demolished scene. Obvious dramatics? Perhaps. So is war.

Sergeant Warnicki receives a package from home. A phonograph record of his baby's voice. He finds a disabled gramophone in a ruined building and upon every possible occasion, in dugouts, in fox holes, plays it. "Hello Daddy—Hello Daddy—Hello Daddy."

Private Murphy marries a Red Cross nurse under German shell fire. Ernie Pyle gives the bride away.

They are halted by fire from a monastery atop a hill, which the enemy is using as an observation post. The monastery is not named, but the audience knows that the wedding is taking place in the historic shadow of Mt. Cassino.

In the midst of this vast razing of the monastery, Pyle receives news from America that his war coverage has won him the Pulitzer prize.

But scenes of life and death, of comrades falling, bleeding, dying, of men sobbing in death's delirium, dwarf his Pulitzer Prize achievement to the commonplace. Ernie crams the message into his pocket and continues pounding away at a typewriter to the overhead pounding of guns.

Warnicki, who carries his baby's voice around with him on a record, suddenly cracks under the pressure, and goes mad.

The battle rises in wrath. Long files of dead bodies are brought in on stretchers. And then comes the corpse of Lieutenant Walker.

Ernie Pyle's own written description of the death of this leader, will stand as one of his most moving narratives. The screen attempts to live up to Pyle's little classic It almost succeeds. Anguish and immense tragedy rise in Pyle as he sees the men pay the tribute of farewell to Lieutenant Walker, who had given them something more than leadership, as he spurred them on to face hell fire.

This final scene of mute understanding between men of austere dedication, of exultation and humility of spirit, is done with dignity and restraint.

Lt. Walker is gone and so are countless comrades. The march to Rome must continue.

We see the last of Ernie as he trudges alongside of these men for whom he is interpreter — these common, ordinary, everyday men, who can only feel in their bones what Ernie articulates for them in words. He knows them. He loves them. He speaks for them.

They, in turn, know and love him—they speak for him, now that he is gone. Haltingly, but with a kind of bated breath.

This is the straggling story of Ernie Pyle's "Story of G.I. Joe."

It lacks form, but somehow it has texture. The texture of the American soldier and of Ernie Pyle.

32 wonderful stars! The funniest scenes ever filmed! Terrific songs and satire! Gorgeous girls, riotous laughs —as Paramount brings radio's riot show to the screen at last!

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Directed by **HAL WALKER** A Paramount Picture

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by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

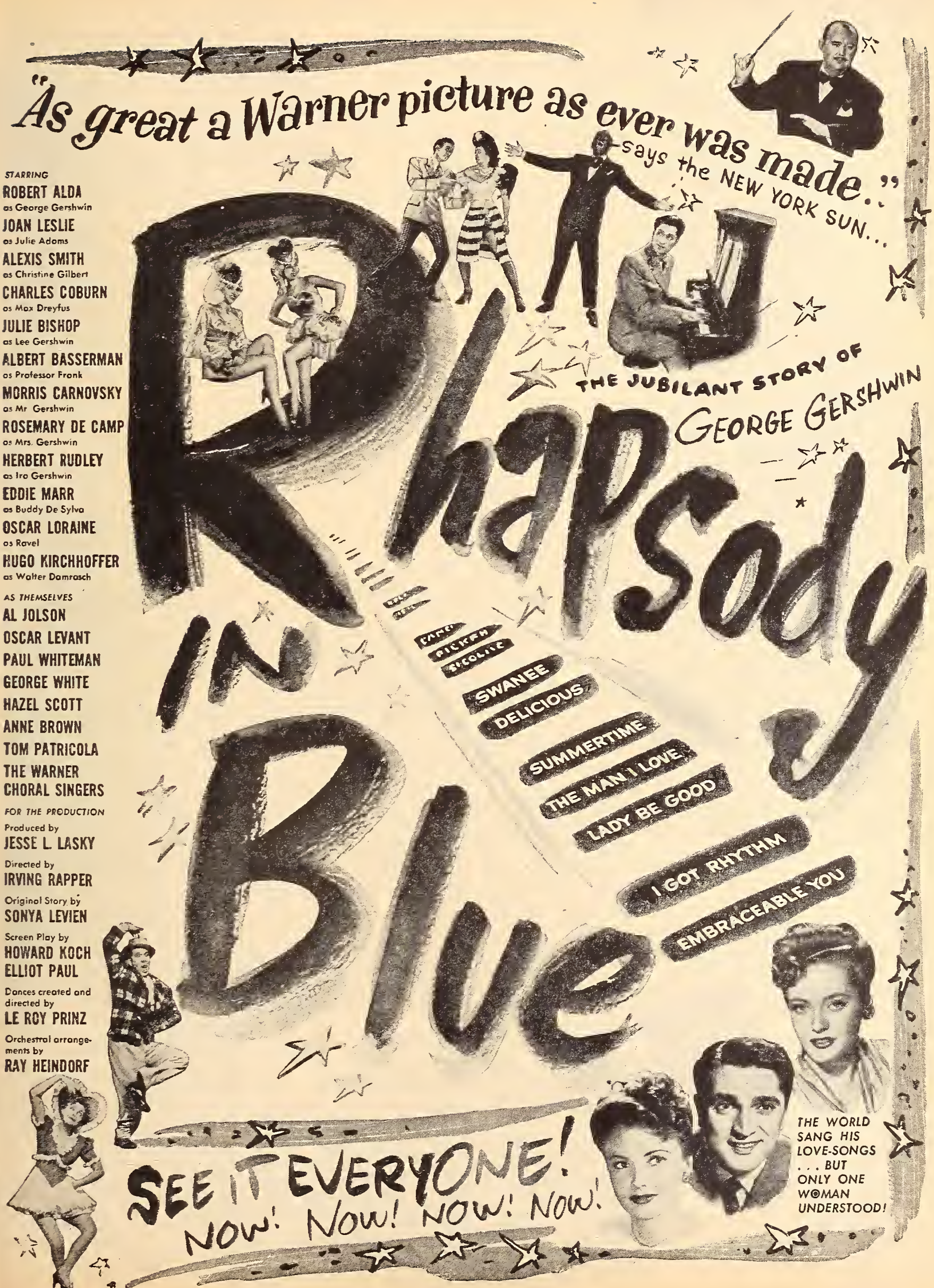
Kiss and Tell

■ The part of Corliss Archer in "Kiss And Tell" might easily have been written just for Shirley Temple—it's that perfect for her. As Corliss, she is by turns sweet, coy, precocious and maddening. It's a good part, and a good picture. Backing Shirley are Jerome Courtland as her next-door swoon-goon, and Walter Abel, Robert Benchley, Mary Phillips and Darryl Hickman.

You wouldn't think a little thing like a kiss could lead to so much trouble. But when Corliss and her friend, Mildred Pringle, sell kisses instead of guest towels at the Red Cross bazaar, it leads to one marriage, one near-marriage, and a scandal which rocks the town. You see, Corliss' mother and Corliss' ardent admirer, Dexter (Jerome Courtland), blame Mildred for the kisses. After all, Mildred is almost eighteen, and an Influence on Corliss. That starts a feud between the Archers and the Pringles which makes the Montagues and Capulets look like bosom friends.

So naturally when Lenny Archer comes home on leave from the Air Force, he and Mildred have to see each other secretly. They carry the Romeo and Juliet business to the point where they even get married secretly. None knows except Corliss, and she swears a solemn oath not to tell. Then Lenny is sent overseas. And soon Mildred finds herself in the unfortunate position of an about-to-be-mother whose family doesn't know she's married. To make matters worse—a whole lot worse—some of the town gossips get the idea it's Corliss who is going to have the baby. They tell her mother, and since Corliss has sworn she won't reveal Lenny's and Mildred's secret. (*Continued on page 12*)

Was Corliss (S. Temple) having Dexter's (J. Courtland) baby—or were they just pals . . . ?



STARRING

ROBERT ALDA
as George Gershwin
JOAN LESLIE
as Julie Adams
ALEXIS SMITH
as Christine Gilbert
CHARLES COBURN
as Max Dreyfus
JULIE BISHOP
as Lee Gershwin
ALBERT BASSERMAN
as Professor Frank
MORRIS CARNOVSKY
as Mr. Gershwin
ROSEMARY DE CAMP
as Mrs. Gershwin
HERBERT RUDLEY
as Ira Gershwin
EDDIE MARR
as Buddy De Sylva
OSCAR LORAINE
as Ravel
HUGO KIRCHHOFFER
as Walter Damrosch

AS THEMSELVES

AL JOLSON
OSCAR LEVANT
PAUL WHITEMAN
GEORGE WHITE
HAZEL SCOTT
ANNE BROWN
TOM PATRICOLA
THE WARNER CHORAL SINGERS

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JESSE L. LASKY
Directed by
IRVING RAPPER
Original Story by
SONYA LEVIEN
Screen Play by
HOWARD KOCH
ELLIOT PAUL
Dances created and directed by
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Orchestral arrangements by
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Best Quality @ $5.99				

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STREET..

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

she can't tell the truth. Her family thinks she has been having an illicit romance with a young soldier whom she has met casually a couple of times. Corliss, alarmed at this, finally tells them, in desperation, that the father of her child (imaginary) is Dexter, the devoted boy next door.

This throws everything into complete chaos. Dexter is in danger of being either shot or horsewhipped, Mr. Archer can't decide which. By the time the situation is unraveled, you'll be worn out from laughing. Robert Benchley has an amusing scene as an uncle who walks in on a family conference at just the wrong time. Darryl Hickman is a properly obnoxious kid brother.—Col.

P. S.

F. Hugh Herbert's "Kiss and Tell" is assured of success before it ever reaches the screen. His "Corliss Archer" is already known and loved by millions through the stage, radio, and books. The George Abbott production, which opened on Broadway in March 1943, has been running ever since. With this background it's a screen natural. . . . The first problem facing co-producers Herbert Abbott and Sol Seigel was the casting of Miss Corliss Archer. Shirley was the first and only choice, but at the time she was being sought for two other parts as well. Herbert's screenplay was laid in the laps of Shirley and her advisers. It was far more eloquent than words—Shirley agreed to do it at once. . . . "Kiss and Tell" was an important milestone for Miss Temple—in it she bade farewell to childhood roles. And when word got around that Shirley was to receive her first screen kiss—well, 'twas the kiss heard round the world. Photos of the event were publicized both here and abroad. . . . Herbert, who's writing a sequel to be produced by George Abbott, tried his best to persuade Shirley to make her stage debut in it. Shirley refused gently but firmly. She's a real product of the films and is wary of the different acting technique called for by the stage. . . . Though Shirley is stage shy, the cast boasts of several stage veterans. Walter Abel, Shirley's screen papa, went to New York at the picture's completion to prepare the production of a play he's planning to give in the early autumn. Katherine Alexander was a member of the original New York cast and the only one to appear in the picture. . . . Jerome Courtland, Shirley's gangling screen beau, reported for induction at Fort MacArthur at the picture's end. His departure interrupted a short but noteworthy career.

LOVE LETTERS

You know what a lost feeling you get when you suddenly forget a familiar face or name? Multiply that by a million or so, and you have something approaching amnesia. And amnesia is the theme of this picture starring Jennifer Jones and Joe Cotten. It all starts, of course, with the love letters. Alan Quinton (Joseph Cotten) writes them for his friend, Roger Morland, a brother officer in Italy. Roger (Robert Sully), who gets over big with the girls at close range, belongs to the "Weather cold here. Hope to see you soon," school of thought in letters. So he gets Alan to turn out some tender missives for a girl named Victoria, back home in England.

Alan puts a lot of himself in those letters. Too much, perhaps, for he finds himself definitely disturbed when Roger tells him he has a leave and is going home to marry Victoria. Soon after Roger goes, Alan is wounded, and after a convalescence of many months, discharged from the Army. He comes to England and finds that Fate has pulled one of her fanciest tricks—he has just inherited an estate in Essex, twenty miles from Roger's home, where he and Victoria were to live.

Then comes shock number two. Alan learns that Roger has been killed, and when he asks about Victoria, is told she is dead, too, and he'd better forget her. Alan drowns his sorrows at a party that night. There he meets a girl who has a strange attraction for him. She is known simply as "Singleton" (Jennifer Jones). But by the time Alan has slept off his hangover the next day, he has forgotten her in his thoughts of Victoria and Roger. He looks up the Morland case in an old newspaper, and finds to his horror that Roger was murdered. Victoria was accused of the crime, since she was found by the body with a knife in her hand. However, she had completely lost her memory. The doctors said that there was no question but that she was a victim of amnesia, and so she got off with a sentence of only one year.

Then Alan finds that "Singleton" is really Victoria. They fall in love. She still remembers nothing up until the moment the police found her by the body of her husband. Alan marries her, anyway—but what will happen if she recovers her memory?

Joe Cotten and Jennifer Jones both give superb performances in this drama of love, mystery and amnesia.—*Par.*

P. S.

"Love Letters" is Hal Wallis' first production for Paramount. Wallis' pictures have always been among the elite of the industry—in sixteen years, fourteen of his productions have been up for Academy consideration and have won a total of 27 awards. . . . The screenplay was taken from Chris Massey's novel, purchased by Wallis while still in galley proofs. Ayn Rand, author of the best seller "The Fountainhead," whipped it into shape for the screen. . . . Wallis was fortunate in capturing the services of co-stars Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten—they're two of David Selznick's most carefully guarded players. Both came to "Love Letters" directly from "Since You Went Away," and play opposite each other for the third time. . . . For director, Wallis chose a man with whom he had been closely associated in all his years at Warners—William Dieterle, who rates among Hollywood's ten top film makers. . . . The main sets designed by Roland Anderson were three complete English houses. These homes were built just as described in Massey's novel and were real honest-to-goodness houses—from the fire crackling in the hearth to the rows of crisp vegetables growing in the gardens outside. . . . Though not at all a war story, "Love Letters" takes place in modern England, and the sets and clothes had to be fashioned accordingly. The London scenes show evidences of the rubble and ruins caused by the bomb and robot blitzes. And Jennifer's clothes, though designed by Edith Head, were not the fashion expert's usual lush creations. The outfits were made strictly in accordance with British wartime rationing. . . . Ann Richards and

(Continued on page 14)

A NEW ORLEANS WOMAN!

Soft, evil, alluring...can make some guy crazy enough to kill for HER. That's the kind of woman Captain Angel is searching for...in the "Quarter" of New Orleans!

GEORGE RAFT
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LOWELL GILMORE • HOAGY CARMICHAEL
MARGARET WYCHERLY
Produced by WILLIAM L. PEREIRA • Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN
Screen Play by STEVE FISHER

Hoagy sings "Memphis in June"

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THE ingenious manner in which the two harmonious colors are used, give this tailored rayon gabardine dress the appearance of jumper and blouse. The three-quarter length sleeves that emerge from the shoulder epaulets and the inset breast pocket, both in black, create the jumper effect. Marks of good tailoring are seen in the fly front opening from the high neckline to the waist . . . the slightly bloused bodice . . . the trim 6 gored skirt, topped by a neat alligator-grained belt. Offered in choice of two different color combinations.

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Address . . . .
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(Continued from page 12)

Robert Sully are both comparative newcomers to Hollywood. Miss Richards was Australia's top woman star before coming to America and Sully was a Pittsburgh steel engineer just two years ago.

DUFFY'S TAVERN

Duffy's Tavern, the hilarious radio symposium of wisecracks and malapropisms, has been transferred to the screen. All the regular habitués of Duffy's are in it, including Archie (Ed Gardner), Finnegan (Charlie Cantor), Eddie (Eddie Green) and Miss Duffy (Ann Thomas). A few more ingredients in the form of Victor Moore, Marjorie Reynolds and Barry Sullivan, have been added. Paramount has whipped up a plot which calls for the services of Alan Ladd, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Betty Hutton and practically every other star on the lot. The result is really A Thing.

Duffy has gone away on a vacation, and left Archie to run the Tavern. That was Duffy's error, as you might imagine. Archie has been letting fourteen ex-soldiers eat there, on the cuff, and fourteen hungry GIs, ex or otherwise, can make quite a dent in the profits of a joint like Duffy's. Now Archie hears that Miss Duffy is being sent home to look over the accounts, and he realizes that he's just half a jump ahead of the sheriff. His only hope is Mr. O'Malley (Victor Moore) who owns the factory down the road. Archie believes O'Malley is rich, and is thinking of marrying his beautiful daughter, Peggy, (Marjorie Reynolds) to O'Malley in order to recoup his fortunes.

But alas! O'Malley turns out to be broke, too. It is lack of dough, not lack of shellac, that is holding up his manufacture of phonograph records. Archie's last hope expires. Then Finnegan gets an idea—his first in years. "Listen, Arch," he says, "being as how you know Bing Crosby and Betty Hutton so well, and went to school with Bob Hope, why don't you get 'em to put on a benefit show for the soldiers? Then the boys could pay you back what they owe you, and you wouldn't go to jail." It's a fine idea. Only Archie's "friendship" with the stars is just something he dreamed up in an idle moment. If you want to get literal about it, the whole thing is a pack of lies. So no one is more surprised than Archie when the benefit actually comes off! It's a super-duper whooper of a benefit. All the stars put on some kind of an act, and the whole thing couldn't be more fun.

You'll be glad somebody thought of making "Duffy's Tavern" into a movie.—*Par.*

P. S.

Wow, what a cast! Drips with the biggest galaxy of stars ever to appear in a Paramount picture—just try to name one of the stars on the lot who doesn't finally pass through the swingin' doors of Duffy's—"where the elite meet to eat." . . . On hand to greet the arrivals are radio's originals—Ed Gardner as Archie, Charley Cantor as Finnegan, and Eddie Greene as Eddie, the waiter. . . . Ed Gardner used to be a WPA worker, but was so talented at mutilating the English language that the radio industry decided he was worth $5,000 a week. Hollywood agreed—and then some. . . . Though the "Tavern" is as familiar to listening audiences as the corner saloon, this is the first chance the old regulars get to actually see it. For those who have a fond remembrance for the old "sawdust on the floor, swingin'

(Continued on page 18)

FREE OFFER!

We've got 500 FREE DELL Mags waiting to be mailed to 500 alert people who'll fill out the Questionnaire below and send it in to us by September 20th! Read all about your favorite stars, their pics, their lives! We're not asking you to rush your answers any more, the mags will be sent out to 500 people chosen at random, NOT the *first* 500 that come in. So take time to read MODERN SCREEN, answer the questionnaire thoughtfully, and take your chances on getting a DELL Mag—FREE!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Those Hollywood Parties! by Hedda Hopper . . . . ☐
Up in Central Park (Dane Clark) . . ☐
"The House I Live In" (Frank Sinatra) . . . . ☐
Tom Drake Life Story, concluded . . ☐
Lucky Bum (Bob Mitchum) . . . . . . ☐
Baby Talk (Payne-DeHaven) . . . . . ☐
Last Leave (Lon McCallister) . . . . . . ☐
Junior Dream Man (Gregory Peck) . . . . ☐
"My Daughter" by Natalie Bacall . . . ☐
"Wicked Williams" (Esther Williams) ☐
Johnny Come Lately (John Dall) . . ☐
"Pride of the Marines" . . . . ☐
Good News by Louella Parsons . . . . . ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? . . . .
What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference . . . .
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Right Now—you are needed to help relieve serious homefront shortage of nurses

In which picture does your face fit?

DID YOU KNOW . . .

Because of the magnificent response of our trained nurses, our wounded are receiving expert care—and future need for Army and Navy Nurse enlistments depends on future events. But this same, whole-hearted response has created a critical nurse shortage at home.

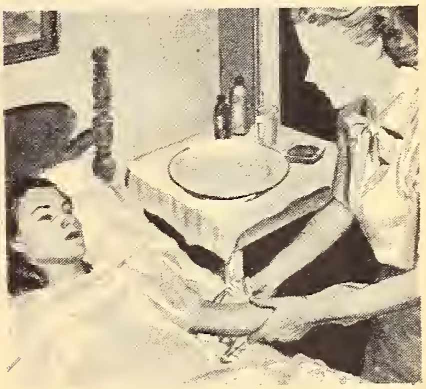
Here's how you can serve . . . help save lives. Read the following paragraphs carefully, and find *your* place in the nursing picture. With or without experience, every woman can do her part. Whether you are a registered nurse, or can train to assist in hospital work—you're wanted. So don't delay! And for further information see your local Red Cross Chapter today!

Are you a graduate registered nurse? You are desperately needed in one of our civilian hospitals! America's ill and injured . . . the very lives of young mothers, new babies whose fathers are fighting overseas—depend on your returning to active duty. Sickness and surgery can't wait! Let your Red Cross Chapter help find the hospital that needs you most.

Qualified for duty in a Veterans Administration Hospital? With your skill, experience, as a registered nurse, you can best help care for disabled men who have given so much. Even if you are over 40 years of age or have dependents, apply today to your local Veterans Administration. Or serve as a Red Cross Instructor for Nurses' Aides or Home Nursing Courses.

Want to serve as you learn a lifetime profession? If you're a high school graduate, or college trained—17 to 35 years old—join the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps and get a professional education *free!* You'll be releasing other nurses for essential duty, serving your country *now* and protecting your own future. Ask your local hospital about the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps.

Will you volunteer as a Nurses' Aide? Such an *important* nursing job—for it frees nurses for urgent service which only they can perform! Classes meet 3 days a week, for 7 weeks. See when the next class opens and sign up. If you *are* a trained Nurses' Aide, you owe it to your country and training to go back into service, especially for daytime duty!



Can you give 2 hours a week? Take a Red Cross Home Nursing Course—just 2 hours a week for 12 weeks. Or choose the accelerated course. You'll learn how to care for your own dear ones in case of illness. Keeping your family out of the hospital, except when absolutely necessary, will relieve overcrowded civilian hospitals . . . release their personnel for servicemen.

You can stay in the picture every day—with KOTEX*

Today, millions of women—in all walks of life—count on Kotex sanitary napkins to help them keep going on "trying days." That's because Kotex gives lasting comfort, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Kotex gives more confidence, for only Kotex of all leading brands has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't show revealing lines. The special *safety center* of Kotex provides extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting. And besides, a *deodorant* safely locked inside each Kotex napkin offers a new safeguard—for your daintiness, your confidence. Yes, today as always . . .

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins put together

The place: N. Y.'s Hotel Pennsylvania. The Occasion: Woody Herman's opening with Len Feather present to offer congrats.

Frankie had been back in the States only a few days when he received his invite, rushed over to join in wishing Woody well.

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ The records just keep piling in. So, after a heavy sifting session, well, come on, here we go with this month's best:

ELEVEN SIXTY P.M.—Harry James (Columbia)—Remember last month Harry told me he was interested in owning a music publishing company? He's got one, now! He's called it Music Makers, Inc., and his first record (this Eleven Sixty P.M.) stars, of course, Harry's band, with a vocal by Kitty Kallen.

Actually, about seventy-five percent of the big band leaders have connections with publishing houses. Either own them, or own pieces of them.

Harry, it seems, is almost as popular with the army as he is with the swoon set. He rated second on the recent Billboard poll of Army camps throughout the United States. (Tommy Dorsey came out first.) Some of the opinions of men overseas are reflected in the poll, too, because many of the soldiers voting were just back from Europe, being reorientated.

For the record, Benny Goodman walked away with number three spot, and Woody Herman took fourth.

There were some rather astonishing results when the poll came to male singers. Bing Crosby got more votes than Sinatra, Como and Haymes all put together! The figures, in Billboard's point system, are:

Bing Crosby: 1188 points
Frank Sinatra: 374 points
Perry Como: 308 points
Dick Haymes: 308 points

What Frankie-fans have to remember is that the opinion here is mostly male. Women in service constituted only about ten percent of those polled.

Dinah Shore came way out in front of the other (*Continued on page 71*)

In All the World

No Girl like You!

Oh happy moment, when he discovers *you* are the girl he's dreamed of always! Oh thrilling day, when you flash your Great Decision to the world with a gorgeous Multi-Facet Diamond engagement ring!

No Diamond like This!

40 EXTRA FACETS

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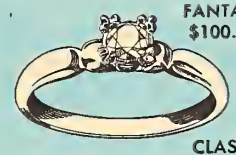

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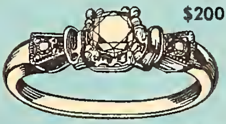

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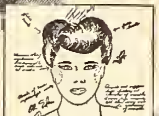
Rings Enlarged to Show Detail.

"I was UNCERTAIN"

"I am a blonde, but it wasn't enough!" says Doris Bertel of New York, N.Y. Just LOOK—wonder-working Eden "Photo-Revise" helped her to achieve new loveliness!



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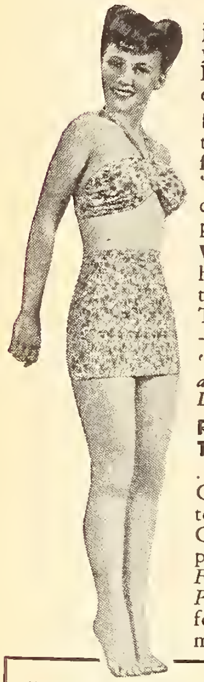

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(Continued from page 14)

door" beer hall, art director William Flannery created a classic set guaranteed to stir up a maudlin tear or two. . . . The original screen play was done by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama, who in their pre-Hollywood days did many of the Duffy shows. This gave the needed experience to transport the full flavor of Duffy's from radio to screen. . . . For music lovers—and aren't we all—there's everything in this one from a whirlwind, knock-herself-out Betty Hutton number to the dreamy lyrics of the Groaner. . . . Associate producer Danny Dare was promoted to full-fledged producership after this one. Before succumbing to the lure of the silver screen, Danny was a well known dance director and stage producer—he did the successful "Meet The People." . . . And in case you're one of those who've always wondered about it yourself, Victor Moore and Ed Gardner become involved in that classic argument—"Does the light in the ice box really go out when the door is shut?"

THE HOUSE ON 92ND STREET

That old gag about truth being stranger than fiction proves itself all over again in this fascinating study of FBI wartime activities. The whole thing is based on actual fact, with William Eythe and Lloyd Nolan representing the forces of law and order, as opposed to Signe Hasso, Leo G. Carroll and Harro Meller as German agents.

The house may not actually have been on 92nd Street, but somewhere in Manhattan just before our entry into the war, there was a house like this one. In the picture, it is owned by Elsa Gebhart (Signe Hasso), who runs a smart dress shop on the second floor. This shop is the first place William Dietrich comes to when he arrives in New York. Dietrich (Bill Eythe) has just come back from Hamburg, where he took an intensive course at the German school for saboteurs and spies. The Germans, however, don't know that when they first contacted young Dietrich, he went direct to the FBI who, of course, told him to play along with the Germans, attend the school, and then work with the FBI when he got back to America.

Already, before he gets to Elsa's place, his instructions from his German superior, which are written on microfilm, have been changed by the FBI in an undetectable manner. They now read "Dietrich is to contact all other German agents." Actually, the original instructions read "contact with other agents is forbidden." Armed with his credentials and a confident, easy manner, Dietrich strolls into the dress shop. Elsa accepts him, and introduces him to three other agents. They distrust his instructions, but his credentials are in perfect order, and he has the money to pay them for work they have done.

Dietrich's main objective, as directed by Inspector Briggs (Lloyd Nolan), is to find out the identity of "Mr. Christopher," head of the German agents in New York. This turns out to be the most dangerous mission he could possibly embark upon.

There is more excitement per reel in this factual account than in any fictional spy thriller ever concocted. See it, definitely.—*20th-Fox*

P. S.

"House" is really a unique experiment—the story is true and it was filmed right in the very spots where it happened. Taken straight from the FBI files, it's the story of the Bureau's wartime fight against Fifth Column activities. . . . Producer Louis DeRochemont's first job was to visit J. Edgar Hoover and convince him the picture should be filmed. So conclusive were DeRochemont's arguments that besides giving the necessary data, Hoover offered the entire facilities of the Bureau as well. Laboratories, offices, and file rooms were used as settings—FBI scientists and agents played minor roles to impart added realism. . . . The case with which "House" is concerned occurred in New York, so instead of building complicated sets, the whole company packed up and went East for the shooting. Bill Eythe got a kick out of living in a penthouse only a few blocks from the dingy room he had in former days. . . . Before it started, Bill and Lloyd Nolan, who plays an FBI man, went to Quantico, Virginia, for a week at the Bureau's academy. Spent their time attending classes with the regular agents, shooting on the rifle and pistol ranges, and getting a sample of some of the FBI basic training. . . . Some of the scenes took place in the street—always difficult because of gathering crowds—so the FBI solved the problem by loaning 20th special cars for secret photography. The camera crew, safely hidden from sight, could point their "eyes" in any direction without being spotted by curious spectators. . . . Leo G. Carroll was starring in the Broadway success "The Late George Apley" at the same time he was working on the picture. His working hours had to be arranged to take care of the matinees and play rehearsals. . . . Lloyd's an actor

(Continued on page 20)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When our Eighth Victory Loan got under way, Calgary had the grand surprise of having Claire Trevor and George Murphy here on behalf of bond sales. On the evening of their first appearance 12,000 Calgarians turned out to welcome them. Since the weather had been beautiful all day, the show took place in our open-air stadium. Everything was going fine until the first appearance of George Murphy, at which time a dark, rolling cloud appeared in the sky. It traveled so fast that some of the crowd got scared and began to leave. Proving what he was made of, George stood out there and said that if the crowd would hold out, so would he. Suddenly the storm struck, with a force I have never seen before. Huge masses of dust descended from the sky, and in an instant the whole place was enveloped in a blanket of darkness. The crowd became hysterical, but in the midst of the shrieking and whistling of the wind, George Murphy remained on that platform without any protection from the gusts which were crashing chairs and knocking down planks. He stood there and succeeded in calming the crowd by singing such songs as "Stormy Weather" and "Good Old Summertime." From the back of the stage a woman gazed at the star, her eyes filled with proud tears. "Good going, Murph. Give them all you've got," she said. It was his mother, Mrs. George Murphy. We'll never forget the courage shown by these people.

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Calgary, Alberta

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TRUSHAY

The
"Beforehand"
Lotion

PRODUCT OF
BRISTOL-MYERS

(Continued from page 18)

and has a badge to prove it. Filming one sequence at a very secret war plant, Nolan was required to wear a badge reading "Lloyd Nolan—Actor." Now if he meets doubting critics he just has to open his coat and flash it.

THAT NIGHT WITH YOU

The idea is to dream about what you want, and then make the dream come true. If you are, for instance, a girl like Penny Parker (Susanna Foster), who works in a diner days, then at night you dream you're the star of a big musical show. Next day, you go out and—but wait a minute, let me give you the whole set-up.

Here's Penny, planning on a singing career. While Johnny (David Bruce) who owns the diner, plans on her marrying him and having six children. He doesn't take Penny's dreams seriously, which is foolish, because they are very serious indeed. One night Penny dreams that the famous theatrical producer, Paul Reynaud (Franchot Tone), is going to star her in his new show. Next day she wangles her way backstage, and while she doesn't get to see Paul, she does find out something which gives her an idea. It seems that Paul was married at an early age to one Blossom Drake. The marriage was annulled, but if a daughter *had* resulted, she would have been just Penny's age.

That's enough for Penny. She shows up at Paul's penthouse, and with an affectionate cry of "Father!" declares herself part of the Reynaud family. Neither Paul nor his charming secretary, Sheila (Louise Allbritton), really is convinced. But Paul loves pretty girls, and Penny *is* pretty. He gives her a most un-fatherly kiss, and invites her to move right in. Sheila doesn't care for this development, and phones Blossom, the one-time Mrs. Reynaud, to come to New York immediately. When Blossom arrives, instead of exposing the hoax, she greets Penny as her daughter, which astounds everyone, particularly Paul.

Blossom's reason for this move is simple enough. She wants the lead in Paul's new show. This doesn't suit Penny, who wants the lead herself. None of it suits Johnny, who wants Penny to marry him and get started on those six children. It all gets pretty complicated, but my bets are on Johnny, a very determined type.

The music is lovely, especially one hit song. Susanna's voice continues to be a delight. Franchot is at his best as the amiable wolf.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Half of the charm of "That Night With You" is that it pays no attention to the war and other pressing world problems—goes blissfully on its way ignoring rationing, shortages, reconversion and other such hair-whitening worries. . . . Franchot Tone came into the picture directly from a season on Broadway, where he starred in the play, "Hope For The Best." . . . Art director Martin Obzina felt justifiable pride in the Corn Crib nightclub set he created. It's so different from the run-of-the-mill cabaret that he's already had several requests for commercial rights to its use. The Army thought so well of the little set that U.S. Army Morale officers had Spike Jones use it for a background in a morale short to be sent overseas. . . . Susanna Foster does her first screen dancing in this one. . . . When Franchot Tone was to entertain in his picture penthouse, the ever-present rationing popped up to shake a warning finger—huge quantities of food were needed. The main course was a sixty-pound roast served buffet style—a mere matter of 750 red points. After much executive brain-wracking, points were borrowed from the studio commissary—the roast to be salvaged for serving in the cafe later. To insure no waste, an expert carver was cast to work in the scene, but the head of the commissary hovered within objecting distance just in case. . . . There's one scene that'll make the watching gals' mouths water. Suzy Foster goes on a shopping spree for the latest in feminine fashions with which to capture the attentions of Mr. Tone. The resulting wardrobe designed by Vera West just drips with captivating creations. On the men's side of the sartorial picture are two extremes. David Bruce wears the not-too-prepossessing attire of a lunch wagon proprietor, while Tone appears in a collection of suits at which no man-about-town would turn up his nose.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS

A new "Scandals" used to be a big event on Broadway. George White's shows always had extraordinarily beautiful girls, good comedians, and at least one song that you whistled the rest of the winter. The movie version contains much the same ingredients, plus a cock-eyed plot. If you're a devotee of the Joan Davis-Jack Haley radio show, you'll be enthusiastic over this same combination in the picture. On the other hand, if you're anti-Davis and Haley, you'll be unhappy, because they are in practically every scene. The plot concerns itself with Joan Mason (Joan Davis) and Jack Williams (Jack Haley) who are not only co-stars of the "Scandals" currently in rehearsal, but are in love. The affair is not progressing so well. Jack's sister, Clarabelle, isn't in favor of his marrying anybody, let alone Joan, whose antics are not exactly dig-

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

"She's got something!"

nified. Clarabelle is the dominating type, and Jack doesn't dare defy her, in spite of all his girl friend's needling.

Another romance is developing backstage between Jill (Martha Holliday), who is in the chorus, and McGrath (Philip Terry), the handsome Irishman who is George White's assistant. Jill's mother was a "Scandals" girl, and Jill's father is Lord Asbury, but no one in the show knows anything about that. Except Joan, who has promised not to tell and is helping the romance along. After all, *somebody* might as well be happy.

Jack gives Clarabelle a surprise party on her birthday, with Gene Krupa's band and Ethel Smith furnishing the music. You'd think that would melt even Clarabelle's heart. Joan has hired a gigolo to pay attention to Clarabelle as a further melting measure, but his identity is discovered and the party breaks up with Clarabelle chasing Joan with an axe.

Meanwhile, someone tips off the British Embassy that Lord Ashley's daughter is in the chorus of the "Scandals." For reasons not apparent to me, this seems to threaten Anglo-American unity, and Jill is taken out of the show. Don't worry too much . . . she gets back on opening night, and with no international repercussions.

There's a revival of a tune you'll remember called "Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries," and some sprightly new music besides. Joan Davis' little girl makes her film debut in this picture.—*RKO.*

P. S.

Producer George White staged his first "Scandals" in 1919 and has been adding one to his list annually ever since. This revue carries on the White tradition in celluloid. . . . Occupying two stages, one of RKO's most elaborate sets was built for this one—a duplicate of the theater where George White's revues were staged. Since most of the action takes place in the theater, it was recreated to the most minute detail. . . . This boasts eleven different musical numbers from the hot drummin' of Krupa to the lively strains of Ethel Smith's electric organ. . . . Joan Davis, who used to practically put herself in the hospital at her vaudeville performances before Hollywood claimed her, has become one of the most popular screen comediennes. Now at the top, what does she do in this one? That's right—with friend Jack Haley, she spends half the picture knocking herself out doing her routines for the cameras. . . . Martha Holliday's dancing was just too good. Worked for three years as a dance director before RKO "discovered" her and placed her before the cameras. Prior to this, her screen appearances were limited to scenes in which only her legs were shown—RKO decided that the rest of her was worth watching, too. . . . Just get hepcat hero Gene Krupa, "the hottest drummer in all the land," into a corner and he can gab for hours on the lively art of drummin'—way back to its beginning. . . . Ethel Smith, "queen of the organ," just set one foot back on American soil after a tour of the Latin American countries when she was snatched right up for one of the picture's featured roles. . . . Fact that comedian Fritz Feld is very much in demand around talkie town is quite apparent—"Scandals" was his 149th picture.

DANGEROUS PARTNERS

Just one will leaving a million dollars to somebody has been known to cause a murder or two. When you get *four* wills, from four different people, each leaving a million dollars to a guy named Kingby, no wonder things happen.

(Continued on page 24)

A girl can be too trusting at times!

SHE WIELDS an outsize powder puff. Covers herself with a cloud of fragrance. And never suspects that before the evening is over, she may be guilty of underarm odor!

No fault of the powder or her bath, that. She just doesn't stop to think that while her bath washes away *past* perspiration, underarms need special care to prevent risk of *future* odor. *That's* when a girl needs Mum!

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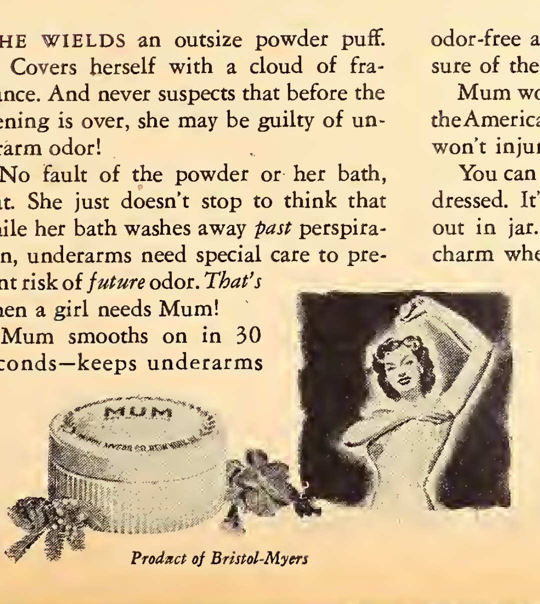

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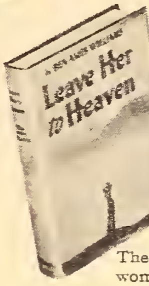

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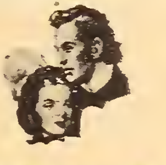

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(*Continued from page 21*)

They start to happen when a plane crashes in Mexico. Among the passengers are a pair of international crooks (I'm so glad someone has revived international crooks, I've missed them since the war!). They are Clyde Ballister (John Warburton) and his wife, Carola (Signe Hasso). During the plane trip they have noticed that one of the passengers, Kingby (Edmund Gwenn), has a briefcase locked to his wrist. Kingby is injured slightly in the crash and they have a chance to investigate the briefcase. It contains four wills, each signed by a different name, and each leaving a million dollars in bonds to Kingby. The first is signed Miles Kempen, Cleveland, Ohio.

It will not surprise you to hear that the Ballisters turn up in Cleveland. But Kingby arrives, first, and Miles Kempen dies at once. The police call it an accident. However, Kempen had just told an attorney, Jeff Caign (James Craig) to draw him up a new will, leaving everything to a pretty night club singer. Jeff's curiosity is aroused by the neat timing in Kempen's death, and he finds Kingby has some connection with it and follows him on board a New York train. Also on board are Clyde and Carola, who are determined to reach the next will signer, Professor Budlow, before Kingby. Clyde gets a knife in his back on the train, and Jeff and Carola join forces. Carola wastes no time on regrets for the death of her husband. There's four million dollars tied up in this thing, and she's more interested in money than in a man who was more a partner than a husband.

She and Jeff out-maneuver Kingby in New York and collect a million in bonds from Budlow. If they had left it at that, they would have been all right. But they move on to the next will signer, and run right into a trap, which threatens to dispose of them permanently. . . .

The Craig-Hasso team is effective, and has excellent support from Edmund Gwenn, John Warburton and Mabel Paige.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

James Craig came to the set one morning looking very pleased—they'd celebrated 7,000 birthdays at his place that morning. The new arrivals to his San Fernando Valley ranch were 7,000 day-old turkeys. The turkeys added to his 1,500 laying chickens means there'll be no egg or poultry shortages at his friends' homes for quite a while. . . . Visitors on the set raised horrified eyebrows every time James called Mabel Paige "Mother Rat"—all in fun of course. Miss Paige, who could pose for a Mothers' Day picture any time with her white hair and kindly smile, has a record of film misdeeds long enough to entitle her to a private suite in the state pen. Practically all her screen roles have been innocent sweet old ladies—with a knitting needle in one hand and a gat in the other. . . . Signe Hasso was offered her choice of snazzy streamlined dressing rooms, but turned them all down. Chose in preference the old room that had brought so much luck to her countrywoman and idol, Greta Garbo. . . . Signe, who for five years has wandered through her screen roles in an odd assortment of tattered dresses, worn raincoats, and other such unprepossessing apparel, realized her fondest dream. In this one she has a wardrobe designed especially for her by Irene—who spared no time or effort to create an array of gowns fit for a queen.

THE ADVENTURES OF RUSTY

Young Ted Donaldson, who was wistful and appealing over a caterpillar in "Once Upon A Time," is equally wistful and appealing over a dog in "The Adventures Of Rusty." Rusty is played by Ace, The Wonder Dog, who is, as far as I know, a newcomer to the screen. Handsome, too.

Danny Mitchell (Ted Donaldson) is unhappy. His father, Hugh (Conrad Nagel), is getting married again, and Danny bitterly surveys a future which includes lots of face washings and no more fishing trips. Of course Ann (Margaret Lindsay) is okay as women go, but who wants women? When Rags, Danny's dog, is killed by a truck during the wedding reception, the boy blames his new stepmother, and his antagonism flares into actual hatred. Ann tries every way she can think of to win him over, but Danny is obdurate. The situation worries Ann and his father very much.

Danny's main interest these days is a dog named Rusty. Not a nice, friendly dog like Rags, either. Rusty is an ex-German war dog trained by the Nazis, and is as vicious and treacherous as his former masters. However, something about his loneliness appeals to Danny, who is lonely too. Rusty's owner can do nothing with him, and is perfectly willing for Danny to have him. But when the boy tries to pet Rusty, he gets his hand severely bitten. Ann finds out, and naturally refuses to have such a vicious dog in the house. Danny is inconsolable, and at last Ann tells Hugh she thinks they had better let him have the dog. Danny, elated, digs up a German-American dictionary, and by the time he's had Rusty a few days the police dog is obeying his commands. Still, there is no affection or friendliness to it. This worries Danny so much that he solemnly takes Rusty to a psychiatrist he has heard Ann mention. Ann consults the same man about Danny,

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Dearly Beloved

To seem beautiful is to be
beautiful! So keep your lips
irresistible . . . divinely soft and lovely
with IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED LIPSTICK
. . . a deep, rich, dynamic tone
that goes on smoothly and stays on
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bride-to-be
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WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER . . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR

and they both get good advice from him.

But Rusty runs away, and that's when the excitement really begins. Because a couple of German saboteurs have arrived in the neighborhood, and they find the dog and try to make him into a Nazi all over again. Whether they succeed depends on Danny.

If you like small boys and dogs, you'll like "The Adventures of Rusty."—*Col.*

P. S.

Ted Donaldson, who has never owned a dog in real life, found his co-star in "Rusty" to be an ex-war dog who needed mighty careful handling. When the war broke out, Ace—trained to guard defense plants—was used as a model in training Marine dogs. . . . Before they could work together, Ted and Ace had to have several sessions to become acquainted with each other—with trainer Earl Johnson on hand to see that all went well. . . . For a ball throwing scene Ted was warned to throw the ball from the side or underhanded, never to raise his hand over his head to toss it. Ace had been taught to attack like a flash the minute a hand was raised overhead. Once when Ted forgot, a serious accident came too close for comfort. Needless to say, more than one brow was wiped before it was all over. . . . Director Paul Burnford's first day on the set was enough to drive a man mad—and nearly did. First day of production, his first important picture, and his wife presented him with his first youngster. . . . When Margaret Lindsay played the young bride in "Cavalcade," the cameraman who worked with her was Al O'Connell. In "Rusty," she and O'Connell met again for the first time since that picture, and in this one she's playing Conrad Nagel's bride. Bet you can guess what O'Connell popped out with—said she was "always a bride, never a bridesmaid." . . . Wasn't the Pied Piper of Hamelin on the loose the day Ted and his friends disappeared? Out on location, the first aid man on the set was occupying his spare moments by carving things out of the plentiful supply of wood around. One day the kids were found in a circle in the woods, all industriously creating masterpieces under the supervision of the carver.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Lynn Bari visited the Army hospital in Vancouver, Washington, nearly a year ago, and I shall never forget what I saw her do at that time. Plans had been made for her to eat at the table with the officers, where she would be served with them. When she entered the mess hall, however, she refused her place as "guest," joined the enlisted men's waiting line, had her plate filled when her turn came, and then carried her tray to a bench, where she sat among the enlisted men. She accepted no special privileges. Up to that time the enlisted men had felt that the officers got all the breaks whenever a celebrity visited camp. Miss Bari, whether she realized it or not, did a great deal toward boosting army morale by her simple gesture of sticking with the enlisted men.

Doris Burns,
Portland, Oregon

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TITO GUIZAR and
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LEO CARRILLO · ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ
HOWARD FREEMAN
and STEVEN GERAY · JEAN STEVENS
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Leading Lady smashes the headlines with America's No. 1 year-round beauties, made and acclaimed in Hollywood for all America. Smooth as your latest juke box tune, bright and smart. **The "Down-Beat" skirt is terrifically different.** Full cut with 3 large "Juke-Box" pleats front and back. Tricky pleats running from stitched waistband accentuate the positive streamlined flare. Convenient side zipper. Side button flap for waistband adjustment can be regulated ½ to ¾ of an inch. Crush resisting rayon. Trim-fit waistline. What value at $4.99! **Order on 5-day shopping comparison.** Return without cost if you don't agree this is America's finest skirt value. **The Serenade Blouse** is a perfect complement. Mannish tailored with the exclusive **Bobby Bane long wing collar;** large roomy shoulders. Smart pearl buttons, tricky cigarette pocket, unique stitching. Fashioned from expensive material originated in men's fine shirts. Hit the style headlines with these year-round beauties. Even more exciting when seen than these sketches from actual stock.

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CO-ED

Perfectly happy? Think the world's swell? Then sit this out, 'cause we're talking about fresh starts and getting gay and getting guys.

■ Ever wish to heaven you could make a fresh start in the world with a brand new line and a flock of charm? Ever feel that if you could just cancel out your sad sack past you'd be a zing thing? Well, haven't we all, but how often do we do anything about it? Here then, is an idea.

Could there possibly be a better time than now to begin again? With a nice, clean, uncharted year ahead at school; with maybe a lush new job. The set-up is perfect, so what do you say? First of all—

Give Yourself a Chance: You may be a Lana Turner inside, but if you go around looking like a bundle of old clothes, you won't do yourself much good. Start with your face and figure, discover your type, then accentuate it. If you're small and blond, play up your hair, your cute little figure. Wear pastel makeup, hair ribbons, sweet sissy colors. Let your stock in trade be femininity. Sweet talk, encouraging words, the good old oil. If you're a big girl, exercise away the chubbiness, but stand right up to those extra inches. Wear good looking tailored things, wonderful sweaters, be-eg pieces of costume jewelry. Talk baseball, jazz, politics (but know what you're talking about) and the boys will love you. If you're slim and slinky, wear Lauren Bacall-ish clothes, have something about you that's a trademark. A ring, an odd hair-do, a pair of pixie glasses. Interesting, that's you, so talk poetry, the theater, your philosophy of life. The point is, know your type, and stick with it. And that's a good start toward that fresh start.

Meet Some Men: Maybe you've been exposed to 'em, but it just hasn't taken. Maybe you just don't know any. Well, stop sitting around flapping your gums about the stupidity of men, and get busy. If the mountain won't come to Mohammed, you know what to do about it. (*Continued on page 65*)

JEAN KINKEAD

CO-ED LETTERBOX

What's the kindest way to tell a boy you no longer love him? Bill and I were engaged before he went overseas, and now, two years later, he's back and it's just not the same. B. Y., Chicasaw, Iowa.

First of all, give the guy a chance. He needs a while to reconvert himself from soldier to civilian. If, after two months or so, you still feel as you do, it will be fairly obvious to him that things have changed. It is even possible that he'll feel differently about you. Talk the thing out honestly, making it clear that it is nobody's fault—least of all his, and impressing on him the fact that you still consider him a very superior guy. Make the break clean, with no ifs, ands or buts to keep him dangling, and send him off with his self-confidence intact, and no bitterness in his heart toward you.

I can't make up my mind which of two soldiers I love best. They've both asked me to wait for them. What to do? C. W., Eureka, Utah.

You've heard it before, but it still goes. If you think you love two men

(*Continued on page 97*)

A girl who wouldn't say YES...meets
a man who wouldn't take NO for an answer!

Nixie...
the
amorous
imp!

"There's a YES
in my
whistle!
It goes like
this!"....

ONE whistle and

TWO whistles and

THREE whistles
and

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

Rosalind
RUSSELL · Lee
BOWMAN

in

She Wouldn't Say Yes

with

ADELE JERGENS · CHARLES WINNINGER

HARRY DAVENPORT · SARA HADEN

Screenplay by Virginia Van Upp, John Jacoby and Sarett Tobias

Produced by
VIRGINIA VAN UPP · *Directed by*
ALEXANDER HALL

Just One Cake of Camay for Softer, Smoother Skin!

Fresher charm—appealing new softness—come to your skin with your *first* cake of Camay! Yes, new loveliness comes as quickly as that, when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion!

—the former Mary Ellen Nelson,
Mrs. Jack H. Ross
New Canaan, Conn.

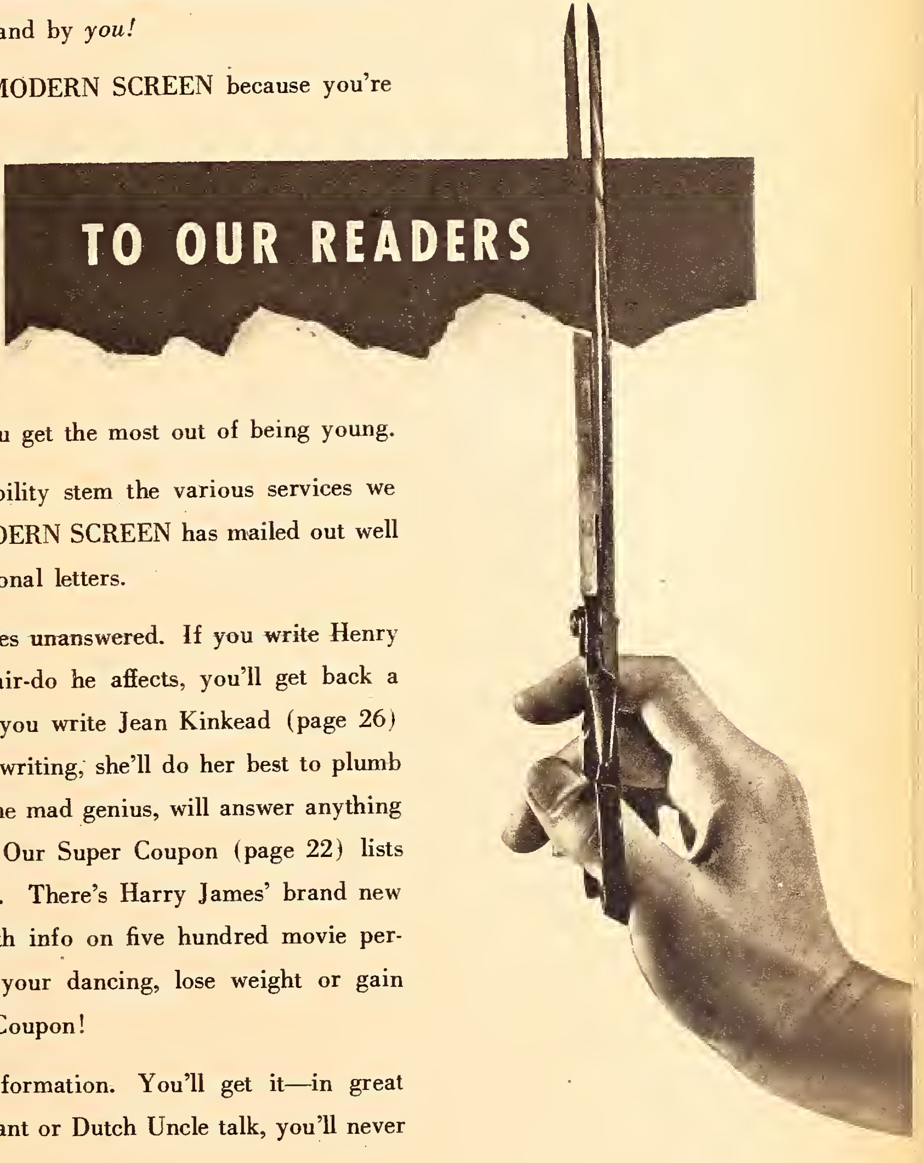
READ MRS. ROSS' STORY

Twenty—love! Ellen an art student, Jack in the Army Specialized Training Program, they meet and find happiness in tennis, swimming, lively sports. About her pink and white, Dresden-perfect skin, Ellen says, "I care for it with Camay—for with the first cake I used, my complexion sparkled clearer and fresher."

Moonlight—and Home! Ellen's thoughts turn to days ahead. "I want to keep 'just married' happiness. And to keep my Camay complexion, I'm staying on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For *your* new beauty, pat on Camay—so mild *it cleanses without irritation*. Rinse warm. Add a COLD splash for oily skin. Repeat night and morning.

It's still important—to make your Camay last! Precious war materials go into soap!

TO OUR READERS



■ If you've ever had a letter from us (who hasn't?!), you've noticed the slogan on the cute little backside of our envelope: MODERN SCREEN, the Friendly Magazine. It's a unique slogan, and we are fiercely sentimental about it. It has helped us grow. And as we've grown, our genial slogan has embraced countless new friends.

This month, MODERN SCREEN's circulation reaches an all time high of 1,700,000. The way Henry and I look at it, that's one million seven hundred thousand very real and live friends who stand by *us* each month. And if you can do that, we want to stand by *you!*

Most of you are young. You buy MODERN SCREEN because you're crazy about Frankie and Van Johnson and June Allyson and all the others. But you have other needs, too. Youth is a tough racket. Henry Malmgreen and I would be letting you down if we didn't use the power of our magazine to help you get the most out of being young.

From this proud sense of responsibility stem the various services we offer. In the last couple of years, MODERN SCREEN has mailed out well over a million advice charts and personal letters.

No letter to MODERN SCREEN goes unanswered. If you write Henry ribbing him about that ridiculous hair-do he affects, you'll get back a blistering squelch in nothing flat. If you write Jean Kinkead (page 26) to find out why that cute GI stopped writing, she'll do her best to plumb the mystery for you. Beverly Linet, the mad genius, will answer anything at all about movie stars (page 90). Our Super Coupon (page 22) lists twenty advice and information charts. There's Harry James' brand new Band chart and Bev's Superchart with info on five hundred movie personalities. If you want to improve your dancing, lose weight or gain boy friends, just turn to the Super Coupon!

For the most part you'll want information. You'll get it—in great abundance. But if it's comfort you want or Dutch Uncle talk, you'll never find the Friendly Magazine wanting.

Al Delacorte
Executive Editor.

THOSE

F. didn't have to be coaxed, but when a guest chattered during a song, then stabbed, "I-knew-*him*-when," well . . .!

"Too many women may be bad," cracked Errol on New Year's Eve, "but not enough is certainly worse!"

Helmut danced in the Tyrol with Claudette Colbert and never forgot. Years later, he asked, "Remember?"

by HEDDA HOPPER

HOLLYWOOD PARTIES!

Like the one when the lights went out—and Van Johnson was caught without a girl!

■ "Tell the kids about some of the parties you've been to," says Albert.

"Have a heart, sonny. Thirty years I've been going to parties. How d'you expect me to get 'em sorted out?"

"Easy," says Al, who doesn't have to do the job; he just dishes it out. "Your memory's a grab-bag. Stick in your thumb, pull out a plum, and go on from there."

Being simple minded, I like games. Grab! and out came a dinner party at Norma Shearer's, veddy veddy swank. Only she'd invited Betsy and Gene Kelly, who own as much swank between them as would balance on an eyelash.

In England they call it drawing room—short for withdrawing—because the ladies withdrew after dinner, leaving the gentlemen to brandy, cigars and masculine (*Continued on page* 99)

"Long live the queen," Peter murmured to Ann Sathern's baby. And there wasn't a dry eye left.

At parties, Ronnie Reagan talks politics while Jane perches atop the piano and makes like Helen Morgan.

UP IN CENTRAL PARK

"Let's keep it gay," we said, "let's keep it light." So when Dane Clark blew into town we blew the works—sandwiches, jive and two beautiful gals in a park.

Sure, Dane offered to help pack a picnic lunch, but editors Al Delacorte and Henry Malmgreen (the crew cut with the cruller), certainly never expected a reception like this! And at seven a.m., no less!

A New York boy from 'way back, Dane decided to instruct Shirley (the beautiful) and Peggy (the blonde) in the etiquette of dunking. "See little pinky outstretched, girls, and no fair going beyond the elbow . . ."

The dishes cleared away ("We'll take turns," he said. "Breakfast was swank, but lunch we'll eat *my* way!"), Dane settled down to autographing the girls' M.S. Fan Club Association cards.

By 9 o'clock they hit the park and Dane got chummy with the hackman's hoss. "I like horses," he insisted, "look what they did for Bing!"

"But what'll your public think," bellowed the cameraman, "kissing nags? Do something *different!*" "Sure," grinned our hero, "this one's for fun!" And planted a smack on startled, pleased Peggy.

■ "I'm coming home, fellas," Dane wrote us, "I'm coming home to *live!*" So natch, what could we do but roll out a red carpet, blare out a bugle and grin? Because Dane Clark's one of our favoritest people, and when he forsakes the tall trees and the smudge pots for grubby little us (so what if he was coming East anyhow for that Strand Theater appearance?), well, no red carpet's red enough! "I want to see skyscrapers again and Brooklyn Bridge and an Automat," he wrote. "And especially I want to see Shirley Elman and Peggy Field. Honest, fellas, the way those girls organized a fan club for me, the way they *slaved*. . . ." So even if the paper shortage held up our shots of the buildings and the Bridge, we did get you Central Park at noon, we did get you this Great Day'n the Morning . . .

If you think Peggy was hot and bothered, you should've seen the melon! It got lugged from cab to hock, from suite to park—it got liquidated!

The trouble started when Dane got spring fever and went dancing with barefoot Shirley to the strains of Al's portable. There's the "trouble" back there—a gang of "Dead Enders."

"Hey, is dat Dane Clark, huh, mistuh, huh?" they asked. "Sure." "Aw, he don't look so tough, he don't look like no big shot," they jeered. But all Dane did was sit tight, eat his fifth sandwich—and bide his time.

UP IN CENTRAL PARK

This is the sort of photo you find in Grandma's album—"Portrait of Five Young People Eating Their Heads Off and Enjoying it."

It was getting hot, the Dead Enders were getting hep, and anyhow, ice cream tastes better out at sea. So off they drifted to mid-lake.

UP IN CENTRAL PARK

But does Dane take it easy? Does he read a book or get a sunburn or snooze? No. *he* gets the rowboat snagged on a clump of seaweed and needs a private cheering section (Peggy) and a personal water cooling system (Shirley) to boost him on.

Home in a hack. Dane's got a date to spree Coney Island with the Dead Enders, the gals have sore feet and their heads in the clouds. The weather was fine, wish you'd been there, up in Central Park . . .

Always the gentleman, he left Shirley room to tap him. By this time, the Dead Enders had seen the muscles, heard the roars, recognized a champ—they were getting impressed.

"She's safe!" "She's out!" "Whaddya mean she's safe? She's *out!*" With 8 months of professional baseball behind him, Dane's a whiz at bat, did everything but crown ump Al D. with a pop bottle and slam that ball clear to Ebbets' Field.

By the time he decided to apply the palm of the hand to the shaft of the oar, the Dead Enders had organized a highly vocal razzing team. That boat made land in 15 minutes flat!

At CBS, Bob grins over a GI gag pulled in New Guinea. His show interrupted by Bombers taking off, he asked, "What goes?" "Oh, Fred Allen's nearby—those guys are after jokes!"

"The House I Live In"

■ The street was empty and from corner to corner the store fronts and the house windows were dark. A faint light gleamed over the entrance to a building in the middle of the block. It shone weakly on two stone tablets set in a niche over the large, carved wooden door. It was a quiet street and now, late at night, it was as silent as a moment of prayer.

Suddenly a rock hurtled through the air. The small bulb over the tablets shattered in a spray of fine glass. There was the sound of rushing feet. In the thin light from a sliver of moon two shadows appeared. One of them carried something round, can-shaped, in one hand, and it made a tinny, gurgling sound as it swung. They worked swiftly for a few minutes. And then they were gone.

It was morning before the old men came to the building. They came early to say their (*Continued on page* 87)

FRANKIE FIGURES SO WHAT IF YOUR SKIN COLOR'S DARKER OR YOU GO TO A DIFFERENT CHURCH - - YOU'RE STILL ONE OF THE GANG!

BY ZACHARY GOLD

Frank's new short, one of his and Mervyn Leroy's top contributions to the cause of tolerance, incorporates many of the talks F. gave on his "tour for democracy."

Just before overseaing, Frank recorded several S. A. tunes with Xavier Cugat; had to switch to civvies at Army's request—GIs wont glammer togs!

Frank's super record collection of 150 albums is pure long-hair, with those negro spirituals he disced with the Charioteers holding top honors.

by Kaaren Pieck

Deep, dark secret: John's a poet who's had stanzas published! But he's no sissy; when house needed plumbing, he dug ditches himself!

Johnny's got a jinx: His dad gave him a ring he'd worn for 50 years without losing. After one scene in new pic, "The Dolly Sisters," ring disappeared!

BABY TALK

Pink booties or blue booties, there's a gleam in the John Paynes' eyes that spells b-a-b-y!

Gloria yearns for a convertible; can't drive, but *knows* she could sail through H'wood without lessons if she only had the car! "You Are Beautiful," murmurs John. Romantic? Nope, it's name of her next pic!

■ On June 28th, Gloria and John Payne celebrated their 6-month anniversary. He gave her a two-toned gold ring, to match the pin-and-earring set he'd given her at Christmas, when she was still Gloria De Haven. She gave him socks and stuff. They had dinner at Somerset House, topped off by a look-in at Slapsy Maxie's. But they didn't stay late. John's working in "The Enchanted Voyage." Gloria won't be going back to work for quite a while, but she starts yawning early nowadays.

There's never been any cleavage in her mind on the great Hollywood problem of career vs. marriage. As a bride of ten days, she said: "I'll go on working, but only so long as it doesn't interfere with John's happiness. *Our* happiness, I should say, for it comes to the same thing—"

You've heard other brides voice like sentiments and change their minds overnight, so you grow skeptical. But there's something about this one that compels your faith. You've seen her on the screen—a gay, pretty kid who wins you by the grace of her talents, but gives you no hint of the girl who married John Payne. Dignity is perhaps an unexpected word to use in connection with one so young, but Gloria has it—together with a child's clear honesty and a native wisdom you'd be glad to meet in a woman twice her years. She speaks quietly, making no effort to impress or convince you. The upshot is, if she told you she'd rather wear lisle than nylons, you'd believe it.

One morning John went with her to the doctor's office, where their hope about the baby was confirmed. Gloria promptly told (*Continued on page 146*)

Four-year-old Jimmy Robin, here with Mom Dorothy and cookie-shoving Chris Robin, started talking at 5 mos. First words? "I wanna be a actor!"

LUCKY BUM

by Kirtley Baskette...

Only a four-leaf clover guy like Bob Mitchum could be kidnapped by moonshiners, then grow up to bake cakes... and kayo champs!

■ A tall, lean, muscular stick of human dynamite named Bob Mitchum stood loose and easy before a big Hollywood tycoon a couple of years ago and gave him a level look out of his keen blue eyes.

It was Bob's first interview for a movie part. He was busted flat. He had a hungry wife and baby at home. The seat of Bob's pants was so patched it looked like a crazy-quilt and his coat was taped together at the armholes where his big punching muscles had popped through at last. But his angular face was undismayed and his clefted, cocky chin was sticking well out in the breeze. If the chance for a (*Continued on page 126*)

Ernie Pyle thrilled over Bob in "G.I. Joe": "You could be Walker himself—it's amazing." (With Capt. Thornton, adviser, and F. Steele.)

Bob's a romantic lead who dotes on his family, his rented home in W. H'wood; an ex-hoss opry hero who hates horses!

Even after hitting the big-time in "30 Sec. Over Tokyo," (here with Van J.), Bob insists he has no talent—"just luck."

tom drake

Life wasn't kind to the kid with the lost looking eyes, but now, after the grief and the fight and the loneliness, Tom's heart is home again.

By Ida Zeitlin

■ Not till M-G-M signed him was Bud Alderdice translated into Tom Drake—an event shrouded deep in the future on that day in late summer when Bud, seventeen, and his year older sister, Claire, drove to New York to take a crack at Broadway.

Their father had been dead six years, their mother six weeks. Their assets consisted of one season (for Bud) with Reginald Goode's stock company in Poughkeepsie, a modest income and the large dreams of youth. . . .

On Riverside Drive they found an apartment in a renovated private house, which they took because it had a backyard for Wrinkle, their Great Dane. It became headquarters for a bunch of kids from Poughkeepsie, including Chris Curtis, the 15-year-old who'd developed a crush on Bud that summer—

"If you get out of high school at 15," her mother had promised, "you can have a year in New York before going to college—"

This was her year, but college was no part of her program. At Poughkeepsie, someone discovered that she had a voice. Fine, she'd study opera.

"You'll never get any further than op," Bud assured her kindly. "Better go in for nightclub singing." It was his idea to own a nightclub some day. "I might even

(*Continued on page 114*)

The Drakes, Tom and Chris, prefer their hearthside to gallivanting, specialize in small gatherings with good talk, music and food. Rugged, Tom's sole claim to cooking fame is "salad di Cicco"—with coddled egg dressing!

Tom's piled up a heap of habits in his 27 years; like collecting thousands of pictures of horses, like never outgrowing his crush on Amelia Earhart and loving burnt toast and grabbing the check and singing off key.

Tom's a sucker for good acting, loves schmaltzy love stories r intelligent whodunits. (At the NBC Comedy Theater ith host Hal Lloyd, F. Bartholomew and Maria Montez.)

I've never met anyone I haven't learned something from," he vows, "nor anyone I didn't adore—or detest—on sight." (With the wee O'Brien on a Lux Show.)

THEY VOWED NO TEARS WOULD SPOIL LON'S LEAVE.

D SO THE McCALLISTERS WERE GAY. EVEN IF GRANDMA SNIFFLED INTO HER APRON WHEN NO ONE WATCHED ● BY FREDDA DUDLEY

Last Leave

Record collection's large, but Lon gripes because he can't make with the music himself. Learned to strum a guitar, though! A good soldier, his theme song's "How I Hate To Get Up In The Morning!" Loves charting voyages, drawing up boat plans.

Lon, who squirms in tuxedos and starched collars, has Grandma loosen even G.I. tie. Dreams of becoming a writer, owning an island . . . and *dis*owning middle name: Alonzo!

■ Three eager people stood expectantly on the leeside of the administration building at the Long Beach Army Air Base and watched the planes come in. "I certainly hope he isn't in that little bumblebee," said Lon McCallister's grandmother as she eyed a Mustang disapprovingly.

Lon's mother shook her head. "He said he was hitchplaning on a C-54, whatever that is."

Lon's grandfather came to the rescue with some potent information. "That—coming in right over there—is a C-54."

Three bodies leaned forward, (*Continued on page 135*)

He's a pin-up boy in three-cornered slacks, this

happy Peck baby with the dimples

and that way with women like Daddy's. by Cynthia Miller

JUNIOR DREAM MAN

■ One Sunday morning in July, 1944, an earnest student was bent over a desk with a city map under one fist and a red pencil in the other. Until that moment, Gregory Peck had been a casual traveler along Los Angeles' city streets; he had eased his way from one studio to another, from his home to the homes of friends, recognizing a tree here, a house there, a filling station or a drugstore. He always managed to reach his destination, but the process required one thing he thought he might lack on the run he was going to make some time soon: Time.

So Gregory made a road map, indicating the fastest, least traffic-ridden route from his home to the hospital, fourteen miles distant. Then he said to Greta, "I think we should make a test run."

"Seems kind of silly when Junior isn't due for at least three weeks yet," said Mrs. Peck mildly. She is not the nervous type.

"I'd feel better about it if I'd checked my time," said the father-to-be. So he and Greta set out, driving cautiously but with an eye on the clock.

When they reached the hospital, they hastened to the reception desk and were met by the starched and professional smile of the nurse on duty. "Yes?" she said.

"Exactly what does one do when one is going to have a baby?" demanded Gregory.

The nurse drew a fresh form from a nearby drawer and poised an efficient pen. "Your name?" she said, beaming on Mrs. Peck.

"No, no," said (*Continued on page 92*)

my daughter

She was a funny, skinny little kid. Always reading Shakespeare aloud. Or crying over a stray cat.

■ "Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight. I wish I may, I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight." She was a skinny little girl with an ice cream cone in one hand and a pair of roller skates in the other, and her face was screwed up with the intensity of wishing . . . The little girl became a rangy seventeen-year-old. standing in front of Sardi's a little before curtain time. And if you saw her there, briefly searching the sky, her bright mane tossed back, you just assumed she was posing a little—the kid liked to pose —and you never dreamed that perhaps she was praying . . . Seventeen became twenty, and she was a suave, wonderful-looking gal on the way to the premiere of her first movie, *(Continued on page 81)*

Nickname "Sluggy" for Bogey's yacht may be changed to "Baby." She and H. splash in world's smallest swimming pool; it's 8 x 4 x 4! Outdoor Girl Bacall (see "The Big Sleep") drinks nothing stronger than sherry.

14-year-old Lauren wept when photog said she had legs like a colt; thought he meant she looked like a horse! Won polka contest as child; swears she could've danced with Clifton Webb.

by

natalie bacall

as told to

Jean Kinkead

Wicked Williams

Esther's the kind of gal who looks as though she breakfasts on bubbles—and then turns around and murders a 3-pound steak!

Though play-the-field Van Johnson squired E. to the "Thrill Of A Romance" prem, nobody's feelings were hurt when "The Girl With The Beautiful Profile All Over" admitted her top thrill to date was having fiance Sgt. Ben Gage lay the rug in her new home!

by Dorothy Deere

■ For four months Esther Williams had been collecting pretty pink paychecks from the studio for having nothing but fun. For a whole year before that she'd turned the talent scouts down cold, telling them she didn't think she'd make a movie star. And even after signing, she'd walked straight up to the studio execs who were acting as if they'd just hit Bingo, and said, "Look, fellows—I've got news for you. I *can't act!*" On this particular day, diving in and out of the pool, she had a feeling that pretty soon now, those execs were going to start believing her.

When the telephone message came, the nasty little premonition stuck out its tongue and said "See? This is *it*!" Sure enough, Mr. Louis B. Mayer, the head man himself, wanted her to get over to his office at once. Any other time she would have stopped to curl her hair, or waited for her eyes to stop being red from the chlorine in the pool. Now, she merely slipped into something dryer than a swim suit, and slap-dashed a powder puff across her pert nose.

"You don't have to go formal to be fired—" she told herself, and it didn't sound funny.

By the time she reached the studio she was as forlorn as the heroine in a sad movie.

Mr. Mayer is a fellow who likes his little joke, only it wasn't showing on him when she reached the inner sanctum. To her, he looked like a man suffering from a painful duty.

"Sit down—" he said, putting the tips of his fingers together and looking at her solemnly through half closed eyes. Then, clearing his throat, "Since I have only one thing to say, the quickest way is to say it—"

Wicked Williams

Esther, who's in perpetual swim training, partnered up with Ed ("Duffy's Tavern") Gardner in a Milwaukee brewery that'll produce, yup! "Duffy's Beer!" And she wears *clothes* in M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Follies!"

She's forever late, forever eating (who ever saw a *fat* mermaid?), forever gay. "When Esther was born," confides her mom, "God must have said, 'This one's for laughs.' "

"Oh, no—" she was thinking, a little wildly, "Don't make it quick—beat around the bush a little, I've got plenty of time. Maybe, if you think it over, you'll want to make me one of your secretaries or something—"

Mr. Mayer, however, was walking to the door and grasping the knob firmly: "There's a gentleman who has offered to help you make your screen test—" He was saying, "He's on vacation and has come into the studio specially, so I'd like you to do it this afternoon—"

He opened the door and just outside stood Clark Gable "—in all his glory!" says Esther, who still gets fireflies in her brown eyes when she thinks of it. She didn't know how it had happened. How Clark, seeing some of her preliminary tests run off, had seen a girl with a warmth and eagerness he was sure the fans would like, and that this was his way of betting on it. (*Continued on page 141*)

SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*

NANCY JANE MACBURNEY—Her smooth way of wearing her hair—whether it's fashionably "upswept" or "down"—gives an added charm to her lovely, clear soft skin.

JUNIOR CANTEEN HOSTESS—Charming Nancy Jane MacBurney, sings with the boys at a USO Canteen she helped organize in Chicago. She first met her fiancé there when he "just happened in." Many girls are serving as Canteen hostesses. Couldn't *you* help in *your* locality?

HER BEAUTY CARE—Pond's Cold Cream. "The cleansing-est, smoothing-est cream I know."

TO WED R. A. F. OFFICER

Nancy Jane Macburney
engaged to
Robert Francis Reynolds
Flying Officer, R. A. F.

THE RING Bob gave her just before he took off for England

She met Bob in Chicago—but he was born in Burma, brought up in London, and they plan to live in Toronto "someday."

Another Pond's bride-to-be, Nancy Jane is another lovely girl with a fascinating "soft-smooth" Pond's complexion.

This is Nancy Jane's fundamental daily skin care . . .

She *smooths* white, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats thoroughly to help soften dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She *rinses* with *more* soft-smooth Pond's —working the cream over her face with little spiral whirls of her fingertips. Tissues off again. This second creaming-over "leaves my face feeling like silk," she says, "and so *clean!*"

Use your Pond's Cold Cream Nancy Jane's "twice-over" way—*every* night, *every* morning and for in-between clean-ups during the day. It's no accident so many more women and girls prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price.

Get a *big* jar today—you'll *love* the luxury way you can dip into its wide top with both your hands at once! Ask for Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter.

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Viscountess Tarbat · Mrs. Allan A. Ryan · Miss Mimi McAdoo by Nancy Winslow Squire

"What's six years, anyway?" muttered John Dall through clenched teeth. "I still wanna be an actor!"

Johnny come lately

■ "Mm-mm, letter from Louella!" John Dall's mom, sorting the morning mail, was distinctly pleased.

"Louella, no less," grinned John. "And you're the gal who couldn't stand anything connected with the acting profession. Remember?"

Henry (which, believe it or not is his mom's first name) was too engrossed with Louella Parsons' note to retaliate. Johnny sat staring at her, feeling again like pinching himself because the whole business was so incredible. Here he was, the family black sheep, the guy who had tossed overboard a scholarship at Yale, an assured career in engineering for a 100 to 1 shot at the theater—here he was, basking in the adulation of his mother, of his paratrooping brother, of a lot of total strangers. *Fans*, yet. He, old Johnny Dall, a fugitive from dinners at the Chock Full O' Nuts and very brief, very unremunerative walk-on parts, with *fans!* It had been a long hard pull, but looking back, it seemed neither long nor hard. Looking back, he'd had an awful lot of fun.

Johnny knew that he wanted to act when he was very young. Maybe seven or eight. He had a girl cousin named Parker McCormick, and between them they built a bright and beautiful world. A world of home-made costumes and glued- (*Continued on page 58*)

At 14, Johnny got radio bid to sing (soprano). Mama rounded up doting friends, shined up her "Dalling," but one look at mike and John fainted dead away! (With Bette Davis in "The Corn Is Green.")

"Beautiful trash" is how John describes his pulp magazine stories. Pen name, to confuse family, was H. Treadwell Vanderwall!

No other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! ✓*Extra lustre* . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓*Such manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing . . . due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. ✓*Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Jewels in your Hair

for After-Dark Glamour

Dramatize the beauty of your hair, focus attention on your smart hair-do! For evening occasions, wear jewels in your hair! LISA FONSSAGRIVES . . . glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl" . . . shows you, on this page, three smart hair-dos dramatized with jewels!

THIS TURQUOISE TIARA certainly calls attention to Lisa's shining topknot of puffs! A twisted double strand of pearls or a string of large gold beads would also look lovely encircling the puffs! But you'll not get the maximum combination of lustre and manageability from your shampoos unless you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, as Lisa always does!

A GOLD BRACELET was used by Lisa for this stunning back arrangement. Ends of hair are drawn through bracelet, then pulled upward. That extra shining smooth look is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

WEAR LARGE COMBS set with brilliant stones or pearls, on either side of this double-puff topknot arrangement! But first, wash your hair in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Drene Shampoo

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TIPS FOR A LOVELY THROAT LINE

When applying and *removing* cleansing cream, *always* use *upward* and *outward* motion. To remove, wrap absorbent Sitroux Tissue around hand, like a mitt. (Tissues go further*, cleanse better, this way.) Then, pat with cotton soaked in skin freshener.

Next, apply rich lubricating cream. Start from upper chest; work with *both* hands. Circle gently upward along throat. Make an upward half-circle around back of neck.

For firming exercise, bend head forward, relaxed; roll to right, back; left, back to front. Repeat, circling left to right. Leave cream on half-an-hour (overnight, for dry skin). Remove with Sitroux Tissue, using upward strokes. Absorbent Sitroux removes cream thoroughly; fine for hankies, too.

* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX
SAY SIT-TRUE
TISSUES

JOHNNY COME LATELY

(Continued from page 56)

on moustaches. A world of glowing, if imaginary, press notices and thunderous—oh thunderous—applause. The plays that they gave were made up out of their heads and involved dozens of characters, each with a different kind of accent. No children's plays for them, but war stuff and drama of the heaviest kind.

When John was ten, his father's work took the whole family to Panama, and—away from Parker's encouragement and interest—he temporarily ditched the theater. If he had been older, he would have felt lost, but when you are ten, the world is so full of a number of things . . . He played baseball and learned to speak fluent Spanish. He grew to be six feet one and made up his mind to become a writer. He was gone for four years, and it was an enchanted era studded with jaunts to places like Haiti and Cuba and the Bahamas, a heavenly period of erratic schooling and a great deal of fun.

His was a congenial family, in spite of the fact that John's brother Worthington (whom, as a child, he used to call One-to-Ten) was nine years older than John, and in spite of the usual family run-ins.

There was, for instance, the time on the trip to Panama when the ship ran into a terrible storm. The waves were Alpine, and the ship bobbed like a cork. The whole family, with the exception of John, was felled with seasickness.

"Get out of the cabin, dear," John's mother murmured from her bed, unable to bear the sight of his rosy, smiling face another minute.

"Where'll I go?" he whined. "There's no one to play with."

"Just go," she said. "Anywhere."

John trekked down to the dining room, returning presently with a bowl of fruit and a rich looking cake. "Here, mom," he said, munching an apple in her ear, exuding health. No member of the family spoke to him for days afterwards.

There was the period when he was about eleven when he made the family's life wretched hounding them for a monkey. He gave them no peace night or day. "They're a lot of work, dear," his mother would say to him. "A *lot* of work."

"I don't care," he'd insist doggedly. "I'll do everything for it. You'll never know it's in the house." That was prophetic.

monkeyshines . . .

In the end his mom was beaten down, and they went off to a pet shop to buy the animal. It cost $5, and John bore it triumphantly off. However, in the car, it first spat at him, then clawed him, and it was just getting ready to tear him limb from limb when he got it back to the pet man. They didn't wait to retrieve their money. It was worth ten to get rid of him.

"You *would* have a monkey, dear," his mother told him gently, expecting him to be crestfallen, prepared to hug and comfort him if he should cry or anything.

"Yeah," said John, undaunted. "But what I really want is a dog." He was really a most annoying child.

Incidentally, they did get a dog when they returned to the United States. They were living in Maryland at the time, and they bought a beautiful collie called "Buster." When the family took a trip out West at one point, they shipped Buster to some friends in Westchester for a visit. However, he ran away from them and reappeared at the house in Maryland three months later, ragged of paw and mangy of fur. The poor pup died soon after, and that was John's last encounter with animal ownership. He now contents himself with patting other people's dogs and looking wistfully in pet shop windows.

He went to high school at Horace Mann in New York, during which time his interest in acting revived, and he worked with little theater groups after hours. He was a funny, shy kid, torn between this violent desire to act and a kind of horror of being stared at. He was devoid of the exhibitionism that is characteristic of most actors. Not only that, but he loathed girls, and love scenes were unadulterated hell.

"Girls," he would say, "are dopes."

"What about Parker?" his mother would ask him. "You're devoted to Parker."

"Parker—" he murmured, and he realized then that he had never consciously thought of her as a girl before. She'd always been, well, just Parker. "Yeah, that's right," he said. But it didn't change his feeling toward women in general. It remained for a session at the Theodora Irvine Dramatic School to accomplish the metamorphosis from gal-hater to gal-dater.

one extreme to another . . .

He graduated from Horace Mann, and Parker—who was studying at the Irvine school—persuaded Miss Irvine to take on John as a pupil. She agreed, but was something less than captivated with him. He was all arms and legs, and whenever he had to do a love scene, he'd freeze. "Look," Miss Irvine would say. "You like this girl, see. You're crazy about her." And after a while he got the hang of it, and she'd have to yell at him, "Now don't *over*act, John."

Along about this time, he began to talk to his mother about acting as a career. "Do the Barrymores design bridges?" she used to ask him. Honesty compelled him to say "no," and then she had him.

"Well?" she'd say triumphantly. Her meaning was clear. John's dad had been a successful engineer and so had *his* dad. Henry's family had invented the Worthington pump. By rights John should have been a terrific draftsman, a fast man with a slide rule. A crisp, terse, efficient individual. Instead, he sauntered, he gangled, he walked with his head in the stars. Eventually, of course, his mother agreed to let him take a fling at acting. "Get it out of your system," was the way she put it, "then come back to the fold."

John joined Clare Tree Major's famous Children's Theater, and toured the schools of the country doing "Little John" in "Robin Hood." He liked it, but he always felt a little sad because he could never make friends with the kids. With his blacked-out teeth and frowzy hairdo, he was nobody's dream boy; and when the play was over and the children came up on the stage, they always gave him plenty of elbow room and screamed if he smiled his toothless smile at them. Only once did a child come near him, and she had her mother in tow for protection. She was a small girl of about six, and evidently her sole contact with actors had been through the movies, where of course they are flat and two-dimensional. She walked around and around John, eyeing him from every angle, and finally she squealed, "why mama, he's round!"

There followed six long years of stock, during which he starved with people like Lauren Bacall, and tided himself over from walk-on to walk-on with odd jobs like selling pajamas in Macy's and carrying trays in Schrafft's. The first break was a tiny role in "Janie," then Quizz West in "Eve of St. Mark." Warners noticed him and put him under contract. There were

(Continued on page 60)

A room with a view, when you're outside looking in! Bates College Board members, Eva Blackmer, *St. Mary's* and Joyce Franklin, *Carnegie Tech,* made four-walls-and-a-window into a dream-dorm with Bates *"Alpine"* Bedspreads and Matching Draperies. *"Alpine"* also comes in blue or rose.

Smart Girls Leave Home { *with Bates in their baggage!*

Claire McCardell (*seated*), famous American designer, features Bates fine poplin with an old-time calico print in her fashion-flash pantaloon inspiration.

Start your trunk-packing with Bates Bedspreads and Matching Draperies, and first-year dorm decoration is one required "course" you'll breeze through. Bates new patterns are as fashion important as your knee length tapered shorts—as colorful as your own special clan plaid shirt. The spreads are wrinkle-proof, easy to launder, and reversible. Matching draperies, pinch-pleated and ready to hang, go up in two minutes flat. Wartime limitations still restrict production of Bates bedspreads and draperies. If your favorite store does not have the pattern you want . . . please try again.

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Vogue HAIR-DO

THE HALO Picture yourself in this charming new hair-do — Vogue's lovely version of the fashionable coronet. So flattering, so easy to achieve with a Vogue pin-on braid — *even if your hair is short.* Vogue braids come in natural hair colors, amazingly "real", in four lengths.

THE ROLL-'N-BRAID Happy combination of upsweep, page boy and braid, this picture-pretty hair-do is a gay deceiver. A Vogue hair roll provides the roll-up foundation. A Vogue pin-on braid adds smart sophistication.

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nine long months of waiting around. Then, the marvelous break in "The Corn is Green," and after that the Broadway hit, "Dear Ruth." He's made, that Johnny Dall, and the only person who isn't surprised is Parker—married now to a G.I. mom of a two-year-old son. "Why the hysterics?" she asks people. "Johnny was always magnificent."

While he was appearing in "Dear Ruth" he lived on 55th Street in New York City; loved the street because it had trees. His apartment had a tiny kitchenette, a bath, but little hot water. It was furnished, for Johnny owns no furniture and is repelled by the idea of possessing anything at all, beyond a couple of suits, and a few books. He wants to be completely free, with his house on his back, so to speak.

He's an unorthodox guy. He hates hats and formal clothes. Looks awfully beautiful in tweeds and lives in them. He thinks nothing of eating a hamburger for breakfast if he happens to feel like it, and he's been known to call up a gal at three in the morning and take her for a ride in a hansom cab. He likes joints where you can hear a good hot piano. He detests the country and the suburbs of New York City are his idea of no-man's-land. Once he was invited to spend a week-end in Hartsdale in Westchester County. His host had intimated that it was just a step from Manhattan, so Johnny hopped in a cab. They rode and rode and rode.

"No distance at all, was it, boy?" his host greeted him when he finally arrived.

"Heck, yes," John said. "We came by way of Canada."

He spends his free time going to plays and movies, and when he was doing "Dear Ruth," he'd return from his wanderings steeped in whatever show he'd seen. After "The Mask of Demetrios" he found himself spitting out words, flaunting his profile. When he saw Brian Ahearne, he returned full of fire, very dramatic. The kids in the cast couldn't wait for him to see "The Glass Menagerie" so he'd come back reeking of Laurette Taylor.

He has definite ideas on women. He likes 'em unpredictable and slightly on the screwball side. Like Roz Russell. He prefers them hatless, with flowers in their hair. (He sends 'em.) Loves low necks, perfume, warm colors. He likes his gals bright—and if they've read Virginia Woolf, James Joyce and Prokosch, all the better; and he likes them funny, a sense of humor being his idea of a pretty neat dowry.

He was married briefly to a non-professional, and he's made up his mind that the next time it's going to stick. Meanwhile, he's got a string of telephone numbers a mile long, and he's enjoying his freedom. Steadiest gal is his cute mom whom he regularly whips out to a dinner and a movie. She can never make up her mind between Boyer and Bogart, but is very cagey about admitting this yen for Bogey.

"There's that Bogart picture," she'll say. "Of course, he's awful, but his pictures are pretty good."

"You're nuts about him, Toots," John tells her, and then she'll say,

"Oh, John, for heaven's sake—" And they'll wind up at the Bette Davis place. That's John's gal. He'll never forget how swell she was to him while they were making "Corn."

It's a good life; good food, nice dames, work that he loves. But it's a screwy thing, being the white-haired boy after all the lean years. This business of having his mom correspond with Lollie; of having a fan club ("The Dall's House") and getting roses from the kids and having guys like Winchell say he's hot. He's crossing his fingers and hoping it lasts.

For a hundred years, for our dough.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Of course you know the story of the mountain and Mohammed . . . how the wise people of India decided to bring Mohammed to the mountain, since they couldn't very well transport the mountain to Mohammed! Well, you fans are like the mountains and the stars are like Mohammed. We know you want their autographs, and we know you're much too busy to traipse to Hollywood every time you want Judy G.'s signature. We thought and thought about it, and then the NAVAL AID AUXILIARY FUND hove into port with a perfectly seaworthy plan: "Let your fans send us a quarter," they said, "and we'll send them a personal autograph of any star listed below. We'll use the quarters to help sailors' families when they're in trouble.

"And," they added, "what's more, we'll give one FREE autograph to anyone who orders four!" So roll 'em in, kids, the autographs are waiting!

June Allyson
Don Ameche
Dana Andrews
Lois Andrews

Lauren Bacall
Jane Ball
Lucille Ball
Jess Barker
Anne Baxter
William Bendix
Joan Bennett
Ingrid Bergman
Turhan Bey
Julie Bishop
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Charles Boyer
Eddie Bracken
Jim Brown

Eddie Cantor
Marguerite Chapman
Dane Clark
Claudette Colbert
Nancy Coleman
Ronald Colman
Richard Conte
Gary Cooper
Joseph Cotten
James Craig
Jeanne Crain
Dick Crane
Stephen Crane
Bing Crosby
Xavier Cugat

Helmut Dantine
Linda Darnell
Bette Davis
Gloria De Haven
Olivia de Havilland
Tommy Dix
Ted Donaldson
Brian Donlevy
Tom Drake
Jimmy Dunne
Irene Dunne
Jimmy Durante

Nelson Eddy
William Eythe

Jinx Falkenberg
Alice Faye
Geraldine Fitzgerald
Errol Flynn

Clark Gable
Ava Gardner
John Garfield
Judy Garland
Peggy Ann Garner
Greer Garson
Paulette Goddard
Betty Grable
Farley Granger
Cary Grant
Bonita Granville
Kathryn Grayson

Jon Hall
June Haver
Dick Haymes
Susan Hayward
Rita Hayworth
Sonja Henie
Paul Henreid
Katharine Hepburn
John Hodiak
Skippy Homeier
Bob Hope
Lena Horne
Betty Hutton
Bob Hutton

Harry James
Gloria Jean
Van Johnson

Jennifer Jones
Arline Judge

Danny Kaye
Kay Kyser

Alan Ladd
Hedy Lamarr
Dorothy Lamour
Carole Landis
Peter Lawford
Joan Leslie
John Loder
Myrna Loy
Ida Lupino
Diana Lynn

Fred MacMurray
Lon McCallister
Joel McCrea
Roddy McDowall
Fibber McGee & Moll
Dorothy McGuire
Alan Marshal
Trudy Marshall
Marilyn Maxwell
Carmen Miranda
Maria Montez
George Montgomery
Constance Moore
Dennis Morgan
George Murphy

Tom Neal
Lloyd Nolan

Merle Oberon
Edmund O'Brien
Margaret O'Brien
Virginia O'Brien
Donald O'Connor
Maureen O'Hara
Dennis O'Keefe
Kevin O'Shea

John Payne
Gregory Peck
Susan Peters
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
Tyrone Power

Frances Rafferty
Ella Raines
Martha Raye
Ronald Reagan
Walter Reed
George Reeves
Ginger Rogers
Roy Rogers
Rosalind Russell
Gail Russell
Ann Rutherford
Eddie Ryan
Peggy Ryan

Ann Sheridan
Dinah Shore
Ginny Simms
Frank Sinatra
Red Skelton
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck

Shirley Temple
Gene Tierney
Phyllis Thaxter
Spencer Tracy
Sonny Tufts
Lana Turner

Robert Walker
Cornel Wilde
Esther Williams
Jane Withers
Monty Woolley
Jane Wyman

Loretta Young
Robert Young

Enclosed please find 25c in ☐ stamps ☐ paper-wrapped coin, for an NAA card autographed by

....

....

I understand I am to enclose 25c for each additional autograph I request but that only $1.00 will now pay for 5 autographs.

My name is..

I live at...

City.. Zone...............

State...

NAA EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN
9136 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

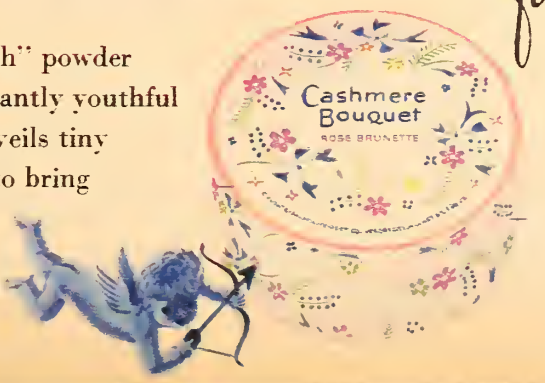
AMERICAN BEAUTY BRUNETTE

by Alex Ross

FAMOUS ARTIST PORTRAYS VELVET-SMOOTH SKIN-TONES WHICH CAN BE YOURS WITH THIS ORIGINAL* SHADE OF

CASHMERE BOUQUET face powder

A triumph of rich, sleek loveliness! Cashmere Bouquet's Rose Brunette is a new "Flower-fresh" powder shade tempting in its smooth, dark glow. A vibrantly youthful shade that goes on sheer as morning mist, yet veils tiny skin blemishes flawlessly . . . that clings hours to bring your complexion fresh loveliness that will take your breath—and *his*. And whatever your type, there's a new "Flower-fresh" shade of Cashmere Bouquet Powder just for you.



Here's the right Cashmere Bouquet shade for you!

FOR LIGHT TYPES
Natural, Rachel Nos. 1 and 2

FOR MEDIUM TYPES
Rachel No. 2, *Rose Brunette

FOR DARK TYPES
*Rose Brunette, Even Tan

MAKE THIS REVEALING TEST—
Remove your old make-up—one side with present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene Cleansing Cream. Then wet some cotton and wipe the Albolened side. See how clean the cotton stays! Now wipe it over the "beauty" creamed side. See the telltale smudge . . . from left-on makeup, grease, grime . . .

It's smart, modern, exciting, the new

FLOATING FACIAL*

**Literally* floats *off pore-clogging make-up remnants, grease, grime ordinary "beauty" creams may miss . . .*

A CREAM *must* liquefy quickly and thoroughly to cleanse your skin of complexion-fogging debris . . . dirt, grime, grease, stale, old makeup . . . and particularly, *stubborn cake makeup!*

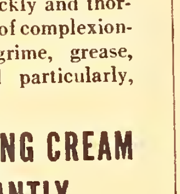
ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY—

Albolene, 100% pure, crystal clear, liquefies on application, sweeping away gently and thoroughly these menaces to beauty . . . conditioning your complexion for truly subtle, flattering makeup effects.

You see, Albolene is *all*-cleansing . . . no fillers or chemicals . . . and none of the water most "beauty" creams contain. Smooths on, tissues off so easily and daintily. See the amazing difference in your skin texture . . . how infinitely softer and more flattering fresh makeup looks.

Thrill to an Albolene *Floating Facial* today! Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream at a fraction of the cost—from 10¢ trial size to big 16 oz. jar at $1.00.

Albolene CLEANSING CREAM



—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

best face forward

by
carol
carter,
beauty
editor

Jan smooths on cleansing cream; excess is whipped off with tissue.

Daily care results in a velvety skin like Jan Clayton's of M-G-M.

Facing forward, I see by the calendar, means that soon we'll be smack in the middle of winter. But that doesn't worry the Beauty Department. Hollywood wonder girls always look deliciously delectable because, come snow, hail, rain or sleet, they make skin care as definite a part of their routine as boning up on their new scripts. And all of us MODERN SCREEN-ers are going to learn to be as wise—and as pretty—by studying winter-tide glamor.

Our pictured beauty, Jan Clayton, and her actress friends aren't afraid of close-ups because their skin is always radiantly well groomed. How do *you* stack up? Ivory brow and dewy cheek, non-shine nose and velvet lips? Or, tsk. tsk. does the doleful state of your epidermis make you shudder at sight of a mirror?

If the verdict is negative, modern cosmetics and a bit of native wit will remedy the situation. Preserving an elegant complexion is an art and a science. Set to work with the fine collection of beautifiers that any American girl can star on her dressing table. National brands that brighten counters in your local variety store are probably the very same ones that your movie favorite totes in her makeup box.

(*Continued on page 64*)

Portrait of a woman
who has just had her first
Helene Curtis permanent...
A Helene Curtis Cold Wave...
the whole thing was
an astonishing experience
in cool comfort.
But most exciting of all
were the results.
Hair silky, lustrous, alive...
miraculously natural looking and
curled right down to the scalp
with spring and softness.
But no need to envy
the lady at the right.
Simply do as she did.
Ask for, insist on

PRECIOUS JEWELS—SEAMAN-SCHEPPS

Helene Curtis COLD WAVES

OM $10 TO $50 . . . REMEMBER, HELENE CURTIS IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF PRODUCTS FOR THE BEAUTY SHOP

ake sure a member of the
lene Curtis Guild of Professional Beauticians
es you your Cold Wave
look for this
lene Curtis Guild Emblem

MEMBER
Helene Curtis
GUILD
Professional
Beauticians

YVONNE DeCARLO, STARRING IN
UNIVERSAL'S TECHNICOLOR PICTURE, "FRONTIER GAL"

"Heart•Throb" *is the word for* Yvonne DeCarlo's Hands

YOU: *What wouldn't I give for such dear, soft hands!*
YVONNE DE CARLO: Have them easily—with Jergens Lotion.
YOU: *But what's your hand care, Miss DeCarlo?*
YVONNE DE CARLO: Oh, I always use Jergens.

Stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

Find out why: Soft-hand *protection* is so *sure*, when you use Jergens regularly. Most hand skin needs extra softening moisture, which Jergens Lotion provides. Doctors can tell! Many doctors help coarsened skin toward dearly-desired smoothness by applying 2 special ingredients—both in your Jergens. No disagreeable stickiness. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax) for this lovely, practically professional hand care.

FOR THE SOFTEST,
ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION

BEST FACE FORWARD

(Continued from page 62)

To the Cleaners. Ol' debbil Winter, if unchecked, can hang icicles on the finest complexion. Foil him with emollients and lotions and a dash of forethought. But a face must be clean before it can even begin to be beautiful! The tools for this important job are cleansing cream, soap and water. Pat the cream on in brisk, upward motions. Feels good, doesn't it? Soil and stale makeup dissolve . . . and whisk off efficiently with soft cleansing tissue. Now lather up snowy clouds of suds with a fine facial soap teamed with complexion brush or sturdy wash cloth. Set to work with a will; scrub gently but thoroughly. Then, with water, rinse, rinse and rinse. Top off this ritual with an exhilarating dash of skin freshener.

Make with this cleansing business as many times a day as possible. Hollywood darlings, the wise minxes, would almost prefer to clean their faces than sign a new contract. They know makeup is at its best when applied to a clean, healthy skin. And let nothing dissuade you from the complete cream-soap-and-water routine at night. You can't expect to have pleasant dreams with a dirty face . . . and you certainly won't have a pretty complexion!

Be sure that you're well supplied with clean-up fixings. Your bathroom cabinet and dressing table are stocked with creams, soap, lotions and tissue, of course, but how about your kit in the office desk, classroom cubby hole or factory locker? For the skin that rates raves, you must be prepared to take your face to the cleaners wherever you may be. Incidentally, when your seconds are heavily rationed, special cleansing pads do a grand hurry-up job.

Dry Humor. A dry joke is generally funnier . . . but with faces, we want them pretty, not funny! If you belong to the dry-skinned sisterhood, let your cleansing cream be the "fatty" lubricating type. The longer it remains on your face, the better. First bind your hair out of the way in a gay bandanna or net. Slather on the cream (with freshly washed hands, of course) and let it remain while you do your nails, take a cat nap, or better still, while you soak comfortably in a scented bath. Steam from the tub, acting on the cream, will leave your skin soft and satiny.

You'll need daily soap-and-water treatments to remove dead, flaky, top-layer skin . . . use a mild super-fatted soap or one with an oil or cold cream base. Follow each washing with an application of soothing lotion or cream to keep your skin soft. An overly-dry skin always holds threat of wrinkles, fine lines and "laugh prints." You can soft pedal these beauty off-notes with a nightly application of special dry-skin, emollient or all-purpose cream. Massage the beauty-making stuff gently around eyes, nose and mouth, and don't neglect throat and forehead. Remove excess cream with tissues, but leave a light film to beautify your skin while you slumber.

The Other Extreme. If you're the girl who lists over-active oil glands as her chief beauty woe, you tackle your problem a bit differently than your dry skinned sister does. Realize that your sebaceous glands are working overtime, and that all your efforts should be towards normalizing them.

You should clean your face even more frequently than the average girl because an oily skin succumbs easily to the ills of blackheads and large pores. Use a liquifying cleansing cream or a liquid you are a bright girl who wants tresses glamorous à la Andrea, you'll see to it that your locks are sudsed regularly. How frequently your hair needs a bath depends upon its condition. Oily hair should be dumped in the basin once a week or oftener; dry hair, at least once every two weeks. Take normal hair to the cleaners every ten days or so.

your hair

If, perchance, you think correct shampooing is a bit too tricky for the amateur, why don't you trade shampoos with a chum? F'example, a Friday night or a Saturday morning date is fun. Then you gals can help one another to thorough hair polishing jobs.

Knead your scalp energetically to achieve a rich, creamy lather. Work the billowy, clean-making stuff into every strand of hair. Rinse with clean water and repeat the sudsing process for a complete job. Andrea says that if she's been in soot-laden city air, she often repeats the soaping a third time. She tells me that many film beauties do this.

Oil for Troubled Waves. The sun shines brightly all the time in California (Andrea is emphatic about this) but cinema belles never suffer from harsh, dry, sun-burned ringlets. At the first sign of dry-hair-itis, they pamper their parched locks with an oil treatment. For the benefit of you dry-haired lassies who would be as beauty-wise, here's the method: Preface each shampoo with a hot-oil application (for best results, the night before the sudsing). First, thoroughly brush your tangled locks. Then, with cotton or a small brush dipped in warm oil, apply the lubricant to the scalp with a steady scrubbing motion. To simplify matters, part your hair in one-inch square sections and scrub along these parts. Also, rub oil into the ends of hair. Good-bye to dry, split ends!

Mine's Oily. If that's your plaint, and if you would instead have curls as silky textured as Andrea's, learn to use your hairbrush energetically, for brushing is grand at normalizing both under- and over-active oil glands. But brushing by itself will not do the trick. Not by a long shot. You should invest in a shampoo that has a quieting effect on over-active oil glands. Wash your hair more frequently than your dry-pated sister . . . both to remove excess oil and to keep your tresses spanking clean, for oily locks have a tendency to dull quickly. While washing, knead with bent fists until your scalp tingles. For your shampoo finale, try a rinse. Rinses do loads to cut the soap film. They add glamor, too! Between shampoos, you'll find that a cleansing lotion with a slightly drying effect is helpful.

(*Continued on page 125*)

Now try the shampoo made from *Natural Oils*

Bring out the *natural* radiance and luster of your hair by using FITCH'S SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO regularly. This fragrant, liquid shampoo, made from mild cocoanut and pure vegetable oils, cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly . . . leaves the hair glossy, soft and easy to manage.

CONTAINS PATENTED RINSING AGENT—After the rich lather has done its cleansing job, the *patented rinsing agent* contained in the shampoo goes to work with the rinse water to quickly wash away remaining particles . . . leaves the hair film-free, sparkling clean and full of flattering, natural highlights.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLINGER-SHOSTAL

A SHAMPOO FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo is mild and gentle, yet efficient . . . so let every member of the family use it. It makes all colors and textures of hair glossy and manageable. Ask for it at drug counters. Professional applications at barber and beauty shops.

FOR DANDRUFF . . . ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters . . barber and beauty shops.

Fitch's
TRADE MARK

SAPONIFIED
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO

6 oz. 50c
16 oz. $1.00

The F. W. FITCH COMPANY • Des Moines 6, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles 21, Calif. • Toronto 2, Canada

1. Al Schmid (J. Garfield) is a gay kid who has Ruth Hartley (E. Parker) "wished" on him as a prospective wife, but the tables turn, and *he* falls!

2. They're engaged, when war is declared. "They thump my chest," says Al, "and bing, I'm a Marine!" Lee (D. Clark) and Johnny (T. Caruso) are Marines, too, on a Guadalcanal gun crew.

3. It's night, the replacements never come. Crazily, Johnny is killed, Lee falls wounded and Al is alone. But it's not till 200 Japs lie dead that the bomb explodes, blinding him.

Pride of the marines

4. "Tell Ruth I don't love her," dictates A
to Red Cross worker Pfeiffer (R. DeCamp)
"Tell her I'll never return, we're quits.

Story: Ella Mae said: "You'll like her, Al. I just happened to run into her and I thought—"

"I know what you thought," Al said. "You've been thinking it ever since I've been boarding here with you and Jim. Look, honey, I love you and I'm crazy about Jim. But don't try to marry me off. Stop picking on it. I just don't go for this marriage business. If you like it, okay. But for me—"

"She's awfully nice, Al," Ella Mae said. "And she's pretty. And—"

"You'll never learn," Al groaned.

"—and her name's Ruth. Ruth Hartley."

Jim Merchant was monkeying with a light switch and Ella Mae was in the kitchen *(Continued on page 106)*

Production: Warners sent three units to Philadelphia to shoot background footage of places important to Schmid's story. The cameramen busied themselves getting shots of the Navy Yard, the Broad Street Station, and Schmid's home town street—warily keeping their weather eyes open for any passing cloud or stray raindrops. Finding none, the camera boys were so thrilled with Philadelphia's excellent shooting weather that when they left the City of Brotherly Love they expressed their gratitude by presenting an astonished weatherman with a handsome gift. . . . Columnist Earl Wilson went to Philadelphia to write about the production end of things—found himself in pictures—one of the 1500 extras. . . . While the crew dashed about *(Continued on page 70)*

There were no heroes on Guadalcanal, just ordinary guys like Al Schmid who fought and prayed and sometimes died as simply as they lived.

5. Al grows bitter, he's blind isn't he, and therefore useless? When Lee realizes that his pal is determined to renounce his family, he connives with Miss Pfeiffer to have him officially transferred home.

6. Furious at the trick, Al consents to the family dinner (with Ann Doran, Ann Todd) only because it is Xmas. "There's nothing to discusss," he tells Ruth, "take me to the hospital."

7. But she pleads for their love while Al, helpless, gropes for the door, stumbles and falls. "Don't you see, darling," she weeps, "without you my heart will stumble, too?"

By Maris MacCullers and Charis Zeigler

Ha! My favorite Builder-Uppers!
Gerber's STRAINED OATMEAL
Gerber's READY TO SERVE CEREAL FOOD
MILK

Both cereals rich in added iron—

Babies are born with a supply of iron built up during the prenatal period. This supply often runs down three, or more, months after birth. So baby must get his iron from what he eats.

That's why Gerber nutritionists have added generous amounts of precious iron to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal. Both contain added Vitamin B₁—a further help to baby's well-being.

Serve both cereals turnabout, for variety helps baby eat better. Both are pre-cooked—simply add milk or formula, hot or cold. Be sure to get Gerber's Cereals—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on every package!

Remember, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

© 1945, G. P. C.

Gerber's

FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.

Baby Foods

Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

Free sample

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept DE10-5 Fremont, Michigan

My baby is now .... months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal.

Name..

Address.. *City and State*..

"PRIDE OF THE MARINES"
PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 69)

busying themselves with their thousand and one duties before the actual shooting could be done, a crowd accumulated. 'Twas lunchtime and before long a swarm of what seemed to be nine million kids from a nearby school swept onto the scene. The kids' youthful enthusiasm at seeing John Garfield and Eleanor Parker was so overwhelming it took a squad of policemen to hold them back. Gang got so engrossed in the proceedings that came the end of lunch hour they gave no evidence of returning to their classrooms. A group of truant officers finally had to come and shoo them back from whence they came . . . Before he so much as set a toe on any of the sets, John Garfield spent some weeks in Philadelphia becoming acquainted with the man whom he was to portray. After that he journeyed with the rest of the crew to the San Diego Naval Hospital to study the characteristics of men blinded in action. In this Southern California spot various members of the hospital staff and many of the patients were photographed and will see themselves on the screen. . . . Though Eleanor Parker had officially finished the picture, she hadn't finished her role as Ruth Hartley, Al Schmid's wife. Eleanor stepped back into Mrs. Schmid's shoes when, on her behalf, she accepted a citation from the American Youth for Democracy. Citation named Mrs. Schmid America's "Mrs. G.I." in recognition of her faith and devotion as a serviceman's wife. . . . One of the technical advisers, Major Louis Aronson, was recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor. On Bougainville he mounted his company's only tank and led an attack against the outnumbering Japs, losing his leg in the heroic action. . . . "Pride of the Marines" sets took up a total space of twelve studio sound stages. The bowling alley used in some of the sequences had to be carried piece by piece from a bowling center in Hollywood to the studio and put together again in working order. . . . Studio made one of its most intricate sets when it created the Tenaru River locale where Schmid held off the advancing Japs 'til the hand grenade exploded, wounding him. With the help of photographs taken on Guadalcanal, studio workers managed to recreate every detail. Whole thing involved more than 200 workers and took 48,600 working hours—a lot of work in any man's language . . . This one reunites (for the third time) the successful team of Producer Jerry Wald and Director Delmar Daves—the other productions on which they collaborated were "Destination Tokyo" and "The Very Thought of You" . . . Among the men fighting in the mock battles were 93 who had fought in the same locale when the "shooting" was with guns and not cameras.

NOVEMBER ISSUE

'Tain't magic; it's tragic, the way there just aren't enough copies of MODERN SCREEN to go around; October 12 is the date to remember if you want to be sure of getting your November MODERN SCREEN . . . with Ingrid Bergman (love that gal?) on the cover!

SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 16)

girl singers, with Jo Stafford second, and Ginny Simms third.

Singing groups lined up like this:

1. The Andrews Sisters
2. The Ink Spots
3. The Pied Pipers
4. The King Cole Trio
5. The Mills Brothers

Negro artists really made a showing in this division.

I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS IT—David Street (Victor); Harry James (Columbia); Henry Busse (Cosmopolitan)—Here's a number from the picture "Nob Hill." The Victor version is David Street's first recording since his return to civilian life. Henry Busse's done it very nicely, too, for Cosmopolitan, and Cosmopolitan's a label to look for.

Dozens of new record companies have erupted into life lately, but Cosmopolitan is the biggest of them all. Its head, Harry Bank, used to be Jimmy Roosevelt's partner in Globe Productions.

And war shortages or no, manpower, machines, materials notwithstanding, this company claims to be starting off with almost a million records a month! Ten years ago, the whole record business didn't do better than that.

Bank has taken over the 19-acre Frank Buck jungle camp, and you might call it a cage-y move. Anyhow, he's turned its eight buildings into a record plant. Cosmopolitan's first releases include records by Joan Edwards (Hit Parade), and Four Chicks and Chuck, from the Kate Smith program.

I WANT A LITTLE DOGGIE—Phil Moore and Lena Horne (Victor)—Phil Moore used to be a staff arranger at M-G-M. He accompanied Lena when she went out to work for that studio. The combination was so terrific that Phil left his job and came to New York with Lena. Once here, he produced "Shoo, Shoo, Baby"—his first hit song, and Lena helped him put it over.

Phil's a big star himself, now, and this "I Want a Little Doggie" is the latest Moore-Horne smash.

THE MAN I LOVE—Hazel Scott (Decca)—The first record Hazel Scott has *sung* on since December, 1939. I remember that date very well. I ought to. Hazel had just been discovered by Cafe Society, and I was getting people together for a record session. I wanted to call it "Sextette of the Rhythm Club of London," and have all the musicians either of British origin, or else having worked extensively in England.

Hazel had never recorded before, but she was born in Trinidad, which made her a British subject. She played piano on all those records, and sang on two.

Later on, she made two albums for Decca, but they didn't let her sing.

On the other side of this new platter is "Fascinating Rhythm," which Hazel plays in "Rhapsody in Blue," the new movie about George Gershwin. Funny sidelight: Hazel is listed as taking the part of herself in the Paris sequence of the movie, but at the time Gershwin visited Paris, in the early 1920's, Hazel was about three years old.

Also, "I Got Rhythm," which is heard in that same sequence, wasn't written until at least six years later!

CLARINADE—Benny Goodman (Columbia)—Sgt. Mel Powell, pianist and arranger with the Glenn Miller band (taken over

(Continued on page 74)

PROBLEM: To See A Good Movie

ANSWER: See MARJORIE REYNOLDS in Paramount's Mirth-Making Comedy "DUFFY'S TAVERN"

PROBLEM: To find extra closet space for this charming Hollywood room and spice it with color.

ANSWER: E-Z-DO's Hollywood Princess Wardrobe—holds up to 25 garments, hats, shoes. Eye-level mirrors.

See how E-Z-DO SPACEMAKERS help Hollywood Stars keep house spic 'n' span!

It's no problem for Hollywood's bright young stars to keep their homes spic 'n' span, and colorful as all outdoors, too.

E-Z-DO's Hollywood-pattern Spacemakers—those brilliant floral-patterned wardrobes, chests and closet accessories provide a place for everything... glamourize decorating schemes at the same time.

See them yourself for proof.

See the HOLLYWOOD PRINCESS that serves as an extra closet, gives you two eye-level mirrors so you can see yourself fore and aft.

See the HOLLYWOOD VICTORIA—five-drawer chest that keeps lingerie, hosiery, gloves, and odds and ends handy, makes rooms gayer and brighter.

See the HOLLYWOOD TUCKAWAYS... nest of two storage boxes that tuck your linens and blankets out of the way, spark your closet with color.

See them all and note their smooth plastic-coating that you can clean in a jiffy with the swoosh of a damp cloth.

But don't buy E-Z-DOs today unless you really need them. Better, weave them in your dreams for your home of tomorrow.

And When the War is Won You'll Find Hundreds of Other E-Z-DOs

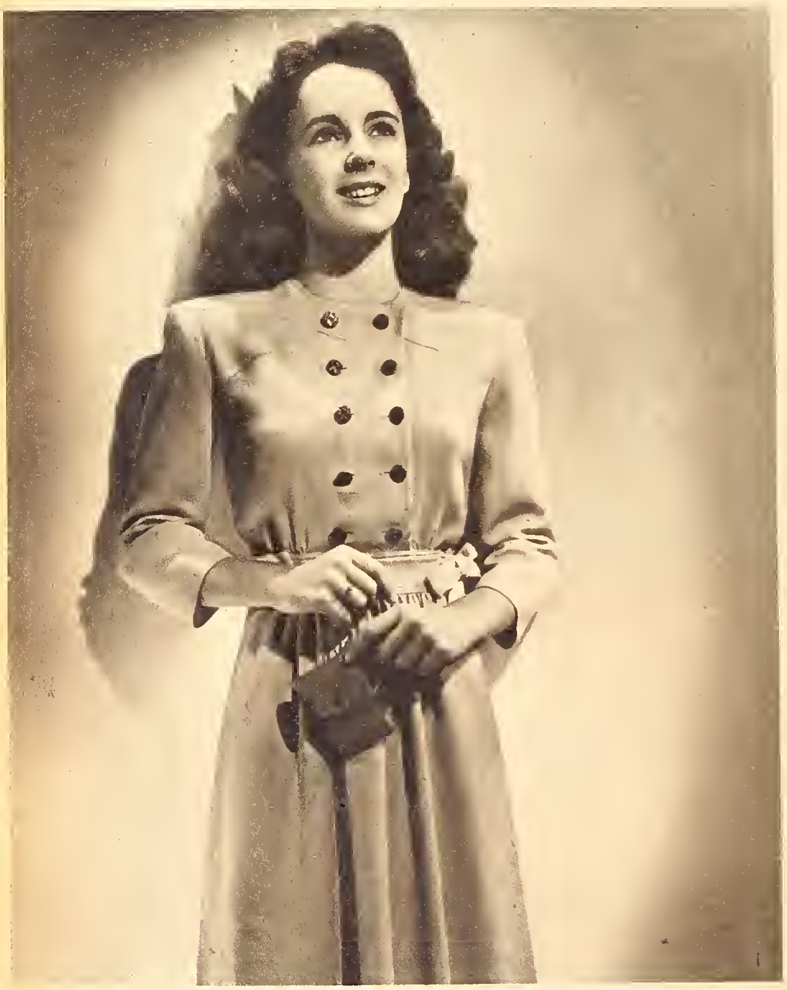
- Closet Ensembles
- Hat Boxes
- Glove Boxes
- Hosiery Boxes
- Luggage Racks
- Record Cabinets
- Lingerie Cases
- Auto Seat Covers
- Chair Pads
- Laundry Bags
- Window Cornices
- Storage Chests
- Children's Closets
- Closet Accessories
- Linen Cabinets
- Bathroom Hampers
- Shoeshine Boxes
- Hat Stands
- Decorative Screens
- Bridge Table Covers
- Shoe Racks
- Many More E-Z-DOs

E-Z-DO

America's Largest Maker of Wardrobes, Storage Chests and Closet Accessories

-Z-DO • 261 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

for 'teen Agers



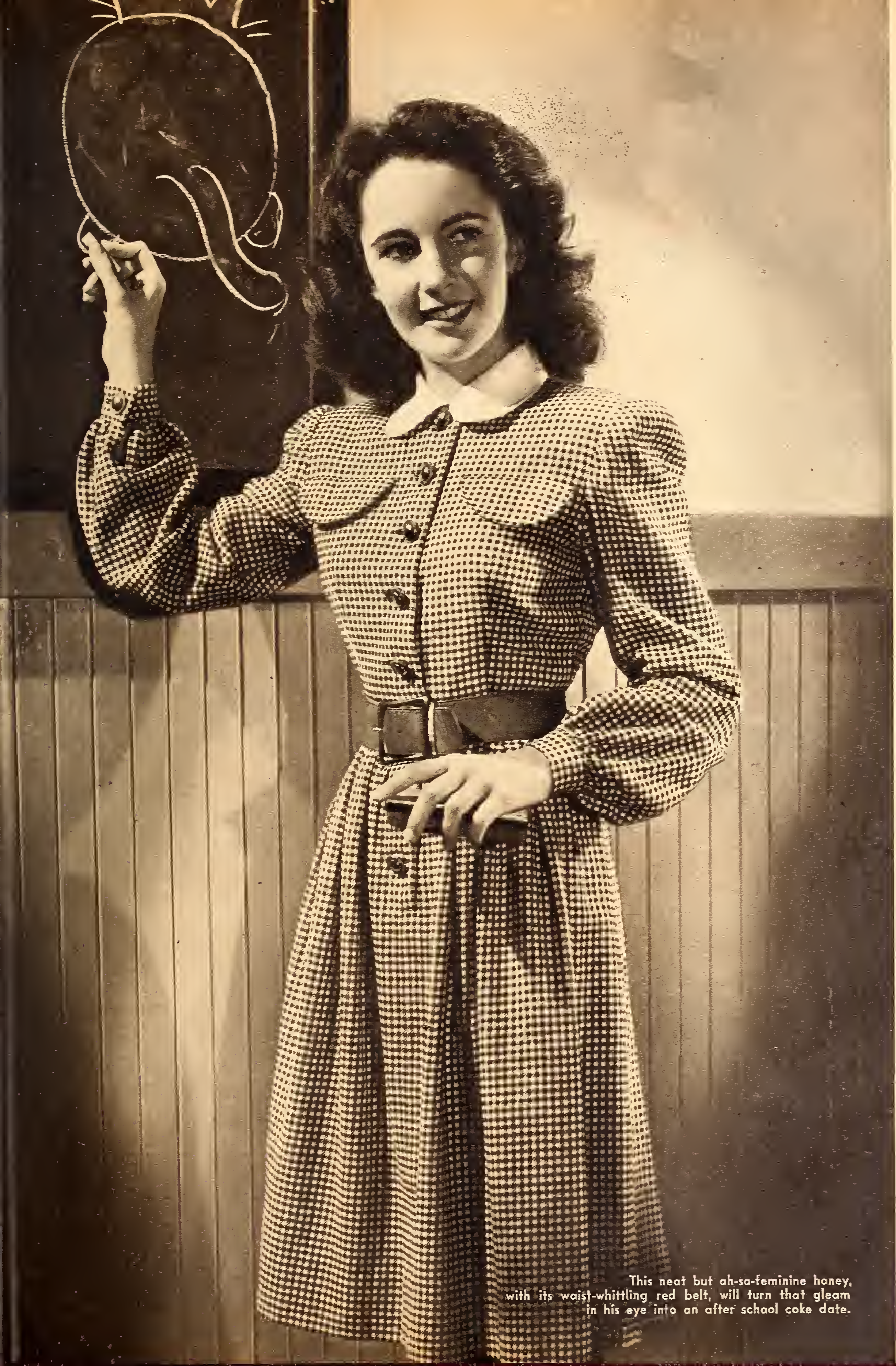
Flattering as candlelight, this soft, smooth date dress will turn heads wherever you are. There's figure magic in its soft skirt, bow-tied waist, its push-up sleeves.

■ The fashion pages this month are exclusively yours—all you teen-aged angels—and aren't you drooling? Cross our hearts, this heavenly trio of Teen-Timers was designed just for you by Grace Norman. Which means that they're wonderfully young, yet definitely not kid stuff, expertly cut for your cute little figures, beautifully adaptable to your dizzy, busy lives. They're all the magic you need for that miraculous change from scuff-kneed tomboy to well-turned-out smoothie, for that heart-stopping switch from "Hi, Butch" to "Hi, Beautiful." And—just as if your cup's not running over already—they're priced 'specially for your coke-and-movie allowances!

Saturday Night: Anything but the loneliest night in the week for you gals with ideas. Look as smart as you are in this soft lined, head-turning date dress. Perfect for dazzling a nice new guy, for dinner-and-Van Johnson with your own cute mom, for dress-up sessions with "the girls." It's flattering as candlelight in warm gold Labtex Tecadet, studded with expensive looking hand painted buttons; slim as a candy stick with its sweet, nipped-in waist, its softly gathered skirt. Featuring those lovely, casual push-up sleeves and a darling pair of bows at the waist, this is strictly look-at-me stuff, but in a subtle way. Price: Under $9. The wallet Elizabeth is carrying is called a Mighty Midget—and that's just what it is—it's got everything *(Continued on page 98)*

Switch from "Hi, Butch" to "Hi, Beautiful" in these young, smooth, school 'n date clothes, modelled for you by Elizabeth Taylor.

by Jean Kinkead and Toussia Pines



This neat but oh-so-feminine honey, with its waist-whittling red belt, will turn that gleam in his eye into an after school coke date.

Sunny Ends a Perfect Day

"I recommend for lingerie,
A LINIT rinse," says Sunny,
"'Twill save your dainty clothes
from wear,
And therefore save you money.

"Before you go to bed each night
Just give your clothes a 'quickie'
In lukewarm water lightly starch
Each collar, blouse and dickey.

"This LINIT rinse will help your bras
And slips from getting 'sleazy'.
And save you time and labor, too,
For ironing is easy.

"So if you'll do this every night
(It only takes a minute)
Your things will look so spick
and span,
So crisp and fresh with LINIT."

BASIC LINIT MIXTURE
LINIT
+
+
LINIT LIGHTENS LAUNDRY LABOR
LINIT
PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH
MAKES COTTON LOOK AND FEEL LIKE LINEN

AT ALL GROCERS

© Corn Products Sales Co.

(*Continued from page 71*)

by Jerry Gray since Captain Miller's disappearance) sent this to Benny from Germany, where he and the fellows were, last time I heard. It's a special clarinet feature number for Benny, and the best thing he's done since "Clarinet à la King."

SOUTHERN SCANDAL—Stan Kenton (Capitol)—Stan Kenton wrote and arranged this tune, and he plays piano on it. It's an instrumental number starring Freddie Zito on the trombone. Incidentally, Kenton's band was named on the Billboard poll as "most up-and-coming."

On the other side of "Southern Scandal" is "Tampico," with a really gorgeous blonde (it's a shame you can't see her on on the record) named June Christy making her vocal debut.

June took Anita O'Day's place in the band. (Anita has rejoined Gene Krupa.) The strange thing is that she sounds a lot like Anita. She's the most sensational new girl singer this year.

"Tampico" is a clever satiric number written by Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher, an extremely versatile team. They're also the authors of "Fifteen Years," the subtitle to which is, "And I'm Still Serving Time," and the subject of which is marriage.

AUTOGRAPHS!

"Here comes the postman, hooray, hooray!" is what you'll sing when he brings you that autograph you crave. Details on Page 60.

Oddly enough, Roberts and Fisher have been known to write some rather corny numbers including "Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall," and "You Always Hurt the One You Love." They're versatile, all right.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Oscar Levant (Columbia)—Last month, Columbia Records devoted its entire Masterworks list to George Gershwin. One album had Oscar Levant playing the Rhapsody, with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

You probably know that Levant did most of the actual piano playing for the Gershwin picture, although Robert Alda did a swell job of faking.

Funny omission was that nobody in the picture ever mentioned Ferde Grofe, who helped score the Rhapsody, and without whom it might never have been finished. Paul Whiteman always gave Grofe considerable credit.

There are a good many people who don't consider the Rhapsody real blues, and some who don't think it's even jazz.

I'm almost inclined to go along with them myself. I think George Gershwin was a fine, but fairly hybrid musician who should be remembered best for some beautiful popular songs. "Embraceable You," for instance.

As for the real spirit of jazz, Duke Ellington has come much closer. I don't think Gershwin had blues in his bones, but don't get me wrong—I *loved* "Rhapsody in Blue." (The movie, anyway.)

KISS GOODNIGHT—Freddy Slack (Capitol); Woody Herman (Columbia)—A cute number about how one kiss leads to another, and Woody Herman himself does the shouting on it for Columbia. Woody's been telling a story lately that goes like this: He was approached by a magazine salesman about some subscriptions. He bit. And bought.

Then he said merrily, all in the spirit of good clean fun, "Tell me, are you putting yourself through college?"

The magazine salesman remained polite. "No sir," he said. "I'm sending my mother to welding school!"

IN THE MIDDLE—Georgie Auld (Guild)—What Georgie was "in the middle" of when he made this record was re-organization. He had no band, so he got some guys together to help him out on this. They include Chubby (solid?) Jackson, Woody Herman's bearded bass fiddler, guitarist Mike Bryan who, a couple of years ago was in an army camp with Georgie, pianist Erroll Garner, who was Diana Lynn's rave last month, and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, who was ditto.

THAT'S THE STUFF YOU GOTTA WATCH—Buddy Johnson (Decca)—The title of this number has nothing to do with Stuff Smith. It's a current catch phrase that's traveling around, and it's so popular that *two* songs have been written around it, but this is by far the better. It was composed by Buddy Johnson, whose sister Ella sings it very blue, with a fine big band. It's what's called a sleeper hit record, on a 35-cent label.

There are hardly any 35-cent records cut any more—just the number insisted on by the O.P.A. And out of this number every once in a while a record comes up that's as good as any on the dollar labels. And that's the stuff you gotta watch.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

ELEVEN SIXTY P. M.—Harry James (Columbia)

I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS IT—David Street (Victor), Harry James (Columbia), Henry Busse (Cosmopolitan)

I DON'T WANT TO BE LOVED—Larry Stevens (Victor)

I WANT A LITTLE DOGGIE—Phil Moore and Lena Horne (Victor)

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER—Benny Goodman (Columbia)

KISS GOODNIGHT — Freddy Slack (Capitol), Woody Herman (Columbia)

THE MAN I LOVE—Hazel Scott (Decca)

QUESTION AND ANSWER—Kate Smith (Columbia), Jerry Wayne (Cosmopolitan)

STORY OF TWO CIGARETTES—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

TAMPICO—Stan Kenton (Capitol)

BEST HOT JAZZ

GEORGIE AULD—In the Middle (Guild)

COUNT BASIE—Jimmy's Blues (Columbia)

DUKE ELLINGTON—Everything But You (Victor)

BENNY GOODMAN—Clarinade (Columbia)

COLEMAN HAWKINS—Stuffy (Capitol)

EDDIE HEYWOOD—Blue Lou (Decca)

BUDDY JOHNSON—That's The Stuff You Gotta Watch (Decca)

STAN KENTON—Southern Scandal (Capitol)

ARTIE SHAW—Bedford Drive (Victor)

TRUMMY YOUNG—Seventh Avenue (Continental)

BEST ALBUMS

EUGENE GOOSSENS — Rosenkavalier (Richard Strauss) (Victor)

OSCAR LEVANT—Rhapsody In Blue (Columbia)

HERBERT MARSHALL—The Snow Goose (Decca)

FRITZ REINER—Porgy & Bess (Columbia)

ARTUR RODZINSKI—An American In Paris (Columbia)

PHIL SPITALNY—Favorite Melodies From The House of Charm (Columbia)

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Today, EVERY day, give your skin special care...the caress of these unique creams—to coax it away from "wayward" periods ...to keep it on the bright beam of beauty...

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THE MORE glorious your skin and your complexion, the more attention they deserve! Even the loveliest skin at times becomes "wayward"... straying...not all you want it, or all it should be. So think of tomorrow's beauty *today* and trust it to Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams—Cleansing Cream for dewy, morning-bright freshness; Skin Cream for night-long beautifying and as a base for smoother make-up. Both provide Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, a friendly, familiar ingredient no other cream can offer. Skin Cream contains softening, smoothing oils, and cholesterol to protect skin moisture. Together, they make skin care a *caress!*

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream—*Use it at night for prolonged beautifying action; by day as a satin-smooth make-up foundation. Softens, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations in outer pore openings—helps skin stay supple, soft. 60¢, plus tax.*

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream—*Luxuriously rich, and tissues off so easily—removing accumulations from openings of outer pores as well as surface dirt and make-up. Your skin feels sparkling-fresh and clean! 60¢, plus tax.*

■ Not only are Gloria De Haven and John Payne "expecting," but they also have a five-year-old juvenile visitor in their home—Julie Ann Payne, daughter of John and Anne Shirley.

Julie Ann has been with the newlyweds ever since their marriage and she is very interested in the preparations being made for her "sister." She refuses to entertain the possibility of a "brother." One day Gloria asked her: "Why wouldn't you like a little brother?"

"Because," replied Julie Ann surprisingly, "they get dirty!"

The little girl is crazy about her cute stepmother, but when she first came to visit them she couldn't make up her mind what to call Gloria.

"I think I'll call you 'Buttons,'" she finally decided, "because you are as *cute as!*"

That floored her father, so now he calls his bride Buttons, too.

* * *

Harry James has written the foreword to Nick Kenny Abner's new book, "All Women Are Wolves." What makes you think so, boys?

* * *

Ladies who think they might indulge in a little "set" flirtation while making a movie with Cornel Wilde, certainly get their noses out of joint in a hurry.

Although Corny and his wife, Pat, have been married seven years, he's the most ardent courtin' suitor husband in town. He calls her from the sets and makes dinner dates just as though they were in the first stages of their courtship.

Gail Russell must've heard that Laddie lost 12 pounds while making "T
Years Before The Mast," for she feeds Alan dunkers on "Calcutta" set. G
pounded so hard on door while making "The Unseen" that she broke her har

louella parsons' good news

Also, he sends flowers and encloses sentimental cards.

He never tires of telling the story of how wonderful she was when they were first married. "Neither one of us had a job," Wilde says, "and we made a pact: Which ever one landed a job first would support the other until we could get going as a team. Well, Pat landed the first job—and sure enough she divided what she earned every week with me."

He has been trying to make it up to her ever since with jewelry and furs and everything else he can give her. Something tells me that this is one marriage that will weather all the Hollywood storms.

* * *

Ever since Jeanne Crain was bitten on the cheek by a dog, she has had nightmares in which she frequently re-lives the dreadful incident. A doctor told her the only way to cure herself was to get a dog—the same breed as the one that bit her—and grow to love it and lose her subconscious fear.

So now she has a Police Dog pup that she calls "Probation."

* * *

If you think summer garden parties are pretty to start with, you should see how they look through a big cellophane tent!

Both the lovely Joan Bennett and gracious

Capt. Reagan calls her his Janie with the light brown hair, but the Wym
gal's a wow at warwork: She's led war band parades and recruited WA
Swings a mean golfstick, types at 60 m.p.h., loves amethyst jewe

ito Colby's blonde because Clark G. prefers 'em. Cary Grant (at At-
ater Kent shindig) would give all his red points for a chance to act with Lo
rgman in "Notorious." Is Betty Hensel is, or is she ain't, the future Mrs. G.?

Dick Jaeckel's movie-minded again; Jeanne Crain tries pup psychology.

ostman's holiday: The Roy Rogers' at Rodeo. Sombreroed Dale Evans' dad
rdered, "Two things I never want to see you do on the screen: Show your
gs and kiss a man." Roy's horse "Trigger" scorns oats, prefers cheesecake!

Are sergeants tough? Sgt. Briggs, home after 18 months overseas, holds fast to Mrs. B. at Ciro's. Ginger's mom (they wear mother-and-daughter outfits) had pic made of all Astaire-Rogers dance sequences.

hen Diana Lynn left for New York, Bob Walker gifted her with a going-away
resent . . . and then took out Florence Pritchett! (At Mocambo's.) Flo
as a lonely lass while Bob vacationed at Salt Lake City with his family.

Frankie wows skeptical GIs; Van Johnson's "that way" about Bebe Daniels.

Claudette Colbert hostessed parties in their gardens with beautiful flowers and lighting effects, and glamor girls wearing their prettiest gowns and best "jools"—and the whole scene covered by transparent tents making everything look like a scene literally "out of this world."

Joan's party was in honor of the visiting English movie biggie, Arthur Rank. What made the affair particularly different was that there were so many of the clergy present. Rank is a very religious man and Joan, herself, is a devout member of the Episcopal Church.

I am sure the church dignitaries must have been a bit startled—or perhaps amused—by the appearance of Elsa Maxwell, who arrived with her hair just partially permanent-waved. Mrs. Darryl Zanuck had been giving Elsa a home made permanent—but they didn't have time to finish it. So la Maxwell was "frizzed" in front and she covered the back with velvet birds!

* * *

Loretta Young almost had her baby, her second son, Peter, at Claudette's party!

The young man wasn't due to make his appearance for three weeks. When she first arrived, Loretta admitted she didn't feel so well, but as the evening wore on she said she never felt better. She remained until 2 A.M. and the baby was born five hours later at five minutes after seven!

Well, there were five doctors present—all friends of Claudette's doctor husband, Commander Joel Pressman.

The Colbert party was really a Bastille Day celebration. The color scheme was red, white and blue, with both the French tri-color and the American stars and stripes repeated in all the decorations—even the arrangements of the beautiful flowers as the hedges in the garden miraculously bloomed with red, white and blue posies.

Claudette confided that right up until the last minute she didn't know where she was going to get enough points, or food, to take care of the eighty guests. "Maybe you won't suspect it," she laughed, "but this is practically a non-rationed menu." There were beautiful salads of fruits and vegetables and a wonderful chicken dish and everything looked so pretty and tasted so wonderful you didn't miss the hard-to-get-dishes. That's what a clever hostess can do.

The recently reconciled Ray Millands were there—looking like newlyweds and acting the part, too.

Betty Hensel came with Cary Grant who brought her, parked her, and then went on briefly to another party. But he came back later to pick her up. Betty is a very pretty blond with enormous eyes and she is quite tall. Yes, I think Cary is in love with her—but until Barbara Hutton's divorce is final I doubt if he will come right out in the open about his feelings. There is one conservative gent, let me tell you.

Rita Hayworth looked like a vision in a strapless, off-the-shoulder gown. She is so tanned she looks like a native. And just to make you mad—Rita seems able to keep that figger without having to diet a mouthful.

* * *

June Allyson looks like an artist running around with enormous sketch books under her arm. She's turned interior decorator like mad and is ever on the search for ideas for the home she and Dick Powell will furnish.

"We are doing it all ourselves," cute little Junie told me, looking around the home where we happened to be guests at a cocktail party. "Whenever I see something I like, I try to sketch it—or I'll jot down unusual color combinations."

She particularly liked a combination of blue-green walls and a large divan and matching chair of soft tomato red. "That's pretty," she winked, "but I bet Dick wouldn't go for it. Too chi chi."

They have agreed on one point, however. They both like Scotch plaid for the playroom. "It's gay—and practical."

June would like her own room in three shades of blue, merging from slate blue to almost electric blue in the carpeting. She says she is tired of wallpaper and likes the painted walls. Ah, ain't it wonderful to be young, in love, and planning a first home?

* * *

Van Johnson is the biggest "fan" in Hollywood. He was so flustered when he was introduced to Bebe Daniels that he actually stuttered. A little later he started sendinc her notes and wrote: "Do you know I've seen you in every picture you've ever made? You are my dream girl."

Bebe laughed and said, "Wait until

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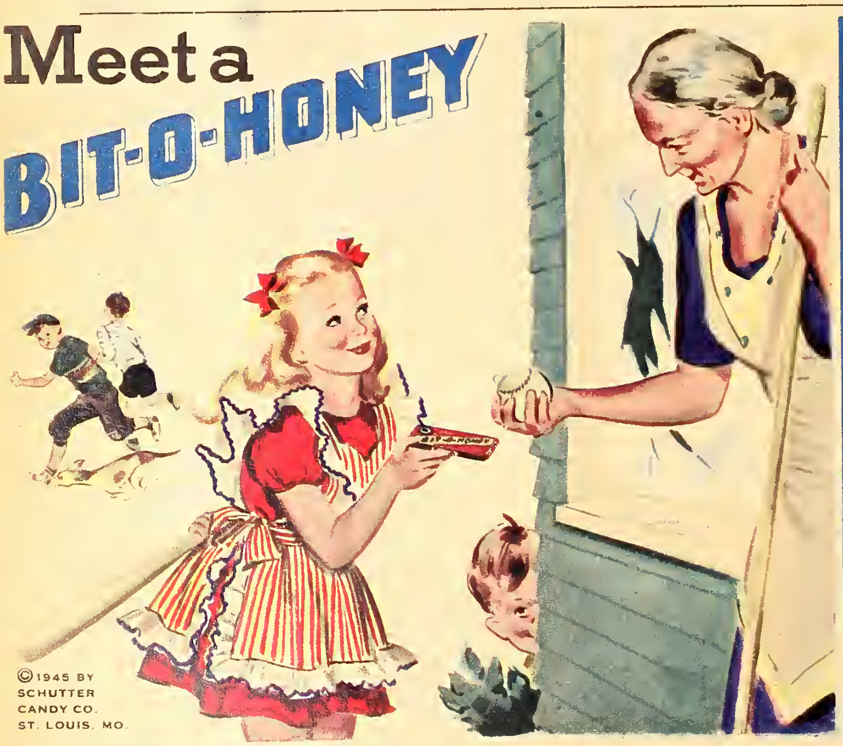

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take these notes home to my daughter." (Barbara Bebe is thirteen years old.) "I guess my stock will go up!"

* * *

There was a time when young Dick Jaeckel was bored with a movie career and told his mother that he didn't want to be an actor. But those days are over.

As soon as he gets out of the Merchant Marine, he's hot-footing it back to 20th Century-Fox and the cameras. "The trouble with me is that I just got everything too easy," Dick confided to a pal in a letter. "Now I know how much time and patience and money goes into developing a greenhorn like me. As for the adventurous life—brother, I've had enough *real* adventures to last me the rest of my life. From here on in I'll take my excitement in movie form!"

* * *

Vignette on Maria Montez! She's beautiful—and she thinks so, too. . . . She thinks that everything that happens to her is for the best. "Even a bad cold makes my voice deeper!" she admits proudly. . . . Her favorite color is pink and she loves pink and white candy stripes in hats, gloves or scarfs. . . . She sleeps in long trailing night gowns that look like formal evening gowns. . . . She thinks a woman should discover one particular perfume becoming to her personality and stick to it so that "every time a man smells it on some other woman he thinks of you." . . . Some people think she puts on the best act in Hollywood. . . . But it isn't an act that she wants very much to have a baby (and who's to say that Maria won't be a momma in the near future?) . . . She has a little habit of losing her temper at parties but on her these minor rages look cute and nobody pays any attention. . . . Even her Mrs. Malaprop command of English is amusing. She once told me, "I do not eat very much at meal time. But I love to go to the ice box and nimble and nimble!"

* * *

It is certainly nice to have a mother who is a psychiatrist, as Esther Williams knows. Esther's mother specializes in trying to keep broken marriages together—but she also is handy in such things as auto accidents.

The pretty swimming glamor girl, herself, told me this story: "I was driving mother to the Brown Derby where she was to celebrate her thirty-seventh wedding anniversary. I was all done up in a big picture hat and a brand new dress—looking very fetching, I thought. But, unfortunately, I turned a corner too sharply and dented the fender of the car in front of me.

"Mother looked out and saw that the 'victim' was a man. 'Turn on the charm, honey,' she told me. So I got out and told the man it was my mother's anniversary and how sorry I was about his fender and pleaded and begged forgiveness and turned on all the glamor I could. But he remained as cold as an ice cube.

"'Go and try it again,' mother said. So behaving as much like a movie star as I could, I turned it on again! No soap. Just then he looked into our car, saw my mother and said, 'Why, Mrs. Williams! Don't you remember me? You straightened out my married life and set my children right. If that

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is YOUR car that bumped into me—it's a PLEASURE!' "

* * *

Gingers Rogers has been going around with her chin all taped up. A combination of sunburn and makeup poisoning broke her out in a rash.

* * *

Frank Sinatra may have incurred a bit of wrath when he came back from overseas and said the boys did not like certain types of shows that had been put on for them. But you've got to take off your hat to that guy. He calls 'em as he sees 'em. Maybe he isn't tactful—but he speaks what he actually believes to be true.

I think what Frankie meant to say is that the boys do not like shows with smut and insinuating "lines" and songs.

I wish you could read some of the letters that have come to my desk about his own show. Corporal T. Treman writes:

"Sinatra had two strikes on him with my gang before he ever landed here. We were up to HERE with stories about this swoon king who had the girls back home fainting and getting first aid in theaters. First aid! You know how that made us feel?

"Then this skinny guy shows up—a young man who wasn't any too good looking, a very casual sort of a gent who reminded us all of the one and only Crosby and his nonchalance. He sang a couple of numbers—then Phil Silvers came out and made with the jokes—Sinatra sang again and made with some jokes himself. And suddenly we were all laughing and having the time of our lives enjoying the best show that has come overseas.

"And let me tell you—the swell thing is that it was all clean. There wasn't a suggestive line about women or dolls or dames! What a relief after some of the stuff that has been thrown at us!"

That, I think, is what Frankie was trying to explain to us folks back home.

* * *

I came darn near breaking up the Alan Ladd's happy home—if such a thing is possible. And it was all over hats!

Sue and Alan dropped over to my house and Susie was almost wistfully admiring the very extreme hats some of the other gals were wearing. "I almost bought a nutty hat, myself, the other day," she admitted, "But I know how Alan hates them. It was transparent with brilliants all over the high crown and looked like an inverted beehive."

"Why didn't you buy it and wear it today?" I said. "Never consult a man about the hats you wear, Susie. Men never know what they like."

Alan said, "If she ever starts out with one of those goofy affairs on her head, she can go to a party by herself."

"You going to let him get away with that?" I prodded. The first thing you know we were hot and heavy in an argument about whether women should dress to please men or to please themselves and make other women envious.

It was getting kinda hot for awhile—but I'll bet you this: Those two are so much in love that it's dollars to doughnuts Sue will never appear in a hat that doesn't meet Alan's approval—no matter what she says.

"MY DAUGHTER"

(*Continued from page 51*)

and no one could see the long, slim hands clenched at her sides; hardly anyone noticed that just before she walked into the theater she stopped a second and looked up, like a navigator taking a fix. And always the wish was the same. "Please God, let me be a good actress."

a natural mimic . . .

As far back as Betty can remember, there was no other wish but that. 'It's been said that I started the whole thing by sending her to dancing school when she was three, but that's not quite true. At fourteen months, the die was cast. No expression crossed my face that she couldn't duplicate, and as soon as she learned to talk, she learned to mimic. My own sort of husky voice, her Granny's picturesque Rumanian accent. She was so good at it, it was scary. "I'm coming, mother," I would call in answer to a plaintive "Nat-a-lie," from the living room. From the other end of the apartment, Granny would say,

"What, child? What is it?" And of course, then I'd realize that the call had just been Betty up to her old tricks. Her memory was fantastic.

Granny would take "Bettylein" on her knee and sing her an old German lullaby, and that very evening, Betty would put her various babies to sleep with a verbatim rendition.

"She has a great gift, your little one," Granny would tell me, and I would smile and wonder if it was true or whether all grandmothers and mothers imagined great qualities in the children they loved.

Granny and Betty were extremely devoted to each other, and it was a tremendous sorrow to Betty that she died just a little while before "To Have and Have Not" was finished. There was some secret bond between them. A quiet understanding. They could laugh for whole minutes over something no one else would think funny at all, and they could weep together unashamedly over some small bit of poignance. A too-thin kitten wailing in an alley. A lonely, wide-eyed little boy in ragged clothes. Granny, who spoke seven languages and had read hundreds of fine books in all those tongues, loved Shakespeare almost above everyone, and she would read to Betty by the hour from his plays. As other youngsters absorb fairy tales, Betty absorbed "Romeo and Juliet" and "King Lear." Not understanding all she heard, of course, but loving the sound of the words.

It seems to me that she was an exceptionally reasonable little girl, although no doubt time has mellowed many things in my memory. There was actually never a time when I had to spank her. When she did anything naughty, I only had to show her *why* it was naughty and it was never repeated. In case that sounds doting mama-ish (which I pride myself on not being), let me tell you one really devilish thing that Betty did. It was naptime, and as a great treat I was letting her nap in my room. She curled up on one bed, and I lay down on the other and instantly fell asleep. The next thing I knew, she was screeching her little yellow head off. I jumped up, and there she was up on her father's chifferobe, blood all over her face. "I was just being Daddy," she wailed. "I was only just being Daddy, and *look*—" She'd been running her father's straight razor across her cheeks, and she'd given herself one good jab. The scar is still there, and while it may be "interesting"

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at this point, it was almost the end of mama Bacall seventeen years ago.

In 1932, when Betty was six, my husband and I separated. I went back to work as a secretary in a food firm, and Betty went off to Highland Manor, a boarding school in Tarrytown. She was crazy about it. She liked the lovely grounds, the nice teachers, even the lessons. Above all, she loved her roommate, Gloria Hofpauir, who was almost as addicted to make-believe as she was. In the evenings in their room when their lessons were done—and often, I suspect, when their lessons *weren't* done—Betty would turn to Gloria. "Let's give a play," she'd say. And Gloria's eyes would shine, and she'd say, "Oh, let's."

So the dolls and dogs and teddy bears that swarmed over their beds would be lined up in neat rows to make an audience, and the kids would begin. Invariably it would be "Romeo and Juliet," and Betty would be Juliet, and Gloria would be the Nurse. They'd go through scene after scene, Betty directing Gloria from memory, and when at last it was bedtime, they'd collapse on their beds, utterly at peace with the world.

When school was out in June, Betty would go to Highland Nature, the camp in Maine which was affiliated with Highland Manor. She was mad about the outdoors. Everything about it exhilarated her; the sounds, the smells. And it was at camp that she fell in love with the water.

After she learned to swim well, they used to tell me that her endurance was a thing to marvel at. She loved to dive, and at the time she was at camp, she was the only one ever to do a back dive off the high board. She was a streak on the basketball court, and pretty fair at tennis and hockey. All of which is probably responsible for the poise and gracefulness which add up to what Howard Hawks, her director, calls an athlete's balance.

She kept up her swimming, and week ends, we'd go over to the St. George pool in Brooklyn where she'd do dozens of lengths, and then execute a variety of dives to the mingled terror and pride of her mom.

Betty is definitely not a softie in any obvious sense, but she was always kind of a sucker for the underdog. Underprivileged kids, unattractive people, the very old—all these touched her ostensibly tough little girl heart. At school she was always plugging for the shy ones, the unpopular ones. At camp, it was the awkward, inept child that she singled out and secretly coached. I remember very well one afternoon we spent at the pool. There was a little old lady in charge of the locker room, and she was extremely cranky. "When people get older," I explained to Betty, "their dispositions sometimes change. They get sort of crabby." "She's not crabby," Betty said hotly. "I like her." She could take criticism of herself much more gracefully than criticism of one of her protegés. Growing old was never a terrifying thing to her as it is to some children. She would say dreamily, "When I am old I will be beautiful like Granny and May Robson."

cousins like brothers . . .

We were a clannish sort of family, and so—although she was an only child—Betty had dozens of cousins to play with during her vacations. Of these, perhaps Dickie and Marvin were her pets. Marvin, who is now a cadet at West Point, (a kay-det, as he calls himself) was a dynamo of energy. Dickie was the lazy bones. When they played house, he'd be the father, a retired business man. When they played war, he'd be the wounded soldier stretched out on the couch.

He used to say to Betty, "When you're a big girl, make piles and piles of money and I'll come live off you." "Sure, Dickie," Betty would say, putting another pillov in back of his head. "I'll take care o you." He had all sorts of charm, that kid and he still has it. He's in the Army now and when "To Have and Have Not" brok and Lauren Bacall became overnight household word, he wrote her from Germany, "Move over, big shot. Dickie's California-bound."

Both boys are so proud of her the could die, but they show it in entirely different ways. Dickie shouts for pin-ups an more pin-ups. Marvin, a man of dignity is above all that, but he sat through he first movie half a dozen times.

When Betty was twelve, she was read for high school. We were living in th Louis Morris apartments on the Gran Concourse in the Bronx then, and sh went to Julia Richman High School. English was her best subject, and Lati spectacularly, her worst. She wasn't brilliant student, but she was average, an when she was fifteen she graduated 459t in a class of 884—just about in the middl That she ever passed an exam was a constant source of amazement to me becaus she studied through an absolute barrag of noise from the radio. The Lux Theate Screen Guild, Arch Oboler—she'd hav them on one after the other. She and he best friend Betty Kalb (who is now married to actor Gene Barry and has ju had a baby) used to sit in Betty's roo doing algebra, and apparently with n effort at all they'd get every word th was broadcast.

"Did you get an answer, Bett?" I'd hea my Betty ask.

"Uh-uh. Almost though. You?"

"Yeah. 2x plus 3 over b square

There'd be silence for a minute, the

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My son was fourteen years old, and like most boys his age, very air-minded. He belonged to a group of six boys who met every Sunday to discuss planes and see how many they could correctly spot and identify. The boy who excelled at this game was chosen captain of the club, and my son won this honor and held it for the duration of the club, which was disbanded after his death. Pat O'Brien's picture "Bombardier" was being filmed in our city, and the boys could hardly wait to attend the premiere there. That week, however, my son suffered a severe swimming accident, and we learned that he would never recover. His days were numbered. Each day he spoke of missing the picture and Pat O'Brien in person, so we mentioned our plight to Mr. O'Brien's manager. Before we knew it, Pat was out to the hospital visiting my son, chatting with him, cheering him up, and autographing pictures for him. He made my boy promise to get well, and said he'd be sure and visit him on his next trip to our city. A week later my son died, and I have always been thankful that Pat managed to make his last days such merry ones, full of jokes and pride in his famous "friend." When I later wrote to Mr. O'Brien, telling him what had happened, I received a most sympathetic letter from him which I shall always treasure.

Mrs. Julia Brooks
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Betty Kalb would lift streaming eyes to Betty Bacall.

"Me, too," she'd say. "Jeepers, isn't Davis terrific tonight?"

Bette Davis was their idol. She was the only one Betty ever cut school to see. Goodman, James . . . A snap of the fingers for them. But Bette! Ah! "Hey, Bett—will you cut with me this afternoon? There's a re-issue of 'Of Human Bondage' downtown." "*Will* I? Gee, *yes!*" What the advent of big league baseball in the spring does to teen-aged boys' attendance records, Davis did to the two Bettys.

I remember one time when Bette Davis was in New York. My Betty was just about beside herself. She telephoned Robin Byron, a mutual friend of Bette's and my brother Jacques', and asked if she and Betty Kalb could possibly be introduced to Miss Davis. Robin, knowing what a colossal good egg Bette is, said sure, come down to the Gotham Hotel tomorrow sometime.

two bettys and bette . . .

The kids went down at dawn, and Bette hadn't yet checked in. They sat in the lobby all day, too excited to think about lunch, and about five, people started running vacuums all over the place, and they thought, "This is surely it." But it was only cleaning time, and Bette didn't appear for another couple of hours. They saw her go up to the desk, followed by Robin, and then she stepped into the elevator, a little girl with long blond hair and a wonderful laugh. They just sat transfixed for a long minute. Then they scrambled to their feet, shrugged into their new skunk coats, found out her room number and went up. Betty Kalb sat down quickly at one end of the room, and Bett stood a minute, uneasy, not quite daring to sit next to Miss Davis, but wanting to so much. Bette patted the other half of the couch. "Here, Betty, sit right here," she said, and Betty did. They talked about New York, about the movies, about dogs—talking easily as one does with old friends, and after a while, the photographers came and the kids left. Out in the hall, Betty B. turned to her pal to say, "Wasn't she terrific?" And Betty Kalb, who was a very emotional child, was lying on the floor, out like a light. The incident was in the papers next day, and that is item number one in Betty's scrapbook. Her first brush with fame. She and Bette have since had a huge laugh over it.

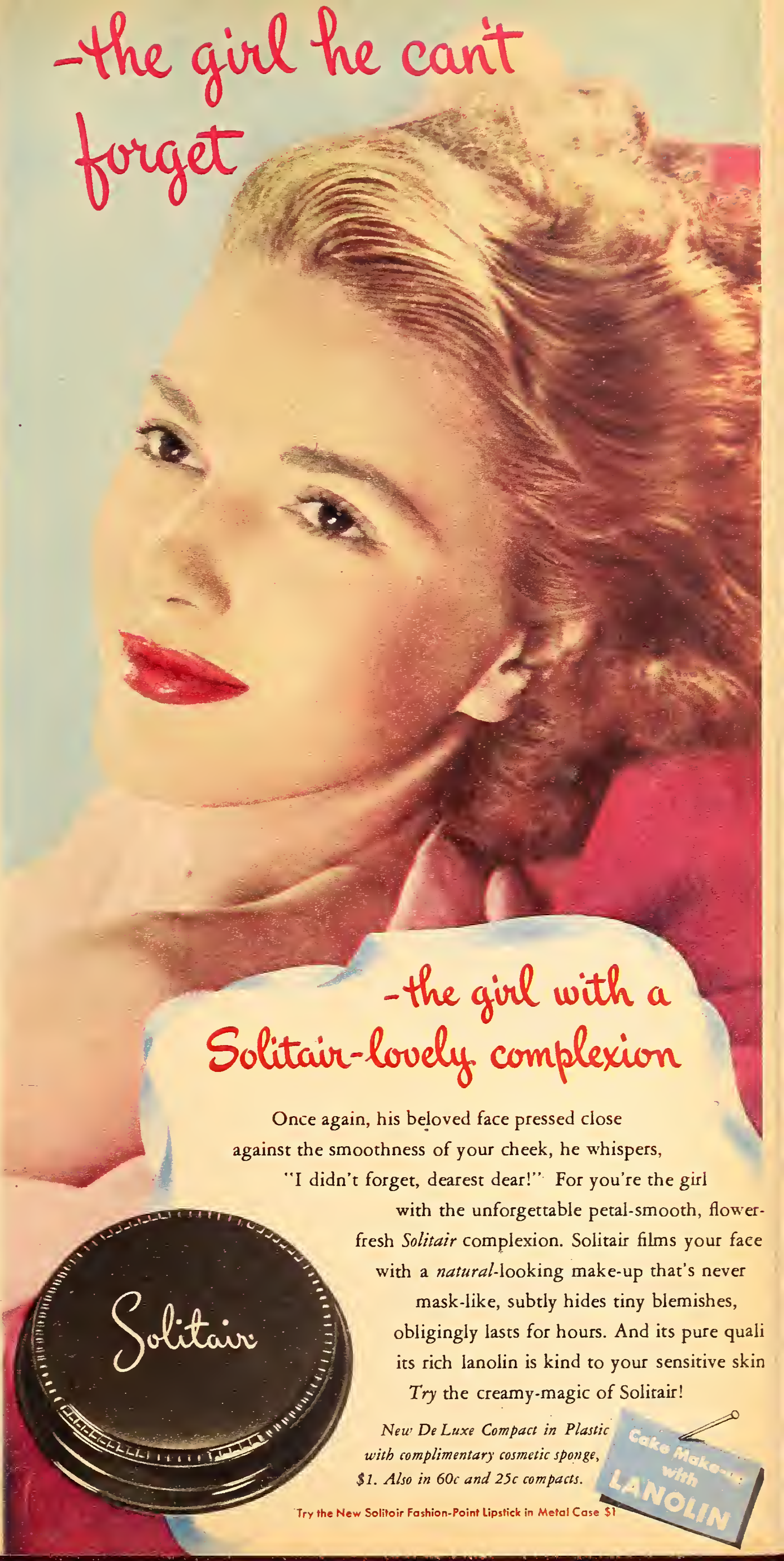
things to come . . .

This next part of Betty's story has been told and retold so many times, that I'll go into it very briefly. It's funny, I always find myself hurrying at this point, because I'm so anxious to get to the part about Bogey. Now *there* is a guy. But first, let's see. At fifteen, Betty graduated from Julia Richman, and next to her picture in the year book were these words:

"Popular ways that win,
May your dreams of becoming an
actress
Overflow the brim."

A little incoherent, but it pleased Betty immensely. By this time, her heart was set on Broadway. The Theater, that was the thing.

She studied a year at the American Academy of Dramatic Art and was considered "promising" by its teachers. There wasn't enough money to send her back, so she got a job modelling clothes in a Seventh Avenue wholesale house, hounding producers unsuccessfully during her lunch hours. She gave this up for an $8-a-week ushering job at the St. James Theater, selling Actors' Cues in front of Sardi's in her spare time.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YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

One day, Paul Lukas came out of the restaurant, and Betty chased him down the street. "Mr. Lukas—"

"Yes?" He saw the Actors' Cues and dug down for a nickel. Then he started on his way again. She followed him.

"Oh, Mr. Lukas—"

"Yes?" He is so wonderfully polite. It's not in a man like Mr. Lukas to ignore someone who speaks to him.

"I'm terribly interested in the theater. If you could possibly give me any advice—" Maybe it was because she was young and so awfully sincere. Maybe he was in a hurry and this was a way to cut short the conversation. Anyway, he made an appointment with her for the next day. "You will read for me," he said. "I will tell you honestly if you have something." She read for him, and he was pleased. He introduced her to some people he knew, and eventually there were tiny parts. There was a walk-on in "Johnny Two By Four," and a speaking part in "Franklin Street," a George Kaufman play which folded on the road.

Following the latter fiasco, Betty made up her mind to go back to modelling until she'd saved enough money to try for the theater again.

She withdrew her picture from John Powers' file where it had been since she was eleven, because he had found so little for her to do, and proceeded without his aid to get herself a job modelling for Harper's Bazaar. Photographer Louise Dahl Wolfe found her incredibly photogenic, and Harper's fashion editor once said, "You can't get a bad picture of Bacall." After a while, she was averaging $300 a week. In March, 1945, Betty's picture was on the cover of Harper's Bazaar, and two things happened. Columbia saw it and wanted her for "Miss Harper's Bazaar" in "Cover Girl," and Mrs. Howard Hawks saw it and persuaded her husband to screen test her. Betty was in Mexico at the time, being photographed in summer clothes, so my brother and I made the decision by ourselves. The bird-in-the-hand aspect of "Cover girl" was tempting, but it was almost certain to be a one-shot, whereas the possibilities of the Hawks' offer were limitless. When Betty came home we told her what we thought, and although she was less thrilled than you'd think—Hollywood not being The Theater—she hopped on a train, and everyone knows what happened then.

It's a wonderful story, isn't it, but the best part of it is still to come. The boy-meets-girl part. It started so very casually with Betty and Bogey, and they've kept it that way. No slush. Just a way of looking at each other. A sense of incompleteness when the other isn't there.

"Hey, Charlie, look at this." That's Bogey with a copy of the "New Yorker." Betty's in the kitchen for a minute, out of his sight. "Hey, Chuck!" There's that lost look in his eyes again. He turns to me accusingly. "Where is she?"

diamonds 'n' dungarees . . .

Love for them is ridiculous as well as sublime. A weird, whimsical sense of humor miraculously shared. "Say, Bogey—know who's in the hospital?" "No, who, sweet?" "Sick people." Then they guffaw. "How much does a Grecian urn?" "Aw, baby, that's just nonsensical." But he laughs anyhow.

There's that wonderful humility each feels before the other. "Mom, could there *be* a guy like that? How could any girl be good enough for him?" And Bogey, coming to me one evening to ask if he could marry Betty. Earnest, awkward. "She loves me, Nat. Imagine the luck of that! That magnificent little kid . . ."

There is no pretense between those two. No laying on the synthetic glamor. You should see them on the boat! Bogey in an old sweat shirt and dungarees, Betty wearing pigtails, a sweater and slacks. They still look good to each other.

Bogey's changed Betty's mind about a lot of things. She used to dislike diamonds. Then he gave her a diamond bracelet, inscribed, "If you want anything, just whistle," and now she thinks *some* diamonds are fine. She used to hate to cook, but now she's gotten herself several cookbooks and she says she's learning. The other day she told me proudly, "I got Bogey's breakfast today."

I said, "What did he have?"

"Oh, coffee," she said, still looking terribly pleased with herself. I snorted slightly, and Bogey turned on me.

"Darn *good* coffee," he said. So now she's Oscar of the Waldorf.

She used to have eyes only for cocker spaniels. In Betty's mind, no other dog even existed. She worshipped her aged "Droopy," and adored his daughter, "Puddle." Bogey likes boxers, and now Betty does, too. She used to be a cynic about marriage. Once she said she thought eighty was the ideal age to marry, because then you could be sure it would last. Now she thinks twenty is a good age.

You know, Bogey loves nicknames. He calls most men "Junior." People he doesn't like he calls "Creep." Gals are "Baby." Betty and he are a little irked that people have fastened on to that "Baby" stuff so enthusiastically. He doesn't call her that any more frequently than he does Joe or Butch or Charlie. Mostly he calls her Betty. Or Darling.

"Why do they harp on this Bogey and Baby business?" Betty's said to me. "It makes our marriage sound cute. It's not cute. It's—it's good."

She's a slim, serene-eyed young woman standing on the porch of her lovely house in the Hollywood hills, one arm linked easily through her husband's. "Look, Bogey—Star light, Star bright—" And the old wish is still there, but there's a new one too. "Please God, let me be a good wife. The best wife anyone has ever been."

"What did you wish for, Charlie?"

"Oh-hh, a five pound steak broiled over charcoal—"

Silly child. But you know, I sort of like her.

FACT or FICTION?

DID THEY actually live or were they legendary personalities? Were they characters out of your history book or did they pop out of a script writer's hangover? WE know, but do YOU? And after you decide whether they really lived or not, tell us in what movie they appeared! They're tough, but then *you're* MODERN SCREEN readers . . . (Five minutes is all the time you get, page 148 is where you find the answers.)

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3. **Baron Rothschild**
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6. **Tarzan**
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8. **Steve Brody**
9. **Emperor Maximilian**
10. **Edna Gladney**
11. **"El Cobar"**
12. **Captain Bligh**
13. **Annie Oakley**
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"THE HOUSE I LIVE IN"

(*Continued from page 39*)

orning prayers for the building was a nagogue, a Jewish house of worship. he old men gathered in a knot on the dewalk looking with angry, incredulous yes at the face of the building. Ugly nears of red paint, still hardly dry, ashed across the bricks. One curling line n over the stone tablets set above the oor on which was written the Ten Com-andments. Like a pointing finger the reak slashed through the Fourth Com-endment.

Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it oly.

It was Sunday morning.

can happen here . . .

Fiction? Something out of the nightmare istory of Europe yesterday before the berating armies of the Allies broke down he walls? No. This particular story didn't appen in Europe. It happened in Amer-a.

It happened in Brooklyn.

The principal of the public school in he neighborhood knew who was behind when he heard the story. There had een a steady trickle of similar stories rossing his desk for some months; stores lashed with red paint, a Negro boy at-acked just outside the school yard, a irl student with a foreign accent—she vas Austrian and Catholic and a refugee n America—had been chased and insulted own the street and had come home weep-ng with fright and shame.

It didn't add up to a pretty picture. It vas a picture of petty tyranny and grow-ng violence. Behind all the incidents there lways seemed to be the same set of boys —a neighborhood club called The Ram-lers. The principal knew something about lubs and how they worked. The leaders lways set the tone. And so he looked p the leaders of The Ramblers. Let's all them Johnny and Vincent. He asked hem to drop by for a chat.

He knew from the start that it wouldn't lo any good. And it didn't. He thought bout it for a week before he did anything nore. He found out all he could about Johnny and Vincent. They were average talian-American boys: They liked sports, oth played baseball; they liked music and ands and one of them, Vincent, some-imes sang at school dances. The principal urned it over in his mind. They liked ands and singers and popular music . . .

Johnny generally answered the phone n his house when it rang. It rang one Sunday afternoon and Johnny got on the vire.

"Hello," a voice said, "is Johnny home?"

"That's me," Johnny said. "Talking."

"This is George Evans."

"George Evans? I don't know any George Evans."

"Maybe you know a fellow named Frank Sinatra?"

"Sinatra? Frank Sinatra? Who you trying to kid?"

"I'm talking for him."

"Cut it out," Johnny said. "What's the gag?"

"It's no gag."

"Wait a minute. You ain't the George Evans that's Sinatra's manager—"

"That's right. Look, Johnny, listen a minute. Frank would like to see you. Why don't you drop around after his show tomorrow? Come down after school. Bring Vincent with you."

"Vinnie? Wait a minute. Are you sure this isn't a rib? What does Sinatra want with Vinnie and me?"

"Why don't you drop down and find out? About six-thirty. Backstage. Just ask for Frank Sinatra."

"Six-thirty? Sinatra? Me and Vinnie? Okay. Only if this is a gag—"

They were waiting for Frank in his dressing room when he finished his show the next night. Johnny was wearing his best bow tie; Vinnie's hair was carefully slicked down—except for a small pompadour. They both wore the startled look of a kid on Christmas morning. Frank washed and changed from his stage clothes, talking to them.

"Like Italian food, fellas?"

"Sure," Vinnie said.

"I know a place down the street. Want to grab a bite with me?"

"Gee—"

"Best spaghetti you ever tasted," Frank said.

In the little spaghetti place over the red and white checked tablecloth, they dug into the huge, fragrant plates of steaming spaghetti. Frank talked baseball to them; baseball, bands, music, singing. Then when they were almost through, he said:

"You fellows are from Brooklyn, aren't you?"

"That's right, Frank," Johnny said.

"Some pretty tough spots down there, eh?"

"Boy, you don't know half."

"Maybe. Maybe I do, though. I came from Hoboken myself. We weren't so soft down there, either. There's nothing you guys do that we didn't do—and do it tougher. The whole works."

"Yeah?" Vinnie said. "You, Frank?"

"Sure. We had a gang. And we pulled some pretty raw stuff. I know how it goes. Of course, it's kid stuff. Only sometimes some guys keep right on doing it—"

Johnny and Vinnie looked at each other swiftly.

"—and they're the ones," Frank said, "grow up to be the punks and the yeggs. Tough guys. Only they're not tough. They're the soft ones. The real guts comes in breaking away. In learning to do something besides pushing people around—"

Johnny gulped his spaghetti.

"I'll give it to you straight," Frank went on. "You fellows think you're pretty tough don't you? Got the whole neighborhood there right in the palm of your hand. Everybody's scared of you."

"They're just punks, Frank," Vinnie said.

good, clean fun . . .

"Punks? The other kids? The people who live around you? What makes you think they're punks? What makes you think you're so hot?"

"You ought to see them jump," Johnny said.

"Sure. Sure they jump. That makes you feel pretty good, doesn't it?"

"Well—" Vinnie said.

"All right. Keep it up. Next time you'll have to pull something bigger to make them jump. A can of paint isn't going to do it anymore. It'll be something bigger. Maybe a stick-up. And then? You figure it out. You're not dumb. You know where you'll end up. There's plenty of room behind that eight ball."

"We don't have any kind of stuff like that in mind," Vinnie said. "Just having fun, that's all."

"Fun? Pushing people around? Blasting them because you don't like the way they

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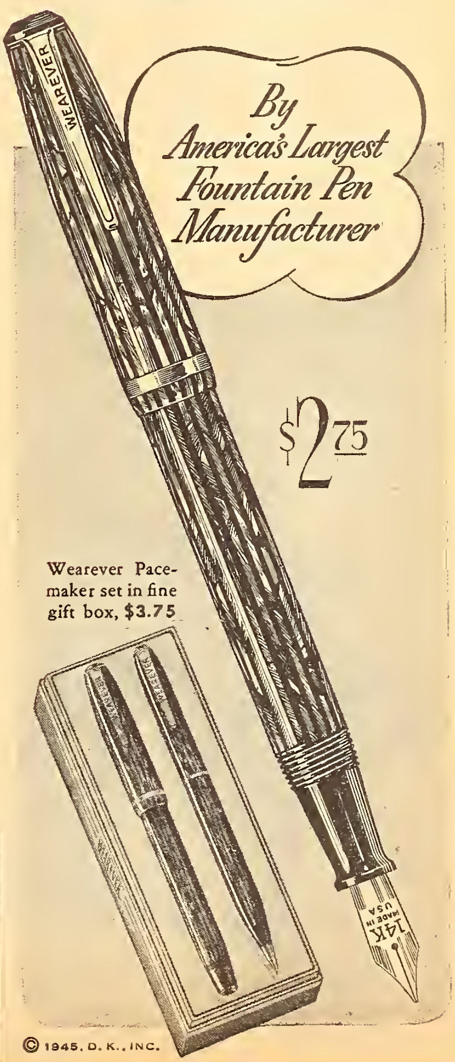

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look . . . or the way they dress . . . calling them 'micks' and 'niggers' and 'sheenies' and 'wops.' That's it, isn't it? That's what we used to call them over in Hoboken."

"Yeah," Vinnie said. "Only I don't like anybody calling me a 'wop.'"

"Neither did I," Frank said. "Neither does anybody else. And that means the 'micks' don't like it either."

Johnny said slowly: "I never thought of it that way, Frank . . ."

"You never stopped to think at all. That's the trouble. All right, take a minute now. What do you get out of all this pushing around? You guys are in the United States. You're part of it. It's guys like you and me and the rest of us who are the United States. Ever stop to think what that means? It means we all start from scratch together and everybody gets an even break. And that means everybody. You kids go to church, don't you?"

"Sure, Frank," Vinnie said. "Every—well, almost every Sunday."

"How would you like it if some gang came along and tore up your church?"

"Like it? Why, I'd—"

"You'd what?" Frank said. "That's what you two guys did, wasn't it? The red paint gag? What would you have to kick about if some other guys pulled the same gag on you? Why don't you get wise to yourselves? Here's a couple of fellows like you. You're tops where you come from. And what are you doing about it? More red paint? More pushing around?"

Johnny said slowly: "We never thought about it like that, Frank. Honest, we never did."

"All right," Frank said. "Then I'm only asking you to try one thing. Start thinking now. And if you've got half the stuff I think you have, I know what you'll do."

It was getting late. The night shadows were blacking the streets of the city. Outside, the taxis honked as they raced toward Broadway. Frank looked over at Johnny and Vincent.

"Meanwhile," he said. "Go on. Finish up that spaghetti—"

That's one story behind the work Frank's been doing lately. It's something pretty close to his heart and he doesn't like to talk about it. But Frank knows what it means to grow up in a tough neighborhood. In Hoboken when he was a kid, he ran around with a gang and he's seen what's happened to some of them: The kids who never did find the right road, the kids who kept right on being tough.

It's nothing new with Frank, either. He's always been that way: Out for a square deal for everyone. Long before he ever got to be a star he was making this same fight for equality and tolerance.

He was singing with a band in his early days, and late one night he and the arranger went out to grab a cup of coffee. They'd been working on a song and they wanted a five minute break before they went back to it. They headed for the first place they could find open and climbed up on stools before the counter. The waiter swabbed the counter before Frank and took his order. And then turned away.

"You missed my friend," Frank said. "He's going to have something, too."

The waiter just stared; then he said insolently: "We don't serve 'niggers' here."

Frank was halfway across the counter in a minute. Before he knew what he was doing his fist had cracked against the waiter's jaw. Then he swung off the stool angrily, linked arms with the arranger who happened to be a Negro and Frank's friend.

"If this place isn't good enough for my friends, it's not good enough for me."

Color, race, creed never made any difference to Frank. He picked his friends because of their talents or because he liked them. He never asked a man what church he went to and it never entered hi mind to look down at any man becaus of the color of his skin.

They tell another story about Fran He was a star then and in the big mone —in money big enough to let him have suite of rooms at the Waldorf. Ther were some people up one night and i the way it often happens when a fello becomes a star, Frank didn't know ther all. One stranger was well dressed, obviously rich, obviously *somebody*. Fran was introduced to him, said hello pleasantly enough and then didn't pay muc more attention to the man.

Suddenly in a lull in the talk the man voice came clear and sharp: ". . . and dirty kike." Frank whirled. He swun and faced the man squarely.

In a tight, tense voice, he said: "I don know you very well. And I can see yo don't know me. In my house, mister, nobody can talk that way—and stay. Go o —get lost!"

The man didn't make any move to g He had the blank, incredulous look of man who never took an order in his lif But he didn't know Frank. Before he kne what was happening there was a hand o his collar and he felt himself being pushe to the door. Frank's hand stayed on hi collar right up to the elevator. And as th elevator doors shut, he heard Frank voice.

"And stay lost!"

In a one-armed diner or at the Waldor Frank has stuck by his principles. Latel he's been doing even more. He's been making speeches before school assemblie clubs, parents' groups. He knows it's th youth of America who will make the ne world everyone is talking about. He doing what he can to help. He doesn lecture them, he doesn't throw big word around. But it always adds up to: *Let give everybody in America an even brea*

In New York, before the World Yout Rally, Frank made a speech. He tol them then: "Isn't it a dumb thing if peopl choose their associates by the color c their skin? Just stop to think about tha for a minute. Imagine a guy with dar hair like me not talking to blondes. Wel it's the same thing to rule out somebod because of the color of his skin . . . an it's just as stupid."

Before a student and parent group in school assembly, Frank said: "Now this i our job . . . your job and my job an the job of the generations growing u Stamp out the prejudices that can separate one group of United States citizen from another. This country's been bui by many people, many creeds, many nationalities and races in such a way tha it can never be divided . . . unless we fa down on our job. But if we all wor

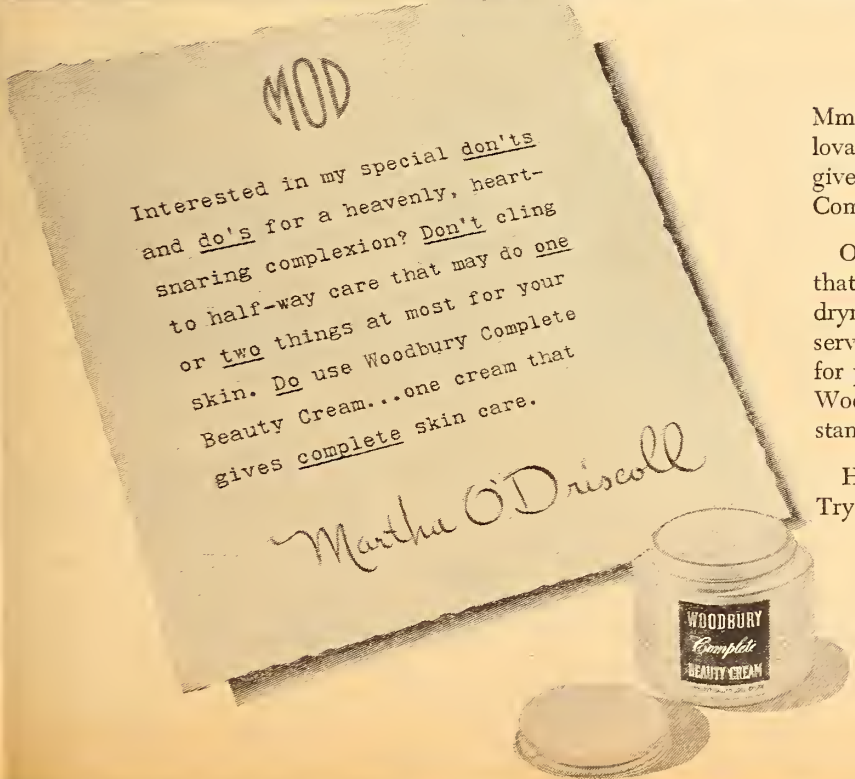
(Continued on page 90)

ALL THAT MEAT AND NO POTATOES?

Of course you're planning to cook all kinds of delicious delicacies for your serviceman when he comes home. But are you sure they're good for him? Don't forget that he's accustomed to meals planned by nutrition experts, who see that he gets his daily quota of vitamins and minerals. If you want to keep him healthy, you'll be interested in taking the Nutrition Course offered by your local Red Cross Chapter. *Teaches you how much (and what) to feed your fella or your family, and transforms you from chief cook and bottle washer to chef, dietician and vitamin watcher.*

MARTHA O'DRISCOLL, APPEARING IN UNIVERSAL'S "SHADY LADY"

Another Hollywood Star ...with Woodbury-Wonderful Skin


MOD

Interested in my special don'ts and do's for a heavenly, heart-snaring complexion? Don't cling to half-way care that may do one or two things at most for your skin. Do use Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream...one cream that gives complete skin care.

Martha O'Driscoll

Mm-mm-mm-mm is for Martha . . . of the luscious, lovable complexion! And for you, too, if you give your skin beauty *extras* with Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream.

One cream that *cleanses, softens, smooths* . . . that doubles as a *night cream* guarding against dryness and old-looking dry-skin lines . . . that serves as your protective *powder base,* too. And for protection against blemish-causing germs, Woodbury contains exclusive "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar.

Hear him say "you're mm-mm-mm-arvelous"! Try Woodbury tonight. 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury
Complete Beauty
Cream

... it's all you need!

Princess **DIMITRI ROMANOVSKY**

This internationally famous beauty is the wife of Dimitri, son of Grand Duke Alexander of Russia. Until recently she lived in London—now resides in the United States.

Subtle Charm . .

"In international circles, charm, good manners and perfect grooming go hand in hand," says Princess Romanovsky. "And nothing adds so much to the subtle charm of a woman as the fragrance she uses. I use Djer-Kiss perfume because it is so young, so enchantingly lovely, and in such exquisite taste"

Pronounced "DEAR KISS"

DJER-KISS PERFUME

THE WORLD'S MOST ROMANTIC SCENT

By Kerkoff

together it will always remain the United States, one nation, with liberty and justice for everyone."

It's because of these speeches and talks that the principal in Brooklyn knew where to send Johnny and Vincent. He knew they'd listen to Frank because he speaks their language, because he once went through the same tough mill.

Up in Boston, two policemen who look after Frank when he comes to town brought a kid named Tommy to him. Tommy wasn't a bad kid . . . yet. But unless something happened he was headed straight for a stretch in the State Reformatory. The kid came in tough and hard faced.

"How's it going, Tommy?" Frank asked.

"All right."

"How you doing in school?"

"Not so hot."

"Think you're smart enough?"

"I don't have to be any smarter."

"Funny. That's what I used to think. Until I got wised up—"

And then for an hour Frank talked to Tommy. They matched Boston against Hoboken. The kid thawed out. He knew Frank was on his side. And after an hour he was willing to listen. Frank got Tommy to agree to try it his way for a while, just to see how it would work: To play it straight, to stop pushing his weight around, to stop trying to be a wise guy. He offered Tommy a ten dollar loan to buy an after-school paper route—on condition that Tommy wrote to him once a month. They worked out a special code number for Tommy's letters so that they'd be sure to get through to Frank personally.

Frank's been getting those letters regularly every month for a year now. And the first ten enclosed a dollar each to repay the loan. The last time Frank was in Boston, the two policemen told him that Tommy was doing fine all along the line. All he'd really needed was to have someone he trusted talk to him sympathetically.

Frank Sinatra knows it's a big job. And he knows he's just one guy. But he figures that if everyone cleans up the patch nearest him, a big job gets done faster. So he doesn't stop trying or working at it. He wants a better America for himself and for Nancy and for his kids . . . and for all kids everywhere.

He keeps at it, too, because he knows it works. He knows that if you can get to them, talk to them, give them the facts in their own language—nine times out of ten the youth of America will listen and do something about it.

There's Johnny and Vinnie, for instance: They turned up the last time Frank was in New York. Frank was glad to see them but he didn't say anything about the can of red paint. He was waiting for them to tell him. Finally, just before they were ready to leave, Vinnie said:

"We cut out all that funny stuff after we talked to you, Frank. All right, we still ain't angels. But Johnny's working in his old man's store after school now. And me? Funny thing happened. You know I got a kid brother. Well, he used to go up to an old Jewish family lives down the block and turn the lights on for them every Friday night. You know they can't do that like we can't eat meat on Friday. Well, when I first found out about it I bawled the kid out and made him stop. Told him we weren't going to play butler for any bunch of 'sheenies.' After I talked to you I got to thinking about it. You know what I did, Frank? I went up there that Friday night and I turned the lights on for them. I been doing it ever since. You know they're nice old people. And you know, I feel pretty good about it . . ."

It makes Frank feel pretty good, too.

INFORMATION DESK

(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi:

I can't help singing 'bout the wonderful bunch of info that I dug up for you this month. Such as what? Well—

Such as that was Johnny Coy as the dancer, Benny, and Billy Daniel as Marjorie Reynolds' dancing partner in "Bring on The Girls" and they both can be reached at Para . . . and the boy you loved as the king in "Nothing But Trouble," was 13-year-old David Leland of M-G-M, and Gordon McDonald left M-G-M, and is now devoting his time to B'way . . . 26-year-old Danny Norton of Universal was Bugs Kelly in "Crime, Inc." and Rudy Weissler was Stan in "Tomorrow The World."

Of course I've much more of the same stuff in that special info box I store in back of my head—so won't you send your questions and A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Beverly Linet, INFORMATION DESK, *MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.? That's what I'm here for.*

Your ever lovin'

Bev.

Eileen Boland, New York: . . . MAY I HAVE STATISTICS ON SCOTT McKAY AND KURT KREUGER?

Scott was born Peter McKay Gose in Pleasantville, Iowa, May 28, 1915. Is married to Meg Power, is 6' 1", weighs 175 lbs., has blond hair and blue eyes, and will next be seen in Selznick's super deluxe pic—"Duel in the Sun"—with Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, and Joe Cotten. Kurt was born in St. Moritz, Switzerland, July 23, 1916. Blue eyes, blond hair, 5' 11½", 168 lbs., and unmarried. Just signed with Fox . . . latest is "Paris Underground."

Alice Matarese, B'klyn, N.Y.C.: . . . MAY I HAVE THE ADDRESSES OF CLUBS FOR THE FOLLOWING?:

ALLYSON: G. Littlefield, 1900 Sherbourne, L. A., Calif. (Dues $1.00).

GEORGE REEVES; Calif.: Arlene Meisler, 1250 College Ave., Bronx.

JOHN DALL: Mary Murnaghan, 795 E. 182nd St., Bronx.

HURD HATFIELD: Shirley Wolfe, 1148 Boynton Ave., Bronx.

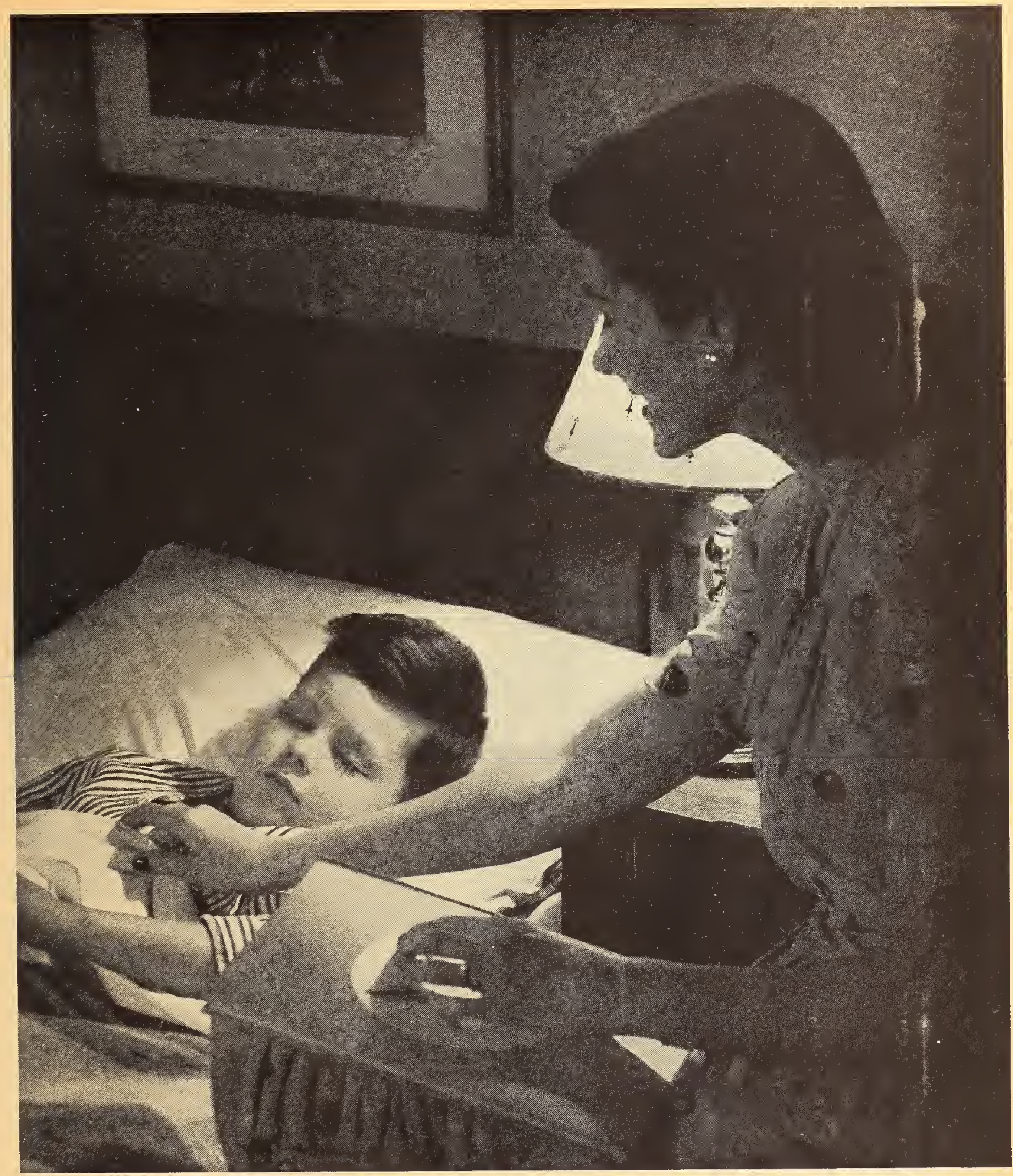
McCALLISTER: Discontinued for the duration.

VAN JOHNSON AND CORNEL WILDE: None.

Gloria Reilly, New York: . . . I'D LIKE THE NAMES OF THE CHILDREN IN "ROUGHLY SPEAKING" DURING ALL THREE AGES—AS KIDS, ADOLESCENTS AND GROWN-UPS . . . IN THAT ORDER.

JOHN	*BARBARA*	*RODNEY*
Micky Kuhn	*Ann Lawrence*	*John Calkins*
Johnny Treul	*Mona Freeman*	*Dick Wimer*
Bob Hutton	*Andrea King*	*John Sheridan*

LOUISE	*FRANKIE*
Jo Marlow	*Greg. Muradian*
Patsy Parsons	*John Sheffield*
Jean Sullivan	*Robert Arthur*



Safest n' Surest! Harry's dad is going to be *mighty* glad to get the V-Mail letter his boy wrote tonight. And Harry never forgets what daddy told him: "V-Mail's faster, son, and V-Mail's *safer.*"

Happily, young Harry drifts off to a restful sleep—relaxed on the cushioned luxury of Beautyrest, the *dream* mattress. Made by Simmons, it has 837 individually pocketed coils which give you that marvelous "all over" relaxed feeling. Guard your Beautyrest well, for we're still engaged in war work, and cannot tell at this moment exactly when we will be making this great mattress again. Meantime, your dealer may have other mattresses bearing the Simmons label. Anyone is well worth the money.

P. S. Also available, a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs at $39.50 each.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

Made by SIMMONS COMPANY

MEN OVERSEAS ask you to *speed* your letters to them safely by *always* using V-MAIL! V-MAIL is fast . . . sure. It is the only mail that *always* flies. Use it!

JUNE LANG, *charming screen actress, smiles her approval of Princess Pat Rouge.*

Into Your Cheeks there comes a new, mysterious Glow!

Into cheeks touched with Princess Pat Rouge, there comes color that is vibrant, glowing, yet sincerely real—natural.

Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of flat "painty" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat Rouge amazes—gives beauty so thrilling—color so real—it actually seems to come from within the skin.

The 'life secret' of all color is glow

The fire of rubies, the lovely tints of flowers—all depend on *glow.* So does your own color. But where ordinary one-tone rouge *blots out* glow, Princess Pat—the duotone rouge—*imparts* it.

But remember, only Princess Pat Rouge is made by the secret duo-tone process—(an undertone and overtone).

So get Princess Pat Rouge today and discover how gloriously lovely you *can be.*

The right way to Rouge

Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a > pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.

And lips to match!

You'll love the smoothness of the new Princess Pat "Color-Stay" Lipstick. One application stays, Stays, STAYS! And the shades are just heavenly. Complete your make-up with the new Princess Pat light-as-air Face Powder.

Wherever good cosmetics are sold Princess Pat Duotone Rouge, Lipstick and Face Powder are on display. Discover today your own Princess Pat color harmony shades.

Princess Pat

JUNIOR DREAM MAN

(Continued from page 49)

Gregory. "We aren't going to have the baby *today.* We're expecting it in three or four weeks, but we want to know in advance exactly what we have to do when we reach the hospital."

An invisible drawstring pulled the smile out of the corners of the nurse's mouth. "Well, first you report here and we fill out some forms. Then you go upstairs . . ." she outlined a fairly complicated routine.

". . . but at least we know now what to expect," said Gregory, "when the time comes."

Flushed with triumph, they left the hospital and went to call on friends. Somewhat later they attended a movie. Then they came home and settled down for the night. At 4 A.M. Mrs. Peck awakened Mr. Peck. At 4:01, they were on their way to the hospital, scorching down the course established by the red pencil in a calmer moment. His teeth chattering a little, Gregory said once or twice, "It's a good thing we made that test run . . . are you all right, honey? I'm sure glad I made that map . . . is everything okay, honey?"

As they entered the hospital, the same nurse who had greeted them on Sunday at 2 P.M. smiled up at them on Monday at 4:22 A.M. (She had been off 8 hours, was starting a new shift.) Brightly she said, "Still practicing?"

But she pulled out the admittance sheets and began to ask bookkeeping questions. "We'll have to skip that," said the perspiring near-pop, "and go on with the other things you mentioned."

All of which is by way of introducing Mr. Jonathan Peck, born July 20, 1944, and now looking forward to the second Christmas of his life.

While Jonny and his mother were in the hospital, Pop Peck arrived with a watch for Mom, and as soon as she left the hospital with her slim new P.B. (post baby) figure there was a mink coat waiting for her. When the Pecks had discovered that Jonny was on the way, Gregory had told his wife, "Okay, Greta, you start a family for me and I'll produce a mink for you." He hadn't cared whether the newcomer was a girl or a boy, although all of his friends tried to talk him into wanting a boy first. He told Greta, "If Jonathan had been Jonatha instead, I would have been just as happy as I am now, but I think it would have broken the hearts of our best friends."

The first thing Gregory did, as soon as he established his son in the new nursery, was to start a photographic record of Jonny's development. Using 16 mm. colored film, Gregory snapped some footage of the young clown trying to stuff his fist, then his foot into his mouth. He took several reels each month, and as Jonny grew more interesting and began to develop a personality, he increased the number of frames used to record the progress of his son and heir.

Someone asked Gregory one day, "What will you do with that film?"

Gregory assumed a reminiscent air. "There will come a day— Looking back on my *own* adolescence . . ."

Back in those uniformed, self-important days when Gregory was a student at St. John's Military Academy, Gregory's stepfather took the cadet and Mrs. Peck out to Westlake Park in Los Angeles. (It is now called MacArthur Park.) There, Gregory's proud stepfather took movies of Gregory saluting his mother, walking forward several stiff paces to embrace her, wearing a wooden Indian smile, then stepping back, saluting again, wheeling and marching out of camera shot. At the time Gregory was about ten, tall for his age, horribly conscious of his military training, and inclined to walk like a colt dodging lightning.

At 16 he was even taller for his age, but he had achieved an even greater dignity than a guy gets from brass buttons. He was shaving and he had a girl.

One night his mother and stepfather invited Gregory's girl and some of his friends over for dinner; after dinner it was suggested that some recently taken movies be shown. Gregory's father showed the new footage first, then without making any announcements, began to project that ancient scene when Gregory was ten. Our flabbergasted hero shriveled within a suit that had abruptly become four sizes too large; glistening beads of perspiration formed on his forehead, the back of his neck and in the palms of his hands.

"When the lights go on again," he whispered to his guardian angel, "just let me have evaporated without trace."

He thought, "From now on it's all over between me and my girl. What woman in her right mind could stand to be dated by a goon like that pasteboard boy scout on the screen . . . eeeeek." The lights were flashed on—rather an unnecessary act since Gregory's bright blush was equivalent to the aurora borealis—and the girl friend said, making with doe eyes, "Oh, Gregory, what a CUTE kid you were!"

So, nowadays, Father Peck grins and says, "I'll give my son a little of the same trouble one day." And probably achieve the same result.

One day shortly before Christmas last year, Gregory bounded into the front hall and shuffled through the mail left for him. The address on one of the letters brought him up short. "Mr. Jonathan Peck," it said. Bursting all rules of polite behavior at the seams, Gregory opened his son's mail. It was a Christmas card signed, "Your loving nurse." *That* went into the baby book.

At Valentine's season, on St. Patrick's Day, and on Easter, Jonathan also received cards.

Because Jonny's nurse is so competent and so devoted, Gregory has never 1) bathed his son, 2) changed his pin-up slacks, 3) tipped the bottle for the hungry man, nor 4) burped the gentleman afterward. Neither has Gregory ever rested his cheek against that of the baby; Gregory heard all about germs during his premedic course at California, so he restrains his affection in the juvenile presence. This doesn't mean that Master Jonny doesn't get regular paternal workouts, however. Gregory tosses the junior acrobat in the air, rides him piggy back and bubbles the back of Jonny's neck until he yells with delight.

There is a contest between father and son that is pretty hectic now, but is doomed to oblivion as soon as Jonny matures a little more; currently, Jonny is fascinated by light switches, floor plug variety. The instant he is set free of someone's lap or his play pen, he makes a beeline for the nearest floorplug, one chubby finger extended as he propels himself forward on the other three limbs.

He has never connected, but he has scored several near misses. Someone always grabs him just short of the target. He is a philosophical little cuss; doesn't cry at this interception of a scientific excursion, simply puffs out his lower lip in an expression that announces, "Okay, bub. But I'll make it next time."

One afternoon, proving that he appre-

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Let your beauty reign with *Lorraine*

Whatever your type of beauty or hair-do you will find that Lorraine Hair Aids will give you smartness, assurance and poise. The Lorraine quality and selection in all hair shades will delight you.

HAIR BRAIDS
Holo 18"
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HAIR ROLLS
4" to 24"
From 5¢ to 79¢

HAIR NETS
For all styles of hair dress

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New!

CUTEX *Oily* QUICK DRY

Fast-acting
polish drier
...saves time
...saves temper

Dries nail polish quick as a wink

Your waiting days are over! Here, at last, is super-speedy Cutex Oily Quick Dry, containing a special oil, that dries fresh nail polish quick as a flash—you're ready to put on your gloves and dash.

Won't dull lustre

Apply Cutex Oily Quick Dry directly over Cutex Polish or Overcoat. Polish is dry in a jiffy—there's no loss in lovely lustre . . . fine ingredients protect that 10-karat sparkle.

Softens cuticle

There's an extra bonus in Cutex Oily Quick Dry, for its beneficial oil gently softens cuticle skin—helps keep it smoothly in place.

Helps prevent chips and scratches

Get ready for shining nail surfaces—minus mars and scars. Cutex Oily Quick Dry helps keep fingertips flawless—prolongs the life of your manicure.

Large bottle only

25¢
(plus tax)

ciates dramatic values, Jonny suddenly arose to his feet from a sitting stance and staggered about six steps to the rail of his play pen where he clung uncertainly for a moment, then lowered himself to the floor. He chose to do this when his mother, his father, and his pop-eyed nurse were all gathered in the room.

Naturally, the proud Pecks mentioned Jonny's new trick to several of their friends, but Jonny hasn't repeated the performance. Best subsequent effort to date has consisted of clinging to his father's reliable fingers and placing one dubious foot after another for a few paces. The Pecks are keeping very quiet about the whole thing, but they are maintaining the camera at the ready—just in case.

Incidentally, Jonny's favorite toy is a badly battered yellow duck almost as big as he is. When Gregory was selecting Greta's Easter plant—a giant azalea—he noticed a nearby stuffed quack. "Put that in the package, too," he said.

From the moment Jonny spied it in his mother's gift, there was no doubt in his mind as to its function or its ownership. He claimed it, takes it to bed every night, and would probably go on a hunger strike if someone snatched the Donald away even long enough to give it a dry cleaning.

Jonny is growing up in a family where the Head Man has some specific ideas about children, the care, instruction, and guidance of same. For one thing, Gregory certainly doesn't want Jonny to be an only child. Talking about this problem to friends one evening, Gregory said, "The life of an only child is too vacant. I know, because I was one. I used to envy kids who had brothers and sisters; they had so much to talk about. And their holidays were wonderful—so much doing, so many gifts, such excitement. On the other hand, I think a continual marathon is bad for a child. No matter how big the family, it seems to me that—if it is at all possible—each child should have some place in which he can be private. He should have some nook, preferably his own room, that is completely his own, where he can have his beetle collection and his marbles, his books, his radio, his stamps or whatever interests

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One fine day I was walking along Michigan Blvd. in Chicago when I saw a crowd of people. Curious, I walked over, and found a man lying on the sidewalk with his head bleeding. He was unconscious. Everyone was just looking; nobody was doing anything constructive. This was the first chance I had to use my first aid training. I loosened his collar, wiped his head, and went to take his pulse. But I had no watch with me. Without looking up, I asked, "Has someone got a watch with a second hand?" One was handed to me, and I took his pulse, which was very weak. I then directed the man who had given me the watch to call a doctor, which he did at once. After he came back from telephoning for the doctor, he asked for his watch. I looked up for the first time, and gazed into a very handsome and familiar face. The man who had been so helpful and cooperative was Lt. (j.g.) Robert Taylor!

Betty Burbach,
Chicago, Ill.

him. Kids need a place in which they can think things out for themselves. Most kids turn out fine if they're given tactful guidance, and if they're allowed to develop naturally, after figuring out all the angles."

One bit of tactful guidance that Gregory intends to offer his son is Gregory's own belief that anything worth getting or worth keeping requires a lot of hard work, whether the item is something as intangible as a happy marriage, or something as concrete as the ability to play a ukulele. Gregory is convinced that the valuable things in life aren't acquired easily.

Not even, for instance, the ability to swim. He is going to see that Jonny isn't coached in the Spartan school, as he was, however. Gregory was six, living in La Jolla (a resort town not from from San Diego) when his much older cousin and a group of the cousin's friends, tossed Gregory off an alligator rock. The water in that spot was about 40 feet deep. If Gregory, who had never been in the ocean over his knees before, had shown an inclination to sputter, get hysterical and drown, the boys would have leaped in, of course. Probably they could have saved him. There is always a chance on the other side of the ledger, too.

'Tenny rate, Jonny is going to get swimming lessons as soon as he is big enough to go into a pool.

When Gregory was nine, he was allowed to ride in a department store delivery truck with his cousin, who had taken a summer time job. While the cousin was making a delivery, G. Peck decided to see whether he could drive the truck. As the vehicle was parked on a rather steep hill, the problem of take-off was simple: Gregory released the hand brake. The gear was in neutral, the engine was turning over, so a bug-eyed Greg, almost invisible behind the huge wheel, guided it down the hill. Luckily, the highway was banked on the turn, so the apprentice jockey's hard pull to the left did not upset the heavily loaded truck; instead, the wheels slowed almost to a stop on the straightaway, so Gregory delved deeper into his remembered driving technique (learned from watching his cousin), put the gear into low and—by sliding forward—pressed on the accelerator. The truck responded with a volcanic rumble and shot down the street, made another turn, climbed a hill, made the third turn, and shook down the street to stop at a gate before which stood a chalk-faced and trembling cousin.

Next scene omitted. Very painful.

Mr. Jonathan Peck is not to be allowed such a jaunt. He is to be taught that, as soon as his legs are long enough and his judgment reliable enough, he will be taught to drive by his pop and will be given his own jaloppy when he is legally old enough.

Jonny will reach this legal age in a family which regards the attaining of laughs as an important occupation. Gregory and Greta kid one another continually. Greta has her frugal side, a fact that was a Peck family lifesaver at one time, but now persists to cause some merriment.

Usually it is the man of a household who cherishes some item of clothing until forty happy generations of moths have reared their young. In the Peck household, it is Greta who can't endure the thought of throwing out some of Gregory's old suits. Not long ago he went through his closet and selected three suits of a vintage that justified calling an antique dealer or calling the Salvation Army. "Call someone up and explain that these suits aren't much, but that someone might get some good out of them for a few weeks," he instructed.

A week later the suits were still in the closet; ditto two weeks; ditto three. "What's the big idea?" queried the man of the house. "Why haven't these been

It's fun... it's young... it's meant for You!

frolic

...by CHERAMY

For gayety ... for the joyous lift it will give your heart (and his), wear Frolic perfume. It's made for your happiness ... light, bright, and sparkling ... and wonderfully lasting, too!

Perfume, $6.50; 3.50; debutante size, 1.10.
Toilet Water, 1.75.
Dusting Powder, 1.00. Talcum Powder, 50¢.
(Plus tax)

Lovely Hands ARE BACK!

The smart wife or wife-to-be does not forget that soft, caressing feminine hands attract and hold men—that red, raspy hands are rough on romance. She guards her hands night and day from the coarsening effects of work, weather and hot, soapy water. And if she's *doubly* wise, she guards them with Frostilla Hand Lotion.

FROSTILLA'S choicer ingredients help keep dryness and roughness from your skin—help keep silky softness in your hands. Frostilla spreads evenly, dries quickly, leaving no stickiness. Use Frostilla on your legs, too. It's soothing, smoothing, quickly effective. A drop or two is enough.

TRY FROSTILLA—Make your own hands lovely again. With Frostilla more available because of the partial release of its scarce ingredients from war service, you can now see for yourself why Frostilla has been America's premier hand lotion for 74 years. 35c, 50c, $1.00 sizes in Drug and Dept. Stores in U.S.A. and Canada. Travel or desk size in better 10c stores.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Frostilla
FOR LOVELY HANDS

tossed out?"

"Well . . . you can never tell," said Greta. "They might come in handy some time for the beach, or a hunting trip . . ."

"The next thing I know," moaned Gregory in simulated pain, "you'll be making suits for Jonny of them."

"It's an idea," said his wife.

Gregory gets kidded because he tosses his good clothing around. After having worked in the yard all morning on his day off, he is likely to advance upon a cold shower by dropping a sneaker here, a sock there and a shirt somewhere else.

"But you used to be so tidy in our New York apartment," protested Greta one day. "There was a place for everything, and everything in its place—always."

Said Gregory above the roar of the shower, "In that apartment, if a guy left a pair of shoes anywhere but in the closet or under the bed, he was likely to stumble over them and break his neck. If I had left shirts around, I wouldn't have had anything to wear the next day, and if I'd hung trousers over a chair, I couldn't have sat in the chair. I'm just enjoying the spaciousness of our home, Greta."

Along the line of utter relaxation, Gregory has also passed a house rule that Sunday is the day he does *not* shave—not even if guests are dropping in during the day. On the Sabbath, he rests his face.

Observed Greta, regarding his cocoa-mat chin, "Doesn't that feel awful?"

"It feels WONDERFUL," purred her rugged spouse.

One day Greta came home, bearing a gag gift for Gregory. "This is to wear with your week end beard," she kidded.

When he opened the parcel, instead of uttering a yell of derision, the unpredictable Mr. Peck assumed an expression of delight. "A plaid wool shirt!" he rejoiced. "Oh boy, this is for me all right, all right." He tried it on—exactly the proper size. And from that moment he wore that shirt every week end regularly, moaning when it was being cleaned.

When the Joe Cottens and the Pecks were in Arizona on location for "Duel In The Sun," Greta slipped downtown one morning and purchased a firehouse red wool shirt to replace the plaid garment; when Gregory got a glimpse of his new finery there was no dissuading him from wearing it. He and Greta had been invited to the Cottens' quarters for a quick conference before dinner, and Gregory couldn't resist donning the meteoric mantle. "I'll blind that guy, Cotten," he grinned. "I'll dazzle him to pieces."

Greta preceded him into the room, then Gregory arrived with a flourish. And, chest out, face wreathed in triumphant smiles, there stood Mr. Cotten—also resplendently clad in an incendiary shirt. Mrs. Cotten had purchased a duplicate for Joe.

Whereupon the two fugitives from the Royal Northwest Mounted marched upon Mr. Selznick, who simply clapped his hand to his forehead and quickly offered liquid refreshments to calm the visual fire.

By the time you read this, the Pecks will have celebrated their third wedding anniversary—on October 2, 1945. Last year Gregory gave Greta a ruby ring and she gave him a gold pen and pencil set with his name engraved thereon. Consulting experts on the proper symbol of the third anniversary, they discovered that there is a difference of opinion; one authority says the third is the linen anniversary, one insists that the item of celebration should be candy, and yet another thinks leather is proper. Gregory is trying to work it out this way; Greta should be remembered with candy, but *he* should be remembered with some nice matched luggage.

Over this, as over almost every incident in the household, they are having—as usual—a Peck of fun.

Believe you me... I'm holding out for the silverplate that's Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver

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CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 26)

simultaneously, you're not really in love with either. Instead of trying to decide between them, explain to both that you're not yet ready to tie yourself down. There's a possibility that when these lads come home, one of them will have developed into your soul-mate, but until that time comes—no promises, baby.

My mother is old fashioned! At seventeen, I'm still the dateless wonder of our town because she won't allow me to go out. How can I get it across that I'm a big girl now? D. S., Front Royal, Virginia.

Your mother must dream of your eventual marriage to some nice young man. So let this be the premise on which you base your discussion. Explain to her that if you have no opportunity to know boys now, you'll have no basis for comparison later. Let her see that she is paving the way for you to become either terribly boy-shy or completely boy-crazy. Then tell her that you are willing to co-operate with her. That you'll have every date come to the house to call for you so that she'll have a chance to meet him. Agree on a curfew hour. Offer to double date during a specified probation period. If you present your side of the thing intelligently, she'll have to see that you're right. Then it's up to you to see that none of her fears are realized.

The boy I love is from what my family refers to as the wrong side of the tracks. Financially, that's true, but as a person he couldn't be finer. How can I open their eyes? E. R., Pierre, South Dakota.

The thing to do is to persuade your family to get to know him. Ask him to dinner, let your parents play bridge with you two. Play him up. Make him shine. A reasonable period of this, and his charm should have gotten through to them. Or could be you may have changed your mind.

I'm so weary of house dates, so coke-broke I could scream. Is there any nice way of making the next evening on him? G. M., Campbell, Ohio.

Sure, fox him. Next time he calls, say, 'Gosh, I'd love it, only mom's having the bridge club that night." He'll be looking up a good movie in zero minutes. The following week have a different tale. They're plastering the living room, or the electricity is temporarily off. He'll catch on.

* * *

Kids, we love your letters, especially the ones that say, "I did what you said and it worked!" They make us feel wonderful. Bring us all the dithers you've got, and please know that we care. Honest. Honest. Whether it's a guy, a mom, a foul job; talking it over with us will help, and we promise to dig deep and come up with the best advice we've got. Don't stew, write to Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

AUTOGRAPHS!

No frettin', just gettin', when you stack up those signatures the MODERN SCREEN way! Page 60 tells how you may be *sure* of getting star-replied as well as starry-eyed!

How ye can have a neater-r-r kitchen

SHELF-CONSCIOUS?
Get yerself some of that fancy-edged shelf paper and hold it down with quick-stickin' "Scotch" Cellulose Tape. (Fer linen closet, too . . . and kitchen drawers.)

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DON'T CRAB—
when it's crab-apple instead of raspberry. Stick jam and jelly labels on with firm-holdin' "Scotch" Tape. They'll never fall off and leave you guessing. (Try it on spice boxes, too.)

I could go on and on . . . nobody's ever listed all of "Scotch" Tape's uses. You'll discover new ones every day. Too bad you can't get "Scotch" Tape right now, but it'll be back in your favorite store soon . . . ready once again to help you have a happier, neater home.

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BY THE MAKERS OF Stardust FASHION-WEAR

FOR 'TEEN AGERS

(*Continued from page 72*)

—purse, snapshot space, key ring and a real honest-to-goodness four leaf clover in a medallion. Its price is midget too —only $2.25—plus 20% Federal Tax.

Most Likely to Succeed is a dress as merry as Dane Clark, as exciting as Greg Peck, and as versatile as the two of them put together. You'll wear it when it's your turn to give a book report, when your big sister tosses you your first blind date, when the gang rocks the bleachers at the season's crucial football game. You'll love the precious grey waistcoat jacket and the clear true red of the skirt, and your trained eye will know in a flash that the twin patch pockets with their bent-down corners are Something! Wear the skirt and blouse separately in endless combinations. Wear it as a suit with a sweater or blouse. In the same sturdy twill as the foregoing date-dress, this one—in spite of the chase you will lead it—will wear magnificently. Sorry—no pic—but honest—it's terrific. Under $9.

Double Check: A wardrobe without a classic is like a record library without "Stardust." Which is why this black-and-white checked job is a must. It's the sort of dress the guys adore because it combines the little-girl look (for which they go) with just enough sophistication (for which they *go*). A crisp white collar, guileless as a choir boy's smile, melts them every time, and well-placed color accents bewitch them, viz. the handsome red leather belt accentuating your slimness, the good-looking metal-on-plastic buttons marching down your front. For church, school, dates, town—for all the high-spots of all your days, this is unquestionably it. Beautifully tailored of a rayon that looks and feels like sheer wool, it's a dress to cherish, a dress to be cherished in. Under $9.

There they are, our three beloved discoveries, and confidentially we feel slightly on the Christopher Columbus side. If you love these clothes the way we do, you'll want to know where to find them, what colors they come in and all sorts of other things. We'll be right here waiting for your queries, thrilled to death to be putting you on the road to becoming the chic-est chicks around.

Thanks for all the lovely letters. Do it again, won't you? In case you've forgotten, this is us: Fashion Adviser, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

IS YOUR SECRET MILITARY OR MONETARY?

"I know a secret!" you used to shout when you were a kid. And you'd hug your secret to your heart and not tell anyone. But sometimes things happen to you which are just too exciting to keep to yourself. Like an encounter with a star, f'rinstance! When you feel you've gotta tell somebody or bust, please give a priority rating to Modern Screen*'s ear, for we're so curious we'll pay you five dollars if we print your story. Write clearly, and tell us all the juicy details . . . because it's that kind of ya-ta-ta ya-ta-ta we go for—to the tune of five dollars! Address your letters to the I SAW IT HAPPEN Editor,* Modern Screen*, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16. N. Y.*

THOSE HOLLYWOOD PARTIES!

(*Continued from page 31*)

chitchat. It's an old Victorian custom, rapidly waning in these days of equality between the sexes. But our more formal hostesses out-British the British. On this particular evening, Norma rose and the other women followed suit. All but Betsy—she sat. Norma smiled sweetly, made a slight beckoning gesture. Little red-headed Betsy smiled sweetly back. "That's a barbaric custom," she said, "for women who didn't have the brains to meet men on their own terms. I'm staying here—"

fun with flynn . . .

Grab! Errol Flynn's party for his aunt. We all laughed our heads off. Fancy Errol with an aunt! We couldn't wait to see what he'd pull this time. The guesses ranged from Marjorie Main to a horse in aunt's clothing. So we got there, and who should be standing beside Errol to greet us but a charming, gray haired woman? And who should she be but the true-life aunt of the unpredictable Flynn? Of course Hopper couldn't keep her mouth shut—

"We thought it was a gag—"

"Well," grinned the model nephew, "isn't it?"

The party where Tallulah Bankhead, who can get away with more murder than any other ten, told Clifton Webb he served the lousiest food in town.

"Do I, Hedda?" he asked plaintively.

"Why, of course not," I soothed him. "Since when do they call baked beans food?"

The different kind of surprise party at Ann Rutherford's. After dinner, she took the guests upstairs, opened the door, and presto! a nursery complete with adopted baby. You've got to hand it to Ann and David May. Six months little Gloria'd been in the house and nobody'd smelled her out—not even me.

Now they come swarming—big parties and small, elegant and cosy, prestige parties, and parties you give for your friends. There's the kind I hate—where a $5000 executive can't sit next to the schnuckle who makes a paltry thousand. And the kind I love—where the old-timers get off in a room by themselves with Fannie Brice in the middle, drink champagne, swap stories and weep over the dear dead days beyond recall. I know of at least one party—I voss not dere, Sharlie—where the guests divided into "We-Like-Hoppers" and "We-Don't." I think it came out about 60-40, which for me isn't bad.

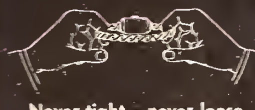
One thing I've noticed. You can always tell, by the way you're shown into a house, how the help feel about their employers. I'm not sticking my neck out far enough to name names, but I will say this. When you get a stiff, unsmiling, resentful maid or butler, nine times out of ten, you're at a big producer's. Lots of people won't even go to the bigshots for interviews, no matter how plush the pay, and I don't blame them. The boss gets all his ideas from the movies. If you're rich in the movies, you have ten servants and treat them like robots. That makes you Napoleon . . .

The Goldwyns are a notable exception. I was first to arrive at one of their small dinner parties and found Sam looking very unhappy. "You'll have to excuse Frances. She's upstairs, punishing Sammy."

Presently Frances appeared, cool and lovely as ever.

"Fine time you picked to discipline your child," I said.

"Sorry, Hedda. He was rude to one of



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the maids, and that's the unforgivable sin with me—"

Parties in Hollywood are as varied as the people who give them. Dine with Colbert or Crawford or the Gary Coopers—the big racketeers who have projection rooms—and you can pretty well count on a picture after dinner. At Lana Turner's you drop in around four of a Sunday, eat a buffet supper and dance. Turhan Bey always used to be there before Uncle Sam took him, and Cheryl always came in to say hello. She's a beautiful, pink cheeked youngster with Lana's features, but dark hair and eyes like Steve Crane's. Her manners are perfect and though Lana adores her with her eyes, she doesn't, thank heaven, try to get the kid to show off.

At Lauritz Melchior's you swim—or, if you're like me, lounge around the pool in a deckchair—and listen to "Pagliacci" on Capehart records. Kleinchen—which means little one, but is Mrs. Melchior's real name—always has plenty of meat in the freezer because Lauritz does his own hunting. Then there's target shooting for them as likes it, with bets on the side and the money going to Danish Relief.

At George Murphy's you listen to the world being taken apart and put together again. How times have changed! In the old carefree days, Cagney'd go into a corny vaudeville routine with Billie, his wife—Pat O'Brien would sing Irish songs till the dawn and his voice cracked together. No more. Now you listen with bated breath to what Bob Montgomery saw from his ship on D-Day, or the stories Cagney brought home from his overseas trip. Makes you want to go out and fight. So you go and buy another bond.

Ida Lupino gives the most uninhibited parties. Words can't describe what goes on at Lupino's house—it's like "You Can't Take It With You." Half the guests she doesn't even know—just takes it for granted she met them somewhere and calls them all "ducky darling" regardless. No one's ever greeted, told goodbye or introduced. You do as you please. Feet are tapping in one corner and a typewriter in another, a couple of girls are practising ballet steps and another group recording a song, which'll find its way evenually to David Niven or somebody else in the service. Everyone's expressing himself except Helmut Dantine. He sits in a trance, seeing but not believing . . .

claudette remembers helmut . . .

And that reminds me of a charming tale, strictly confidential, in which Helmut played the lead opposite Claudette Colbert. It began several years ago in the Tyrol. Dantine, with some other university students, was spending the holidays skiing. They were enchanted to discover that, among the guests at the inn were the American movie star, Miss Claudette Colbert, and her husband.

There was dancing after dinner. One of his pals nudged Helmut. "I dare you to ask her for a dance—"

That was a challenge no good Austrian could ignore. Shaking in his shoes, Helmut approached divinity, who smiled and said she'd be glad to dance with him. But he never got more than two whirls in succession. Once he'd done the spadework, his false friends kept cutting in . . .

Curtain. The years pass. The Gary Coopers give a party, attended among others by Claudette and that handsome young devil who played the Nazi in "Mrs. Miniver." After dinner there's dancing. As the music breaks into ¾ time, the H. Y. D. goes up to Miss Colbert and bows from the waist. "Could we finish the waltz we started in the Tyrol?"

Then it all came back—Austria before the war, a starlit night in the mountains and a boy who asked her to dance. No wonder her face looked wistful as Helmut's arm went round her. That other night she'd been with her husband. Now he was somewhere in the South Pacific . . .

The nicest parties are given by the kids who don't know from caste distinctions, and just invite the people they like. Or maybe I should say the people who fit in. Because they know and like Gable—who doesn't—yet they'd never think of asking him to a party. He's out of their world. Then what am *I* doing there? Well, it's like this. Their favorite meeting place is Keenan Wynn's, and I knew Keenan's parents before he was born. That seems to make a difference. Besides, there's no aura round me as there is around Clark. I don't make them self-conscious. It's just good old Hedda breezing in—

Evie's a marvelous hostess. No strain, no chichi. Just makes you feel that the house is yours. Supper's buffet, with spaghetti or chow mein from the Farmer's Market. Nothing's planned or set. It starts like any shindig in your home town when a bunch of healthy young Americans gets together. The only difference is that the room's packed with more talent than home towns offer. So when the music gets going, it won't be long before Lucille Ball busts out singing with Desi, or Van Johnson catches up a table cloth and starts a hula no Hawaiian would ever recognize.

But it's Keenan and Danny Kaye who bring down the house. The minute those two get started, you fall on your face. There's nothing forced about either of them—they'll ad lib a routine as they go along—

"People on busses are funny," says Danny, and that's all they need. Right away they're two guys on a bus, shaking with the motion, Danny reading a paper, Keenan craning to see it over his shoulder—well, there's no sense trying to describe it, but it winds up with Keenan eating the paper and the rest of us on the floor . . .

Talking of kids brings up a Colman story. You'll see the connection in a minute, just hold your horses. It seems Ronnie and Benita dropped in on a friend who was throwing a party for the younger glamor set—Van Johnson and Esther Williams, Lana Turner, Bob Walker, Peter Lawford, Gloria DeHaven and John Payne, and June Allyson, who brought Dick Powell along.

When Ronnie saw what he'd walked into, he wanted to turn tail and flee, but it was too late. Well, in about ten minutes the Messrs. Johnson, Payne, Walker, etc. were entertaining each other, while the girls formed an adoring knot around Colman, hanging on each polished word that fell from his lips.

The girl who told me about it said: "He seemed a little shy, but I think he liked it. Because I heard him telling the hostess goodbye and he said: 'Thank you for letting me drink at the fountain of youth.'"

bachelors' dilemma . . .

I remember another time when the boys got left. This happened at the Jack Benny's last New Year's Eve. Mary'd asked all her unattached guests to come alone. She must have figured on pairing them up, but something slipped somewhere, and the men out-numbered the girls.

Well, you know how it is on New Year's Eve—you want someone special to say Happy New Year to. Just before midnight, people started looking sentimental. Husbands stuck to their wives, girls to their boy friends. The lights went out, the music broke softly into "Auld Lang Syne," you could hear the sound of kisses . . .

Then the lights went on. Lined up at the bar stood Van Johnson, Helmut Dantine, Errol Flynn and Freddie De Cordova, the young Warner director who—take my

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Remember, overseas Christmas gifts must be mailed by October 15th.

GAY NINETIES

Rum & Brandy FRUIT CAKE

word for it girls,—has as much on the ball as the other three. There they stood, four lone wolves, looking terribly sorry for themselves, and the crowd whooped.

Flynn turned gravely to the others. "Gentlemen," he said, "let this be a lesson to you. Too many women may be bad, but not enough is worse—"

There are no more parties like the ones Joan Crawford used to throw. They weren't large, but with her flair for the dramatic, Joan could make a production number of tea for two. She'd have gowns flown from Hattie Carnegie's, and spend two or three hours on her "toilette." When all the guests were assembled, you'd hear her voice at the head of the stairs cooing to the dachshunds, and down she'd float—

"Oh, are you all here?—do please forgive me—*darling,* how marvelous you look— This? Oh, do you like it?"—as if it were a little thing she'd stitched up just before dinner.

old-time glamor . . .

I always enjoyed those evenings. Joan knows what people expect of a movie star and gives it to them. In the public eye she's never been less than glamorous. And as Mrs. Phil Terry, she does her job equally well—gets down on her knees and scrubs when she can't find help.

Nowadays, big parties follow a kind of pattern. Because of rationing and the servant problem, very few are given and only for special occasions. To save wear and tear on the household, the food is catered. But the eats can be perfect, the guests congenial, and you're still likely to have a flop on your hands unless there's a good pianist in the crowd. Because sooner or later everybody wants to sing.

A pianist, for instance, might have saved Minna Wallis embarrassment. At least, Tallulah's voice wouldn't have sounded so loud. It was kind of a mixed crowd—Louis B. Mayer, the David Selznicks, Cary Grant, and Van Johnson, who usually sticks with the younger fry. Incidentally, there was an illuminating encounter between Van and Cary, and what it proves you can figure out for yourselves.

Van's house-conscious. As soon as he can, he wants to buy or build.

"Gee, I envy you," he told Cary. "The one thing I want is a well-oiled home that runs itself—so all I have to say is, 'There'll be eight for dinner tonight—' "

Cary's jaw dropped. "Are *you* kiddin'? Here I am with a big place in Belair, social debts up to my ears, and no help or food. I'd give my soul for a little place to live in, where I wouldn't have to envy anyone in my life as I envy you—"

That's by the way. The party was wearing itself out around 9:45 when in walks Taloo, in a short print dress. Everyone else was gussied up to the nines, but did that bother our dreamgirl? You don't have to answer.

Minna hauled her in. "Oh, I'm glad you've come, I think you know everyone."

Tallulah stopped, looked around, then that gentle voice of hers rang out. "I don't know a blankety soul in the place—"

Minna tried to cover up, but she should have known better. The more you cover up for Tallulah, the sharper her thrusts. She spent the rest of the evening sitting three feet from Louis B. and making horrible cracks about M-G-M, who had her out here ten years ago and ruined her with a couple of stinking pictures.

Ann Sothern gave her first party in years for the baby's christening. Mal Milland was godmother, Walter Lang godfather. From the church you went straight to the house. Tables were set in the garden under a cellophane canopy, but halfway through the meal a wind came up and ripped the cellophane. Hair and food started blowing around.

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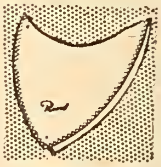

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"I'll get some Scotch tape," yelled Bob Sterling.

"It's no use, Bob," Hedy Lamarr yelled back. "I know these things. When they're gone, they're gone—" So you grabbed your ood and ran indoors, and sat on the floor f you couldn't find a chair.

The place was lousy with actors. You'd hink they'd get tired of performing, but o, they all wanted to be in the act. Ann jitterbugged with Cesar Romero, who was ome on leave. Dolores Hope, Bob's wife, sang "More Than You Know." She's got a ow kind of torchy voice and sings it divinely. Originally, Warners planned to dub her voice in for Bacall's but finally decided the Babe's own pipes would do. The only ones who didn't perform were Tom and Chris Drake. They'd just been married and sat starry-eyed in a corner, holding hands. You felt you ought to walk around them on tiptoe . . .

Finally Roger Edens took over—he's he miracle man who arranges Judy Garland's songs. Where Roger is, there's a million dollars worth of entertainment. Everyone crowded round for community singing. Curiously enough, it's not the Hit Parade tunes they clamor for, but the old-time favorites.

Lawford to the rescue . . .

In the midst of all this, there was a sound on the stairs. Heads turned, and suddenly you could have heard a pin drop. There stood the nurse, with Patricia asleep in her arms, a tiny crown on her head. "Who's the queen of the evening, anyway?" asked the nurse.

Young Peter Lawford, quick on the uptake, dropped to one knee. "Long live the queen," he said softly, and everyone murmured, "Long live the queen." It was very sweet, and I'll bet there wasn't a pair of dry eyes in the place.

Of course any hostess who has Bob Hope at a party can guarantee her guests a hell of a time. Maybe he's late, maybe he's been going all day, maybe he's had five benefits, it makes no difference. Your

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One day I was visiting my aunt, who works in a tea room in California which is visited by many movie stars. My aunt asked me to run across the street and get a dish cloth for her, so I dashed out the door with my head down, and bumped right into a very handsome man. In a hurry, I muttered, "Excuse me," and kept right on going. When I came back to the tea room, some movie stars were sitting down at one of the tables, and my aunt said I might wait on them, which was very exciting for me. When I served them, I realized the star was Alan Ladd, and blurted out my apologies . . . for he was the man whom I had bumped into a few minutes before! In answer to my apologies, he smiled and said that as punishment, I had to stay and mind Alana, his little girl, while he and his wife danced for awhile. I was so thrilled to tell the kids back home that I had minded Alan Ladd's baby . . . and been paid with a picture, autographed personally to me!

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party can be dying on its feet. Let Bob walk in, and it springs to life. . .

The Millands have a Christmas party every year. We in Hollywood are delighted that those two grand people are together again—that there'll be more Christmas parties for Mal and Ray and little Danny and their hosts of friends. Year after year the same guests are invited—names you know and names you never heard of—all of them people who knew the Millands when. You're supposed to help trim the tree before midnight supper. But Fred MacMurray's the only one who works. The others tack a toy here or tie a ball there and go off to more amusing matters. Fred sticks at it religiously. When he fixes the star on top, you know it's done.

Carolers come to the door. You hear them squealing as Ray goes out to thank them. But their excitement was nothing, compared to his own last Christmas. He'd bought Mal a diamond bracelet, her first. She wasn't to get it till Christmas morning, but he kept sneaking people upstairs to take a look. "Fine thing," she sniffed, "everyone gets a preview but the wife—"

After a while you'll hear weird sounds from the piano. For reasons best known to himself, Ray's got to play "I'll See You In My Dreams" on Christmas Eve. Only he can't play. Someone who can sits down, and Ray moves over. "Play 'I'll See You in My Dreams.'" If the guy doesn't know it, Ray gets terribly hurt.

Dolores Hope was there but Bob, who'd been doing shows, came very late. Five minutes, and he had the crowd in hysterics.

"Come on," said Dolores. "You've been going all day and the kids'll have you up at six—"

But there's always another story Bob wants to tell. Dolores went up for her coat. Coming down, her heel caught on the last step and she went sprawling, just as Bob was about to make his point. Naturally, everyone rushed to help her—everyone but Bob.

"She'll do anything for a laugh," he observed, deadpan, and went on with his story.

Jane and Ronnie Reagan had a Christmas party too. Frank Sinatra came—Nancy was in New York. Van Johnson brought Mary Benny, because Jack was overseas. There was Clark Gable with Kay Williams, Fieldsie and Walter Lang, Ann Sheridan—oh well, it would be simpler to say who wasn't there.

Two things you can be sure of at the Reagans. Ronnie'll wind up in a corner with George Murphy, fighting the war—and at some point Jane'll be on top of the piano. She adores Helen Morgan, owns all the original arrangements of Morgan's songs, and is wild to do Morgan's life in pictures. She'd be darn good too—

The unshyest person I know at a party is Loretta Young. Ann Sheridan's the shyest. She's the best audience in the world, but hasn't an exhibitionistic bone in her body. However, Sam Brown, the marvelous colored pianist who accompanies Jane, started playing cowboy songs, and cowboy songs are what Texas Annie can't resist. Gradually she worked her way to the piano. And when Sam went into "Ragtime Cowboy Joe," no one but Annie knew the words.

First thing you know, Gable was working his way over to Annie. "What was that first line?"

Then they were singing it together. Annie'd take one line and Clark the next. They batted it back and forth, adlibbing and kidding, having a swell time. Walter Lang—you know he's married to Fieldsie, Carole's best friend. No one's any closer to Clark than those two, or wishes him better. Well, Walter was watching all this with a kind of intent look. Then, al-

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most as if the words were dragged out of him, he said: "Why hasn't anyone thought of Ann for Clark? She's like Carole. She loves to laugh—"

Meantime Frankie'd been sitting quietly on the floor, listening to Sam play. His feeling about good music amounts to reverence, and you could tell he thought Sam one of the best. Of course everyone was dying for him to sing, but Jane had warned people not to ask. He was her guest, and she didn't want him exploited.

Finally, though—and I don't remember who it was—someone *did* ask him. Your Swoonboy, kids, couldn't have been nicer about it. He wasn't eager, yet he didn't wait to be coaxed. "If you want me to sing," he said simply, "I'll be glad to—"

Most of the gals were Sinatra fans, a few were skeptics. They got that amused, detached look in their eyes, that business of "I-dare-you-to-do-it-to-me-" Well, he did. "I've got a woman crazy for me," he sang—very soft, very quiet. And before he'd finished twelve bars, the damnedest thing happened. Every woman in that room was sitting up, taking notice, growing conscious of herself as a woman. How he does it I have no idea. It's as though he were singing straight to you—an intimate, forlorn quality that leaves you helpless. Me? Oh, at my age, I'm immune, but I can still understand it.

There was just one sour note and it wasn't Frankie's doing. Mary Benny's sister Babe leaned over and whispered to her neighbor. And a guy who'd come with Frank—with more candor than sense—told her she was being rude.

Well, Babe's no character to tangle with. She managed to keep the lid on till Frankie'd finished, then this voice cut like knives through the applause: "Say, whom do you think you're telling off, anyway? I knew Sinatra when he didn't have a record to his name—"

But the boner to end all boners happened at a very different kind of a party. It kills me that I can't tell you who pulled it, and I have no interest in protecting the girl. But the guy who brought her—though he certainly should have known better—is too good an egg for me to embarrass.

In Hollywood there's an organization called the Players Club. Its members are oldtime theater folk who revere great acting and the tradition of the stage. One of the youngest is Harry Davenport, which gives you an idea. Their memories would make a rich and exciting record, and they get together in their big old-fashioned clubhouse to keep those memories alive.

The year's gala event is Ladies Night. This year it was dedicated to the memory of Edwin Booth. The ceremonies are stately—even a little longwinded—but infinitely touching to anyone with a love for the theater. You might now and then be quietly amused, but never disrespectful. Speeches are made and the climax comes when, at a given signal, you all rise together and lift your wineglass in a silent toast to the portrait of Booth.

dumb dora . . .

The man who brought this girl must have gone slightly haywire. Among all the conservative evening gowns, her backless formal stood out like a red light. Among all the life-lined faces, her blank young beauty struck an incongruous note. I felt sorry for her too, she looked so bewildered. Who the hell was Edwin Booth, and what was she doing here when she could have been dancing at the Mocambo—?

At the signal, we rose and lifted our glasses. The little starlet turned to her companion. Her voice had more carrying power than she realized. "'Jever see so many squares in your life?" she asked.

That's all, girls. Here's where I draw the curtain on Hollywood parties.

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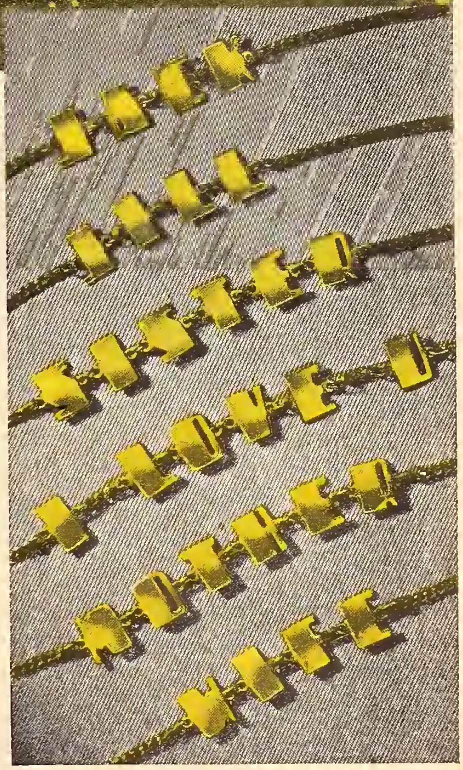

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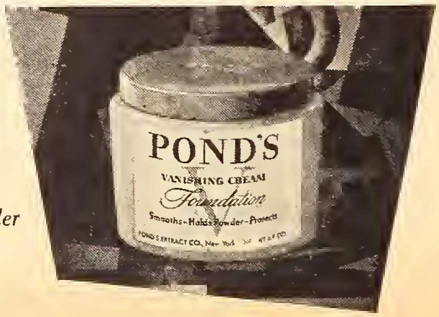

"PRIDE OF THE MARINES"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 69)

getting her last licks in at the roast. Little Lucy, the Merchant kid, was fussing around, helping her mother set the table. Al was just climbing into his jacket after a shower and a shave. The bell rang.

The lights went off!

"Jim!" Ella Mae called from the kitchen. "The lights—"

"I know," Jim said. "The fuse blew."

"Papa—" Lucy called.

"Stay where you are," Jim yelled back. "I'll have it fixed in a minute."

wanna wife? . . .

Al groped through the darkness to the front door and opened it. There was a girl out there. She looked a little scared and she was holding her finger.

"I pushed the buzzer and sparks flew out," she said.

"Well, well," Al said. "You're Ruth, aren't you? Come on in. I'm Al Schmid."

"Oh," the girl said. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No," Al said grimly, looking at the girl. "Ella Mae did."

The dinner wasn't much of a success. Al kept making pointed remarks and the girl didn't quite know what to make of it. And Ella Mae kept right on with her blithe matchmaking: Ruth is a wonderful bowler, she whispered to Al, she bowls five hundred—Al nodded grimly and didn't tell her that three hundred was a perfect score. So they went bowling.

Ruth bowled a neat forty-five.

Ella Mae was keeping score. Jim leaned over to her as Al got up to pick up his ball. "Honey, it's murder," he said. "Al's just picking on that poor kid to get even with you."

"Oh, no," Ella Mae said. "He really likes her."

"Ella—" Jim said helplessly.

"You'll see."

"What do you say we knock off after this game, Al?" Jim called brightly. "Let's go sop some beers."

Al turned.

"Why, Ruthie hasn't hit her stride yet," he said.

"Cut it, Al," Jim said almost angrily.

"Don't you want to bowl some more, Ruthie?" Al said innocently.

Her eyes narrowed and there was a thoughtful pucker to her lips: "I'd love to," she said.

"See," Ella Mae whispered triumphantly to Jim, "they want to be alone."

So the Merchants left and Al and Ruth were alone in the bowling alley. It was then Ruth asked Al to show her how to bowl. She was very sweet about it: Al was such a wonderful bowler, wouldn't he please, *please*, give her some pointers. Was she holding the ball right? And how many steps did you take before you let it go? And where do you aim, the alley or the pins? Now if he'd just show her once more? He had such wonderful form. Three steps and then that little step . . . was that it . . .

"Just three steps," Al said.

"But you took three and then that cute little step—"

"Look," Al said. "The step there was a mistake. I was a little off balance going in and—"

"You made a mistake," the girl said, "the great Al Schmid, the best bowler in Philadelphia?"

Al's eyes narrowed: "What is this?" he said. "A gag? Are you trying to rib me?"

"It's not very hard," Ruth said. "You're not awfully bright—"

"Well, of all—"

"Now maybe you know how I've been feeling all evening," Ruth said angrily. "You and your smart cracks. Just who do you think you are?"

"Me? Me?" Al yelled. "You cook it up with Ella Mae to hook yourself a husband. And then you yell when the fish wriggles. What do you think I am anyway?"

"I never even spoke to Ella Mae about you. I didn't even know you were going to be there. As for what I think you are—in one word—I think you're a drip!"

And she was gone.

So they fell in love.

And in a way it wasn't strange, for Ruth was everything Al ever wanted in a girl: bright, pretty, lively, sweet. It wasn't hard to fall in love with Ruth. It wasn't hard at all. You saw her a couple of times, you took in a couple of movies together, a few rides out to the quieter parts of town and the next thing you knew you just didn't even think of giving another girl a tumble. You even took her hunting—

It was late Fall then, cool, crisp weather, just a touch of frost in the air; the leaves were turning and the whole world looked like the crazy quilt of a rainbow. They built a fire by a little stream they found, set up the grill and got the steaks out and the coffee boiling.

Al leaned over.

"You know what," he said. "I like you, baby."

"Really?" Ruth said. "Sure it's not the coffee?"

"Ain't you even curious what I like about you?"

"The million dollars I haven't got?"

Al touched her cheek: "I like the way you look out in the wind and sun. I like the way you don't chatter all the time. I like the way we both laugh at the same gags. I like—"

She was turned toward him and suddenly his face was very close to hers and there was one minute when their eyes met and it was like a spark jumping out of the fire they'd built. He didn't say anything. He only moved forward a little. And then he kissed her.

Ruth said softly: "You ought to blow a horn or a whistle or something when you're ready to do that. Give a girl a chance—"

"You don't need any warnings, Ruth—"

"You might ask a girl," she said.

"Hello, Ruth," he said.

And kissed her again.

date with her heart . . .

Still it was funny about Al. Sure, he was crazy about her; sure, she was the only girl in the world for him. But—well, marriage was like tying an anchor around a guy's neck. Some guys went for it and some guys just weren't built that way.

There was the Sunday Ella Mae had a fancy roast basting in the kitchen. Al and Ruth were sprawled on the living room floor sharing the Sunday comics and Jim was tinkering with the radio.

"You know," Jim said, squinting into the innards of the radio, "I wouldn't mind two weeks up in Canada right now . . . huntin' and fishin'—"

"Come on," Al said. "Let's pack and go."

"Yeah, sure," Jim said. "And what do I do with the wife and kid?"

Al grinned. "You're the guy who wanted to get married, remember?"

From the kitchen Ella Mae called that the roast was almost ready. Ruth looked up from the comics, but she didn't look toward Ella Mae. She looked at Al.

Al rolled over on his back. "Hey, did I tell you about New Year's Eve, Ruth?" he

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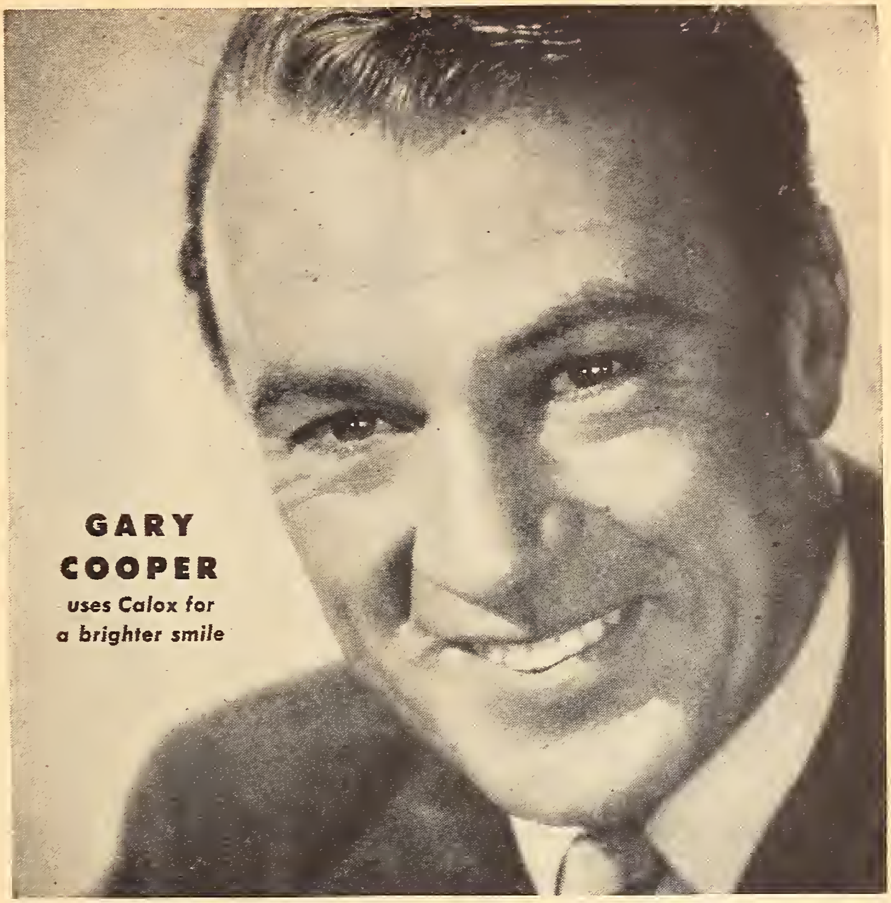

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said. "Jim and Ella made a reservation for us over at this chop suey joint they go to every year. Okay? Or do I have to look up another gal in my address book?"

"I don't even have an address book any more," Ruth said.

"What's wrong with me?" Al said.

"Nothing, Al. You're a great guy."

But it was there in her eyes and Al knew what she was thinking and he got up restlessly and walked over to Jim at the radio. He watched Jim splice two wires together. Then he turned back to Ruth.

"I never kidded you, Ruth," he said. "You always knew I was a rolling stone. It's just the way I am. I can't help it—"

"Soup's on," Ella Mae called from the dining room.

And just then, too, the radio blasted into music. Jim smiled triumphantly. Ruth climbed to her feet slowly. There was a moment of dead silence from the radio and then an announcer's voice cut through: "News has just come in that the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor. At present we have no further information. Stay tuned to this station."

"You hear that?" Al said.

"Yeah," Jim said. "Pearl Harbor. Where's that?"

Ella Mae swung open the door between the living room and the small dining room. She was carrying the roast. "Take a look at that," she said. "Look and sniff. And let's get at it."

"Fellow on the radio said the Japs just bombed Pearl Harbor," Jim said.

"Did they?" Ella Mae said. "Let's eat now."

The Chinese restaurant was full that New Year's Eve. There were streamers dangling from the ceiling and there was one fat guy kept throwing confetti every chance he got. Jim and Ella, Al and Ruth had a booth over in one corner of the place. They were all wearing funny paper hats and Al had his pushed back all the way on his head.

"So they banged me a couple of times on the chest," Al said. "And I coughed twice. And they took a squint at my ears. And, bingo! I'm a Marine. A U. S. Marine! Just like that—"

"Fast," Jim said.

"Four hours altogether."

"And now they're holding up the war until you get there," Jim said and laughed.

"Sure," Al said. "Schmid lands! The war's over!"

"When do you have to report?"

"Seven in the morning. Got to catch a train down to the base."

"Going down to see the one man army off?" Jim said to Ruth.

"What for?" Al said quickly. "We got a deal not to go softhearted the last minute. Right, Ruth?"

"Right," Ruth said softly.

this has to last me . . .

So he was on the station alone in the gray misty morning, waiting for the train, remembering last night. The platform was full of people. There were even a couple of Marines. One of them was wrapped up in a girl. Al lit a cigarette and looked away. Funny, he had a feeling something was missing, something wasn't right . . .

The loudspeaker in the station blasted into sound: "Sunland Limited arriving. Track seven. Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, points South—"

Al hitched his shoulders slightly and picked up the small duffel bag he was carrying. Well, this was it. He began to walk down the platform.

It was the feather on her hat he saw first. He always thought that feather was funny. And then suddenly there she was.

And it was like the last piece of a jig-saw puzzle falling into place.

"You crazy kid," he said. "You crazy kid . . ."

She was crying, her face against his shoulder. And he cupped her chin and lifted her face and kissed her. He wiped the tears away with his finger.

"You're not sore I came, Al," she whispered.

"I could bat your brains out," Al said softly.

"Don't be sore, Al—"

"Listen," he said. "There isn't much time. So listen fast. You love me? Me, too. Ruth, I love you, honey. I can't kid myself about it anymore. And that stuff we talked about. You going out with other guys. Forget that. You're for me, baby."

"I wouldn't have gone out anyway, Al—"

"All right. Now just hold still. Let me look at that funny face of yours. It's got to last me a long time. Stay that way, Ruth. You hear me? That's what I want to come back to—"

The train was in the station then. And there were only a few moments more. He moved very close to her and for a minute the station, the train, the crowds were all blotted out and it was as if they were back there over a fire in the hunting country in the Fall.

"Hello, baby," Al said.

"Hello, Al—" she said.

get the gun, al

It was an island named Guadalcanal; and there was a field named Henderson Field. And there was the Japanese army, flushed with victories, sated with the sweep of conquest, that was rolling on like an enormous tide down the whole vast stretch of the Pacific.

And there was a handful of Marines.

There was a Marine named Al Schmid who was part of a machine gun crew: Three men—Al Schmid, Johnny Rivers, Lee Diamond. A kid from Philadelphia, a Jewish boy from New York and an ex-prizefighter who was part Indian, part white and part Negro. There were these three men of a machine gun crew on the outskirts of Henderson Field and a few others like them, Marines, kids from anywhere in America. And across the Tenaru River was a Japanese Army.

They came over one night, hordes of them, like a terrible, rolling wave: So many of them that it seemed incredible that a handful of men and a few machine guns could keep them off. But they did. All through those terrible, damp, Pacific nights. That was the miracle of Guadalcanal.

They kept them off because the machine gun crews like Al Schmid's kept firing, kept going, never stopped, never turned back. They didn't stop when Johnny Rivers grunted and slowly slumped to the bottom of the emplacement and they could see the blood oozing out of the neat, small hole in his head. And Al Schmid didn't stop when a skibbie belt of bullets caught Lee Diamond's shoulder and half spun him around until he fell over the gun, yelling: "Push me away, Al. Push me away. Get on the gun, Al. Get on the gun."

So it was Al Schmid all alone in the dark watching a thin line of river where the Japs came and rose and charged . . . and fell. Until there were more than two hundred piled before the machine gun emplacement. If he weren't so tired, so close to the end of his rope, he might have seen the wounded Jap who inched closer and closer, holding the grenade in his hand. But even that Jap, the one who got through, was too late, because by that time the attack had been beaten back. But

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he kept inching up to the dirt barricade and then in one convulsive movement the grenade arched into the hole and exploded in a twisting spiral like a huge and horrible night flower in bloom . . .

The Doctor pulled the shades down so you couldn't see the sun over San Diego anymore. When the room was dark he walked toward the man in the chair.

"Ready, Schmid?" he said.

"Come on, doc. Let's get going. Take the bandages off."

"Look, Schmid. Don't expect too much. It can take a long time for those eye muscles to heal. This operation doesn't always work—"

"Take the bandages off, Doc. Please."

The Doctor unwrapped the bandages. He worked swiftly with quick, kind hands. And when the last roll was off he dropped it all to the floor and stood looking at Al.

Al said tensely: "You got the shades down, Doc?"

"Yes."

"That's why I don't see anything, eh? I know I can't expect my eyes to be perfect. After all, with the shades down it gets pretty dark. And you said the key was a flashlight test—"

dark, dark . . .

"I've got the flashlight out, Schmid," the doctor said. "I'm going to put it behind my back, light it, and then slowly bring it around up to your eyes. As soon as you see anything, yell—"

The little blob of light flashed with sudden, startling brilliance in the dark room. It moved slowly toward the strained face of the Marine in the chair. Closer . . . closer . . .

"See anything, Schmid?"

"Not much yet, Doc. Bring it closer. Like the headlight of a train far away in a fog—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I am a nurse at Hollywood Hospital, and after eleven o'clock the elevator service is a "Drive It Yourself." One night, late and hurrying on duty I stepped into the elevator to find a young man in a bright red jacket, running the elevator absent-mindedly. I wondered where such a handsome blond young man came from, and why he didn't have on a white hospital coat. Very politely, he asked what floor I wanted, and gallantly opened both doors for me when we reached my floor. Turning to thank him, I came out of a daze and recognized him to be—Van Johnson, who was staying all night to be near his friend Keenan Wynn, who had had a serious accident, and didn't know his friend was standing guard outside his room all night long.

Mrs. Grace Hulst, R.N.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

"Schmid—"

"Bring it closer, Doc!"

"Schmid," the Doctor said softly. "I brought it right in front of your eyes. You should have seen it if—"

"I can't be blind," Al said. "Doc, tell me I can't be blind!"

"Son," the Doctor said, "this is only the first chance we've had to treat your eyes. Sometimes after treatment and rest—say in another year—we can take another crack at it—"

"Another year!"

"Schmid. Listen to me. You mustn't feel that way about it. I know a fellow, went through medical school with me. Blind. He does everything I can do. Some things better. All right, he can't hunt and there are some things he can't do but he lives a full life. Are you listening to me, Al?"

"Why don't God strike me dead!" Al Schmid said.

He wrote a letter to Ruth Hartley that week. And his face was tight and hard as stone as he dictated; he kept knitting his hands together until they were gathered into fists. The Red Cross girl took it down.

"Why don't you wait before you write this letter?" she said.

"Look, Virginia," he said. "I got my mind made up."

"How about giving Ruth a chance to decide for herself, too? You've never even told her you're blind, Al—"

"And I'm never going to. All right, you ready, Virginia? Come on, take it."

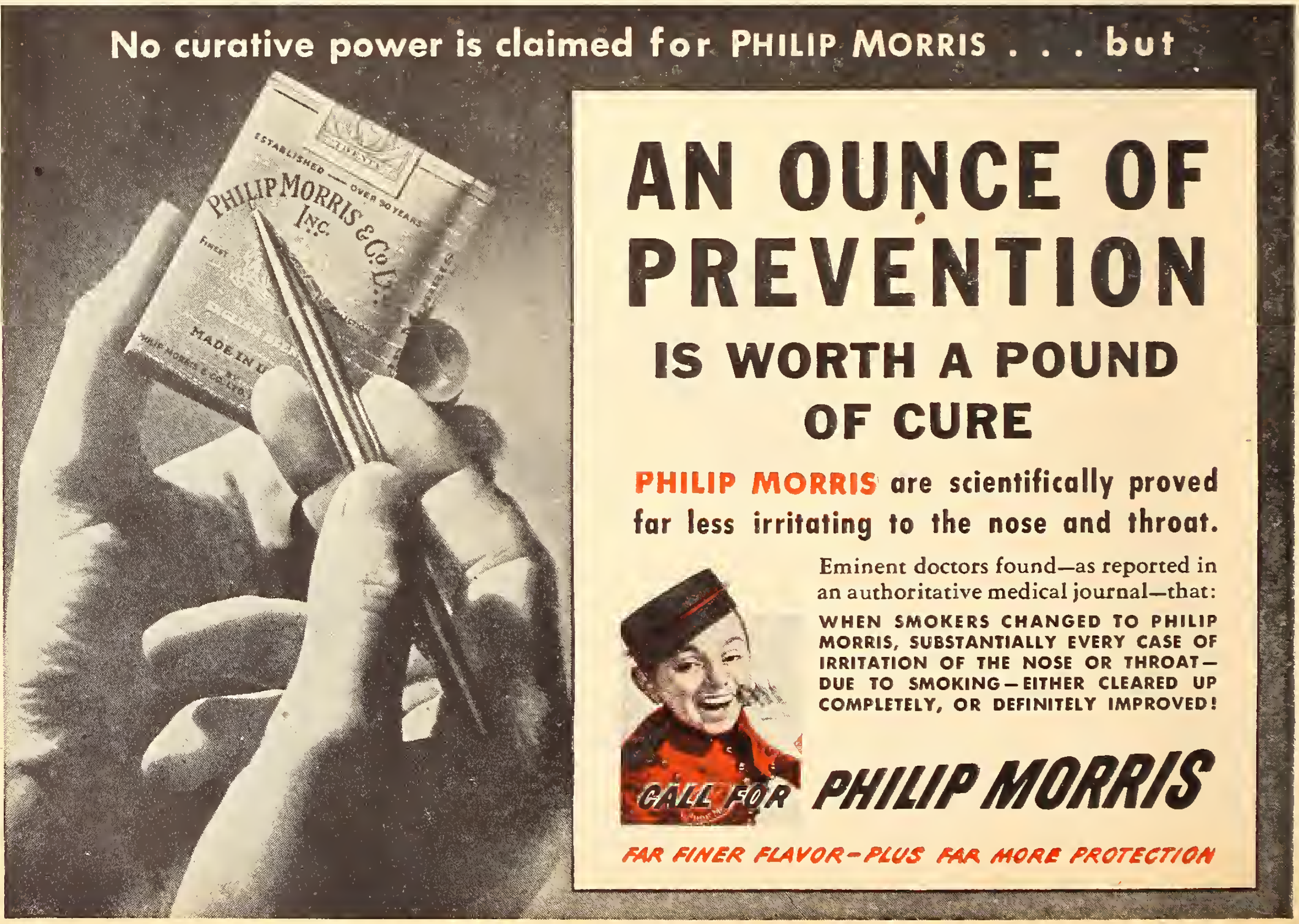
"All right, Al," she said. "You're the boss."

"Dear Ruth—" he began.

"Dear Ruth:

I'm not coming back to Philly. You might as well know. As for getting married . . . you always knew I was a rolling stone. So get yourself another guy. I wish you all the best . . . "

And in Philadelphia a girl named Ruth Hartley read the letter through eyes that were suddenly flooded with tears. And after the first shock passed she went to the phone. She put the call through for the San Diego Hospital, for a Marine named



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Al Schmid. But it was a woman's voice that answered her.

"Ruth? This is Virginia Pfeiffer. I'm the girl who's been writing Al's letters for him. Yes, I wrote the last one, too. Listen to me, Ruth. You've got a shock coming. Al didn't write that letter because he doesn't love you any more . . . he wrote it because he's blind . . . and because he's afraid he'll be a burden on you for the rest of your life . . . it's something you'll have to decide, Ruth. Do you want him . . . even as he is . . . do you love him enough? Because I think we can work it out, the two of us. First me out here, then you in Philadelphia . . if you love him enough . . ."

And the girl in Philadelphia said: "Love him? Love him? I'd take him any way . . . any way he is . . . any way at all . . as long as it's Al . . ."

But it wasn't as easy as all that. Al wouldn't listen. To no one. Not to Virginia and not to Lee Diamond nor to any of the boys who had been with him on Guadalcanal. He lived in a tight, brooding world of darkness and dark thoughts. He wouldn't even admit he was blind. "I don't see so good yet," he'd sav. And if they tried to tell him about the jobs a blind man could do, he wouldn't listen. There was a bleak, stony look on his face. And he never mentioned Ruth's name at all . . .

The Red Cross girl, Virginia, spoke to the Commander about it. They never told Al, of course. But one day he was called down to the office and the Captain's voice was innocent and cheerful. Lee Diamond was there, too.

"Schmid," the Captain said, "I've good news for you. You're getting the Navy Cross. You and Diamond. For what you did back there on Guadalcanal. What's more the Navy's doing something else. They've decided that you and Diamond will get your Navy Crosses in your own home towns. Be quite a Christmas, eh, Schmid? A Navy Cross. Home. Philadelphia is your home town, isn't it?"

Al said slowly: "I never been so proud before in my life . . . about the Navy Cross, I mean . . . but I don't want to go back to Philadelphia, sir."

brave man's fear . . .

"Why, Schmid? You've got your family—"

"I got no family, sir."

"Your friends, then."

"I got reasons for not wanting to go back, sir."

"Afraid, Schmid?" The Captain said. "Afraid, you? Afraid of their pity? They're your friends, Schmid. They'll understand. You've got to face it sometime."

"I'd rather not go back, sir."

"It's orders, Schmid," the Captain said. "I'm afraid you'll have to go. Goodbye. Good luck. You won't regret it."

Lee Diamond took him back on the train and they stayed up almost the whole way, drinking beers, talking. Al was stiff, tense. But he didn't say anything until they were almost to Philadelphia.

"Lee, you got to promise me something," he said.

"Sure, Al."

"If there's anyone to meet me down there at the station, you got to keep them away. Anyone, Lee. I don't care who it is. I want to go straight to the hospital."

"Al—"

"Promise me, Lee."

Lee said slowly: "All right, Al, if that's what you want."

He couldn't see Philadelphia but he could smell it, that vague familiar and haunting aroma of home. He stood on the platform while Lee got the luggage piled before them. And suddenly he was re-

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membering another time when he stood on this same platform and a girl named Ruth Hartley was crushed in his arms while a train puffed and whistled on the tracks.

"Come on, Lee," he said harshly. "Let's get out of here."

He never knew that Ruth was there on the station and he didn't see her when she waved to Lee. He heard Lee say something about clearing an okay with the conductor and then Lee was gone. When he came back, Lee took his arm.

"Chum," Lee said, "you're in luck. The Navy sent a special car down for you. Wave and all. From here on in you're on your own."

So he never knew that the "Navy" car was an old battered heap he had once driven himself in the days before the war; and he never knew that the girl at the wheel was Ruth Hartley. He never knew until she led him up the stairs of the house. Then suddenly all the old memories flooded back: There was a familiar feel to the bannister, a familiar creak to the stairs. And he stopped abruptly, reaching for her arm.

"You're Ruth," he said in a tight voice. "You're Ruth."

"Yes, Al," she said.

"Why did you do it? What good is it going to be?"

"Al, it's Christmas. The least you can do is come home and spend Christmas with your . . . friends. That isn't much to ask."

"It's no good, Ruth."

"Just this one night, Al. Ella Mae and Jim and Lucy have been looking forward to it for so long."

"You'll take me back to the hospital afterward?"

"I'll take you anywhere you want to go, Al."

So he stayed for Christmas dinner. It was like old times, the gang of them around the table, with Lucy bright and sharp and talky as ever. And Ella Mae bragging about her cooking. And Jim telling him how things were down at the plant. It was like old times—almost. Because no matter what you did or said there was still a difference.

peace on earth . . .

He was blind, wasn't he?

Somehow, he never really knew how—he found himself alone with Ruth, sitting on the old sofa with the bent spring in the living room. He could smell the needles of the Christmas tree in the corner. He shook out a cigarette and lit it the way a blind man does, feeling for the tip.

"I want you to take me back to the hospital now, Ruth," he said.

"Al—"

"Take me back."

"Al you've got to listen to me."

"There's nothing to hear. I been through it all."

"You haven't even given me a chance."

"A chance for what? A chance to be a Seeing Eye dog to a blind man. No, Ruth. That's not for me—"

"Al, you still love me—?"

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Do you still love me, Al?"

He stood up: "Get me back to the hospital, Ruth."

"You've got to answer."

"If you won't take me, I'll go myself—"

And he started for the door. He knew the house, he'd never forgotten that. He knew just how to get around. But he'd forgotten the Christmas tree. Before Ruth could move he walked straight into it. And after the sickening crash, he was on his knees on the floor, sobbing like a heartbroken boy. She bent by his side.

"Al—Al—"

"Don't touch me. Don't help me."

"Al, you've got to listen. You just stumbled now and all because your eyes . . . aren't so good. I'll be stumbling all the time if you don't help me, Al—because my heart won't be so good . . ."

"Ruth—"

"I need you, Al," she whispered. "Don't go away from me. Don't go away—"

"Ruth," he said. "I never was very much. Just an ordinary guy. And now I can't even see. How can I even ask you to—"

"An ordinary guy?" Ruth said. "You? Al Schmid? Do you really think there ever were any ordinary guys out there on Guadalcanal? Do you really think ordinary guys could have done what you did? Ordinary? You never were ordinary, Al. Not before—and not now. You're Al Schmid, Marine. You don't know what that is—"

"Ruth," he said. "Ruth, darling . . ."

They gave him the Navy Cross one windy day in Philadelphia. And after it was all over there was a girl named Ruth Hartley waiting for him. They walked past the sentry together—a guy in a Marine's uniform and a girl who looked like Spring sunshine.

"How about taking that cab, honey?" Al said.

"What cab?"

"That red one there."

Only then she suddenly realized what he had said and she turned to him and her hand was like a vise on his arm: "Al, you saw it. You saw the cab!"

"Well, kind of blurry," he said.

And then suddenly they were both laughing and the cabby turned around and looked at the couple in the back seat, not knowing quite what to make of it. He'd never heard people laugh like that before.

"Where to?" he said.

"I'm going home," Al Schmid said. "I'm going home."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

John Garfield	*Al Schmid*
Eleanor Parker	*Ruth Hartley*
Dane Clark	*Lee Diamond*
John Ridgely	*Jim Merchant*
Rosemary DeCamp	*Virginia Pfeiffer*
Ann Doran	*Ella Merchant*
Ann Todd	*Loretta Merchant*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was in a cold, smoke-filled barracks at Kearns Field, Utah, during my basic training days. We had just come in after a day-long tough detail, "we" being the boys in my outfit, among them John Payne. We were exhausted, and hit the sack immediately. Then a dark, curly haired boy with an unmistakable Brooklyn accent rushed into the barracks, shouting, "Where's John Payne? Where's Payne?" Nobody answered at first; we thought Johnny wouldn't want to be bothered, but then he spoke up himself with, "Here I am, fella! What can I do for you?" Well, the kid talked for an hour or so to his idol, and to cap the climax, Johnny wrote a post card to the kid's mother, telling her her boy was okay. This incident sort of speaks for itself, doesn't it?

Bob Meyers,
Burlingame, Calif.

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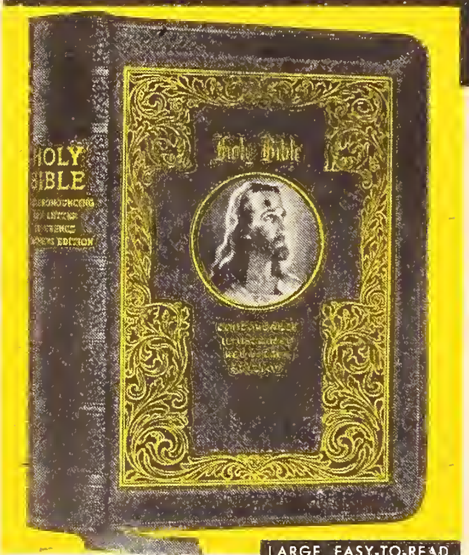

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TOM DRAKE

(*Continued from page 45*)

hire you if you're any good—"

"Gee, thanks, pal. Meantime I'll take a little op on the side—"

Bud and Claire decided they wanted their place modern. Aided by willing hands, they painted the walls white and the wood work a royal blue. With the Oriental rugs and mahogany they yanked out of storage, it looked horrible, but they liked it. About eight of the kids would come over and eat there. Chris and Claire weren't bad cooks, and one fellow knew how to broil a terrific steak. They worked out a financial technique. On the first of the month, being flush, they'd order twenty-five dollars worth of groceries and pay spot cash. Or wave a hundred dollar bill around and ask for change, thus establishing credit. At the end of the month, they'd eat oatmeal.

casting casanova . . .

Through one of the boys who was hep, they learned about Cliff's Self (short for Self Service). From a hole in the wall over the Gaiety Building, Cliff's Self distributed a paper essential to budding thespians who didn't know an agent from a groundhog in February. For two dollars down and twenty-five cents a week, Cliff's Self kept you informed on forthcoming chorus calls, and which producer was looking for what. They all subscribed. Every noon they'd gather at Walgreen's for lunch, swap tips and experiences. Pretty soon they were bandying agents' names around—

You never could tell about agents. At Lyons and Lyons, for instance, you went to Bob Kennedy or Margaret Lindley. Margaret was always swell to Bud, but with Kennedy he couldn't get to first base. He'd watch for the guy to go out to lunch, then slip in and see Margaret—

One noon he was down at Walgreen's with Claire and a crowd, when Kennedy walked in, nodded, and sat down at the counter. On his way out he nodded again, with a side look at Claire.

"Gettin' sociable," growled Bud.

"Who is he?"

"Fellow at Lyons I told you about. Won't cooperate—"

"Kind of nice looking, don't you think?"

"If you care for the type—"

That disposed of Mr. Kennedy—for the time being.

April rolled around before anyone got a job. Bud, however, wasn't wasting his time. Flip on the surface, he was dead earnest about being an actor, and started coaching regularly with Alice B. Young. "If I'm any good," he says today, "chalk it up to Alice."

It was Margaret Lindley who sent him to read a part in "June Night." He left the theater slightly delirious—a working actor with a contract and script. Chris was there when he got home, and if he hadn't been so steamed up, he'd have noticed something funny about the girls as he broke his news. Chris must have given Claire the high sign. So, reporting for rehearsal next day, he fell flat on his face, because who should be bouncing around the stage but Chris! She had a part, too . . .

The play was scheduled to open in New Haven, which pleased Bud no end. The New Rochelle folks had promised to turn out in force and were bound to be impressed—especially his cousin, who'd tried to lure him into an office at Bethlehem Steel. Things didn't work out to specifications. When they came round to see him after the final curtain, the cousin's wife looked kind of sorry for him. The cousin asked, "When are you coming to work at Bethlehem?" The producer said: "We'll close for the summer—do some revamping and maybe open in the fall."

They couldn't even get jobs in summer stock. So a bunch of them piled into Bud's car and drove up to Reginald Goode's, where their egos were soothed by the new kids to whom they were gods because they'd been in a play.

"How do you go about getting a job?" asked the kids reverently.

"Why, my deahs, you simply go to an agent," said Claire, who hadn't been near an agent. They scared her.

Bud advised them all to coach with Alice B. Young. Come fall, and she had to enlarge her quarters.

The next three years didn't do much for his career. The agents got to know him and even Bob Kennedy grew helpful—especially after wangling an introduction to Claire. But Bud seemed to have a talent for landing in flops. Besides, they said he wasn't the picture type. And when it comes to a choice between two juveniles, the agent'll push the one who's the picture type, hoping to sell him to the movies later.

Whenever they had nothing else to do, he and Claire would move. Back yards being scarce in New York, Wrinkle became a problem. Much as they hated to part with her, they finally married her off to a Great Dane in New Rochelle, whose owner didn't believe in lonely heart dogs.

Lured by a fireplace and a white rug, they moved to 47th and Park, and bought a Persian cat to keep themselves from getting another dog. It was a one-room apartment, but the bathroom was so tremendous that Bud moved his bed in—to the horror of their mother's old friends who'd drop by to see how the children were getting along. That was their swank year. Big shots from radio started asking them to dinner. The mystery of this sudden popularity was solved by Chris. "I told them you were dripping with trust funds and had coupons for breakfast every morning—"

"Why don't you shut up for a change?" Bud suggested.

When funds dropped to the vanishing point, they'd take any job that offered. Claire and Chris slung hash in a beanery, and Bud would have lunch there for the pleasure of hearing them bawl: "Draw one!" At the Powers Agency, where he'd gone to lend a friend moral support, someone yelled, "Hey, want a job?" This startled a yes out of him and they made him afternoon office boy at six bucks a week. When they raised him to eight, he felt he'd achieved the pinnacle, and quit. . . .

Chris was on her own now.

crazy kids . . .

"You've had your year," said Josie, as Chris calls her mother. "Now you can go to college, as per agreement, or stay where you are and earn your own living."

You couldn't have pried her loose from New York with a derrick. New York was life and laughter and adventure. She got a part in Eddie Dowling's "The Little Dog Laughed." It didn't run, but oh! what a beautiful show. She was meeting more boys and having loads of fun. Claire was her best friend—one of the few who still called her Izzy, her original name having been Isabel. Bud? She wasn't quite sure now how she felt about Bud.

Nobody was better company, nobody got the same kind of wacky ideas. Bound for the movies one evening, they couldn't raise more than sixty cents between them.

"You go home," said Bud. "Take off your lipstick and eyebrows, let your hair

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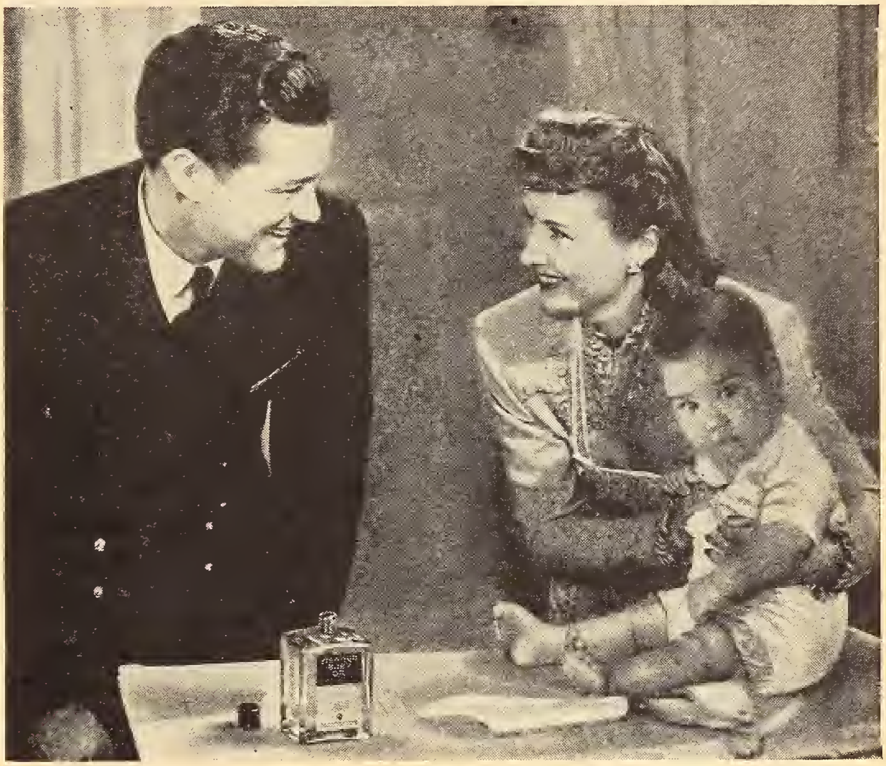

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down and put on low-heeled shoes."

Back at the window, he asked for two tickets. "One regular, one half—for my little sister."

"How old is your little sister?"

"Jutht eleven," he lisped.

Every once in a while they'd call Josie and say, "We're going to get married." It was part gag, part experiment. If she'd ever said, "Fine!" they might have gone ahead and done it. But she only laughed, so they laughed with her, a little relieved not to be taken seriously. Privately, they knew they were too young for marriage. Nor were they quite sure that what they felt for each other was love.

Sometimes at two in the morning, they'd take it into their heads to go see Josie. Stroudsburg was 80 miles away. At six she'd be roused by three famished young creatures, who demanded breakfast, entertained her all day with their idiotic Broadway lingo, ate her out of house and home and departed unceremoniously as they'd come. Josie was crazy about Bud and Claire. She treated them like children of her own. Maybe that was another reason why Chris began to feel more like a sister to Bud.

Suddenly things reached a minor climax. Bud and Claire were living in Tudor City. So was Bob Kennedy—in a different building. Claire had always been a model housekeeper. Now her brother'd come home, find the place looking sloppy and a note on the hall table. "Come on over to Bob's. We're having dinner there."

Bob's apartment was spotless. After dinner, Claire washed the dishes. Well, you didn't have to hit Bud with the side of a house. Romance had set in. "This is it," he told himself.

They were married on his birthday, and that was fine with him. Bob reminded Bud of his father—a rock for his family to lean on—the kind of solid guy he'd always wanted Claire to marry. Still, his sidekick was gone and he felt a little lost. Chris had gotten herself a job in George White's "Scandals," seemed to be having a wonderful time. They were seeing less of each other these days. Maybe that had been kid stuff between them. He'd always have a special feeling for Chris, but somehow life crowded in.

Besides, he'd had another lousy professional break. No sooner had he signed to play summer stock with Elissa Landi, than Oscar Serlin introduced him to Howard Lindsay, who offered him the swell part of the oldest redhead in "Life With Father." Because of the earlier commitment, he had to turn it down. So what happens? So in two weeks the Landi company folds, and he's left in the soup. Fed up with New York, his thoughts sailed to California. Suppose he wasn't the picture type, who said he couldn't take a look at the place? Armed with five movie magazines, he climbed a plane. . . .

swimming pool actor . . .

Hollywood teemed with people he'd known in the east. He got bids to plenty of swimming pools but no studios. Finally he met up with an acquaintance in a big agency and worked out a typical Buddy routine. He'd invite the guy to lunch, then suggest calling on some casting director. Pretty soon his phone calls became synonymous with food.

"They're casting at Twentieth. How about lunch?"

"Ah, lunch! Let's go."

The system paid off. Frank Lloyd hired him to play Cary Grant's son in "Howards of Virginia." Bud got busy designing a swimming pool for himself—fur lined—with ermine yet. Before starting the picture, he made a flying trip to New York where Claire was expecting a baby. Having seen his niece safely into the world, he bought a new car, drove back in style to his moom pitcher career, and worked all of two weeks. At the preview of "Howards," he folded his pool into mothballs and silently slunk away.

Back to good old New York, where Claire's first piece of news set him straight back on his heels—Chris was going to be married.

It seems she'd met this actor Michael Ames—handsome as all get out—a hit in "Sister Eileen." They'd fallen madly in love.

"Why didn't you stop her?"

"Don't be silly, Bud. She didn't tell me till they were practically engaged. Besides, she's of age—"

"What do you mean, of age? She's a mere child—"

"Nineteen, willing and able—"

"Look, do you *want* her to marry him?"

"No, but I can't stop her."

"You could make a stab at it."

"How?"

"Send for Josie."

Claire thought it over. "That's an idea," she said.

Bud picked up the phone and handed it to her. Josie said she'd take the next train.

let's surprise chris . . .

"We'll have a party," Claire plotted. "We'll ask Chris and Michael. Josie'll be the surprise."

"Fine," snorted Bud. "I'll bring Mitzi Green."

He did, too. They explained to Josie, who was pretty upset on arrival, that this way she could meet Michael and form her own opinion. The lovebirds walked dewily into the trap. It's a party they'll all remember, especially Michael, unaccustomed as he was to Alderdices.

Into the midst of polite, if nervous conversation, Bud dropped the first grenade. Ignoring the happy fiancé, he addressed himself to Chris. "How can you bring yourself to marry an actor?"

She giggled, to make Michael think he was kidding. "You're an actor yourself—"

"True, but you're not marrying me."

Claire's manners are normally beyond reproach. But against the instinct to line up beside her brother, she was helpless. She spoke with gentle reproach. "Chris, you're too young to marry. It's not fair to your mother—"

This from Claire was more than Chris could take. "My mother's here to speak for herself. And I think I can pretty well guess who got her here."

To switch her off that tack, Bud turned his attention to Michael. "What do you expect to keep her on? She spends money like water—"

"That's not true," Chris broke in hotly. "Besides, since you're all so smart, Michael's just been offered a contract by Warner Brothers."

Inwardly, Bud reeled, but you'd never have known it. "Doesn't mean a thing. Six months, and he'll be out on his ear."

It was then that Michael made his first and final crack. "*You* ought to know. Come on, Chris, let's go."

Gloomily, Bud stared after them. There went the world's luckiest fellow—collar ad face, Hollywood contract and Chris.

"I sure fixed things," he muttered.

Josie patted his arm. "They were fixed before you took over. If I know my child, she's made up her mind."

A month or so later Claire's phone rang. "I'm married," said Chris. "We're at the station, leaving for Hollywood."

Claire thought—correctly—that Michael would hardly appreciate a godspeed from her. Still, one of her old friends ought to say goodbye, so Bob dashed over.

"How did she look?" Claire asked.

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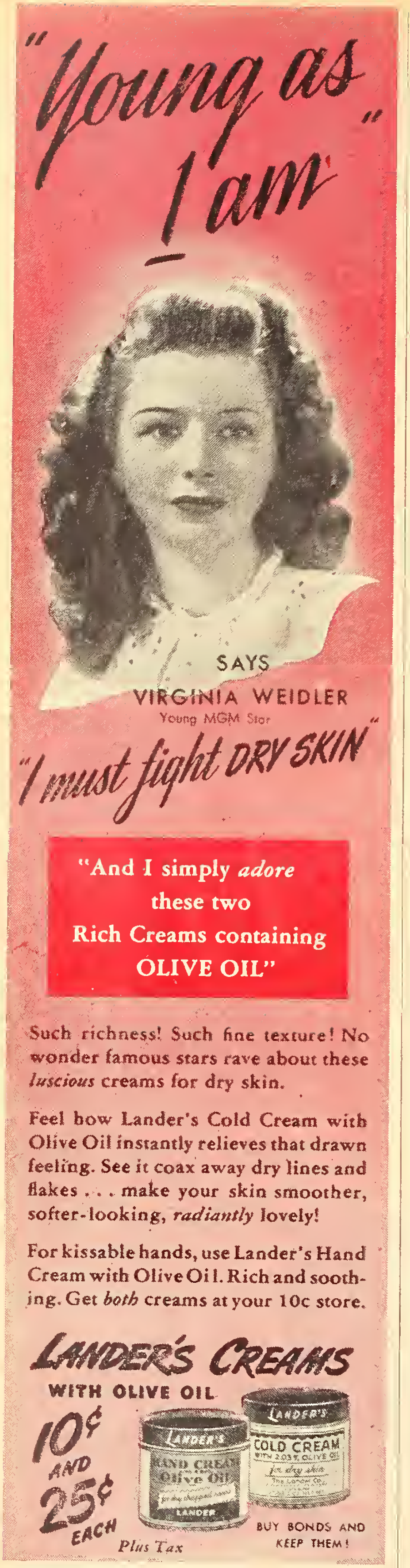

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"The way any bride looks. Smiling with tears in her eyes."

All Bud did that season was work with Alice B. Young and take army physicals. Pals would throw him a party, and 48 hours later, zoom! he'd be back. After five parties and five physicals, Uncle Sam gave him a card that was stamped 4-F.

Summer stock, and more plays that never reached Broadway, and summer stock again. He began to think seriously of taking his cousin up on that Bethlehem Steel offer.

In April an agent called. Brock Pemberton needed a replacement for the boy in "Janie." Bud got the part. Replacements don't rate critical reviews, but agents drop in to look them over. The publicity man brought Howard Hoyt to Bud's dressing room one evening.

"I liked your performance. Would you be interested in a test for M-G-M?"

"They wouldn't be interested in me. I'm not the picture type—"

"There's no such thing any more as a picture type. Why not try it? You don't have to sign with me unless you get a deal."

"terribly sexy voice". . .

"Fair enough," said Bud without much enthusiasm. Over a period of time he'd made several tests, and they'd all looked pretty gruesome to him. Anyway, he knew these Hollywood contracts. What he'd told Michael Ames went double for himself.

Even when Hoyt said, "Looks like they're going to sign you," he kept cool. Even when the deal went through, and he checked in a few weeks later on the M-G-M lot. Bud was a very wise cookie. "I'll be here for six months, twiddling my thumbs the whole time. So I might as well learn something."

The first day he met Bill Grady, casting director, and registered for singing lessons with Harriet Lee. He's been taking them ever since.

The second day they changed his name to Tom Drake, Alfred Alderdice being too flossy.

The third day they introduced him to Pasternak and Richard Thorpe, who tested and took him for "Two Girls and A Sailor." He was impressed with Pasternak, Thorpe and the cast, but didn't see how the part could do him any good. Day after the preview, calls swamped the M-G-M switchboard. "Who was that soldier with the terribly sexy voice?" So they put him into "St. Louis" opposite Judy, and the fan mail started pouring in. . . .

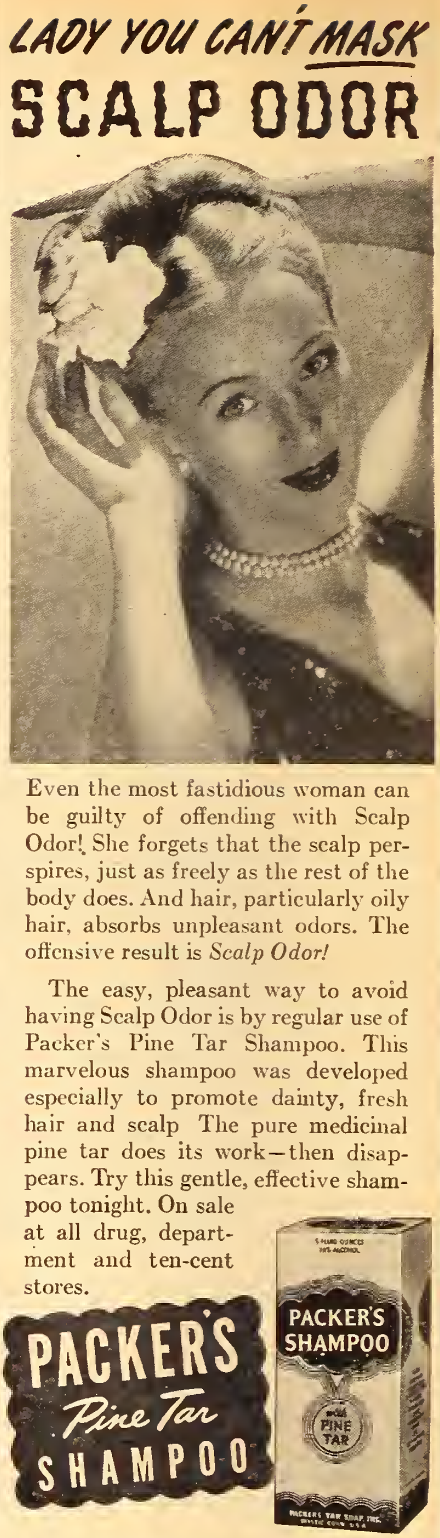
As far as girls were concerned, Tom was still playing the field. At one time he and Gloria Haley sort of got themselves engaged, but it was an engagement that sat lightly on both. Gloria married someone else without bothering to break it.

He'd been in Hollywood a month when he heard that Chris was singing at the Florentine Gardens. With Maureen and Peter Cookson, pals from summer stock in Westboro, he went down to hear her. After the show they all traipsed backstage. Chris seemed happy to see him, but she was different, quieter, not a kid any more. Maybe because she'd had a baby.

"How's Michael?" someone asked.

Chris spoke with her old directness. "All right, I guess. I haven't seen him for a while. We're being divorced—if I can ever get to Las Vegas."

Tom had been right. Heartbreak's a good educator, and Chris had grown up fast after her marriage. Their happiness had been shortlived. Michael's work was almost more important than anything else, and it didn't go well. At first she tried to coax him out of his moods, but they only grew blacker. If he'd been less wretched



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WHOLESALE DIAMOND DEALERS SINCE 1887

about his career, they might have jogged on. In the end though, it wouldn't have made any difference, they were just ill-matched. . . .

Her job had come out of a quarrel. Michael hadn't wanted her to work. She thought it was silly not to. A baby was coming, and they could use the money. Finally Michael flung out: "What makes you think you can get a job?"

"I can try—"

"All right, I dare you to try the Florentine Gardens."

She did, and succeeded, and sang there ten weeks before little Chrissie was born. Bruni, the manager, was wonderful to her —told her to come back when she felt strong enough. Things were better for a while. Michael even seemed proud of her. But they didn't take up his option at Warners. He joined a stock company and Chris went back to the Gardens.

She was making enough to pay for a nurse for Chrissie, and to take singing lessons. That had been Bruni's idea. "You've got a good voice. If you study, you'll go farther." He raised her salary to cover the lessons. Michael had agreed to a divorce, but she couldn't afford to take the time off. There was always the rent to pay and the groceries to buy.

It was good to be able to talk to Bud again. After that first time, he'd drop by at intervals to see her. He was changed, too. Oh, the old wackiness would crop out, and she loved it. But there was a new gravity, a kind of responsibility she'd never noticed before. It sounded so funny to hear people call him Tom. To Chris he'd always be Bud, whom she'd been in love with at fifteen, but wasn't in love with any longer, of course. . . .

Bruni sent the show to Las Vegas for two weeks, and there a nightclub manager offered Chris a job—which meant she could work and get her divorce at the same time. The job lasted four months. She returned to Hollywood free, but also fat. The air or the food or the easing of nervous strain or a combination of all three had sent poor Chris from her normal slim 110 to 140. Bruni eyed her in dismay. "You're too heavy, Chris. I can't use a baby Sophie Tucker. Take some of that fat off, and then we'll talk business."

It wouldn't come off. She'd lose a few pounds, die of hunger and eat them back again. She avoided people—especially Bud—because she didn't want them to see her fat. Except for job hunting, she didn't go out at all. Her funds began running dangerously low. She dismissed the nurse, boarded Chrissie with friends, and took a room for herself. She thought of taking a war job, only she'd never earn enough to get Chrissie back. In her lowest

(*Continued on page 122*)

GOSH, BUT YOU'RE LUCKY!

Yes, we mean you, sitting there in your comfortable room reading how you can help . . . instead of being helped. It all adds up to this: Wouldn't you rather give an artificial limb than get one? And rather send plasma to Paris, garments to Greece, canteens to Cairo, and shoes to Shanghai . . . than be on the receiving line? You're not only more blessed giving than getting; you're so much more fortunate! So when the NATIONAL WAR FUND DRIVE appeals to you for aid, give whatever you can . . . and then give a little more. Because you're so gosh-darned lucky!

"The Touches of her Hands are like the Touch of Down"—*James Whitcomb Riley*

Lady, you don't get a touch like down from Peeling Spuds!

It's a mean job . . . cooking, cleaning, scrubbing. No wonder you feel like hiding your hands! Rough, eh? Reddened to the wrist. Well, use Pacquins regularly every day. This snowy cream helps hands win a young-skin look—soft, white, sweet to touch!

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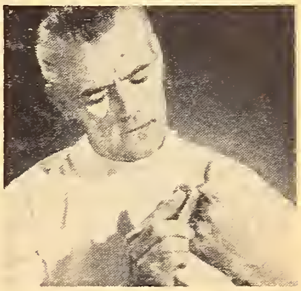

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Can you imagine yourself setting the pace—showing the way on "those days" when you used to curl up like a sick kitten, because menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" made you miserable?

It can be done. It *is* being done by girls and women everywhere who know about Midol. So before you break another date or lose another day due to menstrual suffering, *try Midol!* These effective tablets are offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain. They contain no opiates, yet act quickly in three ways: *Ease Cramps—Soothe Headache—Stimulate mildly when you're "Blue"*.

If you take Midol as directed, you will soon discover how comfortable and carefree you can be. Your druggist has Midol.

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CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

Dana Andrews doesn't seem to make a habit of regular meal times, but when he eats he makes it worthwhile!

Can they be laughing at dad's account of his genius at whipping up baking powder biscuits? The amused little moppet is Kathy Andrews, with her mom.

Courtesy Borden Co.

Good! Good! Good! This gorgeously rich Mocha Pie which is made by a quick twist of the wrist deserves star rating on your picked list of "just desserts!"

Dining With Dana

By Nancy W

■ We once read an astounding story of an Armenian cl who knew of 150,000 ways to prepare eggplant. A cl second, with 90 recipes to their credit, are the Da Andrews! A victory garden with the eggplant divisi working overtime and Sundays occasioned this speciali tion. That was one time when Dana, who eats quite sp modically, had to buckle down and do his bit to help down on the surplus. It was then that Mary evolved very good eggplant recipe which is Dana's favorite. W give it to you as we got it from Mrs. Andrews—it's easy make and only the olive oil is rationed.

"Dana is a very irregular sort of eater," says his w "sometimes he just eats and eats and other days munches a bit here and there and finishes up with an box treasure-hunt just before going to bed." In keep with such python-like eating habits, Dana eats desse only occasionally, but when a yen for dessert seizes h he eats the richest thing he can find!

Both Dana and Mary Andrews like the same sort of fo —Mexican, Spanish and Jewish food when they dine o Both are currently becoming more and more enthusias about wine cookery. Mary is having a marvelous time herself trying recipes from a special wine cook book Da bought for her not long ago.

Here are some of the recipes Mary likes for use on Dan eating days:

EGGPLANT A LA ANDREWS

1 *clove garlic, optional*
¼ *cup olive oil*
2 *green peppers*
2 *eggplants*
1 *medium onion*
6 *ripe tomatoes*
1 *tsp. paprika*
1 *tbsp. salt*

Cut clove of garlic, if desired, and thoroughly rub heavy iron skillet with it. Discard. Then pour olive oil in pan. Remove seeds from green peppers and cut in small pieces. Pare eggplants and cut into 1-inch dice. Chop onion fine. Heat olive oil and add peppers, eggplant and onion. Cook slowly until slightly browned. Add tomatoes, paprika and salt to taste. Cook until vegetables are tender. Serves 6.

BAKED CHEESE SAVORY

7 slices bread, cut in 2-inch squares
½ lb. American cheese, sliced
3 eggs, beaten
½ tsp. paprika
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. dry mustard
2¼ cups milk
¼ cup sherry wine

Arrange alternate layers of bread and sliced cheese in greased shallow baking dish. Beat eggs with paprika, salt and mustard, add milk and wine, pour over bread and cheese. Bake slowly at 325° F. 1 hour. Serves 4.

DATE AND FIG TORTE

¼ cup fortified margarine
¾ cup sugar
2 egg yolks
1 cup nut meats, coarsely chopped
⅓ cup bread crumbs
1 tsp. baking powder
3 tbsps. flour
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. allspice
1 cup dates and figs, chopped together
½ cup milk
2 egg whites
¼ cup sugar

Cream margarine, add sugar gradually and mix well. Add egg yolks, well beaten. Mix nuts, baking powder, bread crumbs, flour, salt and allspice. Add chopped fruits to crumb mixture and mix well. Add to creamed mixture along with milk and blend thoroughly. Pour into fluted 8-inch pie plate, well greased. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes. Top with meringue made by beating egg whites until fluffy, adding sugar gradually and beating between additions. Bake an additional 20 minutes. A very rich dessert which serves 6 to 8.

MOCHA PIE

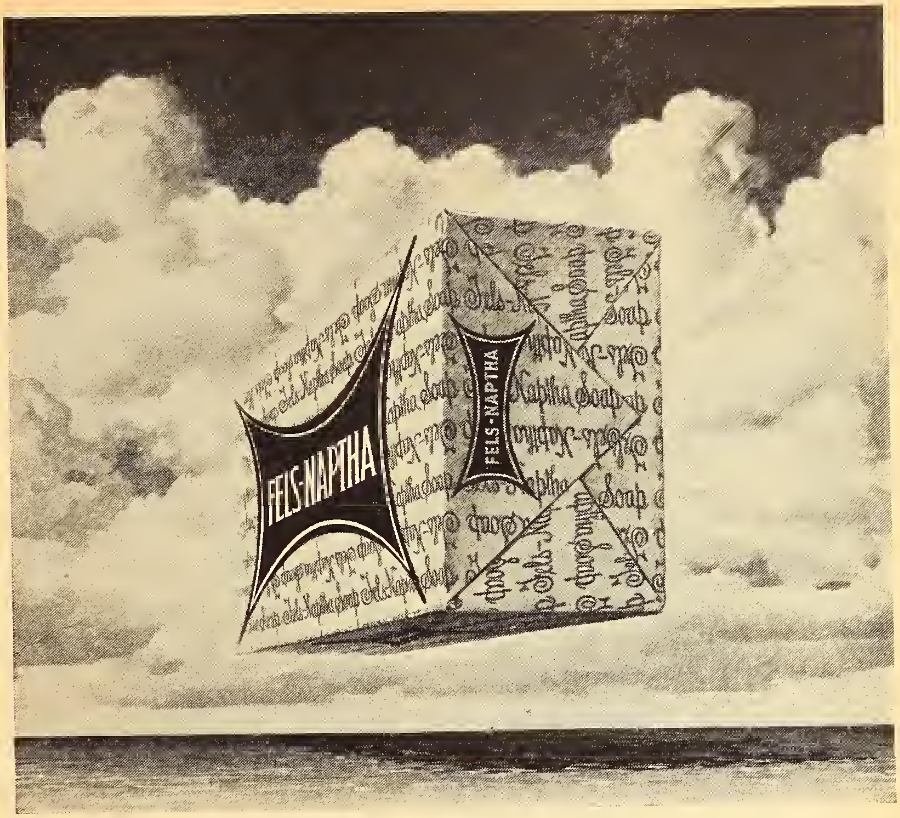
2 squares (2 ozs.) unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
½ cup strong black coffee
Baked pie shell (8 inch)

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and cook over rapidly boiling water, stirring constantly, for 5 minutes or until mixture is thick. Add coffee and blend thoroughly. Pour into baked pie shell. Garnish with chopped nut meats or whipped cream, if desired. Chill thoroughly 1 hour or more before serving.

WINE SAUCE FOR PUDDING

⅔ cup claret wine
⅓ cup water
½ cup sugar
1 tbsp. cornstarch
2 tbsps. butter
Sprinkling of nutmeg
Few grains salt

Bring claret wine and water to boiling. Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt and add to hot liquid. Let boil 3 or 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add butter and nutmeg. Serve hot over bread pudding, tapioca cream or other simple pudding. Serves 6.



Not yet, but –

Much as we'd like to, we can't complete that sentence.

Soap is still near the top of the list of materials needed to win the war. So until the orders are changed the great Fels plant must spend most of its time making soap for fighting men.

This doesn't mean that *you* can't get *any* Fels-Naptha Soap. The limited supply for civilians is distributed as evenly as we know how to do it. There will be times, certainly, when your grocer has Fels-Naptha Soap on sale.

We know that most times the Fels-Naptha bin will be empty. And although that is disappointing, we think it's better than depriving the men who need good soap as much as they need good weapons.

The day is coming, when you will go to the Fels-Naptha bin and—if you feel like it— fill your market basket with this famous soap that now seems like a luxury. We *hope* it will be . . . soon!

Fels-Naptha Soap

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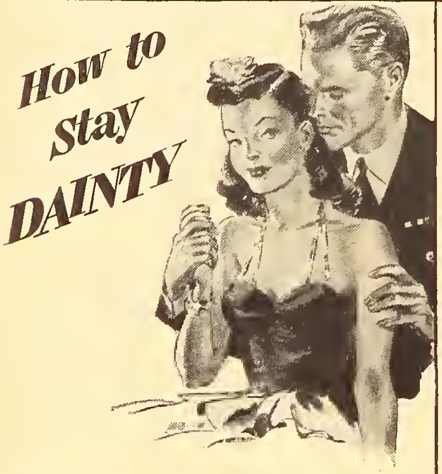

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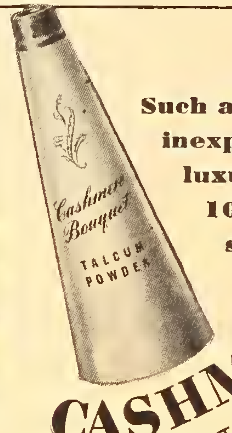

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moments, she contemplated going back to Stroudsburg. That would be admitting defeat, and her whole spirit rose in revolt against it. . . .

At last she got a job. It wasn't much of a place nor much of a salary, but one thing she felt sure of. Nobody she knew would ever come near the joint.

Of course she was wrong. They had matinees as well as night shows, and one day Ulmer Lide, her good friend and Bud's, walked in for lunch. Her face went crimson. As she finished singing, a note was handed to her. "Come down to the table. I want to talk to you."

discovery . . .

No use trying to snub Ulmer. Besides, he'd tell Bud where she was working, and that would be worse. A defenseless Chris sat down at his table.

"Why haven't you called Bud?"

"No special reason. Just sort of putting it off.".

"He went down to the Gardens. Bruni didn't know where you were. Want to give me your phone number? You might as well, Chris," he added gently, "unless you want me to send him down here."

It was New Year's Eve. She was through after the dinner hour, and hadn't been home ten minutes when the phone call came.

"Just heard you were back," said Tom, ignoring all the rest. "Cooksons are having a party. Will you go with me?"

"Thanks, Bud, but I don't think so. I'm pretty tired—"

"You can sit all evening. I'll bring you anything you want—"

"Oh, Bud," she wailed. "I don't want you to see me, I'm *fat*—"

"Ah, g'wan, you couldn't be *that* fat."

Suddenly, more than anything, she wanted to see him. "All right, I'll come. Give me half an hour. I've got a black dress that'll take off pounds."

A month later Tom asked her to marry him. He knew now that for him there'd never be anyone else. Marrying Chris would be like coming home. . . .

As for her, she was falling in love again—not with the harum scarum boy she'd known back east, but with someone matured by the years, whose eyes were steady now instead of mocking, and whose ways were so kind they made her want to cry.

But this time she had to be sure. So she said, "Let's wait a little." And he'd wait till next day before he asked her again.

The question took different forms. Like, "Ellie May says she hopes you'll marry me. Getting bored, she says, with just me to cook for."

He'd acquired Ellie May and the house last summer, when Claire brought her two daughters out for a visit. An apartment, said Tom, was no place for kids. He adores children, and they return the compliment. "Bud's my favorite man," Chrissie had informed her mother.

One February morning Chris and Ulmer Lide were at Tom's for breakfast. "Pardon me," said Tom, "while I ask this woman a question. Will you marry me, Chris?"

He kept the tone light, but suddenly there was something in his eyes—an urgency, a loneliness—she wanted to wipe out.

Why, what a dope she'd been! She wanted to spend her life wiping it out. "Yes, Bud," she said quietly. "I'd love to marry you."

He leaped up. "When? Tomorrow?"

"Well, we could wait till next week—"

"No, I want to elope—"

"Who from?"

"How should I know?—the studio. Come on, we've got things to do."

They bought a ring and plane tickets

★ Invest in America—Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

for Las Vegas and a black suit for Chris. They went to fetch Chrissie. Tom couldn't wait to get her into the house.

"You're going to have a new daddy," Chris told her.

"Who, Bud? That's what I thought," said Chrissie comfortably.

Next day the airport cancelled their reservations. Wartime, you know. Bud hung up and started figuring mileage.

"We don't *have* to go today."

"Yes we do, you might change your mind—come on, we're going over to Cooksons—wait, I'll phone Ulmer."

madame, will you marry me? . . .

Ulmer met them at Cooksons. They took a vote, and decided this trip was necessary. They pooled gas ration tickets and found they could make it. Through the rainy night Peter drove them to Las Vegas. Chris fell asleep on Tom's shoulder in the back seat . . .

At her marriage to Michael, she'd been scared to death. Standing beside Tom, she felt sure and serene. This time, she knew it was right. . . .

They called Josie first, and had a tough time persuading her that they weren't pulling the gag of their earlier days. Then they called Claire.

"I'm a marrried man," said Tom.

She caught her breath. "Who is it?"

"Guess."

"Izzy?" she faltered, "I hope—?"

The rest was a three-cornered babble.

Ellie May's not bored any more. There's a family to cook for, and long conversations with Chrissie, in which Sig often takes part. Chrissie uses him to bolster her own point of view. "See, Ellie May? Siggie thinks so too—"

His full name is Sigmund Sigelman Drake. He was supposed to be a small dog.

"Want a little dog?" Tom asked Chrissie.

"Oh *yes!*" She held her arms a foot apart. "A little *teeny* one."

As luck would have it, the kennel man showed Tom and Chris a Great Dane. At six months he'd practically reached his full growth. They couldn't resist him. . . .

Tom made the presentation. "Here, Chrissie, he's all yours." Sig tried to kiss her, but she backed wildly away. "I wanted a *little* dog."

flesh and the devil . . .

Now she rides him like a pony and calls him brother, and he supervises her bedtime routine. The other night he climbed in with her. "I hope you're comfortable," she told him. "Certainly *I'm* not."

Chris takes nothing for granted. Her eyes widen with the miracle of being married to Bud. "Life's so *easy,* he's always *doing* things for me—I never *knew* he was so wonderful."

He tells her how to make up, she won't buy clothes without him. "His taste is better than mine, and more decided. I was never sure what I liked. Now I like what he likes. Whatever he wants, I do."

So of course there aren't any arguments. Only once Tom got mad and Chris could hardly bear it. She's lost twenty of her excess pounds and has ten to go, and it's been tough sledding because she loves to eat. Unlike most husbands, Tom doesn't say: "Oh, have that eclair. It won't hurt just this once." On the contrary, he's a stern taskmaster. He knows she'll look and feel better at her normal weight.

One day Ellie May baked a chocolate cake. At dinner Chris passed it up, but all evening it haunted her. She could feel her teeth sliding through it, and the luscious taste of it slithering down. Came bedtime, and she tried to push it out of her mind, but the harder she pushed, the more she wanted that cake. . . .

Raising herself on an elbow, she looked

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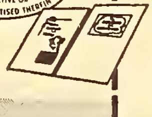

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over at Bud. He was fast asleep. Sh tiptoed down to the cakebox. . . .

"So that's how you stay on your diet!

Poor Chis! He hadn't been asleep a all. And he wasn't pretending, he wa *really* sore. When Tom gets sore, he doesn rant and rave, he just ignores you, whic is worse. Next morning he was frigidl polite. Chris went out to do some marketing, and stopped at the drugstore for cup of coffee. She'd never bumped int Tom outside before. Now, looking idl about, she spied him having coffee at th other end of the counter. He turned an saw her, broke into a grin and brough his coffee over. All was forgiven.

But a slight shudder passed throug Chris. "Thank *heaven* I didn't order tha club sandwich."

Tom calls her his good luck piece. She brought him happiness for the first tim since he was a kid. And while she ha nothing directly to do with "The Gree Years," he's convinced that in some mysterious way she's mixed up with it. . . .

He was crazy to play the boy in tha picture, but knew he hadn't a chance. Bo Walker was set for it, and *he* was set f "Bad Bascom," by request of Wally Beer

Then he heard that Bob couldn't do i because its schedule conflicted with th new Hargrove picture.

"They still won't give it to me," he tol Chris, "but I wish they'd let me test, ju to prove to myself I could do it. It's th first part I've ever had a real yen for."

"Why don't you ask them?"

He asked Bill Grady, who asked Leo Gordon, the producer.

"Sorry, Tom. Leon doesn't think you' right for it. Says your voice is t deep. . . ."

"The least they could do is test me

"Well, I'll try to talk him into it. B don't count on anything."

That sounded final. Tom got ready to to Wyoming with "Bad Bascom." B bumping into Grady one day, he wa prompted to needle him. "When am testing for 'The Green Years?'"

To his amazement, Bill said: "I'll pho and find out." To his greater amazemen after making the call, Bill handed him script. "Said they're testing a girl, an you might as well test with her."

Chris bubbled as she cued him h lines. "You'll get it, Bud. I have a feeling

"Too bad Leon Gordon's not my wife grinned Tom.

They made the test on a Friday. Chr and Tom saw it together on Saturday. To tried to be objective. He'd kept his voi light—the brogue sounded okay—it seeme to him he wasn't wrong for the part.

Chris scorned objectivity. "It's wonderful, Bud. You're as good as in."

At ten Monday morning he was Grady's office. "Do I get the part?"

"Sure," said Bill. "Didn't you know

At home Ellie May and Chris were making the beds. Tom appeared in the doorway—Tom, the cool, the skeptical, th original show-me guy—and his eyes we blazing. "Your man's playing the lead 'The Green Years.'"

Chris flung herself at him. *"What* did tell you? Oh Bud, how do you *feel?"*

"Like a cornfed ham. I could talk abo myself for hours and enjoy it."

"Well, what are we waiting for?"

That's the story as of now. Boy mee girl, boy loses girl, boy finds girl. A hap ending, and a happier beginning.

On one point I can testify myself. I m Tom before that crucial New Year's Ev He was the life of the party, gay and fu of wisecracks. But all I could rememb was the lost look in his eyes that Chr spoke of later.

Well, she's taken care of that. His ey aren't lonely any more.

HIGHLIGHT YOUR HAIR

(Continued from page 67)

Top Notch Top-knots. You know how to set your own hair? If not, shame on you. With non-priority curlers, hair retainers and quick-drying setting lotions so easy to buy, you should be able to turn out a coif-masterpiece. Hollywood glamor girls wouldn't dream of checking their good grooming with the studio hairdresser. Andrea, for example, was on a cross-country tour. She made personal appearances at local theaters, then rushed off to camp shows and bond rallies . . . but never a hair of her pretty head was ruffled. When necessary, she could care for her own curls, believes every girl should know how. Occasionally, she enjoys a really ultra hair styling. The one photographed was created especially for her by a top hairdresser. Très glamorous, but very easy to handle, she explained.

Decide upon your new top-knot by studying your film pet's hairdo. Then . . . this is important . . . adapt it to suit your own contours. Remember, Claudette's charming bangs may look plain silly on you. Use a setting lotion (a thin dime will buy a generous bottle) to achieve a professional smoothness. Try variety in your hair styles; don't become a one-style woman. In her latest hit, Andrea wears at different times, braids, pompadours, a loose bob and a chignon.

Happy Ending. It's a wonderful time to try out new tricks and ideas, so make hair beauty your objective. You have the rules, now it's up to you to give them a chance. With these hints on glamor and a few inexpensive preparations for shining locks, you're sure to be Number One on his "hit" parade.

* * *

Post Pays! *It's been fun answering your letters, and now that the topic is hair care I'll be glad to send you info on shampoos, rinses, lacquers, etc. And if you have other problems of figure, makeup or skin care, send 'em along also. They're my meat. A letter enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope does the trick. The address: Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

About five years ago, I met that jovial 5 x 5 comedian, Jack Oakie. Clowning about the sweater he wore, he told me it was handmade, with "love in every stitch." About three weeks later, I met Mr. Oakie again, during the intermission of a play. This time I was with some friends, and they dared me to speak to him. Pushing through the crowd, I finally reached Jack Oakie, but was my face red—he didn't remember me! I smiled and said, "Jack, where's that sweater with love in every stitch?" That clinched it. He said, "Bless your heart, Kay," and gave me a kiss! Even my friends saw it happen!

Kay Schwarz
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

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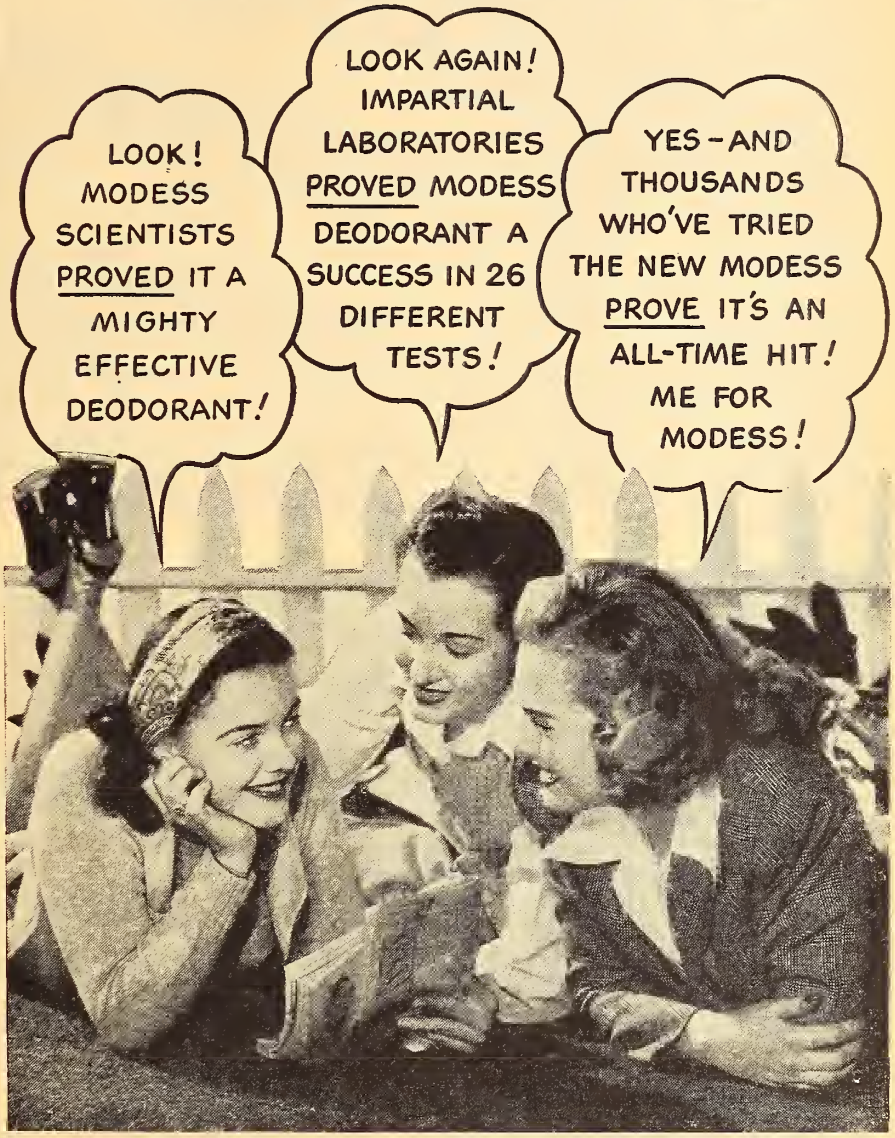

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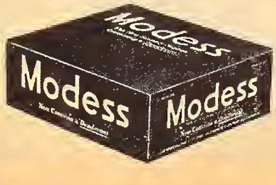

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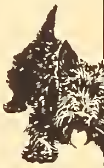
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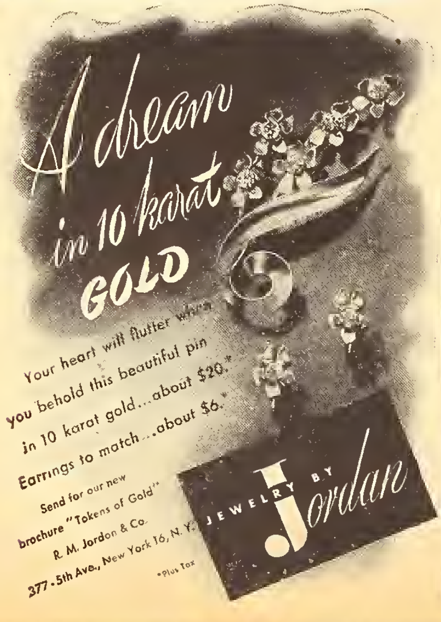
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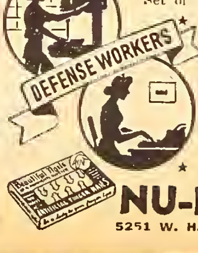

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LUCKY BUM

(Continued from page 43)

job meant anything to him you'd never know it.

The producer eyed him critically.

"Let's see your profile." Bob turned it around lazily.

"Good gosh!" cried the producer. "Your nose has a permanent wave. It looks like it's busted."

"It is," said Bob in his calm, deep voice.

no pretty boy . . .

The producer shook his head and frowned. "And your hair sticks up all over like a weed patch. Your eyes are too little. Your ears are too wide. Your this is too this, and your that is too that. Frankly, Bud," he ended, "you're terrible!"

Bob felt his fists clench and with him that's a danger sign. What did he care if this guy across the desk could make or break a job that he needed above anything else in the world?

"Oh, yeah?" said Bob icily. "Well, my fat friend, did you ever have a gander at that pan of yours? Better take a good look—because I'm going to change it for you." And he started over the desk.

But the producer had already pressed his buzzer and the studio cops swarmed in and tossed Bob out on his ear.

Now that obviously is no way to win friends and influence people in Hollywood—of all places—but Robert Mitchum is a lone wolf, a maverick, unique, and occasionally a lethal dose of male man who just can't take any sass from anybody and never has. He's the most rugged bit of star stuff to hit Hollywood in ages—a restless, rollicking, talented ex-hobo with the kick of a Missouri mule in both fists and a reckless laugh in his eyes. His wife calls Bob "a character." His agent calls him a "young Bogart." The bobby soxers (who called him to MODERN SCREEN's attention) tag Mitchum "divine" and "superman," and Bob—well, Bob just kids himself as "Baby Boy Bobby," laughs at his luck and takes nothing from no man. No, sir!

First picture he ever made, a "Hopalong Cassidy" hoss opera, Bob played, as he always did then, one of the "bad guys" who tangle with the "good guys" in every Western ever filmed. Bob can act just naturally, and he'd had some experience knocking around, but he'd never before looked into a camera lens. Still, that didn't turn a whisker on the bushy beard he'd sprouted. His blood practically changes to ice water whenever he steps into a scene. So, right away, this one was as easy and natural and realistic as any he's made since. In fact, maybe it was too realistic.

Bob had to annoy Bill Boyd, the star, at a bar. Whenever Bill reached for a drink it was Bob Mitchum's job, as a heavy, to knock it out of his hand. He did it like he meant it—and after a couple of takes Bill Boyd got sore as a boiled owl. There was something in the rough and insolent way this new kid slapped his arm that smacked of the real thing. Bill went over to the director, steaming like a tea kettle.

"Say," he said, swearing softly. "That new guy—he makes me plenty sore the way he acts. In that last scene, I damn near slugged him!"

The director took a look at Bob. "Uh-huh," he said. "Well, Bill, I reckon it's a good thing you didn't. Because I was watching that guy and he was just about to slug *you* first!"

That's typical of Bob Mitchum. It's also typical of him that when he found out his rude scene had really made Bill Boyd sore, he went over to him and apologized. He told him frankly that he didn't want Bill down on him because he wanted to make good in the movies and he needed the dough. They shook on that and they were steady pals through eight give-and-take "Hopalongs" before playing Van Johnson's buddy in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" lifted Mitchum out of horse operas forever. When you see "G. I. Joe" you'll know the house afire hit Mitchum made in "Tokyo" was no false alarm.

If you're Mitchum-mad, you'd better be sure and look that one up, by the way. It's the Ernie Pyle picture, for one thing, and Hollywood's movie memorial to a great little writing guy all GIs loved, who died in action on the Ryukus not long after he left Hollywood. For another, it's the last time you'll be seeing Bob on the screen for a while, because he's a real GI Joe by now and he'd have been one sooner, only first off he was a pre-Pearl Harbor papa and then it seemed he was always making a war effort picture when his draft number came up. They can use a guy in the Army like Bob Mitchum who would rather fight than eat. When he was inducted at Fort MacArthur they asked him if he had any branch of the service he'd prefer to join.

"Nope," said Bob, "put me wherever I get some action."

"That's the kind of answer we like to hear!" said the sarge with a grin. "Infantry." So Bob's in the infantry, and if he can keep out of the guardhouse he'll make an ace doughfoot scrapper for Uncle Sam, you can betcha, because there's another thing about Bob Mitchum that's as outstanding as his urge for action. He's as glib as a sideshow spieler and he simply can't resist talking himself into trouble.

mitchum vs. maiden

Coming back from the Florida location of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" last season, Bob hopped off the train at a tank town for a bite to eat in a depot restaurant. He got in a wisecracking agrument with the waitress right away and she got even by refusing to wait on him. "Okay, Sister," stated Bob. "I don't think I want you to wait on me anyway. It's very plain you're suffering from leprosy."

"What!" blazed the girl. "Why, you—" She stepped out the door and summoned the local cop. "This——*this* said I had leprosy!" she complained.

"I was just kidding," grinned Mitchum to the local law. "You see," he lied glibly, "I've lost an arm in a crash and I'm a little balmy." The constable sympathized, as Bob spun a long tale, probably inspired by the script of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," about his exploits. Just then the train tooted and Bob got up. He stuck out his hand. "So long," he said. Then the policeman came to. He looked at both of Bob Mitchum's perfectly good hands and arms and did a delayed "take."

"Hey," he shouted, "you ain't lost no arms—you big bum!" Which Bob proved by swinging onto the moving train and escaping the pursuing and outraged cop.

And nobody, I'm sure, but Robert Mitchum would have the cool nerve and brash humor to pull what he did at his Army physical exam. After the medicos had finished their thumpings, he stepped into the psychiatrist's office. The doctor looked him over. "Do you like girls?" he asked.

"Some of them," said Bob.

"Ah," said the doctor. "Do you go out with girls?"

"No," said Bob, "not much."

The scientist thought maybe he had something. "Ah," he prodded, *"why not?"*

Bob grinned. "Because," he answered softly, "my wife won't let me!"

So you can see that Mrs. Robert Mitchum is not kidding when she calls her husband

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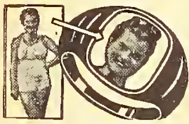

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"a character." He is that, but he's a very attractive character. Some of the things you notice right away when you meet him are his merry eyes sparkling away under enormous sweeping lashes. They're hazel-green sometimes and blue others, especially when he gets sore. He's got a devil-may-care look about him and a mischievously humorous grin as if to say, "Life's a hell of a laugh, so bring on the fun!" You can't miss the big 46-inch chest and the shoulders that look as wide as the San Francisco Bay Bridge above the snake hips that stack him up above the waist like a great Big V. But maybe what registers best is the way Bob walks, or rather glides—like a panther, smoothly, gracefully, but restlessly, too. That's the tip-off that Bob Mitchum has to have action. If you put him in a cage—like a leopard—he'd just pace back and forth and soon go really nuts. He's got to keep moving; something has to happen with Mitchum or he busts. It has always been that way with the guy.

Right before he got his first Hollywood break, Bob took a job on the graveyard shift of an airplane factory near Hollywood. He wanted to help make the big ones and besides it was a case of strictly from hunger then with the Mitchum family. Being fenced in, feeding a machine monotonously was bad enough for Bob, who craves something new and different every minute. He whipped that, however—but when there was a protracted change-over at the plant which kept him standing around idling night after night, Bob just went off his beam. He dropped forty pounds from his lean frame, got so he couldn't sleep and began to scream when a feather dropped out of the pillow and hit the bedroom rug. He went to a doctor.

"What do you want to do?" asked the doc. "Keep your job—or live?"

"I sure don't want to die," said Mitchum.

"Okay," decreed the physician. "Quit the job." Bob quit. He got better right away.

strong-arm poet . . .

But long, long before that, Robert Mitchum revealed that he craved an exciting, adventurous life like most people crave three square meals a day. When he was only twelve he landed in jail. The charge—vagrancy. He'd run away from home to see the world. Bob kept on running away, too, and although the cops got sick and tired of sending him back home, long before he was twenty-one, Master Robert Mitchum had seen every one of the forty-eight states in the Union and had more adventures than an ordinary guy collects in a hundred years of comfy existence.

Bob started his restless life in Bridgeport, Connecticut. His mother's Norwegian. His father was American, with a touch of Indian blood in his veins, and maybe that's where Bob gets those high cheekbones and that strong, silent look. Bob's dad was in the last war, and a few years after Bob was born he was killed, railroading. That left Mrs. Mitchum with Bob, his older sister, Annette, and his young brother, Jack, on her hands to raise. It was a pretty big job. She worked on a newspaper, the Bridgeport Post, so the kids necessarily were on their own a lot of the time. They developed "topsy-like."

One of Bob's kiddie quirks was to become a boy poet, of all things. He's still pretty sharp with a pen and typewriter, and later on for a time, made a precarious living scribbling skits for night club entertainers. He can tell a wonderful story today—sometimes too wonderful—because after he's told it ten times there are ten different versions—but all of them good. Anyway, back in his romper years, the Bridgeport Post printed all sorts of Mitchum poetry, starting with one epic called "A Chreestmus Pome." Bob then waxed lyrical about World War I, and here's the last stanza of "A War Poem" I copied down just to show you the kind of stuff the Muse stung the youth Mitchum with:

"I seek adventure and I find too much.
"Oh, if I were only rich!
"I'd not be in this terrible 'dutch,'
"I'd not be in this ditch."

I suppose Bob was already putting himself in a grown-up soldier's place in the trenches. But why he thought being rich had anything to do with it, is a mystery. Anyway, Bridgeport called him, right out in print, "Bridgeport's finest young poet." They even tagged Bob, "Bridgeport's genius!" With early publicity like that "genius" stuff, Bob was a cinch to wind up in "super, terrific, colossal" Hollywood.

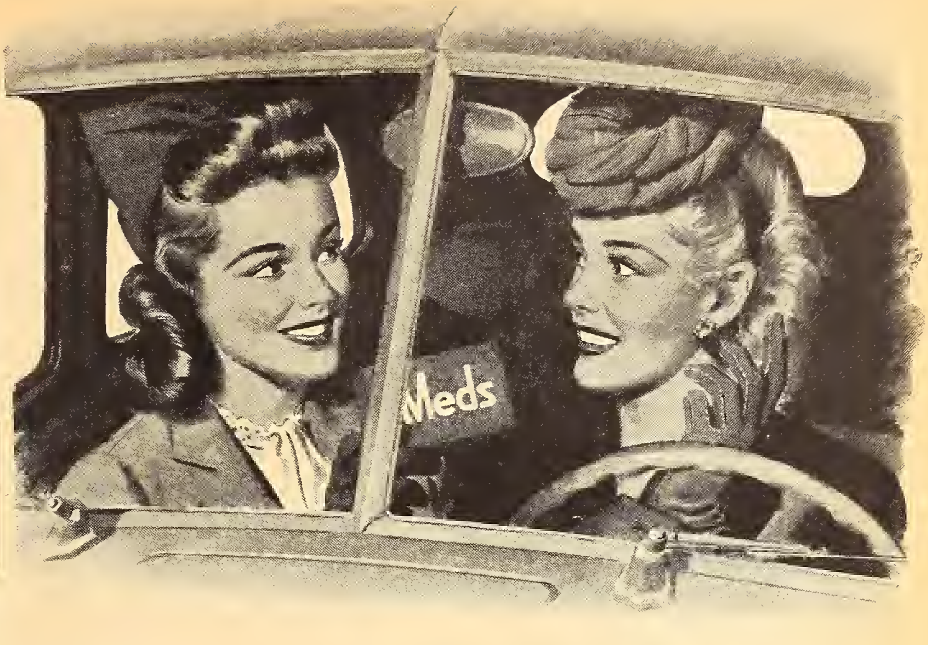
He spent a lot of time as a kid on his grandparents' farm down near Woodside, Delaware, and that's where he first started running away regularly and hopping freights back up to Connecticut. Physically, life on the farm didn't hurt him, although it did put Bob in sort of a spot years later in Hollywood.

When the Hollywood agent who uncovered Bob, Paul Wilkins, landed him his first "heavy" job in a "Hopalong," Pop Sherman, who makes them, said, "He looks okay—but can he ride?" After all, a hoss-opera is made with hosses. Wilkins called up Bob and asked him the $64 question. Bob remembered the old plugs and dobbins who used to sleep-walk around the Delaware farm. "Oh sure," he said. "I used to handle the horses on a farm."

baby commando . . .

That was translated to Producer Sherman as "he used to break broncos on a ranch" and so Bob was hired pronto. Bob had to hustle out to a San Fernando Valley riding academy and cram up on horsemanship. He had some nasty spills anyway, when they gave him a wild cayuse to ride in the picture, but what's a spill to Bob Mitchum? He catches on to any kind of action quick. Today he's a superb horseman.

Farm life, schoolyard scraps, a summer at a CCC camp and athletics built Bob's lean, rugged figure. He was good at baseball and swimming particularly. He felt he had to prove himself to the bullies at every school he attended and as a result was always getting booted out for fighting. He went to grammar school down in Delaware and in Connecticut and had a fling at high school in New York City. He never finished. He was too restless to stick to books, although he has since read himself into a good education. He lit out on the lam whenever he had a chance, sometimes with his brother Jack and sometimes alone. He rode the rods and the blind baggage, lived in hobo "jungle" camps, dodged yard bulls in railroad centers, begged for handouts at back doors all over the land. In his early teens Bob grew as self-reliant as a young commando—and about as tough. Once he got caught on top of a high-balling box car by a "bull" and they battled it out while the train rocked and rolled until one of them got knocked off the car—and it wasn't Bob. Bob can hold out for hours about his weary-willie exploits as a kid. He fell in with some Tennessee hill billies once when he was only fourteen. They forced him to swallow white mule moonshine whisky, kidnapped him to their mountain shack and Bob woke up in the pig pen the next morning, snoozing away with some friendly porkers—just like Li'l Abner. But I won't go into Ramblin' Bob on the road—because that would take all day and night, and, like I say, you'd never know whether Bob was quoting gospel or taking you for a ride—and maybe he wouldn't know himself.



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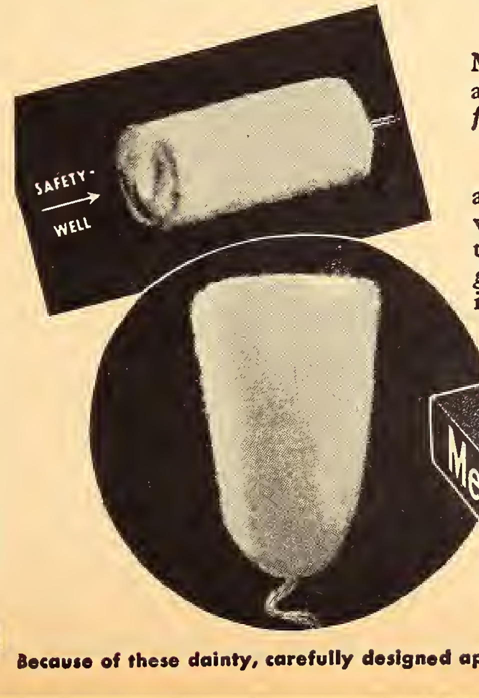

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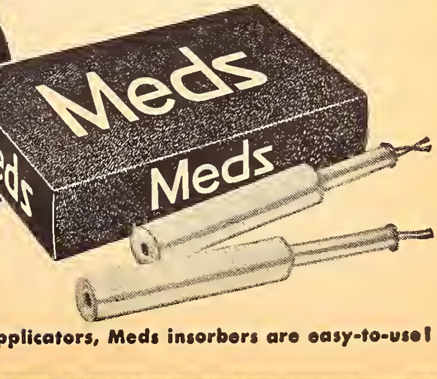

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There was one bit of method behind this adolescent wanderlust of Bob's, besides itchy feet. He was already acting-happy. His mother always hoped for her children to be performers. Older sister Annette got an early start as a night club singer and today Bob's younger half-sister, Carol, is aiming for movie fame. Bob clicked in with the family ambition and what made him a steady passenger on the lonesome railroads was chasing tent shows, carnivals, circuses and things that traveled around. He landed all kinds of jobs with them, hauling water, taking tickets, hustling baggage, cooking, dishwashing and sometimes helping out in a shabby act. He even learned to toot a sax a little. He loved it.

home to roost . . .

But he always came back to Delaware. The reason was a slim and beautiful brunette with big brown eyes, named Dorothy, whose mother owned a tourist cabin court in the town of Camden. Dorothy is Mrs. Mitchum today and mother of Bob's two sons, Jimmy Robin and Christopher, rugged chips, incidentally, off the not-so-old-block.

She was fourteen when Bob first met her and he was sixteen. Dorothy was Brother Jack's girl at first but when he brought Brother Bob around one night that was a mistake. Dorothy fell for the Mad Mitchum like a ton of bricks, especially after Bob and Jack had a slam-bang battle right in front of her eyes over her affections and Bob took the nod. That might not be so easy today, even with Bob Mitchum's lullaby right. Because Jack, who's a private in the Army, too, grew up to be very classy in the professional ring and not long ago won the lightweight championship at Camp Crowder, Missouri.

Bob and Dorothy were just getting going steady and parking a Model A Ford in the moonlight under the soft Delaware skies, when the Mitchum family moved to Long Beach, California, where sister Annette had married a Navy man. Bob's mother was remarried, too, by that time, to Major Hugh Morris, an Englishman with a brilliant record in the first world war who's now doing his second war bit aboard a "floating refrigerator" ship in the Pacific. At that time he had landed a job managing the Long Beach Yacht Club. The family rolled across the Continent in a share-the-ride-auto. Jack and Bob hitch-hiked. Bob was seventeen.

Long Beach is right on the back doorstep of Hollywood. Bob didn't overlook that. He rustled odd jobs around the beach, in service stations, stores, factories and along the amusement Pike—and found time to get brown as a nut in the sun and swim all over the ocean which didn't hurt that Indian chief build of his. But what really got him buzzing was the Long Beach Theater Guild. It put on amateur plays under the direction of a professional dramatist, Elias Day. A girl named Laraine Johnson, from Utah, was there then and later on when she came up to Hollywood she took his name to become Laraine Day.

It wasn't long before Bob had made his "professional" debut in "Stage Door"—although he didn't get a bean for it. From that time on everything else was incidental. He haunted Little Theaters wherever he found them. He started writing stuff for local radio performers and sold some, too. Sister Annette got divorced and resumed her night club career singing around at Hollywood spots and in Palm Springs. Bob took to writing patter for her. He quit his odd jobs in Long Beach and moved up to Hollywood. He had to eat so he fell into a typical Hollywood endeavor. He teamed up with—of all things—an astrologer. This astrologer was a top man in his field and he whacked out horoscopes for people like Marlene Dietrich and Maria Montez and

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a lot of metaphysical-minded stars. Bob became his "contact man." He met a few stars but not many. The bulk of the seer's trade was old ladies and lonely wives. He held teas in hotels and lectured here and there and Bob traveled along wherever his astrologer went. He got pretty hep on the star-gazing business himself and today he can look at you and come right up with the day and month you were born and what's giving with your future.

This was kind of confoozin' pretty soon, because Bob had not forgotten Delaware Dorothy by any means. In fact, since he'd come to sunny California he'd made three trips back just to hold her hand and—yep—he'd traveled the box-car express all three times. The psychic business got to working too, because every time he'd head east Dorothy would start to tingle and know he was on the way although he never let her know. Maybe it was the Mitchum personality zooming over the ether.

the stars look down . . .

The confoozin' part came in when Bob's star-gazing boss took a tour of the Atlantic Coast. They started in Florida and worked up the coast to New England. Dorothy had gone to business school in Philadelphia by then and was working in a Quaker City insurance office. Bob whipped over from the Traymore Hotel engagement in Atlantic City and the only thing that stood in the way of a preacher was the stars.

Bob's boss consulted the horoscopes and shook his head.

The stars said he was under the influence of Leo the Lion. Dorothy was guided by Taurus the Bull. "Conflict," predicted the astrologer. "It'll never work."

Dorothy's parents thought the same thing, by the way, without benefit of the planets. You couldn't blame them for not approving of wild Bob Mitchum as a match for Dorothy. Dorothy knew his faults, too, but as she says, "I was so much in love with him that I didn't give a darn." She's still that way, although they've had more ups and downs than a pogo stick.

They went down to Camden to get married. Bob borrowed a hundred dollars and Dorothy had another hundred her office had collected for a going-away gift. They routed a preacher out of bed one Saturday night late and he wrapped himself in a blanket and made them one. The parlor was too chilly so he married Bob and Dorothy in the kitchen, and the cabbage aroma wasn't exactly orange blossoms. Neighborhood kids peeked in the kitchen windows to kibitz.

After a one-day honeymoon in one of Dorothy's mother's tourist cabins, they hopped a Greyhound Bus to Hollywood. There they piled in with Bob's folks, making nine people in a two-bedroom house. Bob had left his astrologer job and had plenty of no prospects. But Dorothy never worried a bit. None of the Mitchum family had a steady job then and things became rugged, especially when Jimmy Robin promptly announced his approaching arrival.

There were days when Bob had to cinch in his belt and skip meals while Dorothy dodged bill collectors. She got a typist's job and finally Bob connected with a Wilshire Boulevard shoe store as a clerk. His pants were worn so thin at that point, he remembers, that when he stooped over to try on a shoe, he had to ease down sidewise lest they rip open and ruin the sale. He peddled things from house to house, too, and finally landed the graveyard shift airplane factory job a month before Jimmy was born. So they got by.

But, as in Long Beach, what really hypnotized Bob Mitchum's mind all the time was acting. And working or not, he knocked himself out every night at Michael

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Mark's Little Theater on La Cienega Boulevard in Hollywood. They put on a play called "The Lower Depths" (which was very apropos of Bob's financial status at that point) and the opening night, just about curtain time, Bob got the Big Word. He would be a father any minute. He didn't even have an automobile but he borrowed one and dashed Dorothy down to the hospital—then rushed back and did his stuff on the stage—and back to the hospital in time for the main event.

That probably had nothing to do with it—but Jimmy Mitchum started talking at five months, and plenty, "just like his old man," remarks Dorothy.

Bob's luck began breaking fast the minute he became a proud papa. That's when Paul Wilkins, this agent fellow, dropped into the show one night to see a girl somebody had asked him to look up. The young lady wasn't so hot, he decided right away, and he was yawning and reaching for his hat when Bob Mitchum came on. Mr. Wilkin's gaping mouth snapped shut and he came to attention. So did the audience. Whenever Bob left the stage they went to sleep. When he came on they sat up in their seats. Wilkins observed all this. "H-m-m-m—" he hummed. "This kid has something."

So that's how Bob Mitchum, Hollywood actor, started. Wilkins signed Bob and the next day landed him his first "Hopalong" job, just like that. Once he was on film, even nasty man parts, a bushy beard and Bob's studio caprices couldn't keep him under cover. The fans started swooning and swarming right into the horse opera circuit. When Bob turned romantic for one "Hopalong" and actually kissed Teddy Sherman (Pop's acting daughter) you'd have thought he had betrayed sweet young American womanhood en masse. The howls reached to high heaven.

Mitchum got his Hollywood diploma from the bang-bang B's first when he played that brief but charming scene in "Human Comedy"—remember—where the three soldiers date up the girls on the street and treat them to a movie? Next came "We've Never Been Licked"—just another bit at first—but when Walter Wanger, the producer, saw the rushes he spotted Bob with an experienced Hollywood eye. "Rewrite the script," he ordered, "and give this Mitchum a real part." The break in that added up to the part of Pig Iron in "Gung-Ho," the next Wanger special. And when the director of that one, who'd had Bob forced on him practically, started skipping Mitchum's scenes, Walter Wanger, himself, hopped right down to the set and personally corrected that.

tough and tender . . .

That's a funny thing about Mitchum. He can be as belligerent as a U. S. Marine on a toot; as cocky as a rooster; as explosive as a Teller mine. But something brazen about his personality makes him aces with big shots. Mervyn LeRoy tumbled for Bob in a big way at M-G-M, and even plugged him to play the Van Johnson part of Captain Ted Lawson in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." He tested Bob for 32 different parts while he was there and told him one day, "Mitchum—you're either the lousiest actor in the world—or the best. I can't make up my mind!" Bill Wellman, who directed "G.I. Joe," had never seen Bob before he showed up to be interviewed for the Captain Waskow part (called "Captain Walker" in the movie). But after five minutes talk with Bob and no test or even a reading, Wild Bill told Wild Bob, "Well, that's it. You're the Captain!"

And when Ernie Pyle saw Bob he marvelled, "It's amazing. You could be Waskow himself." High praise from the late and taciturn Ernie, indeed. Because Captain Waskow is the most beloved character

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in "G.I. Joe," a real life American worshipped by his men, whose death prompted Ernie Pyle to write his greatest column. One of Bob's treasures is a copy of Ernie's "Brave Men," inscribed to him.

But oddly enough, it's not big and famous men who intrigue Bob Mitchum. He has barely a pal around Hollywood you'd know even if I spelled out names. Bob's interested in the little guy. He got in a beautiful fight in a Sunset cafe because a big bully was picking on a pint-sized guy. He ran into a kid the other day who'd worked with him in Little Theaters. He was just back from two years in the Army and looking for work. Bob took him over to the "G.I. Joe" set and Jack Shea worked there six weeks. Bob says that he didn't have anything to do with it, but Jack knows better.

Even when he doesn't know whom he's plugging for, Bob can get just as het up. The other day he and Paul Wilkins were going by the gate at RKO studios, where, until Uncle Sam hired him, Bob was getting his steady pay check. But, anyway, there was a new husky at the RKO door this day. As Bob passed by he barked, nastily, "Where the hell do you think *you're* going?" Bob spun around.

"What did you say?"

He repeated it.

battlin' bob . . .

Bob jumped forward to slug him and Paul Wilkins grabbed Bob. Later, inside the studio, he lectured him. "You can't do that around your own studio, Bob," he said. "You'll get everybody down on you."

"Look," explained Bob. "I wasn't mad at what he did to *me*. I can take it. But if he cracks like that at me he'll do it to some unknown kid down on his luck. And that'll hurt him. It's that little guy I was thinking about when I got sore."

That's just another odd quirk in Mitchum's makeup—that he can be as instantly hostile as a grizzly bear and underneath as friendly to everybody as a kitten. All the camera crew are Mitchum's pals wherever he plays. In the marketing district near the Mitchum house, Bob is better known than his wife, Dorothy. He strolls up there when he's home and pals around with the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker. When he started making westerns he got himself a lasso and entertained the merchants, lassoing what he wanted from the shelves. He can think of the darndest things. A half-breed Indian came one day to trim the palm tree in Bob's back yard. Bob started chinning with him and found he was a stunt man out of work. Not only did Mitchum hustle up a job in a studio for the fellow right away, but latched onto him, as a pal.

Being Mrs. Robert Mitchum, Dorothy confesses, is strictly a never-a-dull-moment deal. Bob's as unpredictable around the house as he is around the studios. In fact, whatever character he's playing in a picture, he's quite likely to be the same thing at home. He gets all wrapped up in his parts and if it's a toughie he's playing, Mrs. M. leaves him alone. He's a particularly swell father, now that Jimmy has got so he can pal with his pop. Bob's forever teaching him gag nifties and having Jimmy spring them on the drop-in trade of new friends he seems to make every week. Dorothy never knows when she's going to have a flock of people she's never met for dinner, but that's not so bad, because Bob's a terrific cook, a wizard with meats, gravies and salads. He always bakes Dorothy (he calls her "Goodie" and "Dorsey") a birthday cake, too.

He launches into great homework projects that never seem to get finished—like the lawn he dug up to seed and stopped, leaving it looking like a victory garden without the V. And the tiny whippet car

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he bought for Dorothy and decided to recondition. She's had it a year but has never driven it yet. It's been scattered all over the garage. Bob took it apart but he never got around to putting it together again.

Bob's not lazy but he likes his comfort. He takes two-hour soaks in a tub, never shaves unless he has to, likes to lie on the floor and listen to the record music he loves. He's a stayer-upper until all hours, a slave to black coffee. He likes bourbon whisky best and hangs a cigarette out of his mouth most of the time—except on Saturday nights when he walks up to the drug store and comes back with two big black cigars and the Sunday paper.

He'll stay in bed all hours unless he's working, snoozing in the raw. He can't stand tight clothes or being mussed up. Anyone who touches him suddenly is likely to pick himself up off the floor. That's a hangover from his hobo days when he had to be quick on the draw. For indoor fun he'd rather play poker, but outdoors he's strictly beach and boat happy, with a frustrated ambition to own a sailboat and cruise off the Delaware coast, where Bob still hopes someday to own a farm.

sentimental gentleman . . .

Because Bob is sentimental under his leather tough hide. His family lives right down the street and the Mitchums are thick as leaves. Bob never takes a gold ring off his little finger, which Dorothey gave him when he put the wedding ring on her finger. It's her school class ring from Camden High. He also hoards a red-checked handkerchief of hers which he swiped back in their courting days. He's a sucker for a sassy Scottie named Lady Macbeth who queens it around the house. His business manager had to take away his power to sign checks because Bob was giving his salary away every week to down-and-outers. He's got an easy-come-easy-go complex about money that makes him a check grabber and a soft touch. And—it's hard to believe—but when he played some heartbreaking scenes in "G.I. Joe" Bob wept real tears like a kid.

All in all, you might believe that when Dorothy Mitchum refers to her ever lovin' as "a character," she is making true talk. What Bob Mitchum is likely to do the next minute is anybody's guess, including his own. But there's one thing that's dead certain—he'll get along.

Because he's built like Superman, even the army quartermaster had a rugged time whipping up a uniform for Bob when he was inducted recently. For a week Bob walked around in dungarees while waiting for his uniform issue. Then the week end rolled around and he wanted to hop up home to Hollywood. But the Army has a rigid rule that way—not a step do you go off the post without full uniform.

Bob made it up to Hollywood all right. Maybe his uniform fit him a little quick in some places and a little slow in others. His shirt covered his big shoulders but it hung around his wasp waist like an empty gunnysack. And his pants were half way up to his knees. But it was all regulation.

What Bob Mitchum had done was go over to the post hospital and borrow this and that from the sick report GIs who weren't going anywhere, anyway. He got all he needed, except a dress cap.

Walking across the post, Bob spied a captain in full uniform. He had an idea. He marched up and saluted.

In a few minutes Private Mitchum was hitting the highway home to Hollywood. He wore the captain's hat, with the gold insignia stripped off, of course.

When a raw, dog-faced rookie can talk an Army captain out of the hat on his head—well—the future wouldn't seem to pose many serious problems for a character like Bob Mitchum, now would it?

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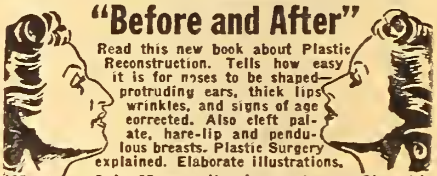

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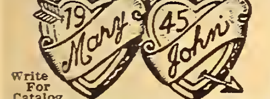

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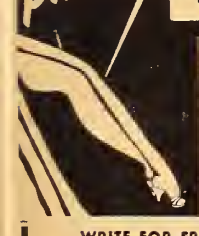

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LAST LEAVE

(Continued from page 47)

helping the big plane make a tender landing; three pairs of eyes strained almost out of their sockets as the khaki load began to pile out and disperse. "Bud!" called Lon's mother, running forward.

And so, Lon McCallister was back with his family; back, that is, for a brief leave, knowing that it was his last before reporting to a Port of Embarkation for duty outside the continental limits of the States.

Chattering like four mynah birds, the family hopped into the car and made for Santa Monica. "Everything looks so wonderful and green," announced Lon. "And the sun is just as bright as ever, and there's just as much fog over the ocean, and the girls are still as yeow-yeow in their bathing suits. . . ."

buzz bomb tactics . . .

And just ahead was the worst motor accident Lon had seen in his life. Luckily, the McCallister car wasn't involved. In the distance, Lon and his grandfather saw it happen, saw other cars stop to render aid. "There isn't anything we can do, except keep moving," Lon said. But as they passed he saw a woman from one of the cars involved, lying starkly still in the vast indifference of death.

It dampened his homecoming considerably, but he refused to let his family know about it. He chattered on, telling them about the last few months of the tour of "Winged Victory."

He told them about the day he was scheduled to give autographs in the record department of an eastern department store. One member of the cast was to be present each day for a week; Wednesday had been advertised as Lon's day. The other two fellows who preceded him on Monday and Tuesday said it wasn't so bad; lots of kids, of course, but most of them orderly and well-mannered.

Lon got all gussied up fit for inspection—shoes polished until they should have worn blinkers, trousers creased, buttons polished, hair brushed flat. As he stepped out of the elevator on the third floor (music department) he heard the sound of locusts ruining a "Good Earth" landscape. He hesitated. But he who hesitates is bossed. Quickly, a floorwalker approached. "Right this way, Private McCallister," he said, mopping his forehead and burning as red as a fugitive from forty days in an open boat.

When the assembled record buyers saw Lon, a shriek went up the like of which you won't hear until final surrender is signed. They began to thrust pens, pencils, notebooks, menus, scarves, belts and several other items at him. "I'll take care of everyone in a minute," said Lon. His voice couldn't be heard sixteen inches away because of the general hysteria. Someone on each side gave Lon a boost, hoisting him to the top of a counter.

He began to sign autographs with frantic haste. Meanwhile, the mob closed in; some of the bobby soxers climbed up beside Lon. One bright cherub with less sense than the Lord gave little green gooseberries, grabbed one of Lon's cuff buttons, gave a mighty tug, and ran away in triumph—the button imprinting the U. S. crest in the flesh of her palm.

That did it. If an M.P. had arrived at that moment, he could have put Lon in the brig for being out of uniform. But it didn't stop there. Other bright minds began to covet other McCallister treasures.

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One girl tried to snatch his tie; another was trying to possess a second button. One fan even took a firm grip of Lon's hair in order to pull out a few samples for her memory book.

Police officers had arrived by that time. They managed to get Lon into a freight elevator and up to the roof while frantic fans clogged the regular elevators and packed themselves subway fashion into the stairways.

Lon, sitting on the roof in the afternoon sunlight, wore a wry grin. He thought it over very carefully. It was wonderful to be famous—it was the thing many people wanted more than anything else in life. But it had penalties—plenty. What man could enjoy having his clothing torn, his hair pulled, his neck see-sawed by fans, no matter how flattering their intent?

Lon thought of something else. He thought of men he knew who were flying over the Japanese home islands and dodging flak; he thought of male fans who had written to him from destroyers eluding kamikaze pilots; he thought of kids he had known in school who were working in underwater demolition teams, preparing the way for beachheads to be established.

By and by the store manager, who was charming throughout this unexpected riot, and several other people, came up to Lon's hiding place; they made arrangements for him to descend by freight elevator to the alley, and there they had a cab waiting. So Lon got back to his hotel with a full head of hair and a uniform in fairly good condition.

Then there was the time in Cincinnati when he was ordered to remain in the wings and to keep off the stage after the first performance. During that first performance, the kids in the audience set up such a screeching that the lines being spoken by the principals in "Winged Victory" couldn't be heard. Adult members of the audience protested, but with refund-my-money tones, so Steps Had To Be

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Recently Jean Pierre Aumont spoke at our school. At the close of his speech, he asked if there were any questions. One girl asked: "Are Frenchmen as romantic as they're supposed to be?" Lt. Aumont grinned and said he wasn't sure, but he thought they were. His wife, Maria Montez, was in the audience, and the next "question" was a request that she go on the stage. When she arrived at the microphone, she said she'd known they'd invite her up there to answer the above question. With a mischievous look at her husband, a wink at the audience, and a grin on her beautiful face, she leaned toward the microphone, sighed, and softly whispered, "Ah, yes, indeed they are!" Whereupon a blushing Lt. Aumont exited behind some curtains, Maria's grin broke into a big smile, and the whole audience broke out in gales of laughter. The Aumonts showed themselves to be wonderful people with grand senses of humor, as well as fine performers.

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aken. Lon's two scenes were cut from he play, and after that he remained back- age.

In another town, after the first mat- ee, there were so many bobby soxers at he stage door that the cast had to remain the theater for dinner. Sympathetic embers of the regular theater staff ipped out through various fire escapes, ecured gallons of coffee and sandwiches, nd fed the besieged army.

"In other words," admitted Lon, as the mily drove into the garage at the Malibu each house, "I've really been surrounded y people, people, people for a long time. hat's why—if you folks don't mind—I'd ke to take a long walk down the beach— lone—before we have supper. I don't ven want Mack to go with me, because e's a responsibility."

"You run along," Mrs. McCallister said. Supper won't be ready for two hours . . . nd develop an appetite, because I've ooked all your favorite things."

"Hamburgers!" yelled Lon.

"No," said his mother with dignity, oatties of ground round steak." (She lways makes this distinction; this same onversation has been exchanged regularly nce Lon was mumbley-peg champion of is block.) "And chocolate cake," she dded.

oo much and too long . . .

"A guy who is about to take a long troll on the beach is going to work up uch an appetite that he might as well be omewhat fortified in advance, don't you hink?" suggested Private McCallister, sing the propaganda approach.

So his mother cut a slab of the three- tory cake and passed it over to the hiker.

He set out, loving the squishy feel of and through the beach shoes he had ex- hanged for his G.I. gruesome twosome. s far as he could see, there was no one n the beach; he was utterly alone. After ears of spending every waking and sleep- ng moment surrounded by people (every nan in uniform knows the sensation of erpetually living at Broadway and 42nd), his isolation was utter bliss. He closed is eyes, breathed to the bottom of his ungs, and walked on.

He thought. He had said when he left ome that he would never change. He ad vowed that he would come back with he same viewpoint with which he had een armed when he left. Now he wanted o talk that over with himself.

Because he had changed.

At first he told himself that the altera- ion he felt could be blamed upon the atural process of growing up. "Even if had never gone into the army, even if had stayed here, working in pictures and eeing my same friends every day, I would ave changed," he said, although the words —even as they were formed—were torn part and scattered by the sea wind.

And he thought again, "No. I wouldn't ave changed as much as I have."

He felt older; much, much older. He elt more serious. He had begun to worry bout responsibilities, not only to his fam- ly and to his friends, but to his profession, o the people who would some day see his pictures. "I want to do really good hings," he told himself solemnly.

A few nights later, when he and Jeanne Crain had dinner together at Mrs. Weiss' Czarda restaurant in Beverly Hills, they alked about the future. "Still crazy about your career?" Lon asked her.

"More than ever," she said, looking up hrough those incredible eyelashes.

Lon grinned at her. Kiddingly, he said, 'Well, if you're going to marry me, you'll have to give it up."

Jeanne studied him. "Are you serious

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RESINOL

about wanting the girl you marry to give up her career if she has one, or to be a non-career girl in the first place?"

"Dead serious," he said. "I really mean it. When I get married, I want to be able to come home and find my wife there. If she had a picture career, she might have to work late on the day when I felt lowest and needed her the most. You know yourself how it is. There are times when you need someone to tell you that you're taking yourself too seriously and that dinner will be ready by the time you've changed your clothes."

"I don't think I'd ever be happy without my career—now that I know what a thrill being an actress is," admitted Jeanne. "I want to go on and on, making more important pictures, learning how to do great dramatic work . . . I don't want to give it up, just to be married."

Lon said, "I used to think that I wanted to marry an actress because she would understand my work thoroughly. Well, that would be okay if she wanted to give it up, in order to be one hundred percent a wife after we were married. I've decided that just since I've been in the army, Jeanne. A guy gets a lot of ideas in the army that stick with him—the feeling of the importance of a home, for one thing."

"It's going to be hard for you to meet a girl like the one you have in mind," Jeanne pointed out logically. "The girls you get to know well are all in theatrical work."

"I'll figure it out while I'm overseas—when I'll have plenty of time for that kind of thinking," grinned Lon.

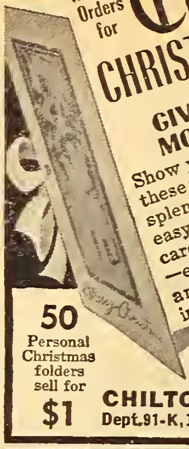
helping hand . . .

Several nights later he took Marjorie Riordan to dinner; they didn't talk very much career stuff because Marj has been having a bit of a struggle despite the fact that she is one of the most beautiful and most talented girls in Hollywood.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It happened at the "Music That Satisfies" program in New York. The announcer came out to "warm up" the studio audience. After introducing the members on the program and talking about the applause, the announcer looked at the clock. Then he said, "I think I'll tell a joke. A little girl was watching her father at the telephone. After her father hung up, the girl asked, 'Papa, who made the telephone?' His answer was, 'I don't know.' The little girl then asked, 'How old is Mama?' She received the same reply. 'I guess I'd better not ask you any more questions,' the child said. 'Oh, no,' said her father, 'After all, how else can you learn?' " The audience, except for a few polite chuckles, remained quiet. The announcer looked grim. He began again. He got up to the part where the girl asks her father, "Papa, who made the telephone?" Before he got any further, a chorus of voices called out, "Your brother!" The announcer was, of course, Jim Ameche, kid brother of Don Ameche. It was the first time a studio audience ever "warmed up" the announcer.

William Kushner
New York, N. Y.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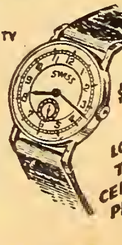
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After he had returned to Malibu, Lon said to his mother, "From now on I have just one terrific reason for wanting to get to be so important in pictures that I'll be able to wave a hand and say, 'I want So-and-so for my next picture.' There are so many swell kids in this town who aren't getting the break they deserve. Golly, I wish I could *do* something . . . something really important to help."

"Everything in its proper time, Bud," said his mother. It helped; it pointed out a goal, and somehow it made tomorrow seem much nearer.

One Saturday morning Lon, Ray (his longtime buddy who works for Lockheed), and a third man (who sold Lon his Malibu house originally) went up to a lake about one A-ticket into the hills. They took along two sleeping bags and a stack of blankets because the fog always comes down to the water's edge at night at that time of the year.

And they took along their fishing gear; object: Large fish.

All afternoon and late into the evening they cast their bait into the lake with exactly the proper wrist movement; they moved up the stream that feeds the lake, trailing all sorts of stuff that would, presumably, entice a finny glutton.

Total result: 17 medium-sized trout.

busman's holiday . . .

At their camp site, they discussed the dinner menu. "I hope you don't think I'm a Section 8," (i.e., psycho-neurotic), said Lon, "but I don't want fish for dinner. I don't like to meet my food socially, as I have these characters, before I eat it."

The other two anglers were in agreement. Besides, the fish were so small. They opened a can of peaches, a can of spam (yeah), boiled a pot of coffee, and boiled half-a-dozen eggs in the coffee. It was a wonderful dinner.

As the fire died down, the trio bedded for the night, Ray and Lon in the sleeping bags, and their friend, the owner of the total equipment, stretched under several layers of blankets.

Ray, wriggling inside the sleeping bag, looked at Lon suspiciously. "I notice that you chose your fox hole pretty carefully. I'm just finding out why you hollowed out that area and removed all the stones and sticks before you bedded down."

"Can I help it if I've been trained in army methods?" taunted Lon. "Just a little superior planning, my boy."

There was silence for ten minutes. Then Ray crawled out of the sleeping bag and removed a few more stones and sticks from the depression of his choice. Silence for thirty minutes. Then a long groan. Ray: "Every time I turn over, I try to hang myself in this crazy thing."

No answer. Silence for twenty minutes. Choking sounds of a locomotive chuffing up a grade only to run into a mountain of cotton. Ray: "Hey, some little animal just ran over my face."

At which point Lon observed wearily, "I'm not getting much sleep, either. I guess my trouble is that I'm so used to Mack lying across my feet that I can't doze off without him."

Not that Mack is supposed to spread his weight across the foot of Lon's bed, of course. Mack now weighs around 160

AUTOGRAPHS

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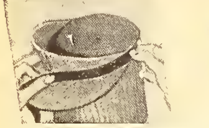

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pounds and stands, when leaping on his hind legs for joy, about six feet plus tall. But, great as is his size, Mack thinks of himself as a lap dog. He has a merry little toy poodle soul in his Great Dane body.

The first night Lon was at home, Mack actually tried to talk to him. The dog placed his face some four inches from Lon's and engaged in a prolonged recital of his woes. He growled, he arfed, he barked, he chuckled. He told Lon about every new dog and cat within twenty miles. But most of all, he told Lon that the way Private McCallister had sneaked away without telling his faithful pal, Mack, goodbye on the occasion of Lon's last furlough, was a shocking shame. And Mack let it be known that the affair was not to be repeated.

When they prepared for bed, Lon pointed to the rug and explained to Mack that the floor was the proper place for 160 rugged pounds of canine. During the night Lon awakened with the feeling that the Empire State building had been erected on his ankles. It was only Mack, keeping guard and snatching a little shut-eye at the same time.

Night after night the same performance took place. Mack was ordered to the floor. Lon would awaken with Mack on the bed. Mack would be ordered to the rug again. Again he would sneak up on the bed.

"It's a good thing he isn't here tonight," said Ray at the end of this story, "because that madman-mutt would be trying to get into your sleeping bag!"

Everyone finally went to sleep and awakened as soon as the sun managed to crawl gingerly through enough chiffon veils of fog to smother Salome. And for breakfast, to be different, they had canned peaches, spam, coffee—with eggs boiled in the coffee.

The last day Lon was at home he moved around the huge living room with its magnificent stone fireplace, studying each corner, each wall space, each item of furniture with an appraising eye. "As soon as we can get good materials," he told his mother, "I think we should have those two lounges upholstered in bright red corduroy. Now we'll keep this one long lounge in sandtone, but don't you think the drapes would be swell if they were made of a print featuring those red Williamsburg roses?"

He stopped, leaned his head back and laughed. "Gosh, being in barracks really makes a guy appreciate a house," he said. "Oh well—I'll have two years to think about all the things I want to do here at home. Two long years overseas. I'm glad I'm going, but—yeow—how glad I'm going to be to get back!"

At this point he had a dejecting thought: "Do you suppose everybody will have forgotten me by that time?" he asked his mother.

"Certainly not," said that wise woman. "Fans will keep on writing to the studio, and the studio will forward the letters to you wherever you are, so you'll be able to see for yourself that you aren't forgotten. The idea!"

She is going to forward his lightweight typewriter to Lon so that he will be able to answer the letters he ardently hopes he gets.

AUTOGRAPHS!

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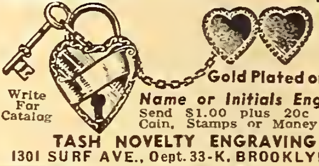

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"WICKED WILLIAMS"

(Continued from page 54)

She only knew that her hair was still damp and stringy, and she'd left her lipstick home, and that for the first time in her healthy young life she was wishing she could manage a swoon.

"It was one of those things that *calls* for a faint—and all I could do was gulp and gulp."

The test, what with several rehearsals and being photographed from various angles, took four hours to make. When Clark, who didn't know the script any better than she did, forgot one of his lines, he reverted to S.O.P. In the Army, that's Standard Operating Procedure—in a Gable picture it means he kisses the gal. At the end of four hours, Esther had been kissed some thirty-five times!

bean babies . . .

These days when Clark passes Esther on the lot he sometimes waves and says, "When are we going to do a picture together?" She still gulps, and says "I don't know"—which happens to be true. It could happen, of course, "—but I'm not doing any pining," she says, "I'm not a gal to push my luck!"

You can't really know Esther unless you know "Mommy"—wise and lovely Bula Williams who managed while teaching school, to give private lessons in normalcy to a brood of five at home. Ask Esther the secret of that exuberance and vitality of hers and she'll say, "I'm a product of fresh air—and Mommy's baked beans!" That's when you'll see a look of amusement and remembrance and companionship go quietly between them. The "joke" about the beans, neither of them minds telling you, is that one winter the Williams family would have been pretty hungry if it wasn't for a five-bushel basket of the darn things!

Esther was born in Los Angeles, after another thespian in the family had already caused them to trek west. Her Dad, Lou Williams, was an artist, doing theatrical art work in Salt Lake City. A troupe visiting there became impressed with six-year-old Stanton Williams, and the youngster was given a role in a play starring Clara Kimball Young. Her brother Stanton's acting career was a pitifully short one, he died when Esther was quite young. In other ways too, the family had its good times and its bad ones, as most families do.

Mr. Williams is now head painter at Calship, "—but in those days Dad was a dreamer, not a doer—" says his daughter proudly. "One winter when he was having one of his big beautiful dreams, we got all the way down to those five bushels of Navy beans. Mommy fixed them every day in a different way—baked, boiled, with tomatoes and without. It's a tribute to her ingenuity that to this day my favorite dish is *still* beans!"

The swimming began when Esther was eight years old and a public playground, complete with pool, was built near her home.

Because her mother's P.T.A. activities had been largely responsible for the pool, young Miss Williams was invited to assist in the dedication. She was to swim across the pool (after a little preliminary practice she could just about make it) and render a "thank you" speech. Nothing might have come of it if one Teddy, with whom she was very much in love, hadn't been present at the ceremonies. The embryo Bathing Beauty stepped to the edge of the pool, posed, and hit the water in what is known among the younger set as a "belly whopper." The roars of the crowd wouldn't

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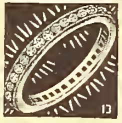
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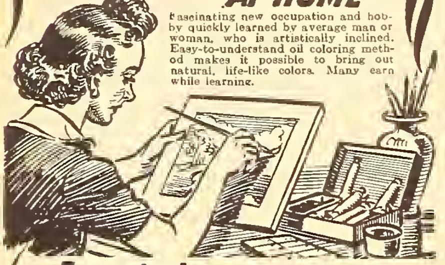

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have mattered, but the unsentimental snickering of the ungallant Teddy was too much.

"I made it to the mike," she recalls, "but when I opened my mouth nothing but water came out. From then on, learning to swim was merely a matter of revenge. I'd laugh in that Teddy's face some day! So what happened? Today Teddy's on my rationing board, and believe me, I'm nice and polite to him!"

Esther worked her way into that particular school of fish to which she belongs by counting towels at public pools, an hour's free swim for every hundred towels. At fifteen the Los Angeles Athletic Club became impressed with her form (and this time we speak technically) and promised they would make her a champion in four years. "I can't wait that long," said the brown-haired buzzbomb, "I'll do it in two—or give up."

So, late one hot and breathless night in '39, Esther stood on the edge of a pool in Des Moines, Iowa, talking to the pool and herself. The water lay dark and torpid, still warm with the heat of a blistering day and the hard breathing of straining young bodies, but to her it was a very heavenly piece of H_2O. "You great big, beautiful old thing, you," said the new champion, with arms outstretched as if to embrace it, "You let me do it—you let me win the Nationals, and I'll never forget you!" She hasn't, either.

The Pacific peach broke national records like some people break their New Year's resolutions, one after another. 100 meter free style, the 300 meter medley, and as a member of the champion 400 meter free style relay team. She also set a record for the 100 meter breast stroke that year. She was in training to be America's Olympic queen when came the war, and all Hades broke loose at Helsinki. Since you can't get your vitamins eating your medals, she went to work at modeling for a while until showman Billy Rose sought her out as star of his San Francisco Aquacade.

It was at the Fair that Esther met John Murray Anderson, famous creator of water ballets, and whom she has met since, "—and always head-on! Mr. Anderson and I are old friends—want to see my scars?" she asks with a grin.

It seems that while Billy Rose is known as the little man who does things big, the lavishness did not extend to the leading lady's wardrobe. Esther, who is five-foot-seven, had to telescope herself into the last year's costumes of Eleanor Holm, who is five-foot-one.

"Came dress rehearsal and I walked out on the stage looking like something off a tramp steamer."

Mr. Murray looked up, pinned her with a startled gaze and stabbed her with a sharp inquiry:

"*What*—or rather, *who*—are you?" he asked coldly. "Esther Williams—" she said, in a voice as inadequate as her costume.

"Can I help it if Mr. Rose can't afford new costumes for me?" she asked hotly.

"We don't speak about what Mr. Rose can afford around here," said the director. "Just do something about it before the opening—"

ice cube atmosphere . . .

There was just one kindly smile on all that big stage—it belonged to Morton Downey whom she had always wanted to meet, but under better circumstances.

For the rest, there were dozens of young swimmers, professionals but not champions, most of whom were nursing injured feelings caused by not being chosen to star themselves. All in all, the atmosphere could have been cut up into large, frigid ice cubes.

Next time she met John Murray Ander-

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son it was on the Metro lot where she was the prize "Bathing Beauty" from the picture of the same name. It was then that Mr. Anderson smilingly nicknamed her "the Wicked Williams," which she liked—"it seemed like a friendly sign." The water chorines rehearsed day after day and Esther, busy with costume fittings and such, counted on two or three weeks rehearsal of her own. That's what it usually takes to perfect a precision ballet—only Mr. Anderson knows that Esther is no more "usual" than her native state's weather.

"We start shooting tomorrow," he all of a sudden told her. "You have today to rehearse in." Then, while her mouth hung open, "Get into a suit, get into the water—and improvise!" he told her.

She hopped in and was improvising "like a terrified tadpole," when came the director's voice over the mike: "Why you silly little girl you—now that was nice and stupid—"

"I climbed grandly out of the tank," she recalls, "wrapped my robe around me, and stalked majestically off to my dressing room. 'Send Mr. Anderson in—' I said, arm raised in queenly gesture. He came, and he said, 'How do you find time to be so childish? Hurry back to the tank, you're delaying us!' So—oh, I hurried back to the tank!"

If you saw "Bathing Beauty" you haven't forgotten the liquid grace of those ballets. "I guess J. M. A. is my favorite foe, after all, although knowing him is something like running yourself through a wringer," says his favorite victim. "I expect to go on meeting him all my life, and winding up every time limp and starchless—and knowing it's good for me!"

When she was not quite eighteen, Esther met and married young medical student Leonard Kovner, whom she divorced a year ago. For a while she did a gallant job of quick-changing from movie star to housewife, a housewife who fixed breakfast before she rushed off to "glamor," and at night switched contentedly from grease paint to biscuit dough. She doesn't talk about it much, but if she did she wouldn't make Hollywood the villain in the case. Two people in any town can find it impossible to think and feel the same about the same things—and that's what happened to this first love of hers.

Currently, with the advent of blonde six-foot-four Sgt. Ben Gage, life is again a lovely, laughing thing for Esther. "He's such a happy character," says the girl who knows happiness is not a possession, but a habit. "Full of fun, but underneath it he's solid and loyal—the first real *friend* I've ever had!"

crazy like a fox . . .

Esther's own loyalties are deep rooted—and unpredictable. There was the day recently when her handsome Sarge took her to Santa Anita for her first time. Not until he had carefully explained all about betting, of course—about reading the racing form, and picking a good jockey, and so on.

"That's certainly interesting," said his girl friend, after a while, "but I'm going to bet on Old Dad, because he's Mr. Mayer's horse and I'll bet he's nice—"

"Look, you don't bet on a horse's beautiful soul—not unless he can run, too. And this particular horse can't run—read the consensus if you don't believe me—" said her Sarge.

Esther regarded the consensus with her nose slightly upturned, because that's the way it grows, and said, "That's all the more reason I'm betting on Old Dad. For a long time Mr. Mayer paid me a salary when he didn't really know how I'd turn out, either. The least I can do is spend two dollars to encourage his horse—"

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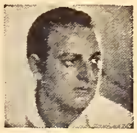

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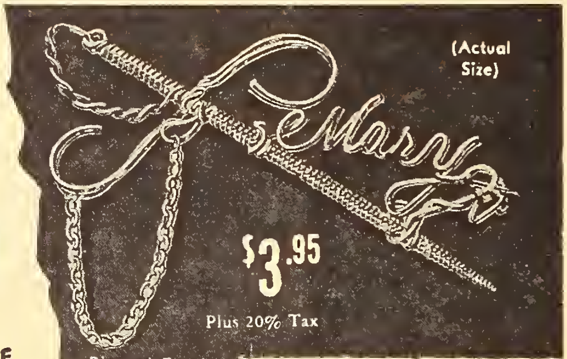

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It was very discouraging for Sgt. Ben when Old Dad won. Also when all the other horses Esther picked because they "reminded her of someone," or maybe just because she happened to stick a pin in their name on the racing form, kept on upsetting the consensus. It was nice, however, being able to borrow dinner money from her after his own betting was done!

Recently, when Esther toured the service hospitals it was suggested that since she had no vaudeville or "entertainment" tricks up her silken sleeve, it might be enough just to let the service men see and talk with such an engaging bit of femininity. Her answer was typically Williams:

"Look, I've got news for you—most of those fellows have been out of the country for a couple of years and have never even heard of Esther Williams. Even if they have, I'm not walking in on them with a big, silly grin on my face and saying 'Here comes a big fat treat for you, kids—*me!*' If I'm going to have a chance to be with those boys at all, I'm going to work for the privilege!"

It's a safe bet nobody ever worked harder. She whipped up a skit, a "screen test" idea, with the huskiest fighting man having to play heroine in a beflowered bonnet. A little on the corny side, but reminding them of the parlor dramatics they used to have fun with at home. She sang, and she staged rhumba contests and jitterbugged so many heels off her shoes she several times had to finish her show stocking-footed. And always, since most bases have pools or tanks, she gave exhibitions and raced the fellows in the water.

In Washington, where it was mid-winter, the Walter Reed Hospital authorities thought she might want to skip the swimming. "What for?" she asked, and waded through the snow from dressing room to tank à la Bathing Beauty, but with goose-pimples! At another hospital her audience consisted entirely of men with artificial legs and arms. But when it came time for the swimming and rhumba challenges, she walked down front like she had everywhere else, looked them straight in the eye and said, "Any takers?" There were plenty. Every fellow who raced her in the water had to remove a mechanical limb before he got into the tank, "—and I never had to swim harder to beat anybody in my life—!" They jitterbugged and rhumba'd with one leg apiece and sometimes on crutches, and did it like professionals. After she had kissed the winners, which was part of the show, "I went to my dressing room and cried like a fool," she says.

Then, there were the traction wards. The slow torture chambers where fellows lie week after week strung up on pulleys, and the stench of unwashed and rotting skin under their casts is so strong that even some of the sincerest and stoutest-hearted visitors have to skip it. "Then that's where I want to go," said Esther. She walked into the fetid room, this tall girl who looks like nothing stronger than a clean salt breeze had ever touched her, and said "Hi, kids!" The kids didn't answer. Broken, bitter boys, once as fresh and whole as she was, they lay in the tortured positions they hadn't been out of since they came, and watched her. Watching for that uncontrollable wrinkle of the nose, or grimace of the mouth as the stench hit her, waiting to scream "Get out of here, you—" as they had at others who couldn't take it.

Esther went from bed to bed, and talked until she got an answer or a grin. One blonde chap, he must have been a straight-backed six-footer with a spring in his step before he went into battle, was particularly sullen.

"I suppose you've come to leave us your autograph—how *sweet!*" he said abusively.

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"It isn't sweet, but it's short—I'd be happy if you'd let me scribble it somewhere," she said.

"Okay—autograph *that*—" said the boy grimly. "That" was a foul and odorous cast, with a smashed leg under it. He watched her bend over it with a smile, and take her time about it while she wrote, "Love—and all that good luck you've still got coming, Esther Williams."

"Aw, cut the clowning—" he was ugly, wanting to hurt others like he had been hurt. "You don't fool me—I know you hate getting near that stinking thing!"

Esther straightened up—and hit right back. "Look, Dirty Disposition, I'm from Hollywood, remember? You ought to smell some of our B pictures!"

A grin spread over his face, the grin he'd lost when his plane crashed. "You're okay, kid—" he said, "Think you can take it again— come see me again, I mean?" "I'll be here tomorrow morning, right before I leave—" she said.

That's how she is, this "Wicked Williams," spunky and witty and gallant hearted. A kid who swam her way to a championship "against the most outstanding field of 100-meter free-stylists ever assembled," the sports writers said. The kid with the curves who'll be able to handle herself in any field, because she is also a champ at living and laughing. A lot of both is being done these days in the small house she recently purchased for herself. It sits high on a Pacific Palisade with hot-and-cold running wind and sun and a built-in view of the ocean, and every morning she takes a deep breath and says, "I'm going to live here till I die!"

While gulping and waving at Gable, she's also been busy acting opposite Mickey Rooney, Red Skelton, Van Johnson and William Powell—not bad screen dating, you'll agree. The Powell picture, "The Hoodlum Saint," will take Esther out of a bathing suit and present her for the first time as a completely dressed leading lady. "Removing the distractions—" is the way Metro describes it.

"I've had to learn something new for every picture," she says, "to sing and to dance, and now to wear clothes! It will certainly be a nice, warm change from those chilly-morning swim suit scenes. People were beginning to call me 'Water-Soaked Williams!'"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Several years ago, Dick Powell made a personal appearance at Shea's Theater in Buffalo. When he walked out on the stage for his 6:00 p.m. performance, he made quite a speech to the audience. It seemed that Dick had three very ardent admirers who were sitting in the front row, and had been sitting there since 11:00 that morning, when the theater had opened. He explained that he appreciated the enthusiasm that the young women had shown, and felt he wanted to express his gratitude by giving each a small gift. With that, he went into the wings and came back onstage with three bottles of milk and three delicious sandwiches. I say "delicious" because they sure were. I was the gal in the middle, and that's how I know!

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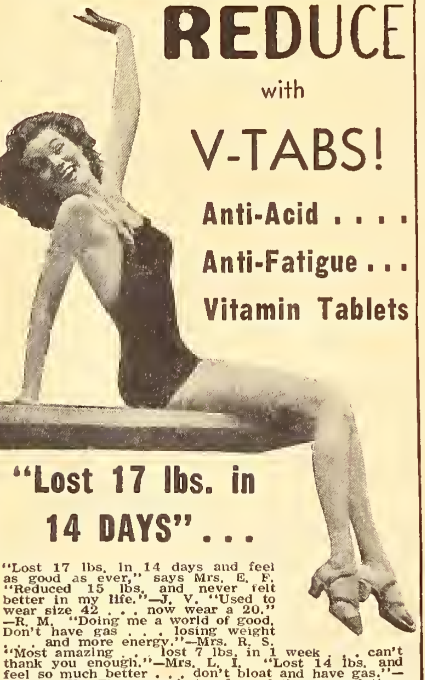

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BABY TALK

(Continued from page 41)

M-G-M, and M-G-M wondered if they couldn't squeeze a picture in. A trouper from the cradle, Gloria was willing on condition that the doctor agreed. But the picture called for tight period costumes and lots of dancing, so he said better not. Was Gloria downhearted? If anything, her face turned a shade more radiant. "It's such fun to stay home—"

It's fun for many reasons. At first, there'd been the house to get settled. John had quite a lot of it done before their engagement, but Gloria got hold of the bedroom in time to rescue it from strict masculinity. Now it's soft, without being gooey—lamps that are neither too fussy nor too severe—crisscross curtains at the windows, crisp and fresh but not drowned in ruffles—an oversize bed flanked by two utility tables—in short, a restful, friendly room.

For the living room she bought all the fascinating doodads a man never thinks of —plus one major piece. Between two windows stood a cherrywood table they both hated. The decorator kept promising to find something else, but Gloria found it first—a lovely maplewood desk that looked perfect for the spot—and had it sent home. As a rule, John's quick to notice any change, but this time of course he didn't—rambled all over the place with never a glance in the right direction till Gloria was ready to scream. Finally, she maneuvered him to a sofa facing the desk—now he'd have to see it. Instead, he kept his eyes on her face. "What've you been doing today, honey?"

She collapsed into giggles. "Buying us something you won't even look at—"

P. S.—He liked it.

Then there's the fun of planning for after the war. Like other good citizens, the Paynes put their money into war bonds, saving against inflation and making blueprints of what they'll do when the war's over. John's going to pull out the orchard behind the house and put citrus in—have a swimming pool built and, in the far corner, a corral with a horse or two. Years ago he acquired a piece of beach property. Every month they pore over house-and-garden magazines, and know exactly what their beach house will look like. A huge living room, all windows on the oceanside —a tremendous fireplace—the necessary bedrooms and kitchen—a workroom "for me to waste time in," says John—the whole built strong against onslaughts of wind and wave. But not now, with costs 300% more than they should be. What John and Clarence could do with their own hands, they've done—cleared the land, laid a foundation. The rest will wait, though Clarence would like nothing better than to put the house up himself. To Clarence and Mary Ellen, their couple, the Paynes are family.

They've also had a vacation—not the one they'd planned, but a nice one just the same. Their honeymoon was cut short, when TC-Fox called John back to start the "Dolly Sisters." He'd had no holiday since before entering the service so, with the picture finished, he decided to take Gloria to Mexico. Travel was less curtailed than it is now, but you still had a tough time getting reservations. Finally John came home waving the tickets—and much good they did him. The studio called. "Get ready to go to New Orleans for "Enchanted Voyage." They canceled the tickets, kissed Mexico goodbye and waited for orders, which came in due course. "You don't have to go to New Orleans—"

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So they went to Del Monte, explored Monterey, swam and played golf. Gloria'd never played before, but the pro told her she'd be good some day, which was more than he'd say for John who doesn't want to be good. John's attitude toward the game might be called indulgent. What he likes about it, it keeps him in the air. His idea is to hit the ball a whack. If it overshoots the green, that's the ball's business. As long as he smacks it 250 yards, he's a happy man. "Good deal," he says. Anything that leaves him content—a date with a friend, a book he's enjoyed, a fire on his hearth—is to John a good deal.

Finally, to keep the best for the last, there's always Julie, daughter of John and Anne Shirley, a dark eyed charmer with an irrepressible personality. Of course she's not always there, but John lost a lot of time with her while he was in the service, and Anne generously agreed to let him make it up. . . .

He's Pop to Julie, and Gloria's Button—a name she took over from John. She and Button were fast friends before the marriage, but not till they lived under the same roof did Gloria discover the infinite variety and diversion provided by an almost 5-year-old. . . .

Julie's blessed with an inquiring mind and a reluctance to admit ignorance on any subject. She'll fish for information, then pretend she's known it all along. Gloria bought her a hammer set. Following directions, Julia hammered a juggler together. "See what I made, Button! Isn't it wonderful?"

"It's a juggler," Gloria told her.

"Look, Pop, it's a juggle—"

He explained what a juggler was—how he throws and catches and balances things. Two minutes later they heard her in the kitchen. "Of *course* it's a juggle, Mary Ellen, he *balances* thing, don't you know what a *juggle* is—?"

who's little girl? . . .

Pop's the disciplinarian. If Julie's naughty with Button or Mary Ellen, they'll say, "Maybe your father should know about this—" And Pop takes direct action. His child has a lot of excess energy, and doesn't mind a fight. A little stronger and more active than most kids her age, she generally wins. The first time John heard of these doings, he gave her a long talk on the good neighbor policy, and why you don't trample on other people. She listened attentively, but had the bad luck to be caught redhanded a couple of weeks later. The result was a royal spanking, since then she's kept her hands respectfully in her pockets.

To Gloria, Julie's such fun that at first she wanted her own child to be a girl. But discovering that John sort of goes for boys she changed her mind. After all, they'd like more than one, and it's nice for the older to be a boy. Names have been discussed, but no final decision reached. "Let's wait and see what he looks like," says John. Somehow it always slips out "he." What "he" won't be, by paternal decree, is John Howard Payne, Jr. Payne thinks a kid's entitled to his own name.

At first you couldn't sell Julie anything but a boy—she definitely didn't want another girl around. Pop knew what was eating his daughter when, having heard about the baby, she eyed him for a minute, then made a running jump into his lap and smeared him with kisses. "Am I your little girl?" asked the small voice.

"Look, honey," he explained. "There are all different kinds of love, and a person's heart stretches to hold them all. When you got to know and love Button, did that make you love me any less? Well, I'll love a new little boy or girl very much, but you'll always be Julie. The way I

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From the start, Gloria shared the new baby with Julie, told her about it while it was still a secret, took her along on shopping expeditions. Julie began acting like a grandmother. "You shouldn't *do* that, Button. Let *me* do it for you—" At the baby shop she got very busy and helpful. "Of course we'll have to have these bands to put on its stomach." But the payoff came when she fell for a ravishing blonde of eighteen months. "You know, Button, we *might* have a girl. Nothing would surprise me—"

Gloria gets as excited as the next one, but doesn't let it show. Through the swift days of engagement and marriage, she kept her composure. Not till she stood in the church vestry, did she start shaking. That's how it was with the baby—she was all serenity till she sat in the shop with her mother that first time, and realized she was buying these things for her very own child.

She did her shopping early because things are hard to get, and because later on she might not feel like it. She took her mother's advice and bought only the basic necessities. "All you need to start with are shirts and diapers and nightgowns." One night John came home with bottles, nipples and four dozen new diapers from a fellow at the studio. Down in Virginia, his Aunt Rosie is knitting soakers. And one morning he arrived on the set to find 8-year-old Connie Marshall, who plays his little sister in "Enchanted Voyage," making with the blue yarn and needles. "It's a sweater for your baby, John." He already had Connie down for a marvel, but that cinched it.

ANSWERS

(Continued from page 84)

1. Fiction—"Emperor Jones"
2. Lived—"Diamond Jim"
3. Lived—"House of Rothschild"
4. Lived—"Shine On Harvest Moon"
5. Lived—"The Magic Bullet"
6. Fiction—The Tarzan Series
7. Fiction—"The Wizard of Oz"
8. Lived—"The Bowery"
9. Lived—"Juarez"
10. Lived—"Blossoms in the Dust"
11. Fiction—"Desert Song"
12. Lived—"Mutiny On the Bounty"
13. Lived—"Annie Oakley"
14. Lived—"Queen Christina"
15. Fiction—"Stage Door Canteen"
16. Fiction—"Gone With The Wind"
17. Fiction—The Falcon Series
18. Lived—"That Hamilton Woman"
19. Lived—"The Adventures of Marco Polo"
20. Lived—"The Warrior's Husband"

The nursery's ready. Boy or girl, it's blue, for the sensible reason that Gloria likes blue. For contrast, the wallpaper's pink with a blue stripe. She *did* want a bassinet, but without all the dust catching bows and flummery. Only you can't get them nowadays, so she settled for a miniature crib in powder blue. There's a hamper and waste basket to match, and a little lamp, and a wardrobe, and a rocker with a quilted seat to sit in when you hold the baby. First day the things were in, Mary Ellen ran up eight times to look at them. "Here's where the baby sleeps," Julie explained. "And this is a bumper. *You* know what a bumper is, Mary Ellen—so as not to bump its little head—"

Gloria used to get up to breakfast with John every morning. Now she wakes up just long enough to say goodbye. Mary Ellen coddles her to a fare-you-well—

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"Why don't you let me bring you a tray, Mrs. Payne?" Or: "Why don't you break that appointment? Mr. Payne can take care of it—"

As a rule, though, she's up for breakfast with Julie, and sees her off to school. Takes her time about dressing and lunches at home, where Mary Ellen feeds her exactly what the doctor orders. Up to now, she's spent most afternoons shopping for the baby—taking Julie places, ranging from the dentist to "Dumbo"—picking up groceries on the way home. On Mary Ellen's day out, they get hamburger, cheese and cole slaw and John takes over at the barbecue, fixing wonderful cheeseburgers which they eat under a huge pepper tree in the patio.

A couple of nights a week they go to pictures. "My taste," says John, "is strictly from hunger. I like to see them all." He gets a bang out of oldies run at the studio, especially when Gloria's never seen them before. And they'll take in some bad ones, just to see what makes them bad. When they're at home, people drop in. Or they listen to records or read. At least, John reads.

He has a thirst for books that can't be slaked. He wants to read everything, ten lives wouldn't be long enough. "Some guy's worried about it and written it," says John. "Least you can do is find out if he's got anything to tell you."

no better, no worse . . .

"I can't read," says Gloria, neither proud nor abashed, just stating a fact. "The idea of sitting alone and just reading a book always made me nervous—"

John tempted her with this and that. "For your own sake, Button. You don't know what you're missing—"

She finished "Leave Her to Heaven." She liked it, which encouraged them both. . . .

"Why don't you read aloud to me, John? I'd enjoy that—"

So he read aloud to her. Three minutes, and she'd fall asleep. Now he repeats the performance every night, and it's even better than a sleeping pill. When all's nice and quiet, he can read to himself in the cool, quiet house.

He's given up on another score, too. Gloria's chronically late. John tried to train her to punctuality—

"I think I'm a little better," she coaxes, "don't you?"

"No," he says, without even looking up.

just like a woman . . .

She's given up trying to make him dress more. Not that she asks for a collar and tie, that would be overdoing it. But she wishes he weren't quite so devoted to his old jeans—and that he'd wear shoes round the house once in a while. She has nothing against bare feet in and of themselves, but he runs through every draft in the house and he's bound to catch something. Only for spite he doesn't.

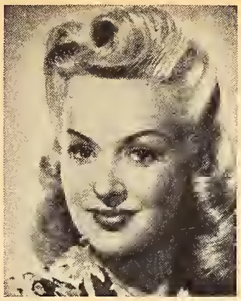
If you could eavesdrop, you'd hear things like this go on—

John gets up early even when he doesn't have to. Gloria can't see why—

"Because I'm naturally lazy," he explains.

AUTOGRAPHS!

Good deed Dottie? Here's something that's good for you and others, too. Have your screen favorite sign on the dotted line. You have the autograph; your quarter increases the Naval Aid Auxiliary Fund. See page 60.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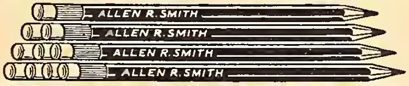

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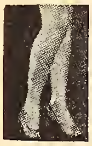

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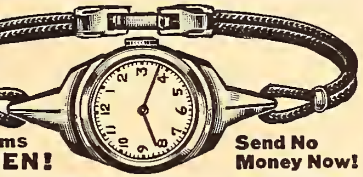

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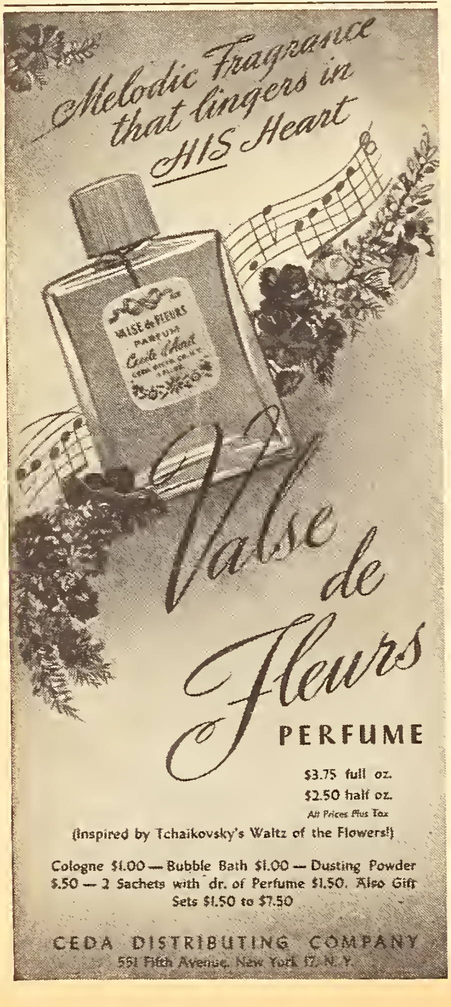
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"Darling, don't confuse me—"

"I'm not. It's perfectly simple. I *know* I'm lazy. Staying in bed gives me a guilt complex. I get up for my conscience—"

"Even when there's nothing to do?"

"Especially when there's nothing to do. Gives me more time to concentrate—"

"On what?"

"Feeling virtuous—"

Or it goes like this:

"Did you take your pills, Button?"

"No, I can't stand them—"

"Just like a woman. The doctor prescribes 'em, she can't stand 'em, so she blissfully forgets them—"

"I'll take them tonight—"

"You're supposed to take them three times a day—"

"I'll take *three* tonight—"

She takes them three times a day.

As a thrower of surprise parties though, John'll back his wife against the field. With the odds stacked against her, she pulled off a dilly for his birthday on May 28th.

First of all, Julie knew—and how many five-year-olds can keep a secret? But Gloria had a special reason for telling her. She'd meant so desperately to keep the secret of the baby. One day it accidentally popped out before she realized, and the woe in her face was more than Gloria could take. She had to prove she trusted Julie in spite of the slip. Wild horses couldn't have dragged a word from her this time. Not by so much as a glint of the eye did she let on. . . .

surprise spoiler . . .

Then, John wasn't working and they couldn't get rid of him to do the necessary phoning. Gloria did most of it from her mother's and, even so, had to warn people not to call back because John's long legs carry him to the phone before anyone else has a chance to pick it up. Consultations with Mary Ellen and Clarence had to be held with a weather eye to the door, and plans had to be made for a fake celebration.

"What would you like to do on your birthday, John?"

"Oh, nothing special. Let's have dinner at home and maybe go out later—"

Dorothy and Bill Wellman were in on the conspiracy. They'd just started laying the groundwork one afternoon, when Gloria gasped: "Adlib. I hear John coming—"

Dorothy took it from there. "Why don't you kids come over for dinner Monday?"

"Good deal," said John.

"Oh, but Monday's your birthday, John. Did you forget?"

He flopped right into the net. "Honey, it's fine with me. Let's all four celebrate my birthday. But over here—"

Dorothy yielded sweetly. "Well, if you'd rather, seeing it's *your* birthday. But come over to us for cocktails first—"

So it was arranged. The guests had promised to be there by 6:30. Gloria'd asked them to park their cars away from the house. Fieldsie Lang would be on hand to receive them. As John turned into the drive, everything looked perfect—no cars around, the place quiet and dark. Then John spoke: "Looks like we've got callers—"

Just ahead of them walked Lillian and Fred MacMurray. "We're dead ducks," thought Gloria wildly. "I might as well tell him—"

But Fred and Lil had turned, waiting for them to pull up. They never cracked a muscle. "Hi, John, Gloria. You've been asking us to drop in, and we had a few minutes before dinner. Hope it's not inconvenient—"

"'Swonderful," said John, with his key in the lock. "Perfect timing. Another couple of minutes, and we'd have missed you." He flung open the door—

Up went the lights. "Surprise!" yelled the gang, while John stood there saying "Oh *no!*" and Julie squealed: "I never told, did I, Button? I knew all about it, Pop, but I never told—"

In the patio, where Clarence had strung lights through the trees, they ate spaghetti and hot cornbread and spare ribs, Gloria having had the foresight to borrow red ration points from her guests. Then they moved indoors to sing around the piano and play records and games. Whenever John missed, he'd yell: "Second chance, it's my birthday—"

matchmaking magazine . . .

The Paynes will always be special with MODERN SCREEN, because they met at another party, given by the Ladds for one of our editors last September. We wish all our friends well, but there's an extra warmth in our good wishes for them. Leaving the house behind the colonial pillars—bought by John before he ever knew about Gloria's dream of living in a colonial house—you take away pictures. John in a corner of the sofa, kidding his wife—Julie running in for Button to fix her hair—Gloria trying out the quilted rocker in the nursery—the wonderfully gentle look on her face as she said, "It's such fun to stay home—"

Leaving, John's phrase sort of follows you on the breeze. It's a good deal.

MORE TIPS ON GI GIFTS

This year thousands of soldiers are moving to new assignments, across oceans and continents. It's going to be especially difficult to deliver your Christmas gifts to them safely and on time. We need your full cooperation.

1. *This year please send only one package.*
2. *If your soldier is en route home or about to come home, don't send him a Christmas package.*
3. *Use his latest address and be sure it's complete and accurate; name, rank, serial number, organization and unit, APO, in care of postmaster at port of embarkation. Address it—then check it.*
4. *Mail Christmas gifts overseas from September 15 to October 15. This is the only time you can mail a parcel overseas without a request from your soldier. But . . .*
5. *If there's reason to believe he may move to a new location . . . it's safer to wait till you can mail your gift to the new address—even if this means asking him for a letter requesting your gift so that you can mail it after October 15.*
6. *Use a heavy box and strong cord. (Government-approved overseas boxes can be bought at retail stores.)*
7. *Send only non-perishable food and simple, usable gifts. Like hard candy, dried fruit, canned foods, razor blades, soap, a fountain pen, a wallet, a wristwatch, etc.*
8. *Your package must not weigh over 5 pounds. It must not be more than 15 inches long, nor more than 36 inches in length plus girth.*

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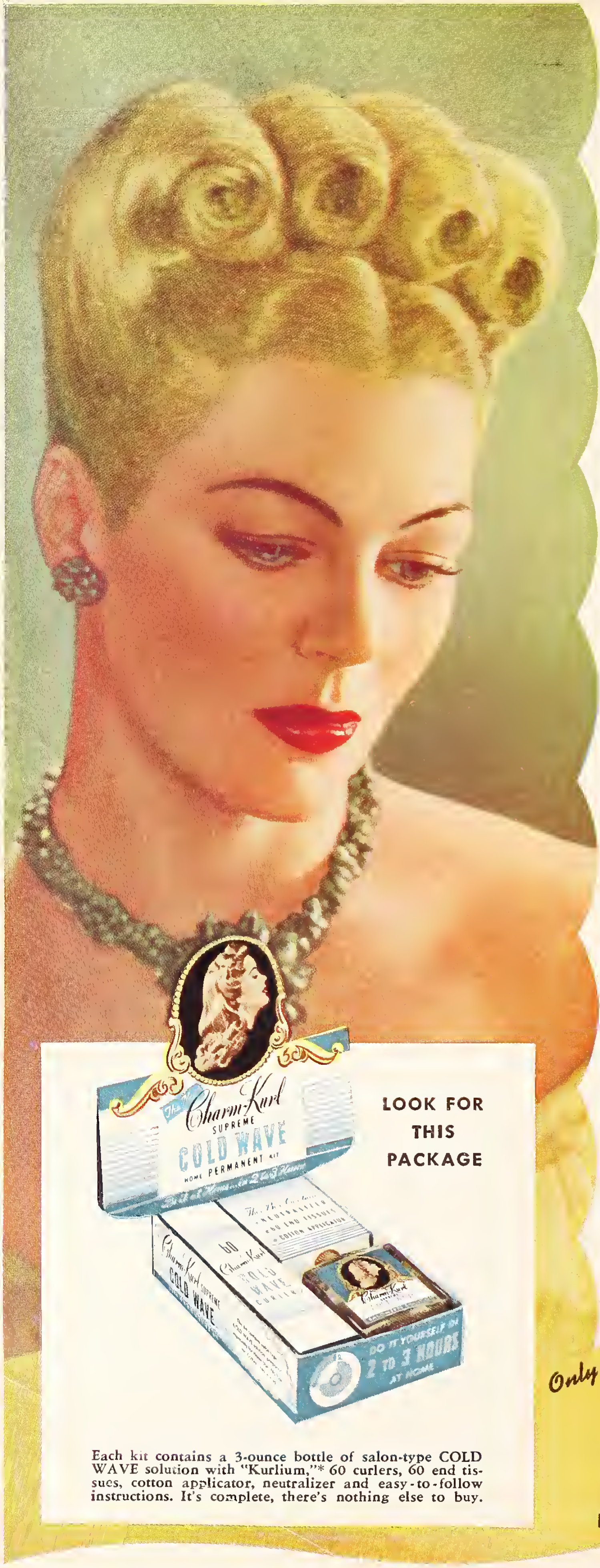

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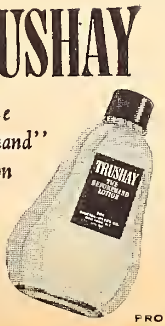

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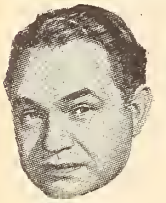
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* * * *

G. V. Martin, author of the best-selling novel, took his title from "The Song of Solomon": "*Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes*". We guess the author meant it to say: when you've helped a wonderful thing to grow, you've got to watch over it.

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modern screen

STORIES

***DANA ANDREWS' LIFE STORY (Part 1)**
There was always fun in the Reverend Andrews' family—and whenever the 9 kids felt the holy life weighing too heavily—they'd up and swipe a watermelon! 30

***MY FRIEND, VAN JOHNSON, by Keenan Wynn**
This is the story of two men, who, each looking for a brother, found something even dearer—a friend. The story of Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn and the good they've found in each other 34

"HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY"
A never-never land kind of love story where a bellboy (Bob Walker) renounces a princess (Hedy Lamarr) for a crippled kid (June Allyson) who believes in fairy tales 36

***A DATE FOR CINDERELLA**
This is one of Guy Madison's best "picture" roles to date—playing Prince Charming to dainty fan club prexy Gwen Littlefield 38

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY!
Johnnie Johnston's fan simply had to meet her ideal, her hero—So off they went on a date, wining, dining and funning 44

***THE WILDE WOMEN**
No matter how tough the going was, Cornel always had Pat. So now success isn't hard to take, not to the Wildes, it isn't 50

***FAIR HAIRED BOY**
He loves America, loves Americans, but golly, Kurt Kreuger wishes Hollywood would declare peace and let him stop playing Nazis! 52

***PERPLEXED POP**
Acting comes easy to Robert Walker, but it's tough playing stern father to two young wildcats when everybody thinks you're their older brother! 54

THE CONSTANT NYMPH
There aren't many things young Eleanor Parker wants out of life. But being an actress is one of them. So she worked, but hard. And now she's an actress, but good 60

THE THREE JAMESES
Take away the pin-up gams, the million dollar trumpet, and what have you got? Betty, Harry and Vicki—swellest family in town ... 62

NEVER BEEN KISSED
Master MacDowall seems like such a nice, quiet, English lad—till you pipe those dazzling ties, catch him jitterbugging, or hear him give out with a Crosby croon 64

CROSBY QUINTETTE
They're quick on the uptake, these Crosbys. "Chip," starts Gary, and Bing and Philip and Denny and Linny chorus, "Old block!" But definitely! 66

GOOD NEWS on the June Allyson wedding by Louella Parsons
Bette Davis takes a custard pie facial, Frankie plans a new short, the Bogart butler has a British accent, and Jeanne Crain swears she isn't marrying anybody . . . yet! 56

*COLOR PAGES

Dana Andrews *in 20th-Fox's "Fallen Angel"* 30
Van Johnson *in M-G-M's "Easy to Wed"* 34
S 2/c Guy Madison, *David O. Selznick player* 38
Cornel Wilde *in Columbia's "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest"* .. 50
Kurt Kreuger *in 20th-Fox's "The Spider"* 52
Bob Walker *in M-G-M's "Her Highness and the Bellboy"* 54

FEATURES

Editorial Page 29

BEAUTY

Hooray For Lipstick! 73

FASHION

Modern Screen's Fashion Guide—"On The Town" 48

DEPTS.

Fannie Hurst Selects "The Lost Weekend" 6
Movie Reviews by Virginia Wilson 12
Modern Screen's Scoreboard 18
Sweet and Hot by Leonard Feather 20
Super Coupon 24
Co-Ed by Jean Kinkead 26
Modern Screen's Picture Quiz 68
Modern Hostess—"The Perfect Guest, Van Johnson" 114

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with

JAMES CRAIG · FRANCES GIFFORD
AGNES MOOREHEAD · MORRIS CARNOVSKY
and
JACKIE "BUTCH" JENKINS

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Based on the Book, "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," by George Victor Martin • Directed by ROY ROWLAND
Produced by ROBERT SISK • *A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE*

Nat, the bartender (Haward da Silva), is sympathetic, though skeptical, as Don Birnam (Ray Milland) vows to swear off alcohol, return to his loyal fiancée, and write a novel about his experiences.

Fannie Hurst selects "The Lost Weekend"

■ It took courage to picturize "The Lost Weekend," because in the novel from which the picture takes its title, most of the action takes place within a man's burning brain.

"The Lost Weekend" is the story, compressed into three fearful days, of an alcoholic and his immemorial struggle to slay the fiery dragon of drink.

The author of the novel told his story by pushing through the portals of the mind of Don Birnam, and interpreting from the inner reaches of his consciousness some of the processes of the confirmed alcoholic.

Obviously, the camera is a heavier medium than the point of a pen. The picture must tell the story of Don Birnam's struggle to save himself, by way of plot and action. Seldom has the discrepancy between the written word and its pictorial equivalent been more sharply defined than in this picture.

In the book, words slip into crevices too small for the camera to enter. Words describe aspects and nuances of the human mind that are too

(*Continued on page 8*)

THOSE *Lovely* DOLLY SISTERS! ☆ THOSE *Glamorous* DOLLY SISTERS! ☆ THOSE *Scandalous* DOLLY SISTERS!

THEIR LIVES AND LOVES . . .
IN THE GREATEST MUSICAL STORY EVER

Thrilling as they are beautiful! Glorious as they are gay! Dazzling a world with the songs they sing and the things they do!

A picture spectacular as their own flamboyant drama!

THE DOLLY SISTERS

in Technicolor!

Starring **BETTY GRABLE**
and
JOHN PAYNE · JUNE HAVER
with
S. Z. SAKALL · Reginald Gardiner
Directed by Irving Cummings · Produced by George Jessel
Original Screen Play by John Larkin and Marian Spitzer
Dances Staged by Seymour Felix

Songs you'll be singing!
"I Can't Begin To Tell You"
"Don't Be Too Old Fashioned"
By Mack Gordon & James Monaco

•

Songs you'll remember!
"I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"
"Dark Town Strutters Ball"
"The Sidewalks of New York"
"Give Me The Moonlight,
Give Me The Girl"
"Carolina In The Morning"
"The Vamp"

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

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By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

FANNIE HURST SELECTS "THE LOST WEEKEND"

(Continued from page 6)

minute for the broader medium of movies.

Nevertheless, the result is a good brave try, surprisingly achieved.

Don Birnam is a young man who wants to be a novelist; who is betrothed to a lovely, well-bred girl; who is hounded by that kind of craving for alcohol which burns the mind, sears the brain, parches the tongue and bedevils the spirit.

Ray Milland plays this difficult role and if he misses some of the complicated aspects of Don Birnam's struggle, it is simply because they will not translate into action.

When the story opens, Don and his brother Wick, a quiet fellow whose good intentions are overshadowed by his failure to understand the blazing hell in which the alcoholic lives, are about to leave their apartment for a long weekend.

Half-heartedly consenting to his brother's well-meant efforts to get him away from easy access to "the stuff," Don packs his bag. He does not want to go. His eyes and mind are on a bottle of whiskey which, with the alcoholic's cupidity, he has concealed from Wick by suspending it from the window by a string.

As the two men pack, Don's craving eyes revert constantly to the window sill.

From the very beginning, Milland succeeds in making the spectator aware of the fiery affinity between man and alcohol. The bottle becomes a sort of atomic bomb which can reduce its victim spiritually, mentally, and physically to rubble.

Don Birnam, who has recently become engaged to Helen St. James, wants his bottle more than the companionship of the lovely girl.

Helen is ably played by Jane Wyman. Her attitude toward Don is less mental than Wick's, but never cloyingly sentimental. She is as eager as Wick for this weekend and has come to the apartment bearing going-away gifts.

Don and Wick have planned to take an early train. But at the last moment, Don squirms out, talks Wick into agreeing to take a later train, and sends him and Helen to an afternoon concert.

They accede to his change of plans reluctantly, as well they might. No sooner do they leave the apartment than Don fishes in the bottle hanging from the window, finishes it, and then begins his frantic search for the other bottles he has cunningly secreted about the apartment.

Wick, however, knowing his brother's habits, has just as cunningly discovered and removed them.

Thus Don finds himself without drink. His brother is equally careful to see that he has no access to sufficient money to put him in possession of "the stuff."

Don becomes demoniac. Frenzy finds a way.

The cleaning woman comes to the apartment, and through her, Don accidentally discovers that a ten dollar bill, her weekly wage, is in a certain sugar bowl. He slyly postpones her payment and with the money, rushes to the neighborhood liquor store.

The Lost Weekend commences.

FREE OFFER!

Want somethin' for nothin'? We've got 500 DELL Mags to send to 500 of you who will fill out the Questionnaire below and mail it to us no later than October 20th. These mags do NOT go to the first 500 who answer, but to 500 chosen at random, so don't rush, read MODERN SCREEN carefully, those opinions of yours mean a lot to us! So how about helping your favorite mag and taking a chance on winning a Dell book, FREE?

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our November issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

Dana Andrews' Life Story (Part 1) ☐
My Friend, Van Johnson, by Keenan Wynn ☐
A Date for Cinderella (Madison-Littlefield) ☐
Fair-Haired Boy (Kurt Krueger) ☐
The Wilde Women (Cornel Wilde) ☐
Perplexed Pop (Bob Walker) ☐
Oh, What a Beautiful Day! (Johnny Johnston) ☐
"Her Highness and The Bellboy" ☐
The Constant Nymph (Eleanor Parker) ☐
The Three Jameses ☐
Never Been Kissed (Roddy MacDowall) ☐
Crosby Quintette ☐
Good News (Allyson Weds!), by Louella Parsons ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?..................................

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference..................................
....
....
....

My name is..................................
My address is..................City..........Zone....State......
I am.............. years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Jennifer Jones
Joseph Cotten

"LOVE LETTERS... TENDER WORDS ...HAUNTING WORDS THAT LED TO MURDER"

In
Hal Wallis'
Production

"Love Letters"

with
ANN RICHARDS and Cecil Kellaway
Gladys Cooper · Anita Louise · Robert Sully
Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE A Paramount Picture

Based on the Novel of Suspense And Mystery by Chris Massie

KEEP HIS EYES ON YOU WITH

Pink or Red Dynamite by TAYTON

The New Make-Up . . . Perfectly Matched

Sheer new color magic! A dynamo for your loveliness! Satin smooth, perfectly matched make-up . . . wickedly flattering to ignite your glamour!

TAYTON PINK or RED DYNAMITE high lustre sheen LIPSTICK (in new metal case) matching CAKE MAKE-UP to achieve glow and radiance . . . to camouflage blemishes! Then TAYTON SILK-SIFTED FACE POWDER and a finishing touch of TAYTON vivid ROUGE to complete your make-up.

USE THEM ALL TOGETHER . . .
. . . to keep his eyes on you.

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. . . at your cosmetic counter

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From this point the action, by necessity, becomes repetitive. When Wick returns from the concert and finds Don gone, he departs in disgust on his weekend, alone. Helen, too, after making a search, gives up and goes home.

Don returns and proceeds to drink himself into unconsciousness.

Scarcely stuff from which motion pictures are made! And yet director Billy Wilder succeeds in holding the interest, in spite of the fact that the screen can neither capture nor photograph the stream of consciousness of this wracked man.

Action, plot, horror, repeated emphasis on the unfortunate Don's struggles, just are not enough.

The aloneness of Don as drink torments him are not too much for Wilder, the director, but they are too much for the camera, the recorder.

The machinations of a man crazy for drink and the lonely weekend filled with his cravings, offer immediate possibilities for a slow-going story. There is not much variety to the goings-on of a man pursuing his liquor.

Don's capacity for cunning and duplicity, even desperate thievery, are told in one similar episode after another. He wheedles five dollars from a kindly laundry woman. He meets Gloria, a lady of the evening, at Nat's bar and makes a date to join her later. But when the time comes for keeping it, Don is lying sodden drunk in his flat.

He relates to Nat, the bartender, in a series of throwbacks, his romance with Helen. He is sober enough to describe, with tenderness, how for six weeks after meeting this sweet girl, he had been able to keep straight and thus conceal from her his terrible weakness.

Then one day her parents come from out of town to meet their daughter's fiance. Unnerved by the strain of the approaching ordeal, Don fails to keep the appointment with Helen and her parents. Later, Wick and Helen find him in a drunken stupor. Thus the young girl comes into her knowledge.

Confronted with the situation, she decides that she loves Don sufficiently to fight the good fight with him.

It now transpires that the mere telling of the story of his romance to Nat, the barkeeper, renews something almost dead within Don. Ambition and purpose are reborn. He determines to utilize the long weekend and begin work on a long contemplated novel. He staggers homeward. On the way, he passes another bar. It is too much. He enters. The bartender refuses to give him credit. So inflamed by desire that sanity leaves him, he attempts to steal a woman's purse, and is thrown out into the gutter.

Sobered, he returns home and hauling out his typewriter, begins his pitiful attempt to invoke the muse of creative writing, but gets no farther than: " 'The Bottle.' A Novel by Don Birnam. For Helen."

The following morning, waking from a sodden sleep, weak from lack of food, desperate from lack of whiskey and money, he decides to pawn his typewriter.

Now begins a macabre journey up and down Third Avenue, looking for an open pawnshop, only to find them diabolically closed on what happens to be a Jewish holiday.

In a series of lurching episodes, Milland succeeds in conveying to the audience the understanding that alcoholism is a disease, a raging sickness which should be classified and treated as such.

Don's torture mounts and the endless weekend advances. In desperation, he finally seeks out the lady-of-the-evening with whom he had not kept tryst. Her compassion overcomes her wounded pride. Comprehending his condition and pitying it with the ready understanding of such women, she gives him a five-dollar bill. On his rush from her apartment for the saloon, he stumbles and plunges headlong down a flight of stairs, typewriter and all.

Don wakes up in the alcoholic ward of a public hospital. Whether or not this picture has the power to deter the average alcoholic addict is debatable, but certainly no one who sees this hair-raising night in an alcoholic ward, filled with men whose senses and sanity are torn to shreds, and whose mass delirium tremens fills the night with blood-curdling horror, can fail to feel the impact.

The spectacle of Don Birnam, watching in delirium a rat gnaw its way through a wall and its subsequent bloody encounter with a bat, is nightmare, plus. Milland succeeds in depicting the frozen horror, the sweating terror with frightening truth.

Finally, by a ruse, Don succeeds in escaping from this hospital hell. He has lost his typewriter in the scuffle. But the following morning he finds his fiancée's fur coat in his apartment, and in his abysmal shame and despair, takes it to the pawnshop where he exchanges it for a gun.

Helen learns of this ominous exchange. She rushes to the apartment to locate the gun. There she finds Don, and convinces him that the writer, the dreamer, the doer, are stronger than the drunkard, the victim of rat-versus-bat hallucinations, the seeker after death.

At this moment, piling up to rather sudden final action, Nat the bartender, enters sympathetically with the typewriter which has been lost in the scuffle.

Don regards this return of his typewriter as a prophetic symbol. Impulse for regeneration surges high within him. He drops his cigarette into his glass of whiskey.

To Helen this combination of circumstances is also the miracle and sign of Don's redemption.

The spectator may or may not share her complete optimism.

She places the sheet of paper on which Don has started his novel back into the typewriter. She urges him to start dictating his own story, the story of delirium, rats, bats, lost ideals, lost weekend, and ——redemption.

P. S.

Something new has been added in the way of an eternal triangle. This time it's a man, his girl, and the bottle . . . Although there have been notable drunk scenes in pictures, almost all have been softened by comedy relief. Certainly none has ever approached the proportions of the morbid bender staged by Ray Milland. . . The eyes have it! The camera lens was placed a bare six inches from the Milland optic to photograph the closest closeup Hollywood has yet attempted. The eye is shown as Milland supposedly awakens from a drunken sleep and makes a hangoverish inspection of his room . . . It's mother's day to shine and Lillian Fontaine, la mère of Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland, plays the screen mother of a third film favorite, Jane Wyman . . . Location filming in Manhattan continued for two weeks. In order to obtain a completely natural street scene without interference from throngs of sightseers, Director Wilder and company resorted to secret tactics. To avoid crowds, they began work at five a.m. The camera was concealed in large packing cases and in vacant stores, leaving casual passersby unaware that they were being filmed. For planned shots, a laundry truck was rented and Milland was photographed from the slowly moving vehicle . . . Wilder is reverting to the silent technique of 20 years ago in filming the story. He estimates that in its final form fully forty per cent, and possibly fifty per cent of the footage will be wholly without dialogue.

THE KIND OF WOMAN

MOST MEN WANT —

but shouldn't have!

She knew there was trouble coming . . . trouble she made for herself!

"Mildred had more to offer in a glance than most women give in a lifetime!"

He said he'd rather die than double-cross Mildred —so he did both!

Mildred Pierce

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JOAN CRAWFORD

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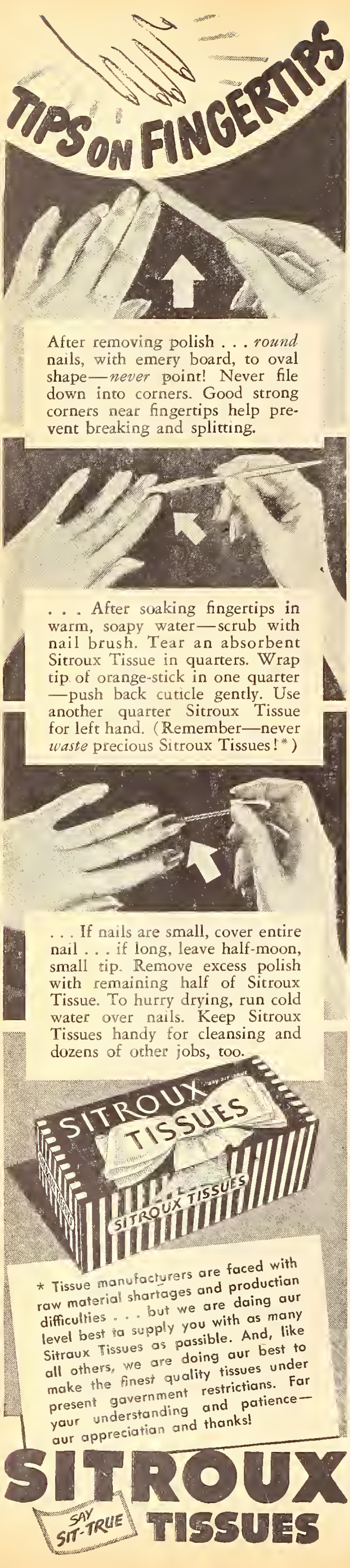
with EVE ARDEN · ANN BLYTH · BRUCE BENNETT · DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ · PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Ranald MacDougall · Based on the Novel by James M. Cain · Music by Max Steiner



After removing polish . . . *round* nails, with emery board, to oval shape—*never* point! Never file down into corners. Good strong corners near fingertips help prevent breaking and splitting.

. . . After soaking fingertips in warm, soapy water—scrub with nail brush. Tear an absorbent Sitroux Tissue in quarters. Wrap tip of orange-stick in one quarter —push back cuticle gently. Use another quarter Sitroux Tissue for left hand. (Remember—never *waste* precious Sitroux Tissues!*)

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SITROUX
SAY SIT-TRUE
TISSUES

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

The Dolly Sisters

■ It's uncanny, the resemblance between Betty Grable and June Haver in "The Dolly Sisters." What a sister act they make—and in Technicolor! I don't know how accurately the story follows the actual lives of Jenny and Rosie Dolly, but it makes a pretty romance, with John Payne in the male lead.

The Dolly sisters and their uncle Latzie (S. Z. Sakall), come to New York from Hungary in 1904. The little girls are darlings, even then. The first night they are here, Uncle whips them off to a restaurant called Little Hungary, so he can resume a card game with an old friend from Budapest. The kids, in their bright peasant costumes, get plenty of attention and end up dancing for their supper. Eight years later they are still dancing for their meals at Little Hungary. Even Jenny (Betty Grable) who is an optimist, admits this isn't progress. Rosie (June Haver), the practical one, finally persuades a booking agent to get them a week in vaudeville. It isn't in New York, though. It's in Elmira.

Due to a slight shortage of funds, the sisters dress for the train trip in sailor hats, middy blouses, and flat-heeled slippers. They can travel for half-fare in these costumes, but the result is a little perplexing to handsome Harry Fox (John Payne) whom they meet on the train. He isn't interested in the "children" till he gets a look at Jenny's legs, which stand out, even in black cotton stockings, as if they were in neon lights. Elmira works out fine. The Dolly Sisters are a sensation. Everything is lovely, except that Jenny has fallen in love wih Harry Fox. The rest of her life is to be one long struggle between her longing for a career with Rosie, and her *(Continued on page 14)*

Soldier-girl-station situation: Embrace. Harry (J. Payne) 'n Jenny (B. Grable) so-o-o in love!

It's all in knowing how!

basic make-up! Your hair and skin coloring are the determining factors in selecting rouge and powder. Choose a shade which will enhance your natural coloring and apply it so as to flatter your facial contour. A Peggy Newton consultant has much vital beauty information at her command.

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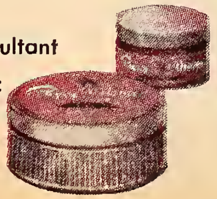

Peggy Newton
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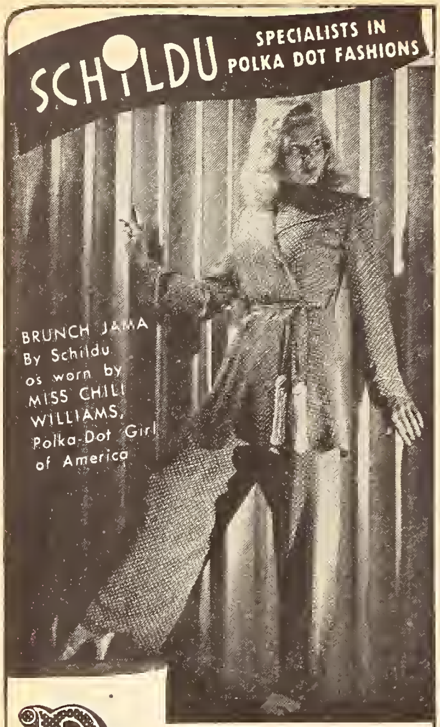

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It's the Newest Fashion Idea!

You'll be so nice to come home to . . . in these smart lounging pajamas with the new flared tunic length coat and sash (about $12.00 per set). See the Brunch-Jama and a host of other gay Polka Dot Fashions in dreamy shades of soft rayon crepe, slick tailored by Schildu. At leading stores everywhere.

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history. A silver fox, black bear, coyote, mountain lion, bobcat, squirrel, raven and eagle, play featured roles. They are "supported" by chipmunks, crows, sheep, beaver, racoons, porcupine, wild rabbit, deer, and a skunk!

THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE

There's something awfully appealing about Bob Walker. It makes you feel like seeing that he gets whatever he wants, right away. What he wants in "The Sailor Takes A Wife" is June Allyson, and who could blame him? There are, of course, some difficulties in the way, and that's what makes the story.

Petty Officer John Hill (Robert Walker) and Mary Breckenridge (June Allyson) fall in love as soon as they meet at a Canteen. They get married that very same night, but instead of living happily ever after, their troubles begin immediately. For one thing, they are both the sentimental type. They don't want to begin their honeymoon in a broken-down hotel room, which is the only place available. So they decide to wait until the next weekend. By then John will have another leave, and Mary will have found a nice little apartment. Everything will be perfect.

Well, have you tried to find "a nice little apartment" lately? Especially for practically nothing a month? The one Mary settles for at last has a leaky roof, a front door that won't open half the time, and an elevator that stops between floors. It also has a janitor named Harry ("Rochester") who is supposed to remedy these matters, but never does. Its biggest drawback, although Mary doesn't find that out till later, is a beautiful refugee on the floor below. When John arrives the next weekend, he is in civilian clothes, discharged from the Navy. This is a shock to Mary. John, in turn, gets a shock when Mary appears at bedtime dressed in pink wooly pajamas, with her hair in pigtails. He laughs hysterically. "You look like a rabbit," he tells her. "A ten year old rabbit!" Now no girl is going to stand for that sort of insult. John sleeps on the living room couch and it serves him right! Things don't improve much in the next few days. John meets the exotic refugee, Lisa (Audrey Totter), and Mary gets a mink coat as a wedding present from her boss, Freddie (Hume Cronyn). Neither of these events are helpful in getting the honeymoon started. At last, a black chiffon nightgown and a recalcitrant front door do the trick, but not before you've had your money's worth of laughs and love's young dream.—*M.G.M.*

P. S.

America's sweetest sweetheart, June Allyson, has a new title. She's been dubbed Hollywood's "Pajama Girl." But in bed she cried for good reason—those pajamas! In "Two Girls and a Sailor," she wore plain tailored p.j.'s to match the character she portrayed. "Music for Millions" found her a war wife expecting a baby, and the pajamas — voluminous and unflattering. Confined to her bed with a bad heart in "Her Highness and the Bellboy," she's almost completely enveloped in a blanket with a slight show of demure bed jacket. But June is lamenting no more. The young bride she gets to wear a breathtaking black chiffon nightie. . . . Any resemblance of studio to draft board is not only coincidental, it's utterly fantastic. Bob Walker was almost clad in khaki again, but after soldier roles in four consecutive pictures, M.G.M. obligingly let him switch to Navy blue for the start of the film. . . . Sometimes Bob's luck sounds

(Continued on page 22)

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

Hi:

Know what my most oft-asked question is? No? Well, it's what I like most about being your "Info Desk." The answer is easy. It's your super letters; but next comes the kick of discovering those swell newcomers with you, and watching them develop into a Don Taylor, a Madison, a McCallister. And oh, that Bob Mitchum! You boosted him when he had a bit in "Gung Ho" . . . and stayed interested through B's like "Girl Rush," "West of the Pecos," and "Nevada," 'til he snagged the Bob Grey role in "30 Seconds," and then Capt. Walker in "G.I. Joe" . . . and stardom. Bob visited us while doing some army work in N. Y. (he was a G.I. himself) and is more than grateful for your attention. Finds it hard to believe it's happening to him . . . but he's one guy who won't let it change him . . . for he is sincere, honest, and downright human.

So send those questions on everyone to me, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y., together with that SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE. You're my pride and joy, and I love youse all.

Bev.

Jersey Cameron, Rutherford, N. J. . . . MAY I HAVE SOME INFO ON BOB MITCHUM?

Bob was born in Bridgeport, Conn., Aug. 6, 1917. Has hazel eyes, light brown hair and is 6'1", 180 lbs., married to Dot Spence, and has two sons. Nuts about cigarettes, being lazy, and he adds, "the terrific shows at Cafe Zanzibar, N. Y." Best friends are Freddie Steele (Warneki of "G.I. Joe"), Art Cooper, Peter Coe, and Bob Parker (new singing sensation). Send lots of mail to him at RKO, Hollywood, for that's the stuff to keep him on top. His fan club's prexied by Anna Bunatta, 1420 Third Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.

Lynn Curtin, Bronx, N. Y. . . . MAY I HAVE THE ENTIRE SCORE FROM "ANCHORS AWEIGH"?

SUNG BY SINATRA

(Alone)	*(With Kelly)*
What Makes The Sunset	*We Hate to Leave*
The Charm of You	*I Begged Her*
I Fall in Love Too Easily	*Susie Song*

PLAYED BY ITURBI
Anchors Aweigh
Tschaikowsky's Piano Concerto
Donkey Serenade
Lizst's Hungarian Rhapsody

DANCED BY KELLY	*SUNG BY GRAYSON*
Mexican Hat Dance	*Jalousie*
Worry Song	*My Heart Sings*
Tango by Rodriguez (in garden)	*Waltz Serenade by Tschaikowsky*

Mildred Ashen, Bklyn, N. Y. . . . MAY I HAVE THE FOLLOWING FAN CLUB ADDRESSES: Peter Lawford—Marcy Mitchell, 1749 Roosevelt Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Guy Madison—Dorothy Nachman, 1445 Minford, Bronx, N. Y. Van Johnson—NONE at present.

J. T., Los Angeles. . . WHO WAS JIMMY BURNS in "DELIGHTFULLY DANGEROUS?" Chris Drake . . . United Artists, Hollywood, Calif.

"Will you look at that guy MacMurray... in stitches at himself!"
"If the picture's that funny... I oughta see it myself!"

IT'S THE PROMISE OF A RARE GOOD TIME!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

FRED MacMURRAY

in

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with MARGUERITE CHAPMAN

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LESLIE FENTON
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Screenplay by Earl Felton and Karl Kamb

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Sizes: Small Medium Large (circle size)
Colors: ☐ Green ☐ Red ☐ Brown ☐ Black
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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

140 pictures rated this month

We're listing just the very topnotch films that we think ought to be on your "must" list. Ratings are gleaned from our critic and newspaper critics the country over. 4★+ means unsurpassed, 4★, excellent, 3½★, very good, and 3★, good. C denotes that the picture's recommended for children.

Movie	Rating
Abroad With Two Yanks (United Artists)	3★
Adventures of Rusty (Columbia)	C 3★
Affairs of Susan, The (Paramount)	3½★
Along Came Jones (RKO)	4★
A Medal For Benny (Paramount)	4★
Anchors Aweigh (M-G-M)	C 4★
And Now Tomorrow (Paramount)	3½★
And The Angels Sing (Paramount)	3½★
Barbary Coast Gentleman (M-G-M)	3★
Bedside Manner (United Artists)	3★
Bell For Adano (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Bells of Rosarita (Republic)	C 3½★
Between Two Women (M-G-M)	3½★
Between Two Worlds (Warners)	3½★
Bewitched (M-G-M)	3★
Big Noise, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Blood on the Sun (United Artists)	4★
Body Snatcher, The (RKO)	3★
Boston Blackie's Rendezvous (Columbia)	3★
Bowery to Broadway (Universal)	3½★
Brazil (Republic)	3½★
Brighton Strangler, The (RKO)	3½★
Bullfighters, The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Can't Help Singing (Universal)	3★
Captain Eddie (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Casanova Brown (International Pictures)	3½★
Cheaters, The (Republic)	3★
China Sky (RKO)	3★
Climax, The (Universal)	3★
Colonel Blimp (Archers Films)	4★
Conflict (Warners)	3½★
Conspirators, The (Warners)	3½★
Corn Is Green, The (Warners)	4★
Counter-Attack (Columbia)	3½★
Crime, Inc. (PRC)	3★
Dangerous Passage (Paramount)	3½★
Dark Waters (United Artists)	3½★
Delightfully Dangerous (United Artists)	3★
Don Juan Quilligan (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Double Indemnity (Paramount)	4★
Doughgirls, The (Warners)	3½★
Dragon Seed (M-G-M)	4★
Duffy's Tavern (Paramount)	½★
Enter Arsene Lupin (Universal)	3★
Escape In the Desert (Warners)	3★
Falcon in Hollywood, The (RKO)	3★
Fighting Lady, The (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Flame of the Barbary Coast (Republic)	3★
Frenchman's Creek (Paramount)	3★
Gang's All Here, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 3★
Gaslight (M-G-M)	4★
God Is My Co-Pilot (Warners)	3½★
Going My Way (Paramount)	C 4★
Goodnight, Sweetheart (Republic)	3★
Hail the Conquering Hero (Paramount)	★
Halfway House (Balcon Film)	3½★
Hollywood Canteen (Warners)	3½★
House on 92nd Street (20th Century-Fox)	★
I Love a Mystery (Paramount)	3★
I Love a Soldier (Paramount)	3★
Impatient Years, The (Columbia)	3½★
Incendiary Blonde (Paramount)	3½★
In Old Oklahoma (Republic)	C 3★
In Society (Universal)	C 3★
Irish Eyes Are Smiling (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
It's In the Bag (United Artists)	C 4★
Janie (Warners)	C 3½★
Junior Miss (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Kismet (M-G-M)	3½★
Kiss And Tell (Columbia)	3½★
Lost in a Harem (M-G-M)	3★
Love Letters (Paramount)	3½★
Marine Raiders (RKO)	3½★
Marriage Is a Private Affair (M-G-M)	3½★
Meet Me in St. Louis (M-G-M)	C 4★
Molly and Me (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Mr. Skeffington (Warners)	3½★
Murder, He Says (Paramount)	3½★
Music for Millions (M-G-M)	4★
National Velvet (M-G-M)	C 4★
Naughty Nineties (Universal)	C 3★
Night in Paradise (Universal)	3★
Nob Hill (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
No Time For Love (Paramount)	3½★
None But the Lonely Heart (RKO)	4★
Objective, Burma (Warners	4★
Our Vines Have Tender Grapes (M-G-M)	4★
Out of This World (Paramount)	4★
Over 21 (Columbia)	3½★
Pan Americana (RKO)	3★
Paris Underground (United Artists)	3★
Pillow to Post (Warners)	3★
Pin-Up Girl (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Practically Yours (Paramount)	3½★
Pride of the Marines (Warners)	4★
Rhapsody in Blue (Warners)	3½★
Riding High (Paramount)	3★
Roger Touhy Gangster (20th Century-Fox)	3★
San Fernando Valley (Republic)	C 3½★
Secret Command (Columbia)	3½★
Sensations of 1945 (United Artists)	3½★
Show Business (RKO)	C 3½★
Silver Fleet, The (Archers Films)	4★
Since You Went Away (United Artists)	3½★
Something for the Boys (20th Century-Fox	3½★
Son of Lassie (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Song of Bernadette (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Song to Remember, A (Columbia)	3½★
Southerner, The (United Artists)	4★
State Fair (20th Century-Fox)	C 4★
Step Lively (RKO)	C 3½★
Story of G. I. Joe (Selznick)	4★
Sunday Dinner for a Soldier (20th Century-Fox)	C ½★
Take It Or Leave It (20th Century Fox)	3★
Tall in the Saddle (Republic)	C 3½★
That's the Spirit (Universal)	3½★
Thin Man Goes Home, The (M-G-M)	3★
Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M-G-M)	4★
Those Endearing Young Charms (RKO)	3½★
Thousand and One Nights (Columbia)	3★
Thrill of a Romance (M-G-M)	3½★
Till We Meet Again (Paramount)	3½★
Together Again (Columbia)	3½★
Tomorrow The World (United Artists)	4★
Two Girls and a Sailor (M-G-M)	4★
Uncle Harry (Universal)	3★
Unseen, The (Paramount)	3½★
Valley of Decision (M-G-M)	4★
Very Thought of You The (Warners)	3½★
Weekend at the Waldorf (M-G-M)	3½★
West of the Pecos (RKO)	3★
Where Do We Go From Here? (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Wilson (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Wing and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Winged Victory (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Without Love (M-G-M)	3½★
Woman in Green, The (Universal)	★
Woman in the Window (RKO)	3½★
Wonder Man (RKO)	4★
You Came Along (Paramount)	3½★

ONE-MAN *Invasion!*

One lone Yank secretly embarks on a dangerous mission . . . infiltrates the heart of Japan . . . lives the war's most exciting adventure!

FIRST YANK into TOKYO

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MARC CRAMER · MICHAEL ST. ANGEL
LEONARD STRONG · RICHARD LOO
KEYE LUKE

Written and Produced by J. ROBERT BREN
Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

■ Okay, kids, let's clean house. We've got a lot of records to latch on to this month, and they're arranged in order of heat. That is, if you're in the mood for something sweet, soft and only moderately warm, the first several paragraphs are for you. They're the popular tunes. If you go for jive, boogie and stuff hot enough to curl your hair, proceed further. After that, we'll treat an album or so. And at the very end of the article, you find the best records of the month listed for your convenience. Clip 'em out and take 'em with you, when you start off for your gang's music mart. Incidentally, since none of us is Mr. Rockefeller, chances are your budget won't stretch to include the whole list, so I'll pick two records you really ought not to overlook. One sweet, one hot. This time, for the sweet platter, try Frankie and the Charioteers doing "Don't Forget Tonight Tomorrow." And the best hot jazz, for my money, is Count Basie's "Taps Miller." So have fun. . . .

Hot licks by T. Dorsey, Basie, L. Hampton, and A. Shaw on broadcast to armed forces.

Popular . . .

JUNE COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR—Woody Herman (Columbia) —I, personally, myself, went to the session when this was recorded, and I can state right now that Woody's a very exacting character. He spent practically the whole afternoon getting this one tune just right. When the band records, Woody stands off in a little cubicle about twenty or thirty feet away, and works with a separate mike. Somebody suggested that he ought to install a phone so he could keep in touch with what chorus the guys were playing. They figure the fellows could be halfway through Chattanooga on that choo-choo, and Woody might still be hanging around Tuxedo Junction, waiting for the train. On the other side of "June Comes Around" is a terrific instrumental number called "Northwest Passage." It features solos by Marjorie Hyams, vibraharp; Woody on clarinet; Flip Phillips—tenor sax; and Bill Harris, who's rapidly replacing Tea- *(Continued on page 129)*

Freddy Martin
VICTOR'S SMOOTH, CONCERTO-SWINGING BANDLEADER

Perry Como
VICTOR'S ROMANTIC BALLAD MAN

Tommy Dorsey
VICTOR'S INCOMPARABLE SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN

Duke Ellington
VICTOR'S CELEBRATED JAZZ COMPOSER-PIANIST

Lena Horne
VICTOR'S SOPHISTICATED AND SULTRY SONGSTER

David Rose
VICTOR'S POPULAR COMPOSER-CONDUCTOR

Spike Jones
VICTOR'S ZANY KING OF CORN

Sammy Kaye
VICTOR'S NOTED "SWING AND SWAY" MAN

The King Sisters
VICTOR'S CAPTIVATING HARMONY QUARTET

Hal McIntyre
VICTOR'S TERRIFIC YOUNG BANDLEADER

Glenn Miller
VICTOR'S EVER POPULAR FAVORITE

Dinah Shore
VICTOR'S SWEETHEART OF SONG

Vaughn Monroe
VICTOR'S HANDSOME SINGING MAESTRO

Artie Shaw
VICTOR'S FAMOUS CLARINETIST-MAESTRO

Charlie Spivak
VICTOR'S BRILLIANT TRUMPET-PLAYING BATONER

"Fats" Waller
VICTOR'S EVER-POPULAR PIANO NUMORIST

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Radio Corporation of America, RCA Victor Division, Camden, N. J.

Ask your dealer for records of these RCA Victor artists

Perry Como · Tommy Dorsey · Duke Ellington · Shep Fields · Erskine Hawkins · Lena Horne · Spike Jones Sammy Kaye · King Sisters · Wayne King · Freddy Martin · Hal McIntyre · Glenn Miller · Vaughn Monroe Phil Moore Four · Tony Pastor · Alvino Rey · Roy Rogers · David Rose · Artie Shaw · Dinah Shore Charlie Spivak · Larry Stevens · Martha Stewart · David Street · Fats Waller

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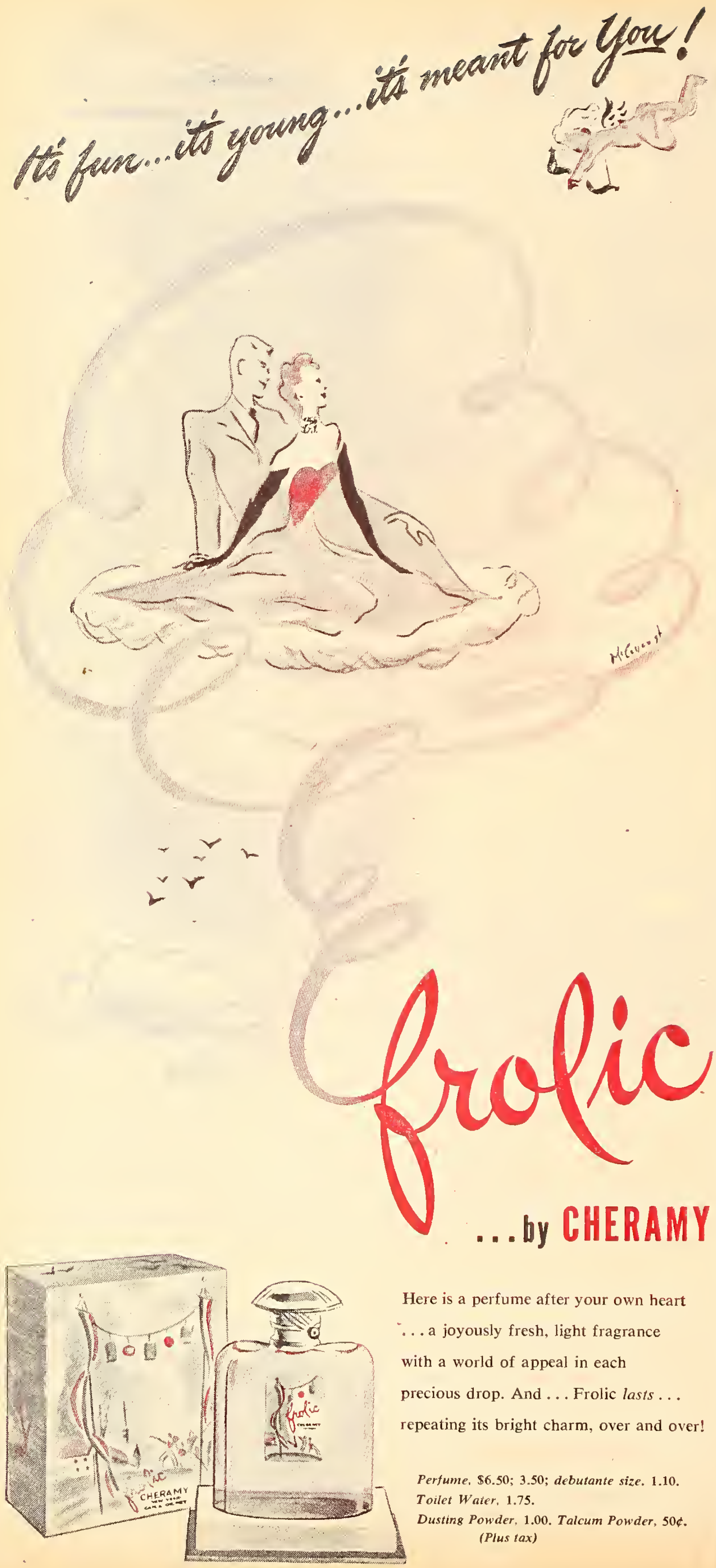

Here is a perfume after your own heart . . . a joyously fresh, light fragrance with a world of appeal in each precious drop. And . . . Frolic *lasts* . . . repeating its bright charm, over and over!

Perfume, $6.50; 3.50; *debutante size,* 1.10. *Toilet Water,* 1.75. *Dusting Powder,* 1.00. *Talcum Powder,* 50¢. *(Plus tax)*

like a Hargrove misadventure. Actors wear their own suits unless a costume is required. But just before production began, his home was burglarized and all clothes except those he had with him were taken. Oh, yes, in the pic, Bob does wear civvies—compliments of the wardrobe department. . . . Script called for a complicated gadget not to be found in the prop department. Undaunted, Director Richard Whorf turned inventor. The result is a Rube Goldberg type arrangement lovingly called the Orange Blossom Bride Saver. It's a combination ironing board, towel rack, sock and glove drier, and inventor Whorf may market it. . . . Both atmosphere and actor is Snowball, versatile white cockatoo used by Audrey Totter to make the surroundings a little more exotic when she tries to vamp Robert Walker. However, Snowball is also partial to the endearing young charms of June Allyson. Between scenes, his favorite perch is on her shoulder, and if he had written the script, the sailor who took a wife would also have gotten a cockatoo!

MILDRED PIERCE

Here's a picture that will inevitably cause as much comment as a blonde at a Moslem banquet. For one thing, it is definitely sensational in plot. For another, it's Joan Crawford's first in some time. Be sure to see it. Mildred Pierce is a good woman by some standards, and a bad one by others. But by almost any standards, she's a foolish woman. If she hadn't been, perhaps her second husband, Monty Beragon (Zachary Scott), would not have been murdered.

It is during the police investigation of this crime that we learn about Mildred Pierce's past life. We see her when she is married to her first husband, easy-going Bert Pierce (Bruce Bennett). He and Mildred drift apart, as a result of her almost neurotic absorption in their daughter, Veda (Ann Blyth). Mildred is prepared to make any sacrifice so that Veda can have what she wants out of life. The first sacrifice is Bert. After he leaves, Mildred takes a job as a waitress. Veda disapproves. Not because it's hard work, but because it's plebeian. Veda is a little stinker, and why Mildred doesn't realize it is beyond me. Even mother love can't be *that* blind. Anyway, Mildred eventally goes into the restaurant business for herself. This pleases Veda. Maybe now they'll get rich!

The funny part is, they do. With the help of her old friend, Wally Fay (Jack Carson), who is always ready to make a dollar, honest or otherwise, Mildred starts a successful chain of restaurants. She also starts, less wisely, an affair with Monty Beragon. The last of the Beragons is worthless and expensive. He and Veda between them account for most of the profits from the restaurants. Veda needs more money, and to get it she goes in for blackmail. Even Mildred is disillusioned by this, but not disillusioned enough. She thinks that maybe if Veda has a nicer home, she'll be a nicer girl. So Mildred marries Monty (at the cost of a third interest in her restaurant chain). They take Veda to live with them in the aristocratic old Beragon house in Pasadena. Then Bert Pierce turns up again, and so does Wally. When Monty Beragon is murdered, there are plenty of suspects, including Mildred Pierce!—*War.*

P. S.

Lavish wardrobes have long been a Joan Crawford trademark, but the early sequences find her garbed in the apron and housedress of the average American housefrau. . . . When the script demanded that Mildred Pierce bake a cake, Joan *riffled through her personal recipe file, rolled up her sleeves and turned out a gourmet's delight. The finished product was consumed by the crew at the end of the day's work. . . . In compliance with California state laws, minors Ann Blyth and Jo Ann Marlowe were required to take four hours tutoring each day. . . . Ten years before Bruce Bennett was assigned to play Miss Crawford's husband, he was unceremoniously ordered to remove himself from a chair on an M.G.M. stage proudly labeled JOAN CRAWFORD. At that time, he was known as Herman Brix, All-American, and was the guest of Howard Hawks after a handball game. . . . The show went on, although Zachary Scott sustained an injury to his sacroiliac. Schedules were arranged so that he might spend two days doing his "corpse" scenes to rest the injured spine. . . . Coincidents Dept: Bruce Bennett and Zachary Scott were oil riggers before turning actors. Both Joan and Bruce have daughters named Christina. . . . Jack Carson, who portrays a real estate broker and insurance man in reel life, once actually sold real estate and insurance. . . . Joan's dachshund dog, Pupchen, appears in one scene of the picture. Mid-scene, he wandered across the lawn of Mildred's Beverly Hills restaurant. Because his behavior was beyond reproach, the shot was left in!*

SHE WOULDN'T SAY YES

Do you know what a nixie is? It's a little gnome which sits on your shoulder, gives a weird whistle, and thereby persuades you to do something which is completely crazy—but fun. A nixie can get you into a lot of trouble. Look at the effect it has on the life of Dr. Susan Lane (Rosalind Russell). Dr. Lane is a serious minded psychiatrist who is absorbed in her work and doesn't believe in romance. She encounters the nixie when one of her soldier cases laughs for the first time in months. His laughter is caused by a comic strip about the little gnome, drawn by one Michael Kent (Lee Bowman).

Next day Susan meets Michael in person. They are both buying train reservations for Chicago. The nixie perches on the shoulder of the ticket seller, whistles impishly, and presto! Susan and Michael

(*Continued on page 25*)

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A few months ago, I was tiptoeing down the corridor of the Waldorf-Astoria, in great fear of being caught, trying to gain access to Clark Gable's suite. Finally I reached his door, breathed a sigh of relief, braced myself and heroically tapped on the door. A slim, dark-haired young man opened it and inquired what I wanted. Assuming he was a friend or relative of Clark, I nervously stammered, "Is Mr. Gable in?" "I'm sorry," he replied, "he's checked out. I'm occupying this room now." As I turned away, very disappointed, it suddenly dawned on me that this young man's face was very familiar. "May I have your autograph, then?" I asked. "Certainly," he grinned. And so I walked out of the hotel, very happy to have seen another famous star—for the slim young man was Robert Walker!

Barbara Bernstein
Lawrence, L. I.

Wilma sold war bonds in all kinds of weather

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• Why is a bobby pin? To *hold* your hair—smoothly, firmly, invisibly... that's the way GAYLA HOLD-BOB bobby pins are made: for longer-lasting, springy power. Remember, only HOLD-BOBS have those small, round, invisible heads, satiny finish and the rounded-for-safety ends. That's why HOLD-BOBS are America's favorites. Look for, ask for the GAYLA HOLD-BOB card.

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HANDWRITING ANALYSIS (10c) Send in a sample of your or your G.I.'s handwriting, in ink (about 25 words), and Shirley Spencer will analyze it for you and tell you how he really feels. Send 10c for each analysis, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped (3c), envelope. For Handwriting Analysis only, ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO: MISS SHIRLEY SPENCER, c/o MODERN SCREEN ....☐

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are both given upper berth 10, car 31. They don't find it out right away, of course, and in the meantime Susan takes quite a dislike to Michael. Or is it a defense mechanism to prevent herself from falling in love with him? Anyway, she convinces herself that he is bumptious, crude, and a wolf of a particularly low type. She gets added proof when he tries to climb into her berth. Even when he shows her his ticket she doesn't realize that it's the nixie and not Mike who's responsible.

By the time they get to Chicago, Mike is definitely in love. He pursues Susan to her home and meets her father (Charles Winninger), who has no patience with Susan's neglect of romance. The situation is complicated by a sensational blonde who is known simply as La Rubia (Adele Jergens). Susan is treating her for a psychosis involving men. When La Rubia sees Mike, she's sure he would be just the cure she needs. By now, Susan has a certain proprietory interest in Mike, but as a doctor, she agrees that he would probably effect a cure. She prescribes him for La Rubia and then gets angry when it works. Women are so unreasonable, even when they are doctors!

"She Wouldn't Say Yes" follows the pattern laid down by Rosalind Russell's other career woman pictures. The dialogue and some of the situations are amusing enough so you won't mind if the plot isn't strikingly original.—*Col.*

P. S.

Introducing the Nixie, an alter ego in disguise! For photographic and entertainment reasons, Columbia has made him into a little man who IS there. This fabulous character is introduced first as a cartoon drawn by Lee Bowman, then as a six-inch figure, and subsequently as an animated fellow who engages Rosalind Russell in conversation and persuades her of the folly of her ways. Roz is the gal who wouldn't say yes, but the lady has a right to change her mind. . . . Coming back to reality, all the inconveniences of present day travel are realistically reproduced. Thirty passengers are shown in a crowded sleeper, while the club car action calls for more than double that many. The travel weary group never left home, however. Train sequences were filmed in their entirety within the studio walls. . . . Roz has an unchallenged record for continuous occupancy of a Pullman upper, having spent two solid working weeks in "Upper Five." . . . The space was so limited in one scene that in addition to acting, she had to tend a lamp and the microphone, the camera slate and measuring tape, and the exposure meter. . . . Deceptive but ever so practical are the pseudo-sheer stockings worn by Miss Russell. Since she had numerous falls to take in the course of the story, the studio had three pairs made up for her use. They're actually heavy, but appear sheer to the camera thanks to delicate color shadings. . . . Soft-leaved elms that had been intended to line the walk at the Russell and Bowman wedding place had to be replaced by sturdy pine trees. Despite everything the company green man could do, the elm leaves wilted under the hot lights. What, no spreading chestnuts? . . . Because he is too expert at almost any instrument, Charles Winninger's trumpet tooting was somewhat of a problem. So Ed Frazier of the studio's music department was assigned to be on hand to see that Charles played as badly as called for in the script.

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

Remember the old nursery rhyme about

(*Continued on page 87*)

But will you stay as sweet as you are?

You step from your bath all fragrant and fresh. But how long will that freshness last? Will it begin to fade almost before you're dressed?

Not if you know the simple One-Two of day-long daintiness! *One* for your bath—to wash away *past* perspiration. And *Two* for Mum—to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor.

That's the answer so many smart girls give to this problem of underarm care. A bath *plus Mum* is their sure protection against a fault so hard to forgive.

So take 30 seconds to smooth Mum on each underarm and stay nice to be near. You can depend on Mum's protection to last for a whole day or evening.

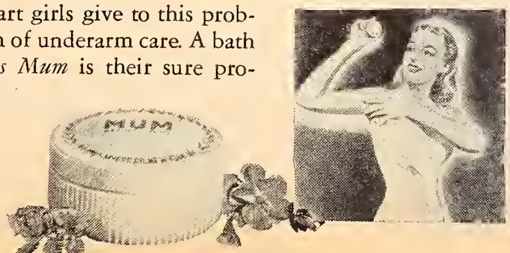
Remember, too, that gentle Mum won't irritate your skin, won't harm fine fabrics—can be used before or *after* dressing. Use Mum, *to be sure.* Get some today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable . . . ideal for this use, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



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We've been hearing a lot of tc
about peacetime reconversion—whi
is good talk indeed—and it got us thir
ing about you and your own little r
conversion program. You think we'
kidding? Look, here's what we mea
For almost four years you've been
eager beaver working on salvage co
mittees, sewing for Navy Relief, c
lecting for the Red Cross. Your spa
dimes have bought war stamps. Yo
wisecracks have gone round the world
morale-building via V-mail. Everythi
you did was toward one end—peac
And now it's here, and you're ecstat
You're crazy with it—and still, you fe
a little like the man without a count
You're a woman without a cause. Tha
how you *feel*, but of course it's not
The cause is still there, and it's just t
same. Peace and more peace. Pea
without end. Let your life still be bou
up with it. How? Well, to begin with

Fight inflation: Hold on to your w
bonds and your savings, and persua
your family to do likewise. Obse
ceiling prices just as carefully as y
did during the war. Write your C
gressman pleading for continued r
and price control. An enormous Arm
tice spending spree on items from wh
the ceiling price has been removed
on items procurable through the Bl
Market will inflate prices as it did
1918. This will place such goods—
orbitantly priced simply beca
people are bidding against one anot
for them—beyond the reach of
average consumer. Such a situati
becoming widespread, breeds disc
tent, disunity, civil strife—all of wh
may well add up to more war.

Fight intolerance: Beginning with y
choice of school-mates, aren't
pretty much of a snob-job? You c
your elite chums clique together,
cluding minority groups from y
clubs, your parties, your bull-sessi
Given two intelligent, attractive b
one whose (*Continued on page 1*

JEAN KINKEAD

CO-ED LETTERBOX

I manage to get dates, but the boys very rarely ask for seconds. I'm gay and fairly attractive. I wonder where I fumble. H. G., Athens, Ohio.

Maybe you're too eager. So anxious to MURder him, you spoil his act. Boys like smart girls. They also like funny girls. But a man's-eye view of a gal who's smart and funny is one who cues him for his stories and laughs her head off at his jokes. Let your next date be head man, and we bet he'll come back for more.

I want desperately to go to college next year, but my family can't afford to send me, and I'm afraid I can't earn enough money myself. What is the least amount of money I could get by on? E. M., Alameda, California.

Go to your library and ask for a list of state colleges (which are, of course, the least expensive.) You can then write to them requesting information about tuition, self-help opportunities, scholarships and student loans. You could even work for a year after you graduate from high school to give yourself kind

(*Continued on page 118*)

The Night you will Never Forget...
Heaven was in her Eyes... And her Lips were Paradise
WALTER WANGER'S temptatious tribute to that sly old feeling!
Night in Paradise
in TECHNICOLOR

The screen's glorious new love-match!

Starring **MERLE OBERON**

TURHAN BEY

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE with

THOMAS GOMEZ · GALE SONDERGAARD · RAY COLLINS · ERNEST TRUEX · GEORGE DOLENZ · JEROME COWAN

Directed by ARTHUR LUBIN · Produced by WALTER WANGER · Associate Producer: Alexander Golitzen

From the Novel "Peacock's Feather" by George S. Hellman · Screenplay: Ernest Pascal · Adaptation: Emmet Lavery

UNIVERSAL

TELL 'EM MOMMY—

How you became a Famous Pin-up Girl!

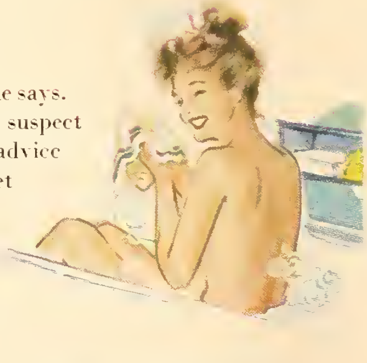
LISTEN TO CONNIE JOANNES, FAMOUS MODEL

She's appeared on covers of McCall's, Redbook and many other magazines. That's her 6-months-old son Bobbie in the picture coaxing her to tell. "Tell everybody where you got that lovely complexion, Mommy!" he says. "Just watch Bobbie splashing in his tub," Connie says, "and you'll discover my beauty secret. It's regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap, of course. I was an Ivory baby myself!"

LET CONNIE TELL YOU HOW TO HAVE THAT IVORY LOOK . . .

"Every girl wants a lovely complexion," Connie says, "but a model like me *has* to have one. If you suspect *your* complexion could stand improving, my advice is—don't give it a hit-or-miss wash-up. To get that Ivory Look, change to regular care with gentle Ivory Soap."

P-S-ST! . . . Bobbie wants to talk. "That's right, Mommy, what's mild enough for a baby like me is grand for grown-ups' skin as well!" Try pure, baby-gentle Ivory care today—and watch your skin become softer, smoother, lovelier, too!



P. S. for U. S. Don't waste Ivory . . . it contains vital war materials!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

To our Readers

■ Some people take Henry and me too seriously. We're always bragging about MODERN SCREEN being "the friendly magazine." And so our pretty partner, Sylvia Wallace, West Coast editor, has gone all out. In fact, she's downright affectionate. She's converted her office into a joint. A junior Schwab's drugstore, complete with everything except Sidney Skolsky. And in place of Sidney, we have a bar . . . Of course the stars love it (I mean the friendliness —not the bar). We do rush business from nine in the a.m. till way past closing time. Biggest day of the month is when the new copies of MODERN SCREEN come in. And thereby hangs a tale. . . Picture Hunk-of-Man Madison riffling through a bright new September issue. He comes across that picture of June Allyson presenting MODERN SCREEN'S silver fan club trophy to Gwen Littlefield. He lets out one of those long, low whistles and asks Sylvia to set up a date. Sylvia not only being friendly, but foxy too, says, "Sure. And we want pictures." So, on page 38, you'll see some of the gayest, charmingest boy-girl pictures you ever looked at. . . What worries me about all these goings-on at Wallace's joint is this. Take Madison and Littlefield. Suppose they fall in love. Suppose they get married. And have a baby. Will MODERN SCREEN be responsible? Will Sylvia have to walk the floor with the kid? Where does all this stop? Just how friendly do we have to be?!! . . . Okay, kids, I'll be all right in a minute. I shouldn't go telling you my troubles, anyway. Just you turn to "A Date For Cinderella," and make believe you went along!

Al Delacorte

Executive Editor.

Life Story, Part 1, of a limelight-lovin' k

dana andrews

On Dana's first day off in months, son David gashed his toe and Pop zoomed him to hospital. Then Cathy disappeared; frantic search found her munching cookies next door; calmly reported she'd crawled under fence "like a gopher."

■ There were nine Andrews children, with Dana third from the top. Eight were boys, and the fact that Dad was a minister didn't keep them from raising their fair share of cain. Looking back from his present vantage, Dana's inclined to think it was more than their fair share.

When the neighbor's peaches were raided, you could count on finding the Andrews kids in the forefront. When the neighbor pelted them with stones, they'd throw peaches back, and the aim of the Andrews kids was straight and true. When she told on them, they'd take their punishment, and plan the next raid more carefully. There was always the beautiful chance that you mightn't get caught.

Dad dealt out judgment with a firm and impartial hand. Too kindly a

hose father was a minister and whose mom thought that maybe some actors mightn't be bums • By Ida Zeitlin

Before gas station job, Dana was down-and-out reporter. Now he's acting (for reel) what he lived (for real): Reporter in "Fallen Angel."

Brothers Horlan, Wilton, and Dana A. (D. at right; age 11) raised cain as kids, so now Dana can't be too severe on son David when he goes fishing in private lakes . . . so long as he throws the fish back!

At seventeen, Dana secretly dreamed of an acting career, even took lead in high school play, but wisely kept silent when his older brothers talked of *their* plans for the future—sober plans, like school teaching, or engineering . . .

dana andrews

See wife Mary's gold watch? It's the first gift Dana bought after signing contract with 20th-Fox and M-G-M to do 2 outside pics a year.

Andrews had tough time finding furniture to fill new Toluca Lake house ("large enough for breeding and breathing," says D.) but piano helped.

man to inspire fear, he was also too sensible to let his roughnecks get out of control. What he said, he meant, and what he promised—good or bad—he performed. Dana's earliest memories are bound up with faith in his father, who taught him to swim by tossing him into deep water—

"By the time you come up, I'll be there," he'd say.

If Dad said he'd be there, he'd be there—and he always was. And you'd grab his shoulder and start kicking your feet and yelling for him to throw you in again.

Mother was the stuff that saints are made of. Deeply religious herself, she wasn't given to preaching. By what she did, rather than what she said, they learned to know her. Never did her children hear her speak ill of anyone. If she had nothing good to say, she said (*Continued on page 97*)

"That man's here again," groan the Wynns. And Van smiles and knows he's home again.

With Keenan and Evie Wynn, Van spent first holiday in years at Lake Arrowhead. M-G-M removed N. Y. subway ads of Van's latest pic—bobby sackers kept stealing 'em!

"First time we've worked together," said Lana T. to Van on "Weekend at the Waldorf" set. "You wouldn't bet on that, would you?" asked Van, and reminded her of his one-line part ("Nice work if you can get it!") spoken when Gable made love to Lana in "Somewhere I'll Find You."

my friend, van johnson

by Keenan Wynn and Ida Zeitlin

● "By Keenan Wynn," it says. But it isn't, really. Because Keenan's the kind of guy who just grins, twists his feet, and says, "Aw, shucks, fellas," when asked to talk about his friendship with Van Johnson . . . and then lets go with a rapid-fire series of gags to hide his real feelings. So when MODERN SCREEN asked the boys to Tell All, they looked at each other helplessly, and then yelled, "IDA!" in loud and desperate tones. The minute I got there the gags began to fly thick and fast.

This is how Keenan signs autograph books. "To Ida. From Van Johnson's best friend." The kids think it's cute, Van gets a boot out of watching him operate, and Keenan's sardonic humor is satisfied. So everyone's happy.

He *is* Van's best *(Continued on page 119)*

By MARIS MacCULLERS AND BEVERLY OTT

“Her

This is the story of how a bellboy, a crippled girl and a queen proved that not all fairy tales are in books . . .

1. Few people, seeing Leslie Odel (June Allyson) for the first time, would know she is helpless, a cripple whose only amusement is listening to the fairy tales Jimmy Dobson (Bob Walker) weaves.

2. Albert Weever (Rags Ragland), a porter at the hotel where Jim bellhops, mistakes Princess Veronica (Hedy Lamarr) for a maid. Later, after Jimmy's dated her, the boys discover her title. Al says, "Well, kings make big money!"

4. By now, Jimmy thinks Veronica's statement about "a princess can love a commoner" refers to him, neglects Leslie, intends proposing to V. Albert comforting Leslie, mutters, "there's other fish to catch."

5. And Leslie, wanting to make Jimmy's decision easier, tells him she's cured, tries to prove it by taking a few steps. She falters, however, falls in his arms and Jimmy, realizing where his love lies, "relinquishes" the princess.

aiter," ordered Guy grandly, "two crepes suz-
es!" But alas, Ciro's was fresh out. So they com-
omised with a flaming cherry jubilee . . . yummeee!.

A date for Cinderella

"Let's take the long way home," suggested Gwen, who wanted all the neighborhood kids to see her fella. (Well, wouldn't you?) But even so, Gwen's sure that whoever wrote "Lowd, you made the nights too long," had never been dated by that swell Guy Madison!

OH, WHAT A

Johnny conspires with waiter J. E. Smith on super-colossal de
sert to surprise Betty. Last year, appendectomy made Johnn
cancel personal appearances . . . to the tune of $15,000

"Hi!" says Betty Cornell, as Johnny introduces her to host Toots Shor. MODERN SCREEN picked Betty as Johnny's prettiest fan, to spend day with him.

Taking his No. 1 Fan to lunch wasn't enough: Johnny even lets her feel muscles developed from boxing and pocket billiards. (Won championship!)

The sun was shining when Johnny Johnston took his prettiest fan to lunch, but all she saw was a star . . . a big, blonde, and very human star.

BEAUTIFUL DAY!

"All this, and heaven too!" murmurs Betty blissfully. Like Dagwood sandwich, concoction has a little of everything: Ice cream, fruit, *and* syrup.

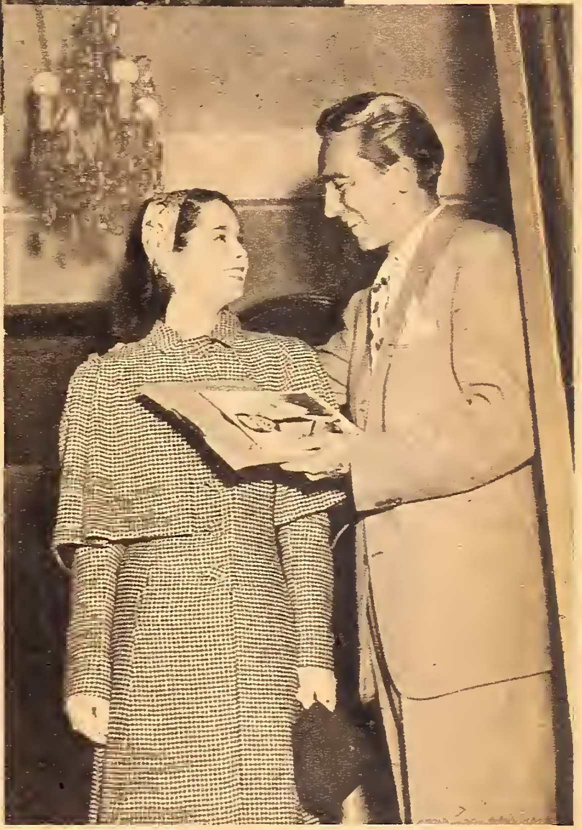
Johnny looks doubtful, but Betty greets stage star Frank Fay's invisible rabbit, Harvey, with, "What big ears you have!" (P.S.: *We* can't see H. either!)

Betty wanted to meet the folks informally; this is how they responded! Julie's 3, while Johnny and Dot, married 9 years, had unusual courtship, he worked nights, she, days. So he proposed at breakfast!

"What's Trigger got that I haven't?" asks Johnny. Betty pulled a Gypsy Rose Lee: Changed entire outfit.

Johnny's got a varied repertoire; does every type of tune, handles tempo so cleverly that other top-flight warblers are "sent" by his solid singing. Even doll's impressed!

Singing Julie to sleep is one job Johnny likes. Her bed's a far cry from park benches where he stowed his six feet for the night during freight-hopping days. First sound Julie learned: Bronx cheer!



Betty went home starry-eyed with Johnny's recording of "Laura," an autographed picture, and memories of a wonderful day spent with the Johnston family.

ON THE TOWN

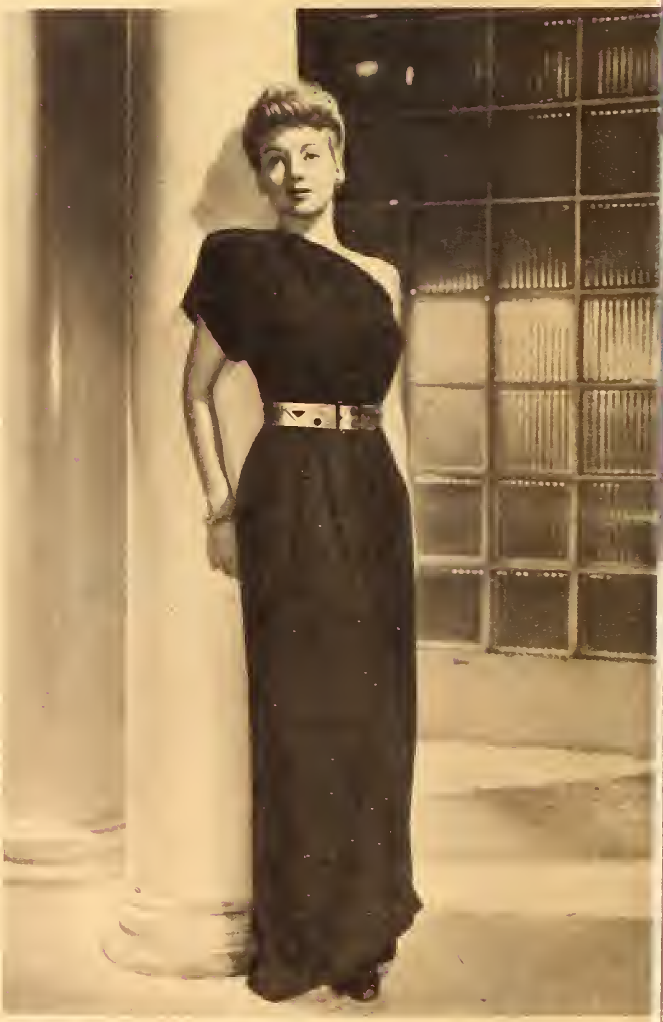
BY JEAN KINKEAD AND TOUSSIA PINES

■ For dozens of long, lonely months you haven't looked crooked at a date dress. You've hardly even *thought* about an evening dress. You've been terribly functional, terribly faithful, and you've carried red tokens where your mad money used to be. Now, miraculously, the lights are on again; there are guys on Main Street again. Whistles, double talk, civvies, heaven. And the biggest hunk of happiness of all, the thing that's so good it hurts, is that *your* boy is coming home. Look, it says here, "Darling, I'm on my way." It's a four alarm fire. It's a home run with the bases full. Peace, it's wonderful.

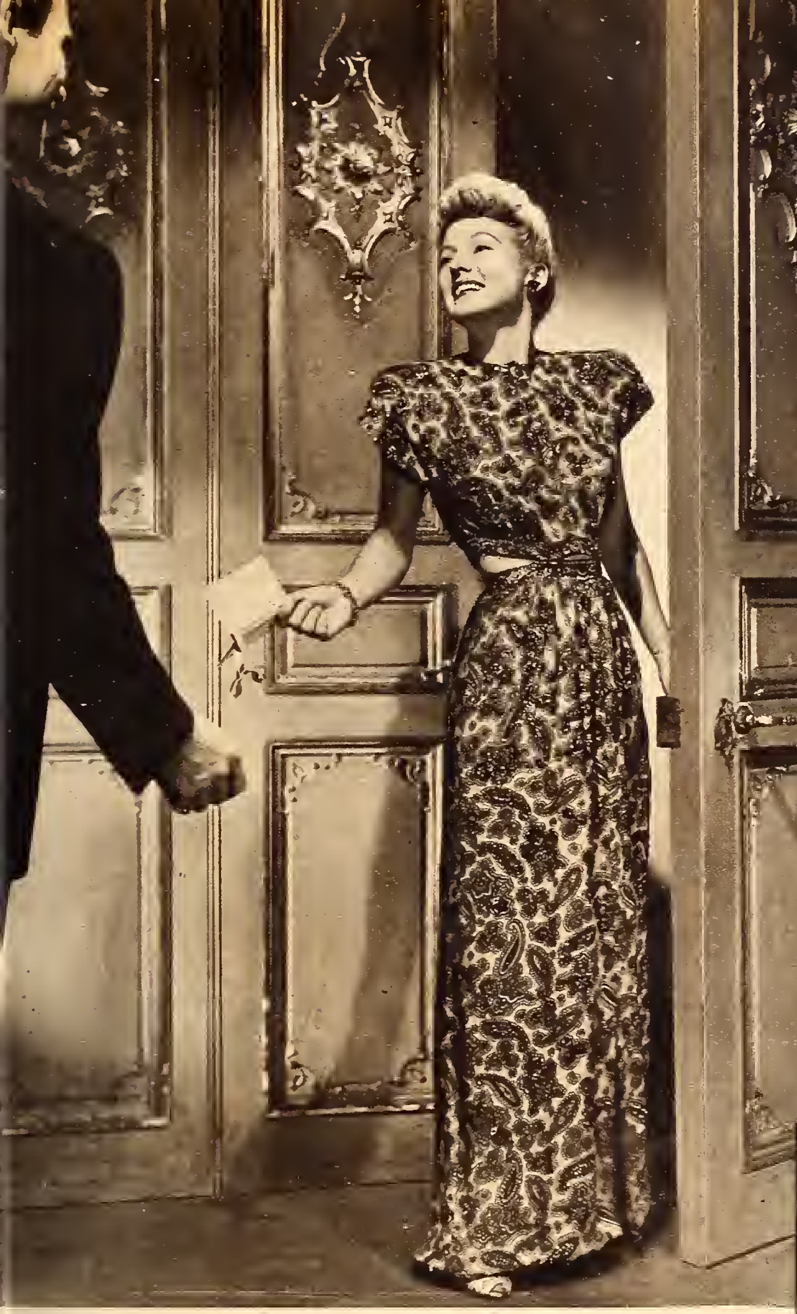
Now the dilemma. What to wear to do justice to him? We're not going to advise you about dressing for that heart-shaking first meeting. If you're a bit of a sentimentalist, and aren't we all about now, you'll probably wear your going-away suit or some other cherished, familiar number. We're going to talk about that first historic big date. That champagne-and-caviar binge you've been promising yourselves for so long. You want a dress so devastating, so slaughterhouse—there just are no words for the dress you want.

We know. And we've found it for you; in fact we've found three, anyone of which is unquestionably It. Obviously these aren't budget jobs. They are magnificent dresses, and the prices are steep. We look at it this way. For three years your man has been dreaming of you with your hair sleek and shiny, your ears, discreetly perfumed, wearing something smooth, something really out of this world. Three years is a long time. So is eighteen months. So is ten weeks, if you've been apart. We think he's earned a glimpse of you in one of these superb dresses, designed by the talented Harry Schacter for Miss America Dance Frocks.

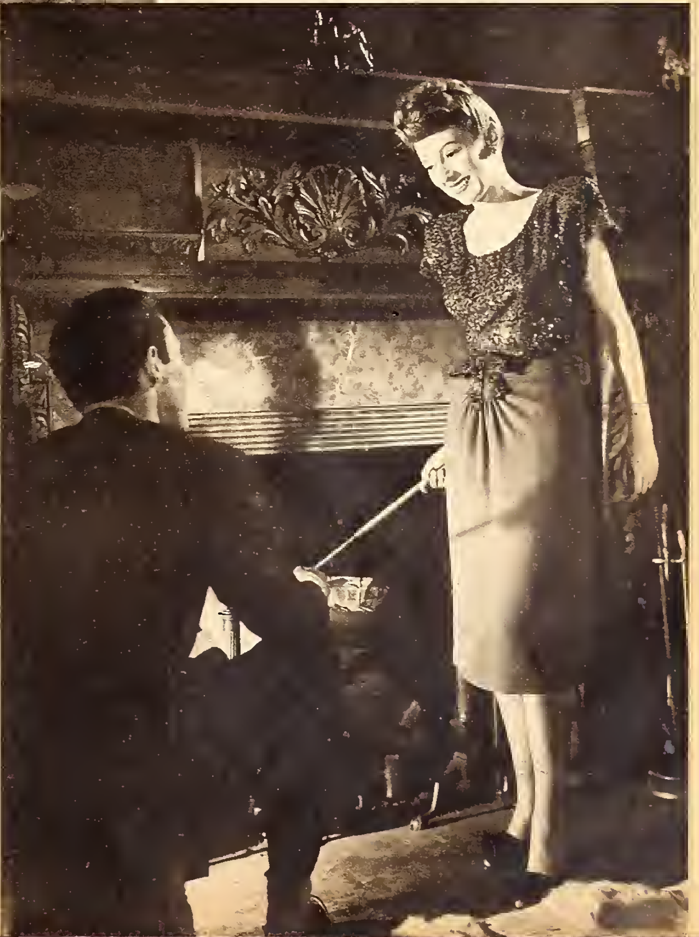
Greek Goddess: He told the guys you were a pin-up girl, but even he's *(Continued on page 107)*



The Greek Goddess look in dramatic black, with just the gleam of your white shoulder, a sparkle of gold at your waist. Wear no colors, no jewels.



Arabian Nights magnificence is yours in this sequin embroidered Paisley dress, its middle bare or not, as you wish.



Short skirted, but long on glamour is this dream dress, with its scooped out neckline sparkling with sequins, its tiny waist.

He's home again! For that Caviar and Champagne binge, choose one of these devastating dresses, worn for us by lovely Evelyn Keyes.

"Whatta life," groaned Cornel. "They dropped my option." "Goody!" cheered Pat, "now you'll get a better job!" Whatta wife!

by Fredda Dudley

the Wilde women

■ It was Christmas Eve: December 24, 1940. Cornel Wilde had been under contract to Warner Brothers for six months. Harried months, anxious months, months filled with four and five line walk-ons in minor pictures. Very minor pictures. Cornel had said to his agent, "But when I was signed, it was with the understanding that . . . well, I was to get leads, or at least second leads." The agent said, "Play along with them. They'll take care of you. You'll have to be patient because Hollywood works in weird ways."

But on December 24, the agent called and asked Cornel brusquely, "Can you take it?"

"Sure," said Cornel, looking across the narrow room with its horrible flowered carpet at Pat. Her hands were clasped together; her eyes were enormous.

"Warners' have let your option drop," said the agent. "But I'll keep plugging for you."

"Thanks," said Cornel. He hung up. He tried to smile at his wife. (Continued on page 135)

The Wildes love competitive sports, fencing, gabbing with pals over a coffee pot, horseback riding . . . and each other.

By Helen Colton

Fair-Haired Boy

Kurt's police dogs floor guests with enthusiastic greeting. Lofty hilltop home has breath-taking view of Los Angeles, separate room for answering fan mail, and bar papered with travel labels from far-away cities he's visited.

When Kurt Kreuger played those nasty Nazi roles, the hisses and boos for the villain turned to kisses and ooohs.

■ One day last December, Kurt Kreuger took off the uniform of Nazi Major Kauders, donned his Sunset Boulevard tweeds, drove his green convertible coupe from the Warner Brothers studio to the Federal Building in downtown Los Angeles, and achieved the greatest ambition of his life. He became an American citizen.

Then he celebrated his "I Am An American Day" in a way no new citizen ever has before.

He drove back to Burbank, donned his Nazi uniform, reported back on the set of "Hotel Berlin," was introduced to Elliott Roosevelt, son of the President of the country of which he had just become a citizen, and began to make love to the president's daughter-in-law, Faye Emerson.

For a new American, he was certainly doing all right!

As a matter of fact, all right is what handsome, blonde Kurt has been doing ever since he had a bit part and bottom billing in "The Purple V" at Republic three years ago.

As Hollywood careers go, three years is a fraction of time. Many actors hang around that long waiting just to get an "I may call you" from a casting director.

But not with Switzerland's gift to the movies. In that short time, he has behind him a lot of juicy roles, like the part of the Nazi flyer in "Sahara," *(Continued on page 81)*

Perplexed Pop

Sometimes Bob Walker gets confused: Truant officering his two twerps, playing swoon guy to a coupla million maidens.

■ It was Sunday; a California Sunday soft with sunlight and riffled with breeze. Two eager beavers stood at the window and watched the highway with Superman eyes. These characters were named Bobby, aged five, and Michael, aged four, and they were dressed in clean white shirts and their best suits; their faces gleamed with soapy cleanliness and their eyes glistened with anticipation.

At length the expected car swung into the driveway and two small boys, yelling like Comanches, cataracted out of the house and down the steps. "Hi, Pop," they yelled. "Hello, *Daddy!*"

Bob Walker unwound himself from the car and accepted the greeting of his two sons much as an oak accepts the mantling admiration of a smothering growth of ivy.

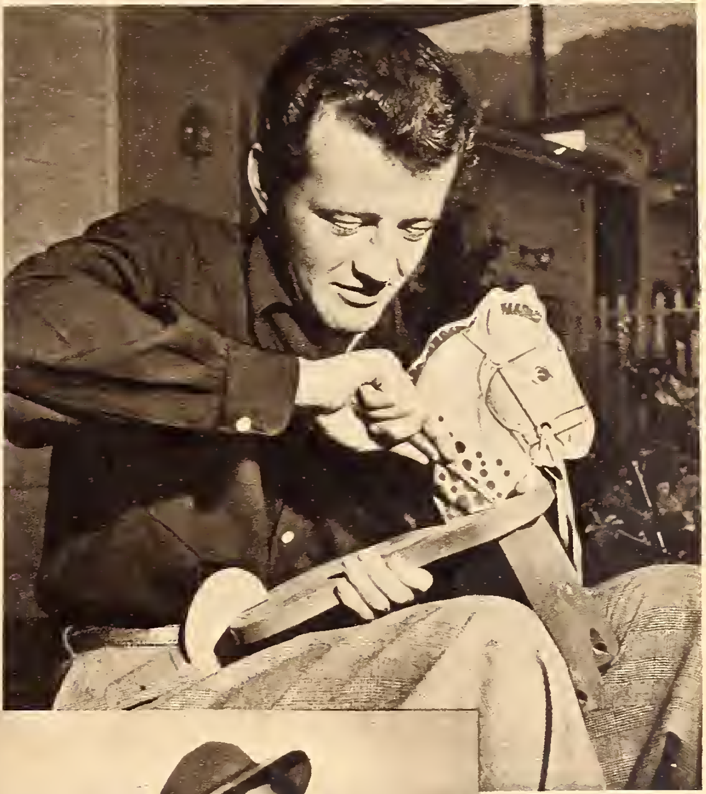
After this initial greeting was over, Michael announced from the vicinity of Bob's left ear, "We saw you in the movie, Daddy. In an airplane. Is an airplane hard to drive, Pop?"

Bob said it was just a picture. Those things were done in the studio—er—an actor didn't have to be able to *fly* a plane, not really. The studio . . . er . . .

"And you fell in the water and got all wet," added Bobby, the older boy. "Mommy says that if we fall in the water and get wet we'll catch a cold. Did *you* take cold, Daddy?"

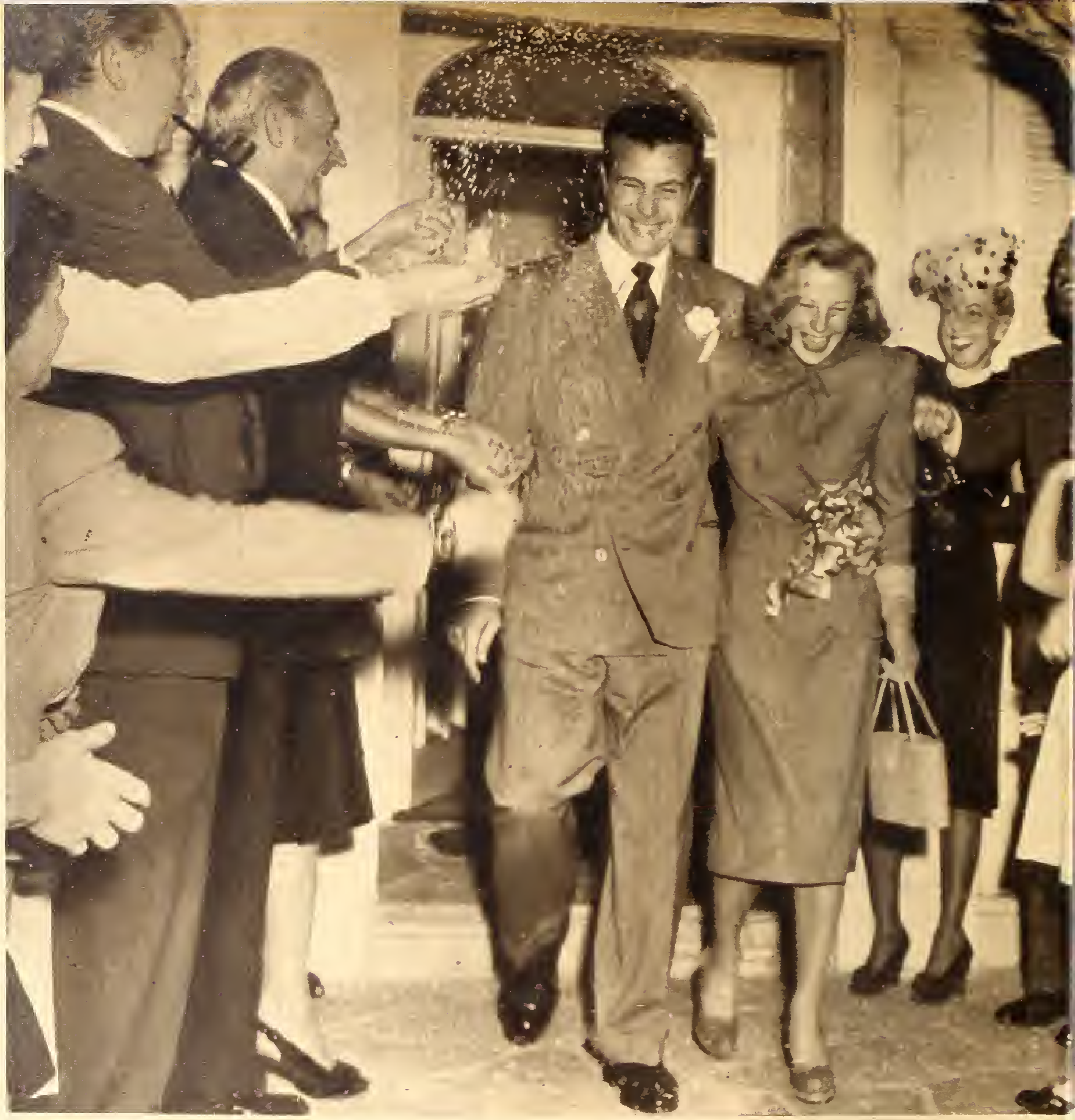
Bob explained that, in the studio, those things were arranged. One got wet, yes, but (*Continued on page 112*)

Bed-by-ten's what helped put on those 15 lbs., but Bob scarcely starts reading the jokes, piano practicing or carpentering for the kids when it's lights out. He still uses pal's phone, forgetting he finally got his!



'Her Highness and the Bellboy" (with J. Allyson) gives him a chance to change duds—his were stolen last Xmas and he's too rushed to buy more! But what would a tennis fiend do with a tux?

By Fredda Dudley



"God speed and good luck," rang through clouds of rice as the brand new Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell left for their honeymoon.

VAN'S HEALTH IS ON THE UPGRADE . . . FRANKIE'S ON THE WARPATH—AND LA! NOW IT'S MONSIEUR BOGART!

■ The June Allyson-Dick Powell wedding at the home of Johnny Green was a very gay affair that got considerably gayer right in the middle of the marriage ceremony when popular Judge Brand made a slip and said:

"Do you, June, take this man, Richard, to be your lawfully wedded *wife*——!"

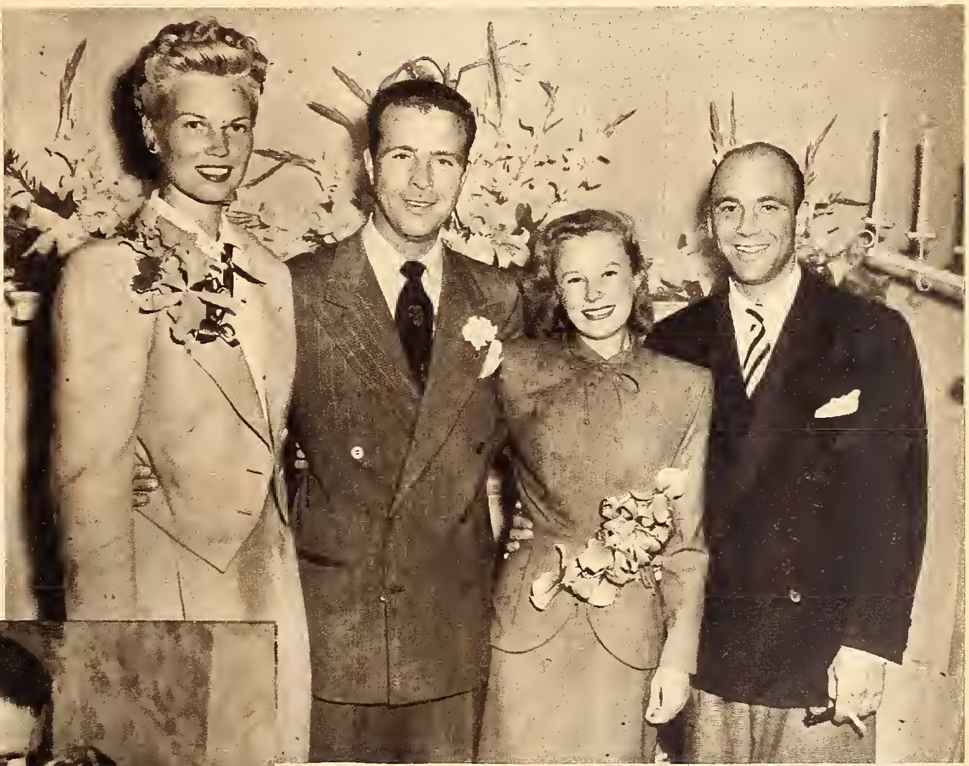
June, who had been very serious up to then, formally holding her little white family prayer book in her hand, tried hard to hold in the giggles—but had to finally give in—and did she laugh! The minute the ceremony was over Dick said, "Hold still, Stinky, for a kiss!"

The improvised altar at the fireplace was very pretty with even the fire screen covered by lilies of the valley. Tall white candles burned in silver candelabras—but I swear I think host Johnny Green jived up the Wedding March just a bit when he played it on the piano.

Just before the happy couple departed for a honeymoon on Dick's boat, Junie pressed a little gold heart into his hand, inscribed, "My Love—Always."

Now that you have heard about the wedding, I suppose some of our MODERN SCREEN readers want to hear again about the romance of Dick and little June. Well, they met when both were in "We The People" at M-G-M. She had always admired Dick greatly and when he stopped to talk to her one day, her big blue eyes started shining. But to her, he was still married, so as she told me, she didn't make a date for a long time, even though he and Joan Blondell were separated. "But it seemed as if everything kept putting him in my way," she said. "We met at parties. I would see him at restaurants, and finally, when (*Continued on page 58*)

good news... june allyson weds!



Above, the wedding party at the Greens'; Bunny Waters Green. June and Dick, and Johnny Green. At left, the Powells' first "married" kiss.

by louella parsons

Greer and Danny swapped plans at V-J Day "Command Performance." G. nixed offer to act with Gable, will do Shakespeare; he's thrilled with new air show.

good news...

he was free, he asked me to go out with him. I accepted and we had such a wonderful evening." To June, who has never been in love before, Dick is perfect. I saw them the week before the wedding at a dinner in Margaret Ettinger's garden. They had just the day before obtained a license to wed and it was in all the papers. "I bought seven copies of the 'Examiner,'" June told me. She kept holding Dick's hand and saying to me, "isn't he wonderful—isn't he wonderful!" Dick, who adores her, is perhaps less demonstrative but his feelings are just as deep. "She is such a grand little girl," he told me. "With a character so beautiful, so sweet, that you wonder how she could have grown up and remained as unspoiled and untouched by life." The Powells took their honeymoon on Dick's boat and went to Catalina for a cruise in the Southern California waters. It was the first time he was able to take his boat out since the war. Dick has bought a house in Brentwood for his little bride and she has been busy furnishing it for the last two months. If being in love means anything, this is a marriage that will last. I hope it will, for they both went into it with such high hopes and such a sincere resolve to be happy.

(*Continued on page 108*)

Gloria DeHaven flew to the Mocambo with Henry Willson and the Tom Drakes as soon as she got out of bed. She'd almost lost her baby after an auto accident and the m.d.'s were taking no chances

After two months of marriage, Lauren set a record: Fell off the fifth and last boat Bogey bought, having tumbled off each one in turn. Mr. B's hopes for "a large family, soon" are being realized

AFTER A YEAR AT OUR LONDON EMBASSY—Mary Anne Braswell shares a "reunion-cake" with three British airmen. Soon after graduating from the University of Georgia she received her Diplomatic Corps assignment. Her work was "fascinating and exacting" she says. Air raids, celebrities, robot bombs—and "getting engaged" to an American officer from Boston were all part of her London adventure.

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

She's delightfully poised—with glinty-chestnut hair, alabaster-smooth skin

HER RING
3 steps of diamonds flank the handsome center diamond. The band is platinum.

Mary Anne Braswell to wed Edwin P. Cushman, U. S. Army Officer

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Braswell of Athens, Georgia.

The first day Mary Anne was in London she met her officer fiancé-to-be . . . at a luncheon club near the Embassy!

She's *another* engaged girl with that "soft-smooth" Pond's look!

"I surely do depend on Pond's Cold Cream," she says, "it has the nicest way of making your face feel *especially* soft and clean. I wouldn't be without my Pond's for anything."

Twice every day Mary Anne uses Pond's Cold Cream—like this:

She *smooths* the silky-soft cream well over her face and throat and pats rapidly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues it all off.

She *rinses* with more Pond's Cold Cream, plying her white covered fingertips round her face in quick little circles. Tissues off. This is "extra-care," she says, for extra cleansing, extra softening.

Why don't *you* use Pond's Cold Cream her way? Every morning, every evening and for in-between time clean-ups! It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Get a *big luxury jar* that lets you dip in with both hands!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont · The Lady Morris
Mrs. Ernest L. Biddle · Lady Louis Mountbatten · Mrs. George J. Gould, Jr. · Princess Xenia

The other 5-year-olds played with dolls, but Eleanor Parker played she was Janet Gaynor.

Constant Nymph

■ There's a little white card among Eleanor Parker's treasures that she'd hate to lose. In a sense, though, she can't lose it. It's engraved, as they say in Shakespeare, on the tablets of her memory—its shape and texture, the exact shade of the green ink, the way each letter's formed. . . .

"I hope," it says, "that Mildred will do as much for your career as she did for mine. In your hands, I know she will. Bette Davis."

It came with a beautiful bowl of gardenias on the day Eleanor started "Of Human Bondage." She read the card and then she read it again. Tears stung her lids as her arms went round the bowl and her cheek brushed the flowers in a wordless little gesture of passionate thanks.

If she'd been a producer, Eleanor Parker's the last girl she'd have cast in the role of Mildred. Eddie Goulding felt the same way. Jack Warner didn't. He sent Goulding out to take a look at her on the set of "The Very Thought of You," and Goulding returned, convinced that his leg was being pulled. Not at all, Mr. Warner assured him blandly. In that case, Mr. Goulding assured him back, he'd prefer to shove off and forget the whole (*Continued on page 76*)

Collection of china and silver was neglected while E.'s appendix had its coming-out party, but she kept busy in hospital by rolling bandages, a job she likes. Job she hates: Posing for leg art.

by Cynthia Miller

Now in "Bewitched," Eleanor thrilled at making "Of Human Bondage" with Paul Henreid (above) in the Leslie Howard role. Eleanor prefers bridge to night clubs, places "where feet get stepped on."

Beginning of Time!

Your phone will ring. Your heart will leap. His voice. "I'm back!" And time will begin again. Time to do together all the things you've planned. Yet time to relax and linger over every precious moment. For U. S. Time will help you find more hours for fun. U. S. Time will soon bring you the world's outstanding timepieces, in beauty, in accuracy.

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Betty (who just recorded an album of hit songs from her past pix) and June Haver strutted so many outfits in "Dolly Sisters" that B. started a campaign for a costumer's award.

Baby Vicki celebrated Dad's birthday on the "Kitten On The Keys" set, missed out on the folks' second wedding anniversary binge in N. Y. when Harry was playing the Astor Hotel.

They're a small family, with stars in their eyes and a yen for Sunday baseball.

THE *Three* JAMESES

by Abigail Putnam

■ Many years ago a little boy named Harry James was given a drum. He thought this the most exciting and wonderful toy he had ever seen in his life. The instant he awakened each morning, he grabbed the drum and went parading around barefoot and in pajamas until he was forcibly sent off to get dressed and to have some breakfast.

The instant he could climb down from the table, he donned his beloved drum and went outside, marching around and around the house, beating lustily. He was the Spirit of '76, Gene Krupa, plus a brigade of Mickey Rooneys and Jack Coopers; he perfected hot licks and jungle rhythms—he was skin happy.

This routine went on for almost a week. One afternoon a haggard neighbor made friends with Harry by commenting on what a pretty drum he owned. To further cement the friendship, the neighbor gave Harry a pocket knife. Then, as he was leaving to return to his temporarily quiet home, he said to Harry: "The inside of the drum is the most interesting part. Have you looked to see what makes that wonderful noise?"

So Harry became a trumpeter, the trumpet being an instrument not susceptible to pocket knives.

At the present time, Mr. James has a young daughter who already shows signs—as her father did at an early age—of becoming a musician. When anyone says to her, "Would you like to hear some music, Vicki?" she assumes an important, straight-spined pose, lifts both hands, and proceeds to lead an (*Continued on page 69*)

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HERE IS THRILLING NEW HOPE if you want your dry, lusterless, unruly, brittle and breaking off hair more lovely . . . *longer*. Yes, hair may get longer—the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal—if the breaking-off process of dry, brittle ends can be retarded. That's why The Juelene SYSTEM is such a natural way to help your hair gain its normal beauty. You see, this wonderful SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. It helps soften harsh, brittle ends, thus giving your hair a chance to get longer once the breaking-off and the splitting ends have been curbed. So if your hair is dry, rough and hard to keep neat, try the easy Juelene SYSTEM for just 7 days.

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Never Been Kissed

While not busy acting "squashed" (sad), Roddy works on his novel, "The History of Fidelis," the story of "an imaginary country in a world of faith." He'll soon appear in 20th-Fox's "Home Stretch."

Roddy, who always wears a disc stamped "Vincere Vel Mori," (the family motto—"Victory or Death") joins Major M. Wilson and Eliz. Taylor for an O'Brien reading lesson.

Mrs. Mac is best pal as well as mom to Roddy and 18-year-old Virginia—blushed when R. raved, "I love Tallulah Bankhead but I don't think the Bd. of Educ. would let me act with her!"

Silly, isn't it? Slick, 17 and sooo handsome—and Roddy MacDowall goes steady with Lassie!

by Virginia Wilson

■ He'd ridden in "My Friend Flicka," hadn't he? And he was the bring-'em-home-a-winnah jockey in "Thunderhead," wasn't he? So who said he wouldn't be able to keep up with Farley Granger if they went off for a day's outing with the riding stable a starting point and their ultimate destination . . . . ?

He and Farley (of course, this all happened before the older boy joined the Navy and left for the Pacific), had driven out to the stables, rented a couple of spirited horses and ridden off. The path wound picturesquely through an olive grove, everything was peaceful, the two boys talked away about pictures and

(*Continued on page 152*)

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Crosby Quintette

Bing's forever getting notes from the kids' teachers—too much zing! Well, chips off the old block . . .

There are 5 of 'em—count 'em—big-eared, tow-headed, cocky sons of Erin who never miss a trick and refuse to swoon for Sinatra!

by Nancy Winslow Squire

■ The Crosby Kids, Gary, aged 12, Philip and Denny aged 11 and Lindsay aged 6, were dismissed early from St. John's Military Academy one afternoon, whereupon they turned their full zeal upon their driver with the result that they were taken to RKO where their proud pop, Mr. Bing (Oscar) Crosby was working in "Bells Of St. Mary's."

Also working in the picture with Bing and Ingrid Bergman were some 90 youngsters representing the enrollment of a parochial school. As the youngsters were between takes, they were playing on the recreation ground prepared by RKO. One gang was in the midst of a hot baseball game; because Gary is big for his age and gives every indication of being a competent shortstop, he was enlisted in the ball club.

Philip and Denny got involved in a volley ball game, and Linny was rapidly getting to be athletic slide champion when the lot school teacher brought the recreation hour to a close. "One more hour of school, children," she called. "Everyone come inside."

A few assistants began to round up the laggards, among which were all four Crosbys. "We don't have to go to school any more," one of the twins said. "We've done our time for today—we aren't working in this picture."

"Yeah," said the grip, acting as truant officer, "I know what you mean, but you ain't agonna get away with it. Back you goes."

"Perhaps it would be better if *you* went in our place," said Gary slyly. The eyes of the twins gleamed and even Linny manfully suppressed a grin.

The grip didn't find the retort amusing. "Kids is sure fresh these days," he observed. "Go on—git!"

Gary decided that the time had come

when a stand had to be taken. "We're the Crosby boys," he explained, "and we're only visiting this set."

"And me—I'm Frank Sinatra's baby daughter," said the very funny grip, showing his very humorous teeth. "Now, widdout any more argument—in ya go."

The boys, shrugging from one to another, went into the temporary school room and found places. "Dad saw us—he'll come over and get us pretty soon," Linny confided.

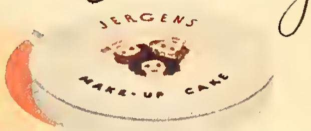
Dad had seen them. He had seen them arrive and he had seen them being forcibly exposed to further knowledge. Not a man to interfere with the progress of so worthwhile an enterprise, he hung around until that final hour of unexpected schooling was over. When the boys strolled out, he shifted his pipe to say, "Had no idea you gentlemen were so devoted to book larnin'."

"Chips," said Gary, knowing that it was unnecessary in *his* fast family to add "off the old block." The Crosbys are exceedingly rapid on the pick-up. It is true that Bing is an erudite man; not only did he secure his university degree (AB) but he studied law before he decided to go into the entertainment business. His grade school and high school report cards were replete with high grades, and he expects to cash nothing but win tickets on the scholastic attainments of his sons.

Incidentally, there are still people who believe that Bing can't read music. That is really the result of a stupe scoop that went this way: A reporter once asked Bing, "You can't read music, can you?" Because Bing finds it easier to give the answer that is obviously expected of him, he replied, "Nope."

Yet Bing did time, and kept it, in his high school orchestra, along strictly long hair lines. In college he had his own orchestra for a time, much to the admiration of his younger brother, Bob, currently a 2nd lieutenant of Marines, based in Honolulu.

Bob buttonholed his tympanistic brother one day and demanded, "Do you have any special advice to give a guy who wants to get *(Continued on page 94)*



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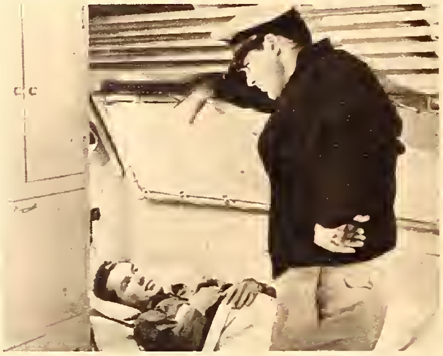
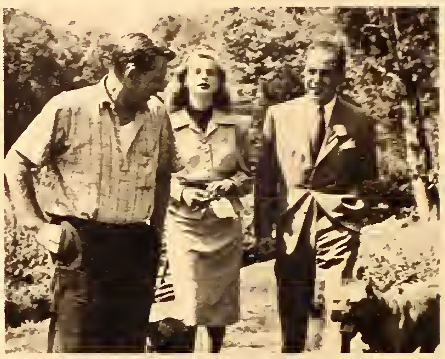
MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

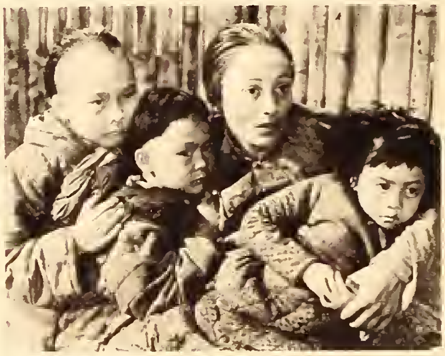
You've seen lots of movies, you've torn 'em apart and put 'em together again with your friends . . . but how well do you remember them? Pick up your pencil, curl up in a chair, and test yourself on these teasers—but no nail-biting! Sweet 16's a perfect score, 12-15 rates a pat on the pack, 10 gets by, but below 8 draws a dunce cap. Answers on page 90.



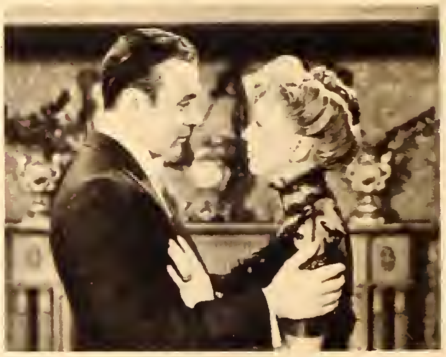
1. Scene from "Destination Tokyo" (based on real life incident) shows Bob Hutton recovering from:
   a. eating green apples b. an appendectomy
   c. "the bends" d. combat fatigue



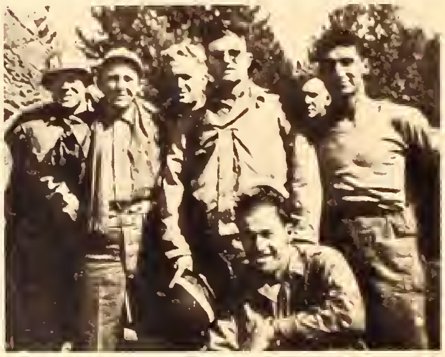
2. Among those present at the Bogart-Bacall wedding were these dogs, known as:
   a. Boxers b. Great Danes
   c. Chihuahuas d. Herefords



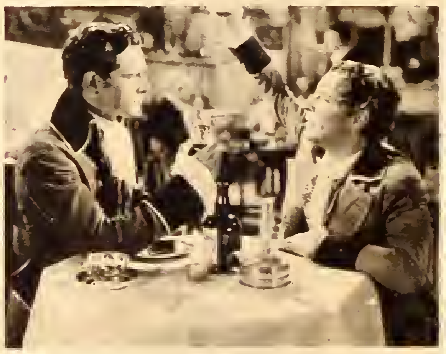
3. This pathetic Chinese family went hungry because "The Good Earth" was ruined by:
   a. floods b. droughts
   c. sheep grazing d. locusts



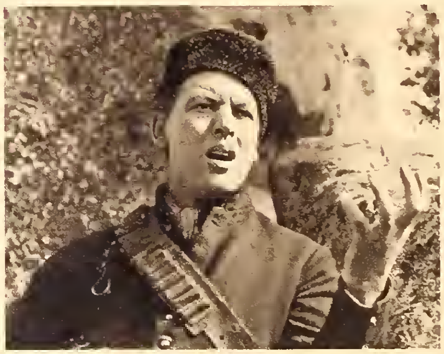
4. "Back Street" starred Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan, won fame for its author, who is:
   a. Faith Baldwin b. Grace Livingston Hill
   c. Fannie Hurst d. Kathleen Norris



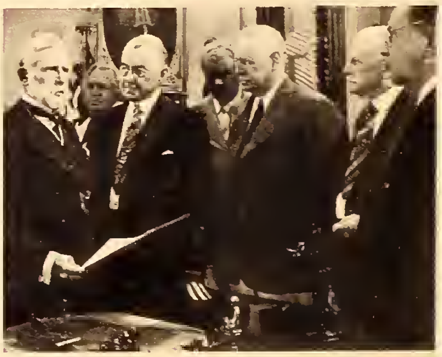
5. Maybe you think this is just a bunch of GI guys, but look closer, and next to the MP is:
   a. Kurt Kreuger b. Bing Crosby
   c. Atlas Maidenswoon d. Frank Sinatra



6. "'Tis a far, far better thing I do now than I have ever done before," says Colman in:
   a. "Arrowsmith" b. "If I Were King"
   c. "Tale of Two Cities" d. "Kismet"



7. The movie, "Chetnik," concerns itself with the brave exploits of the fearless:
   a. Russian Air Corps b. Balkan guerrillas
   c. Polish infantry d. Yugoslavian fighters



8. The isolationist senator who fought Woodrow Wilson most bitterly in "Wilson" was:
   a. Henry Cabot Lodge b. Bernard Baruch
   c. Robert Lansing d. Lloyd George

(Continued on page 70)

THE THREE JAMESES

(*Continued from page 62*)

invisible orchestra exactly as she has seen her dad do.

When she was taken on the set of "Kitten On The Keys," the picture which Harry James, Dick Haymes, and Maureen O'Hara made together, she was perfectly at home. Another child, brought visiting, almost leaped out of her mother's arms when Harry's brass section began to flare a coda. (i.e. coda: To add a final roof-lifting phrase to a number.) Then the child began to scream and had to be removed—but fast—from the set.

Not Vicki. She laughed. She began to do a little stick-snapping with her own chubby hands.

woman of few words . . .

However much she may admire and imitate her father, Vicki is set on having her little joke on him. When Betty asks her daughter, "Where's Daddy?" Vicki marches over to Harry's picture and points to it solemnly, ignoring the fact that he may be seated across the room.

To even himself up with this tableau between mother and daughter, Harry has a small comedy that he shares with Vicki. To explain it, it must be told that Vicki—who will be around 22 months old when you read this—is in no hurry to learn to talk. In her present vocabulary she has three major words and several thousand incomprehensible sounds. The words are "Mommy," "Dada," and "boy-o-boy-o-boy!"

She uses "Dada" as a term exclusively for Harry; she uses "boy-o-boy-o-boy" to greet her cereal, her vegetables, her nurse, or the prospect of going outdoors. But she uses "Mommy" to designate practically any picture she finds in any magazine.

This inclination may have developed from the fact that Mrs. Grable once showed Vicki a full page picture of Betty in a film magazine and said, "Mommy." Since that time, Vicki has gone through fan magazines pointing to such startled beauties as Hedy Lamarr, June Haver, Rita Hayworth, and Linda Darnell and loudly asserting her blood relationship to them.

Noting this habit, Harry took his daughter on his lap one Sunday morning and opened a canvas book decorated with magnificent animal pictures. "And who is this?" asked Harry, pointing to a horse.

"Mommy," said Vicki.

He indicated an elephant. "And this?"

"Mommy," asserted the traitorous little lady.

He rested a forefinger on a pig. "And what is the name of this?"

"Mommy," yelled Miss James.

Harry beamed at his wife. "She doesn't seem to have a very dainty opinion of you, dear," he observed innocently.

Simply because her speaking vocabulary is restricted, don't come to the conclusion that her listening vocabulary is similarly small. Indeed not. She has a habit of going through her mother's purse in search of some junior treasure; when, during her search, she finds a pack of cigarettes, she puckers up her lips and blows imaginary smoke rings.

If anyone in her presence mentions flowers, she wrinkles her button nose and sniffs appreciatively. But it's obvious she can't spell because she overheard the cook asking Betty to bring some *flour* from the market recently—and promptly puckered her nose and sniffed in honor of that word, too.

All things considered, Vicki James is

(*Continued on page 71*)

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Heartbeat

WHEN HEARTS ARE HIGH

THREE-FIFTY THE OUNCE†

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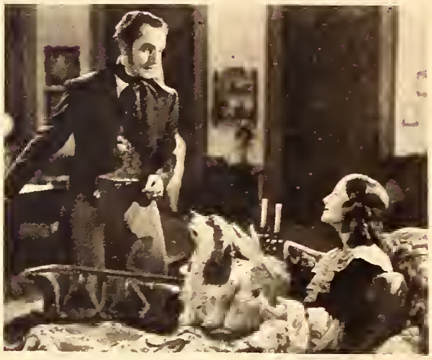
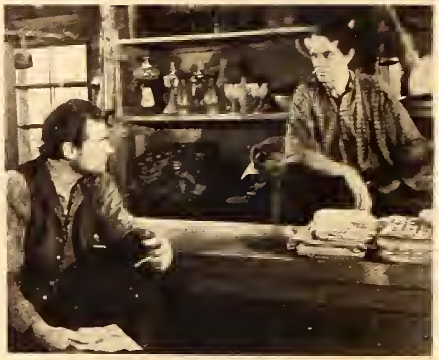
MODERN SCREEN'S PICTURE QUIZ

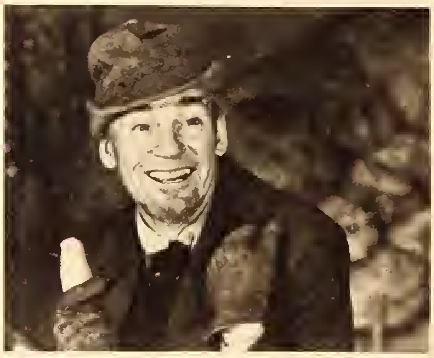
(*Continued from page 68*)



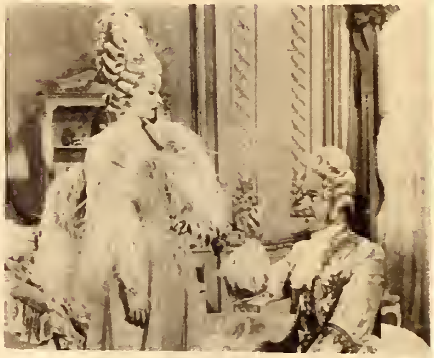
9. In "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Elizabeth Barrett (Norma Shearer) is loved by:
a. John Keats b. Robert Browning
c. Jonathan Swift d. Ben Jonson



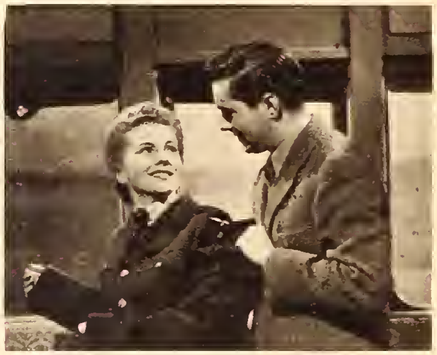
10. Raymond Massey portrays a hard-working storekeeper who one day became:
a. a famous diplomat b. an actor
c. president d. an explorer



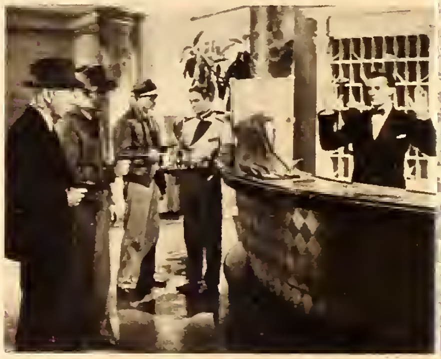
11. In "All That Money Can Buy," Walter Huston plays the part of:
a. a rich merchant b. the devil
c. a truck farmer d. a country squire



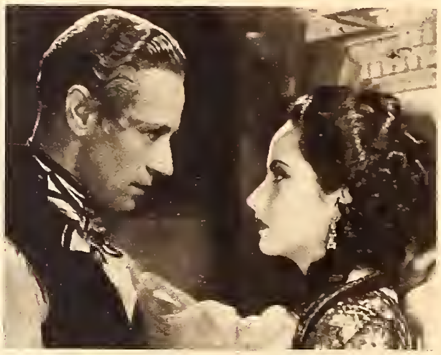
12. Lucille Ball made a lovely Du Barry, and Re Skelton made you laugh as:
a. Henry VIII b. the court jester
c. the wicked prince d. Louis XIV



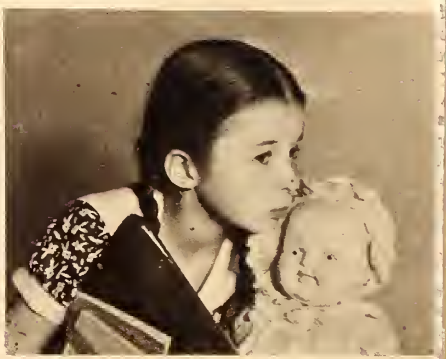
13. J. Fontaine and T. Power starred in "This Above All," and the title's a line from a play by:
a. Robert Sherwood b. William Shakespeare
c. Carl Sandberg d. Lillian Hellman



14. Of course you recognize Bogart in "High Sierra," but do you know the clerk behind the counter is
a. Cornel Wilde b. Claude Raines
c. Don Taylor d. James Craig



15. "The Scarlet Pimpernel" became a symbol of hope and faith, but it is really:
a. a fresh water fish b. a precious jewel
c. a flower d. an exotic fruit



16. She's quite grown up now, and goes out wit fellas 'n' everything. Remember? She's:
a. Cora Sue Collins b. Virginia Weidle
c. Margaret O'Brien d. Mitzi Green

eceiving fairly efficient bilateral training, vhich is to say that she is as much momny's girl as she is daddy's girl. From daddy he is learning to be a good sport; to take t and to dish it out. Even when she was little thing, nine months old and newly mbued with a decision to walk, she had minor battle to win. Betty didn't want ier to try to walk at so juvenile an age ecause she was afraid that the baby's egs might be bowed. Harry thought that if 'icki had the urge to walk, the proper ime must have arrived.

et 'er travel . . .

Even so, each time the young lady ulled herself up beside a chair and set ff across the floor in the manner of a ug wallowing in a heavy sea, Betty would lace a tender hand against the outhrust chest and gently push Miss Vicki ack onto her *derriere*. Vicki viewed this s some sort of amusing game. She laughed eartily, scooted on hands and knees to he nearest chair, pulled herself up and et forth again.

Finally she won out against Betty. "Her egs are as straight as match sticks," said Iarry. "Let 'er travel."

From the time Vicki could hold her ead up, Harry had cautiously roughoused with her. He could toss her into he air, and she would yell with delight. 'heir piggy back sessions left Harry's nees scuffed and Miss Vicki exhausted om laughter.

Currently, First Baseman, Jr. James is etting her initial lessons in how to andle a ball. Before she was born, Harry ad said that if she turned out to be a oy, he was going to make a hot ball layer of her. But when she arrived, he aid, "Plan still stands." They are practicng with a tennis ball—to the intense anger of all adjacent glassware—but as oon as Vicki is a little older she will learn handle a league sphere. Some girls' chool is going to have a terrific pitcher ne of these days.

Incidentally, Vicki's favorite toy apears not to be a faithful rag doll with accharine face and golden curls. No, it is sturdy, stuffed Missouri mule which—vhen it first arrived from Vicki's aunt—vas a pale beige-grey. Its coat has now arkened to an all-over molasses brown, ut to alter its veteran charm would be invite Miss James' howling wrath.

eminine twerp . . .

Don't let this one descent from daintiness islead you, however, for Vicki is the oul of elegance. Sunday is her favorite ay, because Betty is at home, and to 'icki, Betty is the epitome of beauty and harm. She will stand motionless beside he dressing table and watch Betty comb er hair or apply the brief makeup that etty uses in private life.

As Betty dabs on the final bit of powder, 'icki will rest a petitioning hand on her nother's knee and extend her tiny nose be powdered, too.

Sometimes they play a game called Trying On." Betty drags out every hat ox in her closet and she and Vicki take urns trying on the chapeaux. Vicki, dorned by one of the creations her mother as bought in an exotic moment, likes to ose before the mirror, turning this way nd that.

At some time she has watched Betty r a guest of the James' put on gloves y carefully working the fabric down beween each finger, so Vicki likes to borrow pair of her mother's gloves—something natching or complementing the hat Vicki s wearing for the moment—and carefully vork them onto her own hands. The fact hat the gloves fit her as a pup tent fits Chihuahua doesn't trouble her in the east.

Truly feminine, she loves clothes, point-

No blurred edges, no fuzzy liplines with Solitair's new, exclusive "Fashion-Point" Lipstick. It's the only lipstick that is actually curved to fit your lips—the only lipstick that makes it easy to trace a clean, precise pattern of glowing color on your mouth. From a special formula that makes Solitair cling in satiny-smoothness for hours. $1

Magnificent color-originals to highlight your loveliness:
Venus Red · Pink Peril · Blue Blaze Red · Scarlet Satin
Moonlight Magenta · Ravishing Red.

*ONLY SOLITAIR HAS THE FASHION-POINT!
U. S. PAT. NO. 2162584

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW USE WESTMORE'S Overglo

Joan Leslie

Starring in the Warner Bros. Picture
"RHAPSODY IN BLUE"

FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE . . . NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

FOR the flawless-looking complexion of the stars . . . one drop of Overglo . . . and presto! Quickly, evenly applied with your fingertips, this new liquid-cream foundation of the Westmores camouflages large pores and little lines. Adds youthful smoothness under powder and rouge. Keeps make-up fresh all day. Never gives a masked appearance. Non-drying, definitely! Its emollient lanolin and oil base helps defy dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts for months. Seven flattering shades. $1.50 *plus tax*

PERC WESTMORE, *Director of Make-up at Warner Bros. Studios in Hollywood, using Overglo to make up Joan Leslie.*

NEW . . . OVERGLO FACE POWDER . . . ONE SHADE FOR EVERY COMPLEXION

A make-up discovery! Overglo Face Powder . . . completely different . . . one *practically colorless* shade perfect for *every foundation-tinted complexion.* Permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with *natural youthful beauty.* A face powder specially created for use with Overglo or any *tinted* cake, cream or liquid foundation. $1 *plus tax.*

PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

ing out—with incomprehensible syllables of admiration—anything that she covets in a store window when she goes shopping with Betty. The favorite item in her own wardrobe is a red and white dotted pinafore that she would wear every day if she had her own way.

So far Betty hasn't bought any of the mother-daughter outfits because she wants to keep Vicki in the typical yoke-type of dress so charming on children, "but not so streamlined on an adult figure," Betty told a salesgirl recently.

There is a mild photographic contest going on in the James household that won't be decided until a time when film will be freely available. Before Vicki was born, Betty collected a few rolls of film so that she could take frequent snapshots of her youngster—which she did. The first roll was taken when Vicki was about a month old. Betty had set the timer, the light regulator—the works; she awaited sight of her developed shots with confidence and enthusiasm.

But . . . everyone in the set was blurred.

The next time she made a sitting of her daughter, being doubly careful, the pictures came back light struck.

The third time . . . well, something else was wrong. The status quo is that Betty hasn't made one good set of still pictures and she's pretty disgusted by the fact. Particularly so in view of Harry's success. He took on the job of 16 millimeter cameraman in both black and white and color departments. His reels are superb; clear, fine-grained, interestingly posed, and properly lighted. Every time Betty says "Pictures," he assumes a smug look, but says nothing.

"You're just lucky," says his wife. "Wait until I can get film."

The final word to date on Miss Vicki James is that she has overcome her first enemy. This character was the James' poodle, a black, curly creature who had been highly pampered until Vicki came along. Then he lost face, or at least a lot of attention. Sometimes, when Vicki was little, he approached cautiously, only to be greeted by a shout of frenzied delight that gave him the impression that this human pup was on the rugged side. He slunk away.

One day recently, he approached near enough to be patted by a chubby hand. The pats were pretty definite, but their good will could not be misinterpreted. Rough as they were, they bespoke good fellowship. So now the poodle approaches Vicki, endures a brief mauling, then strolls away.

Everything in the James household, beginning with the poodle and ending with Pop, is copasetic.

EASY PICKIN'S

Of course you know plenty ways to spend five dollars: That slick new sweater you've had your eye on; that $5 war stamp you need; that zipper case for school; or maybe Fall gloves for mom . . . but do you know an easy way to get five dollars? We do! Just write us about your encounter with a movie star, and if it's interesting and unusual, we'll print it and pay you for your story. So type it up and mail it in to the I Saw It Happen Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. And pul-lease! Be patient if you don't hear from us right away; we read every single entry, and that takes weeks and weeks!

Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

HURRAY for LIPSTICK!

■ Might as well admit it in the beginning—I've made a mistake. Here's how it happened. Planning to collect the latest lipstick lore for the November article, I thought it would be a bright idea to begin with a quotation. To give the Beauty Dept. a cultured air, you know. But I was swamped. Seems that from Horace to Irving Berlin, men have been singing the praise of beautiful lips. My mistake was in expecting to find *one* good quotation. There were so many that I just couldn't make a selection.

But I did learn something and will gladly pass along the information—men would appear to like their women with beautiful lips, rosy, ruby, pink, soft, neatly curved. And quoting Rita Hayworth (she's prettier than Shakespeare), "Lipstick is a basic beauty essential."

When you're using this b.b. essential, try for the natural effect the boys are so enthusiastic about. Take the time and trouble to do a good lip-painting job. Thickly smeared lipstick that leaves a flaming imprint on coffee cups, cocktail glasses or uniform collars is strictly taboo. Bob Hope quips that when a man kisses a girl he wants to feel he's kissing her lips . . . not sliding into third base. The darlings don't like to see a red-dyed fingertip. If you use your pinkie as a lip rouge spreader, be sure to clean it thoroughly.

Here are the simple pointers for applying lipstick. First, if at all possible, lips should be absolutely *(Continued on page 74)*

Rita has right beautiful lips!
La Hayworth, the pride of Columbia, owns
a varied collection of lipsticks.

clean. This is often difficult in your busy lives, so we'll make the rule "as clean as you can." Which means using cold cream if it is handy. A soap and water washing is fine, too, if there's a basin in the neighborhood. When both of these are impractical, you resort to cleansing tissues which may always be carried in the purse. They clean off the stale makeup and leave a nice, fresh surface to decorate with lip art. Save laundering hankies and towels, too.

After the lips are immaculate, draw a clean, sharp outline—using lipstick, lip brush or pencil. A steady hand and a little practice do the trick. Color should then be filled in on the upper lip with lipstick, and transferred to the lower by pressing them together. The lower lipline is then smoothed out evenly.

Face powder is a big help in the lip painting art. Used before the first application, it insures a dry, even foundation. Dusted over the lipstick, it helps set the color. The excess powder should be brushed off and a second light coat of lip rouge spread on top. After a final blotting with cleansing tissue, you can defy the hottest soup or coffee to dim the brilliance of this paint job.

Rita Hayworth looks luscious in Technicolor, doesn't she? But don't forget that *your* public is always getting a Technicolor view of you. Take into consideration your complexion and the shades of hair, eyes and costume. They should all blend in a harmonious picture.

Here are a few color pointers. Dark, autumn-hued greens, rusts, browns and smokey grays team happily with a russet, orange-hued red. Ruddy wine colors, purples, violets, blue-greens and navy are at their best with a muted, blue-red lipstick. Black, white, multicolored stripes and prints, all respond most strikingly to the stimulating note of a true red-red.

On the whole, brunettes, brownettes and ash blondes with creamy colored or medium complexions are flattered by blue-reds. Golden blondes, carrot tops and bronzed brunettes are usually more fetching in tawny, orangey lip tones. True reds may be worn by practically all types. The really fastidious gal will have a change of lipstick for her day and night life. Electric lights have a tendency to blot out delicate tints, so darker shades are better at night.

Are your teeth as white as pearls, or do they have a yellowish tinge? You can help whiten such teeth with the color of your lipstick because dark blue-reds cast a white reflection. When you want to know how to make teeth look lighter (after scrubbing them all you can, of course) consider the purplish lipsticks.

You can have variety in color and you can also have variety in shape for your lips. You may be able to wear a half a dozen (one at a time, naturally) for different moods and effects. Movie girls change around for the different parts they play and, in the same way, you can be Dietrich-ish one night and a June Allyson the next.

There are certain rules you must follow, though, in re-doing your mouth. If your chin is pointed or if your face is heart-shaped, your lips should be, too. But make it a modified heart-shape, not the cupid's bow that's as outmoded as pantaloons. If your upper lip is a straight, Bette Davis mould, it needs a full lower lip to go with it. If your jaw is square, try a square effect on the lips, too. Is your nose up-turned? Then paint on a wide upper lip. Is your nose long or large? Then give it a full lower lip to balance it.

It's easy to change the size of your lips. If they're too thin and make you look prissy, draw the lipstick over the edge. If they're too full, keep well within the lipline. If they are too long, stop the rouge before it reaches the corners. In every case, please keep the corners turned up.

Speak easy! Beautiful lips should be accompanied by the tune of a pleasant voice. Harsh, rasping tones or loud, shrill squeaks scare away friends and beaux. Speak naturally, pleasantly, in a low pitch. You'll find that with lips easy on the eyes and the ears, you will have much more fun.

* * *

"Every American girl a beauty!" . . . that's the Beauty Department platform. So to help along the campaign we've concocted a new booklet, "The Art of Makeup." It's planned to teach you how to get the last smidgin of glamor out of your makeup base, mascara and lipstick. There is even a chart which lists six separate facial types. It's all yours . . . just fill out the coupon and mail it with a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

CAROL CARTER
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
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New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me the booklet on "The Art of Makeup." I am enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Color Photograph
by Willinger-Schostal

No Dull Film

remains on your hair

after shampooing with
this saponified cocoanut oil formul

Bring out the *natural* radiance and luster of your hair by using FITCH'S SAPONIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO regularly. This fragrant, liquid shampoo, made from mild cocoanut and pure vegetable oils, cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly . . . leaves the hair glossy, soft and easy to manage.

CONTAINS PATENTED RINSING AGENT—After the rich lather has done its cleansing job, the *patented rinsing agent* contained in the shampoo goes to work with the rinse water to quickly wash away remaining particles . . . leaves the hair film-free, sparkling clean and full of flattering, natural highlights.

A SHAMPOO FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
Fitch's Saponified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo is mild and gentle, yet efficient . . . so let every member of the family use it. It makes all colors and textures of hair glossy and manageable. Ask for it at drug counters. Professional applications at barber and beauty shops.

FOR DANDRUFF . . . ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the first application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters . . barber and beauty shops.

Fitch's
TRADE MARK

SAPONIFIED
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO

"HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY"

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 37*)

falling apart in a similar manner. They had just finished a scene in which a fight was featured . . . Agnes Moorehead readily admits that money has gone to her head. Seems that Irene created the most amazing hat for her to wear—a blond rust felt confection with a towering open-topped crown. As between-scenes fun, someone conceived the idea of tossing pennies into the felt cone. The first day netted only $1.53 in pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters, but in following days the game grew in popularity. By the time a costume change was in order, Aggie had sufficient funds to purchase a $25.00 war bond . . . Hedy Lamarr who was expecting the stork, was advised that the auto trip from home to the studio so early in the morning was too strenuous for her. So she moved into her M.G.M. dressing room. She stated that it was like living in the middle of a defense plant. Trucks rolled by all night, lights shone in the windows, and someone was always borrowing her cooking utensils. The studio came to the rescue by rigging up a neat little apartment . . . The Prop Department concluded that the cast was the sleepiest in Hollywood. Never in the history of the studio have so many types of beds been required for a single production. A royal couch with all the trimmings was needed for Hedy. Bob Walker is shown dozing in a broken down wooden bed. Rags Ragland is required to crack his head on the fancy grill work of an iron model. A small brass bed is needed for June, and Mary Servos as Aunt Gert is shown crawling out of a reconverted davenport . . . Clark Gable doesn't have his name listed with the cast. In fact, he doesn't even know he's in the film. Scene from a popular picture of 1938 was required for an audience consisting of Hedy and Bob. Producer Pasternack selected a brief spot from "Test Pilot" . . . The term "dumb animal" is open to dispute. In one scene, a trained pup was supposed to focus his attention on Bob, but he was too much intrigued with Hedy to care whether or not he obeyed instructions. Each chance he had, he would squirm from Walker's grasp and stretch far enough to plant a moist tongue on Hedy's face. After the fourth mistake, Director Richard Thorpe stopped the camera with the remark, "Things have come to a pretty pass. Asked for a dog and I get a wolf!" . . . The purely imaginary Hotel Eden is a beautiful postwar dream. Dwarfing the Waldorf, the foyer alone occupies almost an entire sound stage. . . . Two hundred "New Yorker" extras had an easy day. Their main task was to sit around in soft cushioned davenports and chairs and sigh their admiration for "the princess." . . . Perhaps the strangest screen test on record was made when Bob went before the cameras in an attempt to determine which of some eight assorted dogs would look the silliest when he walked it in Central Park!

DECEMBER ISSUE!

It's something to sing about, the December issue . . . and it comes out on November 13. Thought you might be interested, on accounta there's a story on the Alan Ladd Thanksgiving party.

New-type ink routs most pen troubles
How sad! His pen has clogged-won't go.
You'd think that anyone would know
That pen-protection calls for Quink
Containing solv-x . . . what an ink!
It keeps a pen as good as new.
So reader, better try it, too!
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ELYSE KNOX'S HANDS

YOU: *Wish my hands were soft like yours, Miss Knox.*

ELYSE KNOX: Then why not use my hand care?

YOU: Your *hand care, Miss Knox?*

ELYSE KNOX: Yes—it's so easy. I use Jergens Lotion.

The Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

Why? For *softness-protection.* Jergens supplies beauty-guarding moisture most girls' hand skin needs. Encourages even mortifying rough hands to sweet smoothness with two ingredients—so "special" that many doctors use them. Lovely! Easy! Jergens leaves no oiliness, no bothersome sticky feeling. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax).

FOR THE SOFTEST,
ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION

THE CONSTANT NYMPH

(Continued from page 60)

thing.

Eleanor knew exactly how he felt. All her quiet self-confidence fled, leaving her panicky. Day after day she pleaded with the casting director. "Don't make me do it. It's not just the idea of following Bette Davis, though that's bad enough. But can't they see that I'm all wrong for the part—?"

Meantime the boss wrestled with Eddie Goulding. "Will it hurt you to make a test? If she's no good, okay, take somebody else—" When Goulding yielded, Eleanor's fate was sealed.

you're for me . . .

He sent her to Doris Lloyd for lessons in cockney dialect. He told her to study the Davis picture. "So you won't imitate Bette. She gave a characterization that can't be topped. The only thing left is to make ours different." She sat by a pool for two weeks, reading the book through twice, writing down every word of her dialogue, talking cockney to herself. Then she came back and made the test. Three scenes had been prepared. After the first two, Goulding said: "Never mind the third. You're my girl. I wouldn't do the picture now without you—"

That was her first shot-in-the-arm. Bette's flowers were the second. From then on to the final day, when they whisked her straight to the hospital for an appendix-yanking, everything was magic. The picture hasn't been released yet, but let them pan her or praise her, she doesn't care. Compared with what she learned from Eddie Goulding, nothing else matters.

If you think that's baloney, you don't know Eleanor. At the age of five, she set her course by a star and followed it steadfastly through the years. You could call the star Learning-to-be-a-movie-actress. Or you could call it Janet Gaynor. She was hardly more than a baby when they took her to see "Sunnyside Up." "I'm going to be a movie actress," she said. "Just like Janet Gaynor."

Years later she sat at a drugstore counter in Toluca Lake, when Janet walked in with Robin, her son. Eleanor trembled over her chocolate malt, and couldn't get up the nerve to speak to her. But they've met at parties since, and now Janet knows all about her young disciple. She's a most understanding person. Once, in Arizona, Eleanor got hold of an old poster of "Sunnyside Up," and offered it to Janet.

"Wouldn't you rather keep it yourself?"

"Oh *yes!!*—I mean—" Janet laughed and Eleanor relaxed. "You see, I've always dreamed of a house with a playroom and a poster of 'Sunnyside Up,' hanging on the wall—"

How can a child of five have any fixed purpose? We can only report that this one did. From the day she saw that picture, she *was* Janet Gaynor. She badgered her parents into sending her to the Tucker School of Expression. Growing older, she'd board a streetcar, ride downtown, and sign up for tap or ballet or piano lessons. Then she'd come home and tell Mother, and somehow the money would always be found. It seemed pretty silly to Dad, who taught math in a Cleveland high school, but whatever Mother decided was all right with him. Bob and Mildred older and busy with their own affairs, paid scant attention to their pesky kid sister. Even Mother didn't take it too seriously. The child would probably change her mind a dozen times before she grew up.

On the other hand, there was just the chance that she wouldn't, and Mother didn't believe in destructive criticism. Every night when Eleanor'd finished her lessons and climbed into bed, Mother'd come along with an egg sandwich and cocoa, and they'd talk and talk about being a movie actress. Or let's say Eleanor talked, with a word tossed in edgewise by Mother. . . .

The kids at school were less tactful. So completely did Eleanor identify herself with her dreams that she felt no self-consciousness, nor any need to hide them under a bushel. What was she going to be when she grew up? A movie actress, of course—

"Movie actress, my foot!" jeered her cousin Lloyd. "Who do you think you are, a glamor girl?"

That puzzled her. "You don't have to be a glamor girl. It's just a business like anything else. Like being a nurse—"

And one day she stood in front of the house with her two best friends. How the argument started is unimportant, but it ended with one girl flinging a challenge at the other. "Betcha five dollars she'll never be in pictures—"

"Betcha she will—"

They couldn't have raised fifty cents between them, but that didn't affect the drama of the situation. Eleanor stood apart, hurt and defiant, crying to herself: "I'll prove to that girl she's wrong, I will, I will—!"

Her ambitions didn't interfere with her school work. At the big, round dining room table, she'd sit over her books till one in the morning. Though she hated math, she'd have been ashamed of poor grades, so she worked at it twice as hard to keep her self-respect. Meantime she studied at the Rice School of Expression and was one of the original members of the Curtain Pullers, a group of talented children organized by the Cleveland Playhouse. At eleven she was playing old women and cackling witches. Never once was she cast as Cinderella, nor did she want to be. The wicked sister was more fun because it was harder . . .

One day, during her freshman year at high school, she came home all agog about a summer stock company at Martha's Vineyard.

"We couldn't possibly afford it," said Dad.

wish on a star . . .

Dad's daughter has a theory. If you want a thing badly enough, if you work hard enough *and* if you deserve it, you'll get it. "I *will*, I *will*," she kept telling herself. But she didn't nag. Merely sent for folders and pored over them with Mother and showed them to Dad, sitting on the arm of his chair, and pointed out that she could earn board and room by waiting on table—

"And I wouldn't even *want* to take a Pullman, Dad. It'll be my first train ride. I'd just *have* to sit up all night, so as not to miss a thing—"

She must have deserved it, for one summer's day found her bidding the folks goodbye while a boy friend waited to take her to the station. She was just fifteen—

"Aren't you afraid to have her go alone?" people had asked.

And Dad had said "When Eleanor was eight, she went downtown in a streetcar on her own affairs. I'm not afraid to have her go wherever she likes—"

It was a summer of hard satisfying work. She roomed with Nancy Andrews from California, and she played Grazia in "Death Takes A Holiday." The following year she went back as head usher, and played the lead in "What A Life." A TC-Fox scout asked her to go to New York for a test. She was thrilled to death, but her feet stayed on the ground. "I'm too young,"

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"Camouflages"

Make-up Pat hides little blemishes, freckles. Gives skin a young, "poreless" finish.

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Does away with nose shine! Gives your face a velvety, just-made-up look that lasts and *lasts!*

"Smooth... even... completely unstagey!"

MISS NANCY LEEDS, descendant of Russia's Imperial family says, "Pond's Make-up Pat is smooth...even ... completely 'unstagey'!"

IT PROTECTS your skin from weather and dirt. Wear Pond's Make-up Pat every day! 69¢, 39¢, plus tax.

New double-formula discovery means every Pond's shade flatters!

There's a special reason for the fresh, "unstagey" look of *every* shade of Pond's new cake make-up. Pond's Make-up Pat has a *double formula:*

The *lighter* shades are in a featherweight formula. Their delicate colors go on soft, clear—never thick and whitish.

The *darker* shades are in a *richer* formula to carry rich, rosy glow. They never have that yellow or "anemic" look!

For glamour-smooth make-up, get your Pond's Make-up Pat today. Apply it with a damp sponge or cotton. While moist, blend with fingertips. Make-up Pat is the easy way to a flawless-looking complexion!

There's flattering harmony in this two piece Jumper Suit of Weskit and Skirt for shopping, office or afternoon parties. Sleek skirt in Hollywood-inspired, "rabbit ears" waist band (see sketch) has two front pleats for fullness. Heather tweed in ½ wool and ½ rayon in latest fall colors of Powder Blue, Olive Green, Beige, and Maize. Casual Weskit in same material and color gives that smart jumper slenderness. Sizes 10 to 20. Weskit and Skirt $10.85 plus mailing costs. BOW BLOUSE—bow tie and high neck line . . . . long, full sleeves . . . . Rayon cloth in White, $3.98, Maize, Green and Baby Pink. $4.98 plus mailing costs.

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she told him. "Besides, I want to graduate from high school at least—"

As she was about to leave for her third summer at the Vineyard, a murder was committed in the dormitory where she'd lived. That gave her the prickles. She decided to stay home and concentrate on school. Next June she'd be out. Besides, something had happened to change the whole complexion of things . . .

Dad had always been—well, skeptical was the word. He'd never seen her act, which was mostly her own fault. She hadn't wanted him to. The thought of Dad in the audience made her self-conscious. When he finally did come to the junior play, she forced herself to forget he was there. And felt shy about meeting him when it was over . . .

But she needn't have been. He looked at her as if she were somehow different. "I wish I'd seen you before," he said. "I think you've got something. If you want to be an actress, go ahead—"

This from her reticent father was an accolade that set her bubbling. He'd offered her the choice between college and dramatic school. At first she wasn't sure. You could study dramatics at college, too. But you could also be swept away with sororities and parties and stuff, which she didn't want. And you'd have to wait four years to get started. That was the deciding factor. She couldn't wait—

Nancy Andrews had talked a lot about the Pasadena Playhouse, which had the added advantage of being near Hollywood. She sent an application, listing her credits, and was accepted as a student for the following year.

"One o'clock, dear," said Mother, and Eleanor jumped up.

She was driving west with the aunt and uncle of one of her boy friends. They'd arranged to start in the coolness of 2 a.m. Saying goodbye, everyone was fine and matter-of-fact. It wasn't till a long time after that Mother confessed how she'd stood at the window with a sinking heart, watching her baby drive into the night with people she hardly knew. The baby herself hadn't a qualm in the world. Naturally it was hard to say goodbye, but after all she'd been waiting thirteen years—time she got going—

Early one morning the nice aunt and uncle dropped her at Nancy's. The girls wasted no time—

"What do you want to see first?"

"Hollywood Boulevard and all the movie stars' houses—"

Nancy even got her in at RKO, where she saw her first movie stars—Kay Francis and Elsie the Cow making "Little Men."

share the ride . . .

Two weeks later she and Nancy had started classes and were rooming together in a dormitory okayed by the Playhouse. Life was real and earnest and terribly exciting. From 8 to 6, fencing and rhythmic dancing, history and literature of the theater, costume design and voice and diction and drama. Evenings, they'd gather round a radio, or take in a movie or run down to the corner drugstore for a chocolate malt. Eleanor spent what spare minutes she could scrape together in dungarees and turtleneck, polishing Irker—a broken-down model A which she considered the most beautiful thing on wheels. It cost forty dollars and she'd gone halves on it with Bill Irwin—hence the name. Eleanor couldn't drive, but she and Bill were dating, so that made it handy.

One Sunday night in February they went to the Playbox—an intimate Little Theater connected with the Playhouse, where you had to wear formal clothes. As they were leaving, a man came up. "I'm Irving Cumin," he said to Eleanor, "talent scout at Warners. I've seen you around the Playhouse and talked to the director about you. When do you graduate?"

"Next June," she faltered.

"Well, here's my card. Give me a rin in June. I'd like you to read for Sophi Rosenstein, our coach." At sight of he bedazzled face, he added hastily: "I'v never seen you act, remember. So don get yourself all steamed up about this, may not mean a thing . . ."

From February to June was ten lon years, but they passed. Eleanor read fo Miss Rosenstein, they prepared two scene from "Claudia" and "Animal Kingdom and a test was recommended. Mr. Cumi said she'd better get an agent, and tol Bill Irwin he could assist in the test, sh might feel easier with Bill—

The test was on June 24th, two day before her birthday. They said she'd hea from them in a couple of weeks. Next da she was called to the dormitory phone.

"Want a nice birthday present?" aske her agent.

She said, "What?" never dreaming anything could have happened so soon.

"A Warner Brothers contract—"

"NO!!!"

"Yes. They want you to sign tomorrow.

happy birthday to me . . .

She almost pulled the phone fro the wall, tearing out to find Bill. The she wired the folks. Then there wa nothing to do but go out of her min Next day she signed her contract. O her nineteenth birthday Eleanor was i pictures.

The first year followed the usual patter Very little work, and that little in shor and quickies. She didn't care what sh worked in. Give her the second lead i a 10-day B, and she glowed as if she'd bee handed Scarlett O'Hara. What she hate were the long weeks of idleness, when a she could do was go swimming and cas her check. Twice a week she attende Sophie Rosenstein's classes. But she worked so hard in so many schools for s long—! She didn't want school any mor she wanted to act—

People said: "Why don't you talk to producers, let them know you're alive—"

But she couldn't do that. With all he inner sureness about acting, she has r flair for tooting her own horn. "They kno I'm here. If they want me, they'll call—

"Well, your money's coming in, so wha do you care?"

"I'd rather work," she cried, "and n make any money—"

The break came suddenly and almo by accident. Joyce Reynolds had been ca as Emlen in "Mission to Moscow." But the last minute they decided that Joyc looked too young to be a college graduat Eleanor had been assisting on tests, s Mike Curtiz knew her work. "Can you b ready to start tomorrow?" he asked.

She was ill with excitement. Mothe who'd come out to stay with her for while, nursed her all night. In the mornir she had to drag herself out of bed, but sh played the part. Twice more the same so of thing happened. Joan Leslie was scheduled for Ann in "Between Two Worlds But Joan got tangled up in "Rhapsody and Eleanor, who'd gone home to see tl folks, was called back posthaste. The two days before "The Very Thought You" started, Ida Lupino was ordered bed by her doctor. In stepped Miss Pinch hit Parker, with wardrobe working ove time to adjust Lupino's clothes to tl Parker lines . . .

But "Of Human Bondage" was no har me down. Nor "Pride of the Marines And if you've seen the Parker girl in tha you don't have to be told that she'd left h second-string days behind her.

Dad still doesn't say much, but Moth tells on him. How he clips notices ar sneaks them into his wallet. How he carries photos around and shows them to people. Eleanor doesn't know what she'd have done without her father. He's the kind of man who likes to help his children while he's alive and when they need it. He loaned her money for clothes and her '42 Chevvy and the down payment on her little 2-bedroom house in Toluca Lake. That summer the whole family came out—Mother and Dad and Mildred and Mildred's baby—and they lived happily with nothing but lawn furniture, springs and mattresses on the bedroom floors, a stove and frigidaire. Later, Dad put up the money for furniture. Eleanor's been paying him back month by month, and is nearly paid up. Meantime, the one luxury she craved was a mink coat, which she's just bought. Technically, she should have waited till Dad was all paid back, but he encouraged her not to. The one she did have trouble with was her business manager.

He allows her ten dollars a week for lunches, gas and incidentals. Of course he pays her reasonable bills, but to anything special, he automatically says no. Out of ten a week, you can't save for a mink coat. She had to heckle him for months before he gave in. Her feelings about him are mixed, like in the song—sometimes she loves him, sometimes she hates him . . .

luxurious tomboy . . .

Now that she's got the coat, she's proud as a peacock but it makes her feel inconsistent. Because she loathes dressing up and runs around mostly in shirts and slacks and a pair of old sports shoes. She's inconsistent about clothes in general—can't stand the thought of shopping, but once she's inside a store, wants to buy everything in sight. Then the new things hang in her closet and she wears the old ones. About once a year—when she can't get out of it—you'll find a hat on her head—and her fingers twitching to pull it off.

Her favorite colors are red, white and blue—not necessarily together—and for evening, black. Everything's tailored—she looks awful in fluffy stuff. Perfume she doesn't care for—just some cologne—and she won't wear jewelry unless it's genuine. By that she doesn't mean star sapphires, only that her simple rings and bracelets have to be real gold. Earrings are her downfall. If not for the dragon who guards her bank book, she'd corner the market. As it is, she looks and looks and drags herself away. She'd rather soak in a tub than shower, and it takes her five minutes to dress. Except at night, when she needs an hour.

In April of '43 she married Dr. Fred Losee. By the time he went overseas in June, they both knew it had been a mistake, and agreed on divorce. "But not till you get back," Eleanor insisted. "I couldn't bear to do it while you're away." She's sorry to drag in the old friends-though-separated line, but that's how it truly is. As friends, they wrote to each other regularly. Still friends, they were divorced last October, a month after Fred's return.

Eleanor's beau is charming Joe Kirkwood, Jr., the golf pro now under contract to Warners. He was playing in the Los Angeles open tournament when Eleanor turned to the movie news one morning and read that she'd been out with him the night before. Accustomed to the ways of Hollywood by now, she never batted an eye. In the gossip columns, it's practically routine to date a man you've never laid eyes on.

Later, back from an Arizona vacation, she inquired idly: "Who's new at the studio?"

"Soandso and Soandso and Joe Kirkwood, Jr—"

"The golfer? They had me linked with him months ago. What's he like?"

"Blonde, six-foot-two and nice to be linked with—"

One day the phone rang. "My name's Joe Kirkwood, Miss Parker. Seems we've been going out together. Don't you think we ought to meet?"

Sophie Rosenstein had them both to dinner, and from there they took it themselves. Joe is teaching Eleanor golf, gave her a beautiful set of golf clubs for her birthday and calls her his star pupil.

On most things, they agree. Both love sports, and avoid night clubs. Five nights a week it's movies. Both adore Gail Page and her husband, Solito de Solis. Food, they adore. . . . F'rinstance, no evening's complete for Eleanor without a cheeseburger and chocolate malt at a drive-in. No Chasen steak, says she, is half as good. Eleanor's unique—she regards food as a nuisance. Mother used to sit on one side, Dad on the other, pushing it down her throat. Now she pushes it down herself—when it's set before her. Otherwise she'll start feeling funny around 6. "What's the matter with me?—Oh that's right, I forgot my lunch—"

In addition to the nightly cheeseburgers, she goes in a big way for raw potatoes, plenty of water and ice cubes. This may sound like a concentration camp diet but she likes it. Her passion for ice dates back to childhood, when she used to swipe it from Cleveland ice-wagons. On the other hand, she'd starve rather than cook herself an egg. Luckily, Lida's there to cook it for her . . .

sweet sleeper . . .

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a job when her husband went overseas, Eleanor needed her, and a mutual friend got them together. Lida calls her eight times in the morning, because she hates alarm clocks and also hates to get up. Falling asleep is the easiest thing she does. Once she slept from 4 p.m. till 9 next morning, and Lida couldn't budge her to get her clothes off. Ordinarily, she sleeps in butcher boy pajamas, the roomier the better. What she'd really like—when you can get them again—are men's pajamas. She loves it in pictures when the girl comes out in the boy's pajamas, legs rolled up and sleeves flapping. As in her tomboy childhood, she still prefers to go barefoot—pulls off shoes and stockings the minute she gets home and falls asleep on her stomach on the living room floor, with Bobby Lee beside her.

Bobby Lee's her first dog, a shepherd, who hoists himself into her lap, heedless of the fact that he weighs more than she does. On the whole, Eleanor has a nice disposition, but when people say, "Where did you get the monster?" she wants to kick them in the teeth. Don't tell *her* Bobby's feelings aren't hurt. He crawls right under the bed, and it takes an hour of babying and telling him how beautiful he is before she can get him to smile again.

Her own most obnoxious habit is snapping gum. It's not safe for her to chew in public, because sooner or later she's bound to snap. So a favorite diversion is sitting by herself and snapping sixty to the minute. And she's always late, which is really her father's fault. Dad was always on the dot. At one minute past six, you knew just what he'd been doing, which annoyed Eleanor. "Being late," she explains, "is a minor form of self-expression."

She loves restaurants with candles and red checkered tablecloths—going through empty houses that she has no intention of buying—walking in the rain—and splashing barefoot through mud puddles, only California has none. She hates writing letters and it makes her sick to ride in the back seat of a car. She collects symphony and opera records—likes jazz to listen to, but not to keep. Brushing her teeth is an obsession. She keeps 5 brushes going, all different colors, and every time she passes the bathroom door, it's an invitation to brush. She can't go to sleep without a hanky under her pillow, which she never uses.

At the moment she's working in "Never Say Goodbye" with Errol Flynn. He was the first actor she ever spoke to. Just after she was put under contract, she met him on the set of "They Died With Their Boots On," an encounter that bewildered them both.

"I'm so thrilled to meet you, Mr. Flynn," she breathed earnestly. "I've always been such a great admirer of yours—"

"Are you kidding?" he demanded, and couldn't be convinced that she hadn't been put up to it.

Now that the all-important goal's been reached, Eleanor has two unrealized ambitions. One is the dream house. A rambling ranch type affair on a hill with a far, far view. An enormous big beautiful fireplace—it'll be her first. Furniture you and the dogs can put your feet on. A special music room with indirect lighting, shelves and shelves of records, a Capehart, and a piano for Solito to play. And cork walls, so she can have the radio going full blast. Rather wistfully, she's given up the idea of a bowling alley as a little on the extravagant side . . .

The other ambition has to do with a scene in front of the Parker house in Cleveland—

"Betcha five dollars she'll never be in pictures—"

"Betcha she will—"

They probably don't remember, but Eleanor does. She wants to get hold of those two girls, and make the loser pay up.

FAIR-HAIRED BOY

(*Continued from page 52*)

the gal-chasing Major in "Hotel Berlin," the Prussian officer in "Mademoiselle Fifi," and Menace No. 1 in Connie Bennett's first independent production, "Paris Underground."

With every picture, Kurt's billing has gone up a notch until now it's right there on top, as co-star with Richard Conte and Faye Marlowe in "The Spider."

Kurt himself is still amazed by his rocket-like rise. When he was told he was on MODERN SCREEN's poll, he couldn't get over the idea that movie fans know who he is and are clamoring for more of the same.

all a dream . . .

His first experience as *somebody* was the night of the sneak preview of "Paris Underground" at the Academy Theater in Inglewood. Walking up the aisle and through the lobby after the showing, Kurt could hear shouts from the crowd on the sidewalk. When he got outside and realized that all the clamor was for him, he couldn't believe it.

"It was as if I were playing a part in a picture of an actor who gets mobbed," is his modest report of that encounter.

All during the making of "Paris Underground," Gregory Ratoff kept saying to Kurt: "This picture will make you. You'll see, you'll be a star after this picture."

When the film was finished, Ratoff held a private showing of it for Mr. Zanuck, to point out the desirability of getting Mr. Kreuger's signature on a contract. Zanuck liked the young actor, BUT: "He's only played Nazis. The war is over and there won't be any more Nazi parts." That was that.

One of the first calls Kurt got the morning after the sneak preview was from his agent.

"Lew Schreiber of Fox wants to see you." (Mr. Schreiber is head of talent there.)

Kurt was surprised, after what Zanuck had said. "How come?" he asked.

"Seems Virginia Zanuck was at the showing last night and saw the kids mobbing you and reported it to her husband."

So Kurt has Mr. Zanuck's charming wife and his fans to thank for his seven-year deal at Fox.

Mrs. Zanuck's faith in him was justified when his phone rang again later that morning.

"Hello. Mr. Kreuger, please," said a feminine voice at the other end.

"This is Mr. Kreuger."

"Oh." The voice showed the caller was taken aback. A movie star answering the phone himself!

"I saw you in 'Paris Underground' last night. You were wonderful. Goodbye," she blurted, tongue-tied now that she was actually talking to him.

As soon as Kurt hung up, the phone rang again. It kept up that way all morning. Some girls didn't know what to say, others were willing to talk on and on. Some wanted to know what picture he was going to make next. Finally, he asked one of them where she had gotten his phone number.

"Oh, a girl at school's been selling it to everyone for ten cents apiece!"

"Well, don't tell her I told you," confided Kurt, amused, "but she probably got it from the Los Angeles phone book."

Ever since then, fans within calling distance of Los Angeles have been keeping the phone busy burr-ing. If they're not too shy—some of 'em just stutter and stammer and hang up without saying a word—they usually express amazement at one

Gertrude Niesen

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of two things: The fact that his number is in the phone book, or the fact that he speaks "such good English" off the screen, where they're used to hearing a guttural voice with a German accent.

In person, Kurt's English is practically perfect, but when he first came to the United States, it had almost as many accents as the Tower of Babel.

At boarding school in Switzerland, Kurt's English had been taught to him with a Swiss accent. At London in the Polytechnic College, English "as she was spoke" by the profs there was pure Oxford. And on the bus going to and from his boarding house to school, the English 'e 'eard from the bus conductor was cockney.

During the summer of 1939, after he'd been here about a year-and-a-half, Kurt got a scholarship with the aid of some friends as an apprentice actor at the famous Wharf Theater in Provincetown, Massachusetts. His English was good enough for him to be understood by the audiences, but the director felt they ought to offer some explanation for the slight trace of an accent he still had.

When Kurt was cast in the part of the schoolteacher who is sympathetic to Henry Aldrich in "What A Life," the session went something like this.

Director "Let's see now, Kurt. This is a high school in New York. What'll we tell 'em about your accent?"

Kurt: "How about saying I'm the school's German teacher?"

Director: "Perfect!"

Every time a new play was cast, they went through a similar session. When Kurt played the doctor who attends the expectant mother in "Boy Meets Girl," they added a line saying he'd gone to medical school abroad!

Somehow, he escaped all contact with that great American dialect, Brooklynese, until one day on the RKO ranch in San Fernando Valley where he was making "Mademoiselle Fifi" with Simone Simon.

Sitting around between scenes, Kurt heard a prop man yell.

"Where's de ladder f' Koit Kreuger's hawss?"

Kurt hurried over to Director Robert Wise. "I don't need any ladder to mount my horse, Bob," he protested. "I ride very well."

"Sure, sure," Wise answered. "I know that." And he waved to a couple of grips approaching with buckets of suds.

"Just set that *lather* down here, boys. We want to plaster it all over the horse as if he had been running hard enough to work up a good sweat!"

Then Wise turned to Kurt. "'Ladder' is Brooklynese for 'lather,'"

"Oh, a wise guy!" Kurt flipped back, in pure Americanese.

Kurt hated business, but he loved to travel. So when his dad howled "No!" to the stage ambitions of his only son, they compromised: Kurt traveled to London to learn English, a necessary part of his business training.

embarrassing moment . . .

His very first night in London, Kurt landed in a boarding house. At dinner, the English ladies were doing everything they could to make the handsome youngster feel "comfy" and at home. They kept passing him just a wee bit more of everything. At last, the stuffed Kurt objected:

"No, thank you. I am fed up!"

After that boner, the one subject he studied in earnest was English.

When he'd finished at the Polytechnic, he went to the University of London's School of Economics for another year. The dull stuff of business was mercifully interrupted when his father, who had gone to Boston to settle the estate of a brother, wired Kurt with the offer of a magnificent present:

Two months, no strings attached, in America.

The minute he walked down the gangplank of his ship in New York, Kurt fell in love with the United States. The two months were spent on an automobile tour throughout the eastern part of the country and as far west as Chicago. When it came time to return to Europe, Kurt knew that his future home would be in this country. He returned just long enough to apply for entry to the United States under the immigration quota for Switzerland, and landed here in 1937, his heart set on seeing more of America. With an allowance from his father and an inheritance from his late uncle, he had enough money to keep him going indefinitely, in style.

The best skiing terrain in the country, he found out, was Sun Valley, Idaho, so he headed there, traveling leisurely by car, his skis protruding from the rumble seat.

After a visit in Sun Valley, where he gaped at the movie stars like all the other guests did, he headed back to New York. Fun was fun, but it was time he got a job. At a cocktail party he met Dorothy Marsh who ran the Marsh Travel Bureau in Rockefeller Center.

"You sure know a lot about Europe," she said after a chat with him. "How would you like to take charge of European travel at my place?"

Kurt did, for the next year, planning itineraries for school teachers on six-month sabbaticals, and Texas oil millionaires going to Europe with their families for some Old World culture. But always in the back of his mind were those glamorous film folk he'd seen at Sun Valley. He'd like to be friends with people like that. The way to do it was to become an actor!

That urge landed him in the Provincetown Playhouse, and after his summer season there, in Hollywood, where he bought a house in the hills above the Sunset Strip, he then set about offering himself to the movies. The movies, except for one bit part at Republic, weren't having any.

By the following summer he began to get restless; the itch to be working was upon him again. In a movie trade paper, he read that Lawrence Langner of the Theater Guild was in Hollywood, casting roles in "Candle In The Wind," Helen Hayes's play set in Nazi-occupied France. Kurt phoned Langner at the Chateau Elysee, and gave his name to the switchboard operator. Surprisingly, Langner came on the phone.

"I'd like to talk to you about a part in Miss Hayes's new show," Kurt said.

"What have you done?" Langner asked.

"A summer season at Provincetown."

"That's not much." Langner hesitated. Kurt's chance was slipping away. He had to make a pitch.

"I've been through the part of France where the play takes place." That clinched it.

"Okay, come on over. I'll talk to you."

consolation prize . . .

Langner liked Kurt's type, thought he might do for the lead opposite Helen Hayes! That was better than the best movie job, because Hollywood was always scouting Broadway for new actors and bringing 'em to the coast with great fanfare.

But when Kurt arrived in New York to start rehearsals, he was in for a big disappointment. The part opposite Miss Hayes had gone to someone with more stage experience. His consolation prize was a bit in the first act, with a couple of lines.

Kurt stayed on during the play's Broadway run and then went on tour. When the company reached Indianapolis, Kurt was tired of walking onstage in the first act for two minutes and then hanging around all night in his uniform for the curtain calls. He gave his notice, and hurried back

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really gets at pore-clogging make-up remnants that help cause blemishes and blur fresh make-up effects

ASTONISHING TEST—Remove your old make-up—one side with your present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Then wet some cotton with lotion and wipe the Albolened side. How clean the cotton stays! Now wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudge . . . from left-on make-up debris, grime, grit . . .

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—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

to his mountain home in Hollywood and the two shepherd dogs he adores, Rolfe and Vance.

During his absence in the play, he'd acquired a new neighbor, Andre De Toth. De Toth (who later married Veronica Lake) was getting the breaks as a director, but he had no part open that Kurt might fill at the moment. But he'd see what he could do for Kurt.

One day, Andre was chatting with Alex Korda's brother, Zoltan, who'd come over from London to make pictures for Columbia, and was getting ready to do "Sahara" with Humphrey Bogart.

Zoltan was stuck on casting the part of the young Nazi flyer. It was an important role, as the Nazi, who pretended not to understand English, was later to reveal the plans of the American unit which captured him. De Toth told Korda about his Swiss friend who looked the part, and who had the aura about him of having just appeared in a Broadway success. Kurt got an interview.

purple fib . . .

Korda looked him over. "Ever done any screen acting?"

His part in "The Purple V" was nothing to boast about.

"No."

The ensuing pause was long. Kurt didn't realize it at the time but his future screen career was being decided that moment in the mind of Zoltan Korda.

"Okay, report tomorrow afternoon for a screen test."

After it was over, Kurt got the usual unpromising "We'll let you know." He spent the waiting period thinking of all the reasons Columbia was going to use when they announced that Jess Barker would get the part. Barker was under contract, they had to pay him his wages anyway, it was a juicy role, he was a blonde.

For the next three weeks, Kurt told himself these things, not discussing it with anyone because he has a superstition that talking about something in advance spoils it. He pretended to keep busy, playing a good game of tennis or badminton in natty white shorts which, everytime he put them on, reminded him of that white uniform; kidding around with Rolfe and Vance; reading Burns Mantle's "Contemporary American Playwrights" (everything with the American motif interests him); but it was that kind of artificial busyness that ends the minute something you've been waiting for turns up.

A casual phone call ended the misery.

"Be ready to leave early tomorrow on location for Brawley, California."

No need to tell him to be up early; he wasn't able to sleep anyway. He was too keyed up, knowing he was starting out for the biggest break in his life.

Brawley was wonderful. Everyone was swell to work with, from Bogart down to the "grips." But his fib about this being his first screen role caught up with him.

The local theater booked "The Purple V" and the whole company went over to spend an evening. He kept shrinking into his seat, as his scene came nearer. It was the first time he was seeing himself on the screen, too. How would he like Kurt Kreuger, the actor?

Suddenly, there he was, driving up in a car. As a German civilian, he was outfitted with a monocle which stuck out all wrong at right angles, built-up shoes (as if his 6-foot height needed 'em), and a long overcoat. Then he got out of the car and walked to the adjoining coffee shop! Struggling to keep the darned monocle in place, and the long coat from flapping about his ankles, he practically waddled.

The movie bunch recognized him and let up a howl of laughter at his appearance. When it was over, Kurt stayed in his seat and sat through the second feature, something he'd seen before, so he wouldn't have to walk out with the crowd. But they got him back at the hotel later.

"You looked like a pregnant duck!" they yelled. And liked him all the more because he joined in the laughter and didn't get sore. He was doing such a swell job in "Sahara," it didn't matter what he'd done before.

When the picture came out, Kurt subscribed to Allen's Clipping Bureau. The clips came in from newspapers and magazines all over the country, all of them unanimously praising Kurt. But he's been so busy he's never even read them.

The one thing he finds time for is eating. His maid, Lillian, a peach whom he got through an ad in the Hollywood Citizen-News, doesn't come in till 2 o'clock, so he makes breakfast himself—grapefruit, applesauce as a butter substitute on toast, and coffee. He tries to skip lunch if he doesn't get too hungry. Dinner is hefty portions of everything, and two of dessert, especially if he's dining out at The Players, which features gooey desserts with oodles of whipped cream. Hostesses love him because he enjoys everything they serve and never leaves anything over on his plate.

Between pictures, 45 minutes every day are devoted to singing lessons with Nina Koshetz and someday he wants to sing the title role in "The Student Prince." But beyond saying that much, he won't talk. His old superstition about talking in advance crops up, and he's mum.

When it comes to what they think of Kurt Kreuger, America's 85 million weekly moviegoers are not mum. To the list of things for which Switzerland is noted—watches, yodelers, cheese, and portable typewriters (when they weren't available here during the war)—they are now adding Kurt Kreuger.

MONIKERS IN MASQUERADE

What's in a name? Would you recognize a movie star if we gave you his (or her) real name? Aw, g'wan, don't be so sure! Try your skill by matching the real names in Column I with the reel names in Column II, scoring 5 points for each correct answer. 90-100's excellent, 80-90's not to be sneezed at either, 70-80's still good . . . and anything under 60 means you haven't been reading MODERN SCREEN lately! Check your answers against ours on page 125.

1. Benny Kubelsky	**1. Boris Karloff**
2. Betty Perske	**2. Bob Hope**
3. Claude Dukenfield	**3. Dorothy Lamour**
4. Grace Stansfield	**4. Merle Oberon**
5. Pauline Levy	**5. Jon Hall**
6. Myrna Williams	**6. Joan Crawford**
7. Estelle O'Brien	**7. Ginger Rogers**
8. Dorothy Koumeyer	**8. Cary Grant**
9. Muni Weisenfreund	**9. Lauren Bacall**
10. Charles Locher	**10. Myrna Loy**
11. Archibald Leach	**11. Jack Benny**
12. Hedy Kiesler	**12. Greta Garbo**
13. Lucille Le Seur	**13. Mickey Mouse**
14. Greta Gustafson	**14. Tom Drake**
15. Mike Mauseltoff	**15. Gracie Fields**
16. Dolly Loehr	**16. Hedy Lamarr**
17. Virginia McMath	**17. Paul Muni**
18. Leslie Towne	**18. Paulette Goddard**
19. Charles Pratt	**19. Diana Lynn**
20. Alfred Alderdice	**20. W. C. Fields**

Judy Garland starring in *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's* "THE HARVEY GIRLS"

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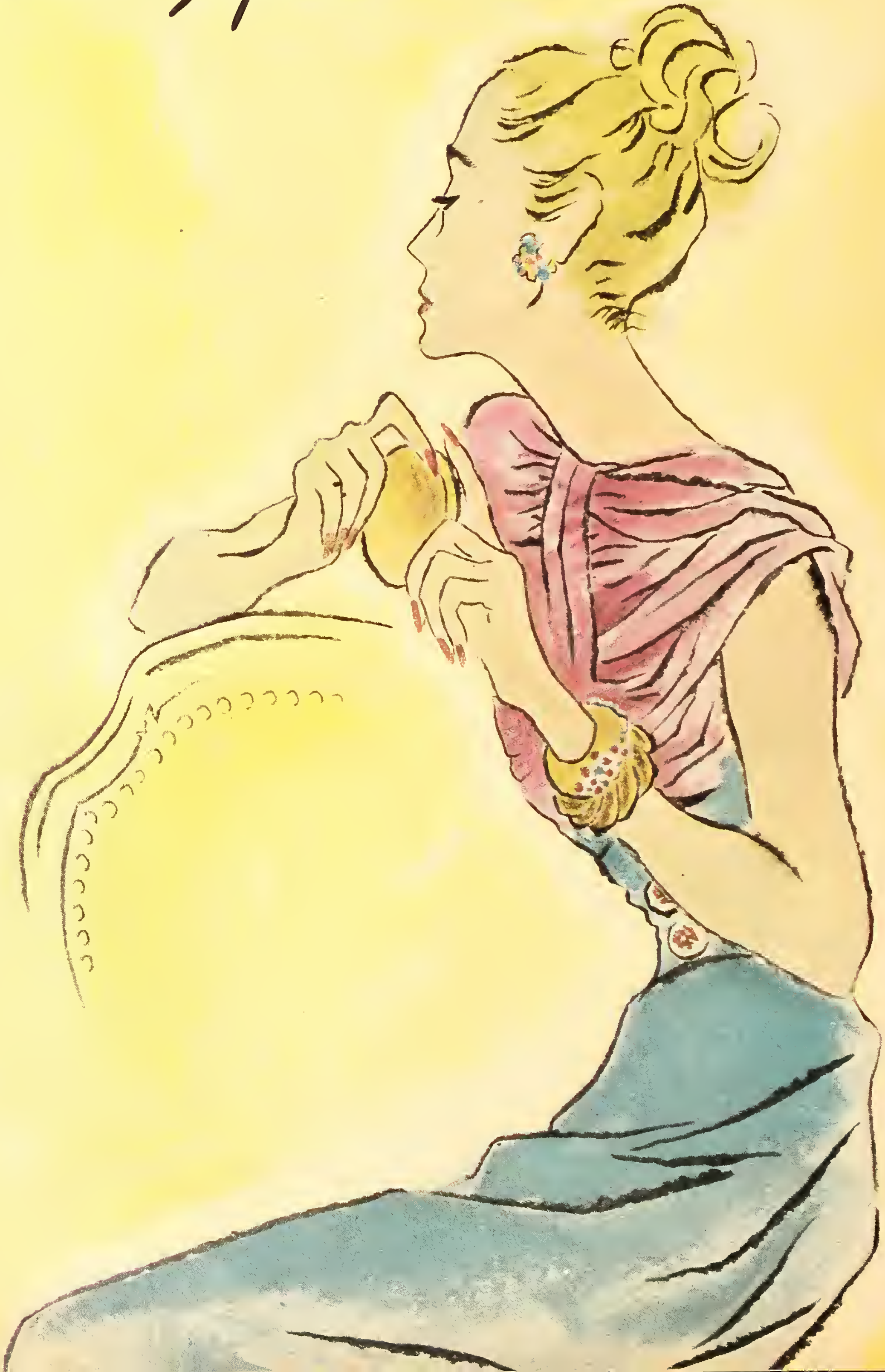

MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 25*)

the ten little Indians? It ends of course, with "and then there were none." For a while it looks as if this picture would end the same way. You never saw victims disposed of with such alacrity.

The cast is an unusually fine one for a mystery, and includes Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Huston, and Judith Anderson. But then, this is a very superior mystery. It's a creepy, icicles-down-your-spine affair, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. The shudders start right away, with the arrival of eight guests on Indian Island. They have all been invited by an unknown host, who proves to be conspicuous by his absence. A well trained cook (Queenie Leonard) and butler (Richard Haydn) see that they are all made comfortable, and an excellent dinner is served. The digestion of the guests is ruined by a mysterious voice announcing that each of them is a murderer. The voice says that their crimes will now be punished, and goes on to describe each one in cold, impersonal detail. Judge Quincannon (Barry Fitzgerald), for instance, has rendered an unfair decision from the Bench which cost the life of an innocent man. Vera (June Duprez) killed the man with whom she was in love. Prince Nikki (Mischa Auer) drove his car so recklessly that several deaths resulted. The others were as bad. Even the cook and butler are murderers, making an even ten.

The guests are in a panic. That night Nikki, attempting bravado, plays "Ten Little Indians" on the piano. He stops for a drink and dies, poisoned. On the mantel a group of figurines representing the ten little Indians are now—incredibly—nine. One of them lies shattered on the floor. Pandemonium ensues as one after another of the guests meets death. Each time a corresponding Indian disappears from the mantel. Obviously a murderer is loose among the guests. But they are, they suddenly realize, *all* murderers.

I don't want to tell you any more, because the suspense is so skillfully handled in the picture that it would be a shame to spoil it. Be sure you see it from the beginning, for the same reason.—*20th-Fox.*

P. S.

The property department scoured auction rooms, salons, and the storehouses of dealers in antique furniture to provide furnishings and decoration for the 15 room English mansion in which the action takes place. Value of these was set by insurance appraisal experts at $300,000. . . . Film marks ex-Marine Captain Louis Hayward's return to pictures. He served with distinction at bloody Tarawa. . . . When not working, Walter Huston divides his time between his two out-of-county ranch houses. During shooting of the film, he lived in five different hotels. . . . June Duprez won the heroine's role because of her authentic British accent . . . Barry Fitzgerald was assigned to star in the pic months before his victory in the 1945 Oscar sweepstakes was announced. The producers of "None" were thoroughly resold after private previews of "Going My Way." . . . The song "Ten Little Indians," which has gained widespread popularity, forms the basic theme of the musical score of the picture. It was composed especially for the production by Charles Previn. . . . Judith Anderson goes through an entire sequence busily plying her knitting needles, but admits that she actually can't knit a lick. . . . Richard Haydn's drunk scene has been hailed by the critics as one of the best comedy sequences of its kind. On the strength of it, Haydn has been offered more jobs than he can accept. . . . René Clair won European fame as a film director years before coming to Hollywood. His first act upon completing the famous mystery story was to return to France and England to make a survey of conditions which will guide his future production activities. . . . The producers and all assistants identified with the making of the picture, religiously avoided seeing the stage play "Ten Little Indians" until after the film had been released. That's because a clause in the contract with author Agatha Christie provided that the motion picture be made absolutely independently of the stage play. Even use of the stage title was forbidden!

BLITHE SPIRIT

Rex Harrison is an English star, but I'm all for furthering Anglo-American unity by having Hollywood adopt him right away. Meanwhile, here he is in a United Artists release. "Blithe Spirit" is gay, witty, and outrageously sophisticated in the best Noel Coward manner. The play was, as you probably know, a smash hit in both New York and London. It involves certain strange occurrences in the home of Charles Condomine (Rex Harrison). Charles, a writer, is living happily enough with his second wife, Ruth, in a cottage in Kent. Ruth (Constance Cummings) is a charming woman, companionable and a good hostess and housekeeper. Of course she hasn't the vivacious beauty of his first wife, Elvira (Kay Hammond), but she hasn't Elvira's malicious mind, either, or her propensity for flirting with other men.

Charles is considering a novel involving mediums. In the interests of scientific accuracy, he and Ruth invite one to dinner. Madame Arcati (Margaret Waterford) is prevailed upon to conduct a séance after dinner, as a little demonstration. Nothing happens except a few minor knockings, and Charles is rather disappointed. Later in the evening, when he is alone, he finds to his consternation that the séance had a very strange result indeed. It has materialized the spirit of Elvira. Perhaps I should say "semi-materialized," for no one can see or hear her except Charles.

It wouldn't have been so bad if Elvira were a nice, amiable ghost. But she isn't. She has an awful temper, and a habit of throwing vases. Besides, she's jealous of Ruth, whom she considers an intruder, and she makes the most venomous remarks in her presence. When Charles is goaded into a retort, Ruth thinks he's either drunk or crazy. At last, in desperation, he tells her about Elvira. Ruth sends for Madame Arcati and asks her to de-materialize the ghost. But Elvira's power is stronger than the medium's, and Charles hears her laughing hilariously. He doesn't know that she has just figured out a scheme to get him away from Ruth. Unfortunately—or fortunately—it backfires, and results in the kind of mad triangle which only Noel Coward could evolve.—*U.A.*

P. S.

Three million theater goers cheered the stage version of "Blithe Spirit," and now it's a Technicolor-ful movie. Sets are unusually attractive . . . the gardens outside the living room were laid out under the

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FOR LOVELY HANDS

eye of a horticultural expert; so successful were they that birds came into the studios, and were so vocal they had to be chased off by prop men! . . . Problem of creating "ghost" personality of Elvira presented difficulties for director and studio technicians. Though she does look like "a shadow of her former .self," she is nevertheless a gay and charming one. She moves always in a green light, but this light must never fall upon the other actors with whom she is seen. Wonderful make-up gives her an alabaster look in Technicolor: She's green-gray, with lips and finger nails of a vivid rose! . . . Kay Hammond (Elvira) has appeared in only three stage plays in eight years, because they've all been such terrific successes they've kept running and running. . . . Kay war-worked through the London blitzes in a mobile canteen. . . . Constance Cummings (Ruth) will be a surprise to moviegoers who have associated her with heavier parts. . . Rex Harrison (Charles) returns to the screen after serving in the R.A.F.

SPANISH MAIN

The Spanish Main was probably not quite as romantic as it looks in Technicolor. Also, I think it doubtful if you could have found a pirate either as charming or as altruistic as the one played by Paul Henreid. But only a viperish critic would quibble over such details when faced with the dashing magnificence of "Spanish Main." As an added attraction, there is the breath-taking sight of Maureen O'Hara in a white lace nightgown.

The nightgown belongs to Francesca (Maureen O'Hara), daughter of the Viceroy of Mexico. It is part of the fabulous trousseau on board the Santa Madre, which carries Francesca to her wedding in Spain. She has never seen the Governor (Walter Slezak) whom she is to marry. She has a vague hope that he will look something like the Dutch navigator, Laurent (Paul Henreid), of the Santa Madre. Francesca casts an appraising glance at Laurent every now and then. One evening this leads to her being thoroughly kissed—and, later, to Laurent being as thoroughly whipped.

But Laurent turns out to be a pirate, and when his ship, "The Barracuda," comes alongside, he becomes master of the situation. To everyone's surprise, he marries Francesca in a legal ceremony. This is not usually the fate accorded to beautiful damsels who fall into the hands of pirates, and it irks the rest of the boys considerably. Maybe they feel it's creating a precedent. Or maybe, as they insist, they're just worried about what's going to happen when His Honor, the Governor, hears about it. Laurent's treacherous assistant, Da Bilar (John Emery), seizes Francesca and "The Barracuda" and makes off for Spain. He hopes the Governor will reward him properly for this industrious effort. But the Governor (Walter Slezak) threatens to hang him unless he inveigles Laurent into capture. Now *that* would be worth a reward, *if* he could do it!

Treachery, sword fights, and kisses in the moonlight are the principal ingredients of this romantic potpourri. Binnie Barnes makes a swashbuckling female pirate, and Mike Mazurki is effective in a minor role. A wickeder villain than Walter Slezak has never been hissed.—*RKO.*

P. S.

The action takes place on the high seas, aboard 4 pirate ships and galleons of the period, in Tortuga, the island stronghold and rendezvous of the pirate fleets, and in Cartagena, Spain's capital of her New World empire. . . . Love takes quite a beating to conquer all as the romance progresses against a thrilling background of tropical typhoons, sea battles and tyranny on the high seas. . . . Author Aeneas McKenzie has previously written such outstanding adventure originals as "Juarez," "Elizabeth and Essex," and "They Died With Their Boots On," and collaborated on the screen plays of "The Fighting Seabees," and "Buffalo Bill." . . . Before becoming an actor, Paul Henreid entered the publishing field, designing formats and covers. Although Walter Slezak's father is Leo Slezak, famous operatic tenor, Walter started out to become a doctor. . . . Others in the cast accepted the fact that they were destined for drama at an early age. When only fourteen, Maureen O'Hara enrolled in the famous Abbey Theater School and in the next three years won every award and medal in Ireland's many dramatic contests. At seventeen, she played the feminine lead in her first picture, "Jamaica Inn." This marks Maureen's 13th American motion picture and her fourth in Technicolor. . . . With a family background of theatricals dating back to 1740, John Emery is the ninth generation in his family to choose acting as a career. . . . Eighteen-year-old Nancy Gates is a veteran of the stage, having made her first appearance at the age of five in a college play in her home town. . . . Binnie Barnes was the successful candidate in a field of more than forty actresses tested for the role of Anne Bonny. As the female pirate, she portrays a real character in pirate history and for it she rehearsed fencing for five weeks. . . . Binnie's been a rope-twirler, a professional ballroom dancer, a world-touring vaudeville star, and stage star! "The Spanish Main" climaxes what might be termed a Technicolorful career!

SUNSET IN EL DORADO

Evidently the West of today is neither wild nor woolly enough to do justice to the talents of Roy Rogers and Trigger. So most of "Sunset In El Dorado" is a flashback to the days of the Gold Rush, and pretty vigorous days they were, too. Especially when a certain "Kansas Kate" and a cowboy named Roy were involved. But,

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I am a circus performer, an aerialist on one of the two major circuses. One day while we were performing in Los Angeles, we learned that Edward G. Robinson was visiting the circus. We were all thrilled to have such a famous person in the audience, and wanted to perform to our best ability. To our surprise, however, Mr. Robinson preferred to visit the real "workingmen" of the circus: The roustabouts, the clowns, the acrobats and the horsemen. He came backstage, and although it was hot and sultry in our dressing room tent, he stayed and chatted with us for several hours. The funny part was that, thrilled as we were to meet this star, he seemed even more excited than we were at the idea of meeting us, and was as wide-eyed at the experience as any kid. We'll never forget the "tough guy" of the screen peering at everything with all the naive curiosity of a little boy.

Virginia Tiffany
Spokane, Washington

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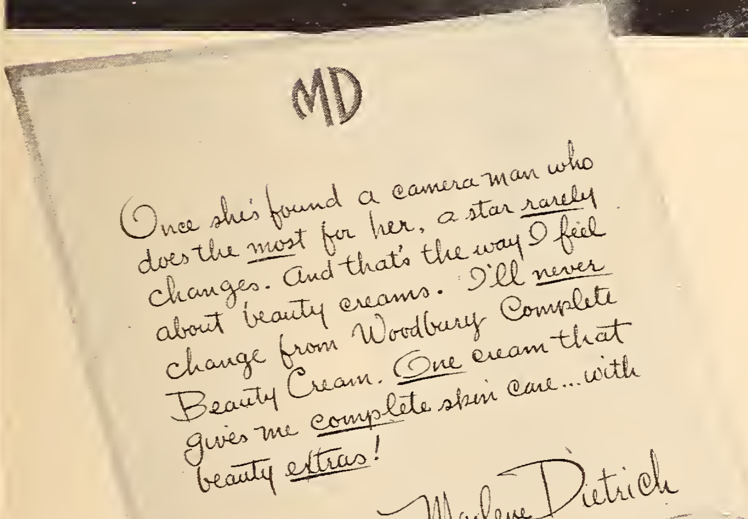

MD

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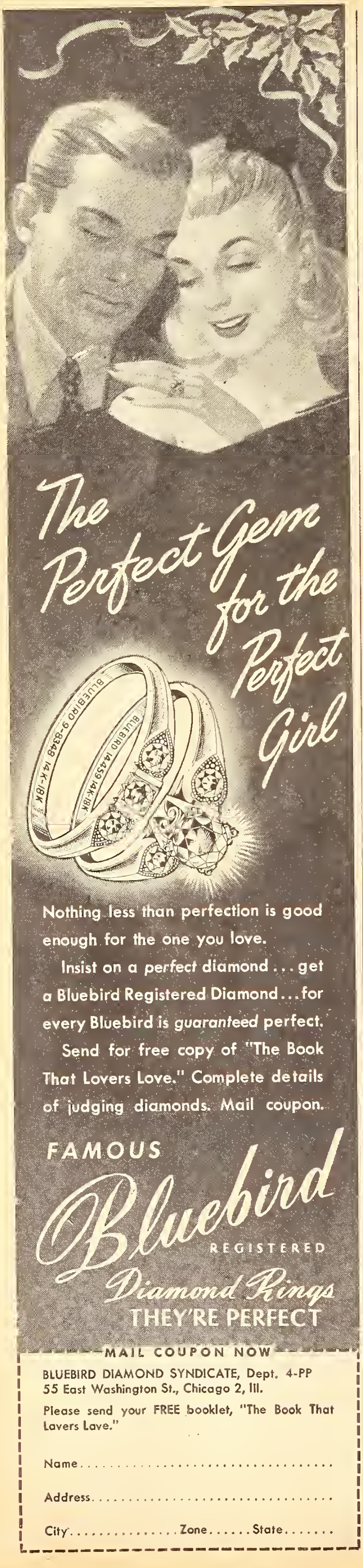
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were on the house. . . . Off-set mystery was that of Geraldine Fitzgerald's stolen automobile. Taken from her garage, it was found several days later in the Malibu Hills—out of gasoline. Missing from it were a pair of bowling shoes and some publicity photos. For two days, Miss Fitzgerald had to rely upon taxicabs to take her to and from the studio. . . . Director Negulesco, who was an established artist before he turned to film direction, uses three of his paintings in the picture. . . . The end of the production found Joan Lorring frantically searching for a house into which she and her mother could move. She had received an eviction notice because the owner of the place she rented wanted to return to make it his home. . . . No wonder the finished product sustains a "continental flavor." Greenstreet, Napier, and Rosalind Ivan are English. Joan Lorring was born in Shanghai, China. Geraldine Fitzgerald in Dublin, Ireland. Peter Lorre is Viennese. Negulesco is a native of Craiova, Roumania. American born include Robert Shayne and John Alvin. . . . Two's company, but the three strangers are certainly an interesting crowd!

FRONTIER GAL

In these uncertain, post-war days, most of us crave action, and lots of it! Action is what you get in this Technicolor saga of a beautiful girl who runs a frontier saloon. The beautiful girl is Yvonne De Carlo, and the man in her life is played by Rod Cameron. Andy Devine, Fuzzy Knight, Sheldon Leonard and Betty Sue Simmons furnish the complications.

Red Horse Gulch has several saloons, but the most popular is the Red Horse, run by Lorena Dumont (Yvonne De Carlo). Lorena's figure is enough to make it popular, but she sings, too. She's pretty pleased with her abilities till one night when a handsome stranger saunters in. The H.S. is a rancher, Johnny Hart (Rod Cameron), who is looking for the man who shot his partner. Johnny's search is temporarily side-tracked by the Dumont gams. Lorena takes his attentions in a more serious spirit than he meant them. When he walks into the Red Horse next day, he is astounded to hear that he and Lorena are to be married right away. He promptly tells her that if he marries anyone it will be a schoolteacher named Sheila Winthrop.

Now Lorena is not the girl to be publicly jilted. She has announced that there will be a wedding, and there will be one. She sticks a gun in Johnny's ribs, covers it with her fur muff, and marches him off to the preacher's. Afterward she gets her revenge by turning him over to the sheriff on a homicide charge that comes up conveniently. Johnny escapes in time to spend the night with his reluctant bride, but is re-arrested next day and goes off to serve six years in jail.

Six years is a long time. Not long enough for Johnny to forget two things, however. One is Lorena, and the other is the murder of his partner. When he comes back to Red Horse Gulch, he is looking for Blackie Schwartz (Sheldon Leonard) who he believes is the murderer. Johnny finds, to his startled terror, that he is the father of a cute little five-year-old named Mary Ann. She is quite a personality and pretty soon he admits that if he wasn't so busy on his man hunt, it would be nice to be a father. Johnny and Lorena are at cross-purposes for a while, but when they finally get together it's worth waiting for.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Film marks a return engagement for Rod Cameron and Yvonne DeCarlo who worked together in "Salome, Where She Danced.". . . Although Yvonne can sing and dance as well as act, her performance is based largely on her dramatic appeal. She does have two songs, however, and performs some very fancy dances. . . . It pays to advertise! When film columnists mentioned the search for a child who looked like Miss DeCarlo, six-year-old Betty Sue Simmons was brought to the studio by her aunt. Formerly a pupil at Cheremoya Street School, Hollywood, Betty Sue makes her first film appearance. . . . Both Cameron and Yvonne have difficult riding assignments and neither uses a double. Cameron's ride down one side of the rushing falls on Little Kern River is the sensation of the picture. Yvonne has a horse of her own (Little King) and secretly yearns to ride in a rodeo. . . . Nickname for Betty Sue on the set is "Bugnose." She doesn't like it, but it is useful to hold in check a possible inflation of ego. . . . The production is filmed in Technicolor, but instead of employing desert reds and yellows which the two producers feel have been overplayed recently, mountain blues and greens are featured. . . . Outdoor scenes were shot in the High Sierras near a lumber camp in Tulare county. The spot has never before been used for movies. . . . To assure a maximum of sunlit days, the company made two trips to the locations in the Sierra Nevada mountains. Despite the advantage of cloudless or nearly cloudless weather, it was sometimes necessary to light the sets with reflectors or big sun arms, particularly when fast action had to be recorded at close range. . . . As an example of a studio prop man's ingenuity—the big saloon is "heated" with an 1890 period coal stove. To make the fire flicker for Technicolor, a pan of water containing a chunk of dry ice (at 110 degrees below zero Fahrenheit) was provided. The light flickered naturally when reflected from the surface of water boiling as the solid carbon dioxide (dry ice) evaporated. . . .

AREN'T YOU A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED?

You are, if you've been thinking of war work as ending with the war! That's when your work—as a civilian—really begins. Because the Red Cross VOLUNTEER SPECIAL SERVICES needs you . . . and needs you urgently. By joining, for instance, the Hospital and Recreation Corps, you might read to patients, escort visitors, or take charge of the reception desk. But would you rather be outdoors? Then how about the Motor Corps? Pretty exciting, meeting convoys of ambulances and transferring soldiers from ships to hospitals. The Staff Assistants Corps thinks it's important, too, because they provide rooms for servicemen's families and shopping service for hospitalized GIs. Complaining because you're stuck at home? Silly girl! If you can knit or sew, the Production Corps is crying for your aid. Too young? Not for Junior Red Cross! Girl members make afghans, bathrobes, slippers, utility bags. Boys make canes, crutches (wouldn't you rather make 'em than use 'em?), card tables, bedside tables and Morse code sets for use of convalescents forced to lie on their backs. Rather be on the chow line? Dietitian's Aides scamper about the hospital preparing food, weighing it for special diets, serving and checking food supplies. So take your pick of which VOLUNTEER SPECIAL SERVICE you want to join . . . and pitch in for all you're worth!

Mistletoe Bait

THIS CHRISTMAS GIVE DJER-KISS
The World's Most Romantic Scent
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5
4
3
2
1
DJER-KISS
TALCUM
PERFUME

*T*o every woman the delicate, enchanting Djer-Kiss scent whispers words of love.

This Christmas you can choose from a wide selection of gifts perfumed with Djer-Kiss. A gift just right for every girl on your list! All of the famous Djer-Kiss quality in smart holiday wrap!

1. **Djer-Kiss Perfume Set.** Perfume, Sachet, Cologne, Powdered Perfume, 5.75.
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4. **Djer-Kiss Twosome.** Sachet, Vanette of Perfume, 1.00.
5. **Djer-Kiss Dusting Powder.** (with large puff) 1.00.
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NOTE: In addition to the sets illustrated, there are other Djer-Kiss sets from 5.75 to 1.00. These contain, in various combinations, the articles illustrated as well as Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge and Djer-Kiss Soap.

Many of the articles included in Djer-Kiss sets are also packaged in individual gift boxes, from 3.50 to 1.00.

DJER-KISS

PRONOUNCED DEAR-KISS

BY Kerkoff N.Y.C.

THE CROSBY QUINTETTE

(*Continued from page 67*)

into the music business?"

"Yeah—don't learn to play drums. I've lugged those things around until the sight of an animal still *wearing* its hide gives me an attack of acute weariness. Better take up piano. At least *that* you won't have to lug around. As for myself, think I'll start singing seriously."

For Christmas, 1944, each of Bing's four sons received a brass unit; one is taking lessons on the trombone, one on the trumpet, and two on sax, so it won't be long until Bing will be able to take his own brass section out on tour. As it is, the boys go along as musical background.

Also at Christmas time, last year, Bing and his quartet were located at the home of a friend whom they were serenading with carols, and was urged to appear at the Canteen. As the boys had leaped out of bed at six that morning to explore their stockings and sundry mysterious boxes under the Christmas tree, Bing thought they might be too tired. "How about it, boys?" he asked.

"Let's go!" yelled Linny, rushing his answer so that no one would think that because he happened to be the youngest member of the choral group he was the least durable. The Crosby men finally rolled home around 2 A.M.

water sprout . . .

As you probably know, Bing's junior swimming ability was somewhat more than considerable and he hasn't parted company with his porpoise power. One Sunday afternoon, when he was in high school, Bing said to his mother, "Would you like to watch a swimming meet this afternoon?"

"Will I know any of the contestants?" she wanted to know.

"Could be," said her aquatic son.

So she sat there, squinting against the dazzle of summer sunlight on water, and watched Harry L. Jr. win twelve events, twelve medals, and the meet. Each time he won a medal, he trotted over and dropped the beribboned bronze in his mother's lap. "Look out for that for me, huh, Mom?" he said, and tracked away drippily to enter the next event. Some of the medals in Mrs. Crosby's lap caught a few salt water tears to mingle with the fresh water splashing.

A good many years later Bing was working on a picture at Paramount with Dick Arlen who undertook to kid Bing about the crooner's relaxed behavior between takes. "There you sit—getting flabby," chided Dick. "But then, I'll bet you never in your life developed a muscle not needed for snapping a pair of percussion sticks on a drum head. Now, you take my physique, for instance . . ." and he launched into a humorous account of his erstwhile athletic prowess. He spread it on pretty thick while Bing took it all in, although he appeared to be nodding sleepily.

That night he appeared at his mother's house with an urgent request. "Did you happen to bring my medals down from Spokane with you?"

Like any devoted mother, Mrs. Crosby was able to answer, "Naturally," and to make good her statement by wending her way through old trunks and packing cases filled with the mementos of a family of five boys and two girls, until she had produced every medal Bing had won.

The next morning, Bing arrived on the set swathed in his topcoat buttoned to the neckline. When Mr. Arlen arrived, Bing ostentatiously removed the topcoat, then his sport coat, to reveal a chest covered with a bronze coat of mail. Egad, sir, he was more resplendent than a pre-war Balkan prince at a royal wedding.

Mr. Arlen rose handsomely to the occasion. "The Champ," he announced, "old Beef, Iron and Wine himself."

One summer afternoon Bing was lounging with friends around his own pool and observed lazily, "Anybody want to bet me that I can't cross the pool in three strokes?"

He had several instant takers among those who had never seen Bing's aquability demonstrated. Shedding his robe, he plunged in. And now people won't bet with him any more.

Naturally, when Gary was born, Bing announced, "I'm going to see that I have another swimmer in the family. That young gentleman is going to learn to do everything a real boy should do."

Then Philip and Denny came along to augment the Crosby Athletic Association, followed by Linny. In those days Bing owned a ranch at Del Mar where the kids spent their summers. Linny was only two when Bing made a deal with a chap who was a wintertime school physical education instructor to give his boys the full course in muscle making. Linny, despite his scant years, learned to swim right along with his three senior brothers—and occasionally licked them in races. That the effort expended by the other three contestants was less than maximum has never been proved, of course.

All four of the boys learned to ride that summer and to handle themselves pretty well in the leather glove department.

As you can see, Linny has been hard put to it to keep up, being about four years younger than the twins, who have the advantage of being only a year younger than Gary. But if you think Linny isn't equal to it, you're mistaken. The other three boys had been in school four years before Linny got there, but one night when the brood came home from school, the amazed parents of the quartet were intrigued to see Linny barking orders, then marching his squad up to the front steps.

"Look who got to be senior officer in a hurry," grinned Bing, opening the door.

"He's really got us, Pop," admitted Gary, nodding toward his kid brother's sleeve. Linny was wearing the chevron of a PFC—the first in the family of St. John students. Gary made it two weeks later, but the twins are still bucks.

All four of the boys worked with Bing in Paramount's "Duffy's Tavern," but even there rivalry reared its ugly head. Bing was strolling across the lot one day when he met the twins. "Hey, what's the idea?" he wanted to know. "I thought you two were supposed to be on the set this afternoon."

"Not us," said Philip. "They got all they wanted of us in a hurry. Gary and Linny are still working, and if you ask me—Linny's got all the good lines."

gag that became a fable . . .

It was also Linny who, the first time he saw curvaceous Julie Gibson, who has the role of the boys' nurse in the picture, nudged his brothers and emitted a wolf whistle that would make Errol Flynn look like Casper Milquetoast.

There is a popular fable stating that Bing Crosby is color blind. It was started as a gag by Bob Hope who was attempting to explain Bing's exploded rainbow taste in haberdashery, but someone took it seriously. A reporter one day asked Bing when he had first become aware of his color blindness and Bing, wiping off that grin and planning to tell Bob about it

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Day or Night . . . Gay New Glamor for Your Hair or Costume

More lovely than any brooch or hair ornament, these amazingly lifelike flowers are a marvelous bargain. By day they excite envious comment. By night they glow with a soft, magic light. No wonder smart women are passing up cheap-looking pins for these gorgeous flowers.

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Glamorous GARDENIA Glows in the dark

Nothing has yet been created so enticing as this exquisite simulated Gardenia for your hair, dress or coat. By day it makes heads turn your way. At night it makes folks exclaim in admiration as it glows in the dark. Not $5, not even $2, but only $1. Mail on-approval coupon today.

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This gorgeous, lifelike Orchid glows in the dark . . . is a sensation wherever you go. So much like exact color, look, feel of costliest orchids, it actually seems real. Helps beautify your every costume. And the price . . . unbelievably low . . . only $1 when you send coupon.

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The Twins Did It! Because materials sent to the men still in the Pacific must be *double* wrapped, more paper is needed. And these heavenly twins have collected it . . . *all . . . day . . . long!*

Now, they drift off to a restful sleep—cushioned on that luxurious *dream* mattress, Beautyrest, made by Simmons.

You don't see new Beautyrests today, for it just takes more of *everything* to make a Beautyrest. Why, *one* Beautyrest alone takes *50 yds.* of cotton cloth—compared to 10 yds. in the average mattress! Why? Because each of the Beautyrest's 837 coils *must have its own cloth pocket*—and *that* kind of fabric is still critical—even though the war's over.

If you need a good, new mattress now, however, we suggest you buy any Simmons mattress your dealer may have. For any mattress bearing the Simmons label is a real "buy."

P. S. We can offer, too, a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs, at $39.50.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

Made by SIMMONS COMPANY

afterward, said that he guessed he had always been like that, but that he couldn't remember the onset of the disorder.

All four of the boys have inherited pater's admiration for paint-shop riot color schemes. For Easter this year, Grandmother Crosby gave each of them a kahala shirt. (An Hawaiian garment more dazzling than a flag factory.) The boys instantly shed their normal Sunday garments and buttoned themselves into the haberdashery.

"And now," piped Linny, "let's go over—all five of us—and give Uncle Bob Hope a thrill."

One of the gags that has been greeted by hilarious acclaim in army camps consists of Bing strolling out on the platform wearing every G.I.'s idea of What To Wear Upon Being Discharged, and being followed by four boys in similar dazzling array.

Bing can't always take all of the boys on his excursions, but he usually manages to take at least one. This fact has led to some serious rivalry in the son ranks; there is a running discussion as to which is their father's favorite. One week Bing was set to play an exhibition golf match, a fact well-known and solemnly debated in the Crosby dormitory. Saturday morning at the breakfast table, Bing said to Philip, "How about it? Want to go with me today?"

Phil's face came up over the edge of the table like the July sun blazing out of a cloud bank. "Gosh . . . *Gosh*—I'll say I do."

On Sunday Gary and Linny visited their Grandparents Crosby and Linny sighed, "I guess Dad likes Phil best. *He* went to the tournament with Dad yesterday."

"Don't talk nonsense," soothed Grandmother Crosby. "He loves each of you quite as much as the other. There are only four of you, but *I* had seven children, and my heart couldn't tell the difference between them."

The following week, Denny was chosen as companion, the next week, Linny, and then Gary. Bing has managed to perfect this rotation system so that no boy is favored two weeks in succession, and no boy misses his proper turn. And that feat requires a prodigious memory—for which Bing is noted.

One of his memory stunts was revealed when he returned to Spokane after having been away for a good many years, walked up to school chums on the street and called them instantly by name.

Several months ago, Bob Burns spent a good deal of time telling Bing about a Burns uncle who was going to visit him. This uncle was something very special, Bob insisted, and spent hours telling anecdotes about him.

At about this time, Bing's Uncle Frank—whom Bing hadn't seen for about fifteen years—arrived in Hollywood for a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Crosby decided that it would be fun to take Uncle Frank to a broadcast before he actually renewed acquaintance with his nephew. On the street, just before entering the broadcasting station, the Crosbys met Bob Burns and introduced him to Uncle Frank, revealing their plan.

"I've got an idea," said Bob. "Let's work it this way. . . ."

So, just before the broadcast, Bob strolled up to Bing in the wings and said, "I've been talking about my uncle for weeks, Bing, and now I want you to meet him."

Bing extended his hand and slowly a warm, welcoming smile creased his face. "Bob, this is no uncle of yours. This is my Uncle Frank!" he announced triumphantly.

From the time Bing was big enough to handle a paper route, he earned all his own pocket money and was soon able to buy most of his clothes. Even though his own boys will one day come into a comfortable sum, Bing has always said that they had to learn the value of money. "They've got to be capable on their own hook; they've got to know the score so that they don't ever have to depend on anyone but themselves for their financial welfare."

So, although the boys are given an allowance, it is paid for services rendered. Each boy is responsible for a certain department in the victory garden, and is paid so much for his produce. There is a fee for cleaning the garage, for stocking the fireplace wood boxes, and for assisting the gardener in transplanting shrubs, clipping hedges, and controlling the grass.

When Gary was discussing his summer vacation he told his mother, "I'd sure like to go to the ranch, but I've got to stick around and earn some money. I've got some things in mind that I want to buy."

The ranch consists of ten thousand magnificent acres in Nevada. Bing bought it originally with the intention of running it as a breeding farm for racing thoroughbreds, but conditions did not appear to be right, so this enterprise is being carried out at the farm of his friend, Lynn Howard.

However, the Nevada property has many important advantages; it is the only spot where Bing can really rest. He can get so far from a telephone that the eagles would have to be wired for sound to reach him. He doesn't have to see people, or give in to the urgings of a generous heart when sweet charity calls.

Best of all, he can spend twenty-four hours a day with his sons; he can swim with them, box with them, ride with them, and harmonize with them until the sage brush swoons. In short, he can be the one thing he likes best to be in all the world: The father of Gary, Philip, Denny, and Linny Crosby.

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Yes!—with the new Charm-Kurl *Supreme* Cold Wave home kit it's done in a jiffy. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving COLD WAVES costing up to $10.00, $15.00 or more. The result will be luxurious curls and waves that are natural looking and easy to manage.

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THE NEW
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PLUS 14c TAX

Each Kit contains 3 full ounces of salon-type cold wave solution with *Kurlium*, 60 Curlers, 60 End Tissues, Applicator, Neutralizer and complete instructions. Get a Charm-Kurl *Supreme* Cold Wave kit today.

At Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5c and 10c Stores

DANA ANDREWS

(Continued from page 33)

nothing. To the rearing of her brood of young hellions, she brought a rare combination of patience, humor and tenderness. Crises did arise when she'd have to ask Dad to take over—and others that she felt even Dad couldn't cope with. When Mother'd reached her limit, she'd dump the whole thing in God's lap. "He sent them to me, so He must have known what He was doing. I've tried everything, now it's up to Him—"

facts of life . . .

Just as Wilton and Harlan, the two eldest, were special brothers, so were Dana and Charles, the next two. The older boys educated the younger. When you've got a raft of brothers, you learn self-reliance fast, you learn to give and take, you learn not to sulk or whine or feel sorry for yourself, because all that gets you is the cold shoulder or a kick in the pants. Dana was five and Charles four, when Wilton and Harlan decided they'd been babies long enough.

It was two days before Christmas. "Well, kids," said Wilton, who was eight, "it's time you found out about Santa Claus—"

"What about him?"

"See this closet?" He opened the door. "See those toys? That's what old Santa's supposed to bring down the chimney Christmas Eve. With his ole sleigh and reindeer. Well then, how did they get here? Mother 'n' Dad bought them, that's how—"

"Is Santa Claus sick?"

"No, he's not sick. There never *was* any Santa Claus. That's just stuff for babies—"

Charles broke into a wail—"I'll tell Mother—" but Harlan's hand nailed him down.

"You wanna make her cry?"

Dana was shaken too, but he got the point. Santa Claus was a game grownups play with kids, and their feelings were hurt if you didn't play along. He took Charles's hand. Charles would do whatever he said. "We won't tell," he promised.

It was a household that got along on what the Lord provided, and he didn't provide much cash. The boys were Mother's helpers. They loathed it, but that was all right. They weren't required to like it, just to do it. By turns they made beds, scrubbed floors, baked biscuits, and scrapped like wildcats over whose turn it was. They delivered papers in winter, and in summer hoed weeds from dawn to dusk for fifty cents a day. Dana's one good suit was a hand-me-down from Wilton or Harlan. Birthdays went unheeded except for Mother. Even the birthday child forgot what day it was, till Mother appeared in the doorway with a lighted cake.

But they had the kind of fun which is independent of money. Uvalde, Texas, was set in the midst of cattle country, and all outdoors was their playground. They fished and swam and rode horseback, they went camping for three or four days at a time, unhampered by adults. "Wilton's old enough to take care of himself," Mother'd say serenely, "and smart enough to look after the younger ones."

Lack of funds never interfered with the Christmas spirit. Granted the wherewithal, it's easy to walk into a shop, plunk down your dollars and say, give me this or that—only takes a few minutes. But the Andrews clan spent weeks of affectionate toil on Christmas gifts for one another. Dana and Charles would collaborate on a racing wagon for Harlan, a breadboard for Mother, a tie rack for Dad. The things

A perfume made of all the things you love . . . adventure, mixed with mystery, a dash of gayety and carefree laughter. Enchanting perfume for enchanted hours!

Perfume, $6.50; $3.50; $1.10
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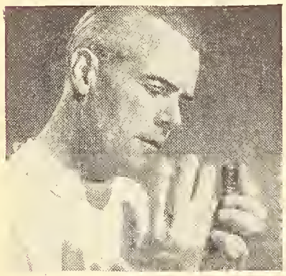
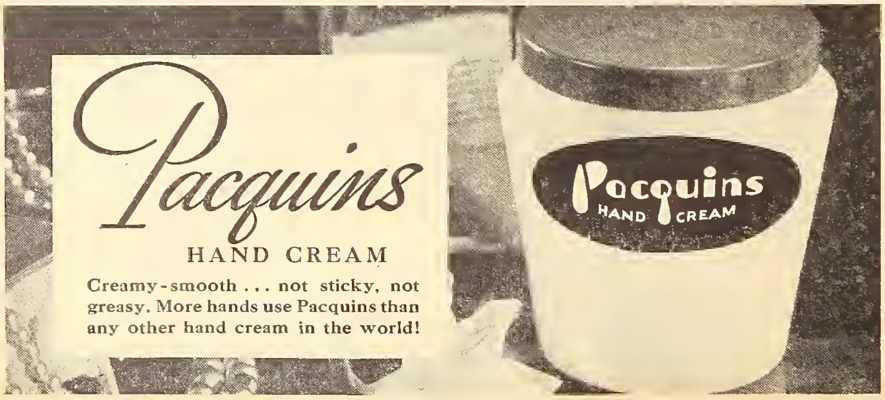
"The Touches of Her Hands, and the Delight"—*James Whitcomb Riley*

We bet the lady never "touched" household Drudgery!

Housework can make your hands look like anything but a poet's dream. Rough, red, older-looking than *you* are. So be *sure* to use Pacquins Hand Cream twice daily to help give your hands a "young-skin" look.



Ask your Doctor or his Nurse about . . . how they keep their hands in good condition in spite of 30 to 40 washings a day. Harder on hands than housework! Pacquins Hand Cream was originally formulated for their professional use. Here's the secret—it's *super-rich* in what doctors call "humectant"—an ingredient that helps keep skin feeling soft, smooth, supple!



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HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth . . . not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

weren't so pretty, maybe, but the folks must've liked them, because they stuck around for years.

Summer nights they'd gather 'round Mother on the front porch, listening to tales of her father's cotton plantation, which they'd left when Dana was four

"I was born in Don't Miss," he'd tell his pals waggishly. Don't was the name of the Mississippi town, where Dad had taught school and fallen in love with Anice Speed, one of his pupils. After their marriage, they lived with Grandfather Speed while Dad studied theology at the Seminary. Dana remembered the corncribs where he'd played, and the colored folk with their chuckling laughter and gentle hands, lifting him to their shoulders. Best of all he remembered the smell of the woods—great old oaks dripping with Spanish moss—nothing in Texas smelled like the woods of Mississippi. . . .

Then the winter evenings when Dad sat down at the piano, and they'd sing by the hour. Dad's songs fascinated them. He'd learned them from his grandfather, and they had an eerie quality and no one but Dad ever sang them. At least, Dana never heard them from anyone else till years later on a TC-Fox set, when a big blonde guy named Burl Ives plunked his guitar and broke into one of Dad's songs.

Dana was the family showoff. Of them all, only Dana liked to get up in front of a crowd and recite. At four he appeared on the program of a church entertainment. He and another little boy marched out and spoke the piece in unison:

"When I am grown to be a man,
I'll be a good one if I can,
I will not smoke or drink or chew,
Or other things that bad men do."

His partner walked off. Dana, remembering how Teacher always said, "Now let's do it again and do it better," stayed where he was and proceeded to do it again. This brought down the house and enchanted the artist.

At seven he'd take his school reader home and practise the billygoat story with expression, so when Teacher called on him to read, he could make a stir. That was partly to impress a certain curly-headed girl, partly to sustain his reputation as best-reader-in-the-class. Both objects were accomplished. Curlyhead peeped at him from under her lashes, and Teacher gave him the reading prize.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Many years ago, in a drugstore in Ft. Worth, Texas, a young girl walked in, and I instantly recognized her as the girl who had just won a Charleston contest at the local theater. She was carrying a tiny, dirty kitten, meowing at the top of its voice. She asked for a saucer of milk, and as the boy behind the counter handed it to her, he said, "That'll cost you 5c." She produced the nickel, took the saucer of milk, and then the boy said nastily, "And feed 'em outside!" When she came back to return the saucer after the kitten had been fed, she handed the saucer to the boy—but it dropped to the floor and crashed to smithereens! "That'll cost you 5c," she said smilingly. That was Ginger Rogers' comeback to a snippy soda jerker.

Gladys Tatum
San Francisco, Calif.

At twelve he got wind of a recital that the music teacher was putting on for her pupils. Dana didn't know one key from another, nor did Dad have the money to give him piano lessons. But he had to be in that recital or die.

So he went to the teacher. "If I work for you, will you give me lessons?"

musical mugger . . .

For two months he ran her errands, cleaned up her yard, led her cow to pasture—and learned to play a pretty complicated march, strictly by ear. Came the recital, Dana played his march, made his bow, walked off purring, and the music teacher never set eyes on him again.

He wasn't old enough nor introspective enough to analyze this partiality for the limelight. Any more than he analyzed his passion for movies. It's natural for kids to love movies. But it wasn't natural for one of the Andrews kids to sneak out at night, as Dana did, and sneak in the back door of the picture house to indulge that love.

Now and then Dad would catch him. "All right," he'd say. "I'm taking the boys swimming tomorrow. You went to the movies, the others didn't. So you'd better stay home tomorrow—"

He didn't want to stay home, and certainly he didn't want to be caught again. But the next chance he got, he sneaked out to the movies. Movies with punishment was better than no movies at all.

At 13, he put on his most spectacular performance. He ran away. If Dick Whittington could be thrice mayor of London, Dana Andrews could be something equally startling. It was time he got going. With a sure instinct that this was one venture on which Charles wouldn't collaborate, he packed his grip in the dead of night, slipped out and hopped a freight to San Antonio. . . .

Maybe Dick Whittington didn't leave a mother behind him. Though Dana stuck it out for three days, he spent them drowned in homesickness and tears, weeping for Mother who he knew must be weeping for him. On the third day he rang the doorbell of a friend of Dad's, who seemed pleased but not surprised to see him.

"I've been waiting for you, son. Your father phoned me. Now just come in here and sit down while I call him back—"

Dad's friend put him on the train. All the way home, Dana kept wondering what punishment would be dire enough for this dire misdeed. Pulling in at Uvalde, he caught sight of Dad on the platform. In silence they walked to the car, got in and drove through town.

Finally Dad spoke. "Tell me one thing. Why did you go away? Were you unhappy?"

His voice didn't sound stern at all—only quiet and a little sad—and Dana's heart burst. "I just wanted to make a lot of money, and put you and Mother up in a big house—"

There was another silence, but when Dad spoke again, his voice wasn't sad any more. "I think I can understand that, son. But you do realize that you made a mistake? You won't run off again?"

That was an easy promise to make—even before he saw Mother standing on the porch, tears streaming her face.

off to huntsville . . .

The following year they moved to Huntsville. In the Andrews family, college was taken for granted. "I don't know how we'll manage it," Dad always said, "but manage it we will—"

So his call to Huntsville—home of Sam Houston College—came like an answer to prayer. Living at home, with your bed and board assured, it was easy for a boy to work his way through.

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LOVELY ELEANOR CAHILL, selected as Miss Stardust of 1945, now a Walter Thornton Pin-Up Girl

BY THE MAKERS OF Stardust FASHION-WEAR

"The Lovebug" started it—the senior high school play in which Dana got the lead. Hook, line and sinker, he fell for the praise and applause. Other kids were praised and applauded too, only they didn't seem to take it as hard as Dana. Maybe he was just a conceited dope, but he didn't think so. Dimly he realized that while the plaudits were sweet, they were just the trimming—decorations on a birthday cake. What really excited him was the acting itself. Moulding lines with his voice, feeling the audience respond—that made him come alive in a way nothing else ever had. His blood pumped faster and his eyes glowed with the memory—golly, people acted for a living, why couldn't he?

Then he'd grin ruefully, thinking of Mother and Dad, who didn't believe in dancing or playing cards. Besides, who ever heard of a Huntsville boy turning actor? When they played the game of "Whatcha gonna be when you grow up?" the answer was always doctor or lawyer, teacher or preacher or business man. Dana could just hear himself say, "Gonna be an actor." Might as well say a bum and be done with it.

Just the same, he joined the dramatic club at college. And a fellow-townsman who didn't know he existed, gave his dream the first touch of reality.

Bills were posted, announcing the coming of the Devereux Players. A wave of excitement swept the town. Dana didn't know why till a pal gave him the lowdown.

"So-and-so's with them—used to be a Huntsville kid—went to New York and now he's a regular actor—"

grabbing the laurel leaf . . .

So-and-so's name was on every tongue, and the tongues clacked with pride in the hometown boy who'd made good. Dana rolled that bit of psychology over in his mind. A few years earlier this fellow had been in the same spot as himself—a Huntsville boy who wanted to be an actor and had certainly gleaned no encouragement from his background. Yet here he was, an actor, and the crowd roared. Dana's spirits rose. What man has done, man can do. . . .

Something happened in his sophomore year that clinched it. Dana'd got himself a job in a movie house—from usher he'd been promoted to ticket seller and sort of assistant manager. Talkies were in, but the owner couldn't afford to lease a machine—

"Let's rig up a turntable and loudspeaker," Dana suggested, "and play records to the screen. It won't be talkies, but it'll be better than nothing—"

Dana was elected to change the records. In order to pick up cues, you had to watch the screen every minute, which meant seeing the picture forty-nine times. The first time, he was a sucker for the story. The second time he caught bits of business he'd missed the first time. Then he began studying the actors. They weren't gods or supermen, they didn't float on air or spout pearls and rubies. They were plain, bony masculine flesh-and-blood people who walked across the screen and tried to act like human beings. Anyone could learn to do that—especially Dana Andrews, because that was the one thing in the world he ached to learn. . . .

Meantime he was majoring in business administration, chiefly to keep away from liberal arts which led to teaching. With teaching he would have no truck. Business method had its practical side. On his way through college he'd incurred some debts. He'd have to work for a while to pay them off and accumulate a nest-egg before hitting the trail. Mother and Dad were a little disappointed that none of the boys showed an inclination to enter the ministry, but the children's lives were their own. As for

Dana, business was an honorable calling. Luckily for their peace of mind, they couldn't see inside his head.

He went to Austin and worked as an accountant. From any viewpoint but his own, a highly successful eighteen months during which he was upped to office manager. Since he couldn't study acting, he took singing lessons. With sound in the movies firmly established, a trained voice might come in handy.

The singing teacher had been in show business. It was to him that Dana laid bare his hopes for the first time. "Do you think I have a chance?"

"A chance?—yes. It'll mean a lot of work, it may take five or ten years, you may never be a star, but you should be able to make a living—"

He might have stayed put longer if the boss hadn't offered to promote him again. The business was being enlarged, he felt Dana was ready for more responsibility, etc., etc. With the benevolence one feels in giving pleasure to a fellowman at no cost to oneself, he outlined the plan. But Dana was staring into an abyss—

It was marked: DANGER. SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN. He saw himself bogged down in better and better jobs, more and more money, lured away from the vision by a swelling bank account. Austin was a nice town—swell people—pretty girls. His imagination leaped ahead like a runaway horse—to himself at forty, with a wife and house, with a car and kids, feet stuck in a rut, eyes turned wistfully now and then toward a gleam that had vanished. It was a very sad picture and it scared him stiff—

He got to his feet. "I'm quitting—"

The boss's jaw dropped. "What's this, a gag?"

"No. I'm leaving town—"

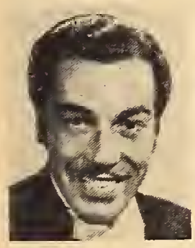
"Aren't you happy with us?"

"It's got nothing to do with you. I'm going to Hollywood. I want to be an actor—"

"My kid went to Hollywood," said the boss unexpectedly. "Stayed two years and worked three weeks. You've got a future here—"

"That's what I don't want. I could be

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I am a boy scout, and a group of coast guard men, stationed near our camp, frequently march past here. Once they marched by during regular camp session, when there were about 300 scouts in camp, and for some reason their chuck wagon was late. Finally it did arrive, and we scouts were given permission to watch them unload and feed the men. Suddenly one alert scout shouted, "Whee! There's Cesar Romero!" And sure enough, there he was, part of the K.P. bunch on the chuck wagon! He was a wonderful sport, gave us all his autograph, talked to us, and said he liked being in the Coast Guard "kitchen department" very much. I don't know whether he meant it or not, but it certainly encouraged us to perform our chores more cheerfully in the future, because we always remembered the thoughtful and gay manner in which he handed out "chow" to his hungry comrades-in-arms.

J. Lenden
Oakland, Calif.

Are you in the know?

Too bad she doesn't care about—

- ☐ *Her competition*
- ☐ *Boogie-woogie*
- ☐ *The Three D's*

Men never make passes at untidy lasses—droons who ignore the three D's. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks *will* tattle on such charmlessness. So, take care! Busy perspiration glands work time-and-a-half on problem days. Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, *now there's a deodorant in Kotex.* It's locked inside each Kotex and can't shake out—because it is processed right into each pad, not merely dusted on. Try Kotex-with-deodorant for daintiness!

Which would you use?

- ☐ *The guest towels*
- ☐ *The Turkish towels*
- ☐ *The end of your slip*

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws will reach for the *guest* towels—not the family's! Even if they look unapproachably lovely, *use* them. Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it's Kotex that has the *different* kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. You're cushioned-in-comfort for hours and hours, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.*

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together

A DEODORANT
in every
Kotex napkin
at no extra cost

Can you be picture-perfect—

- ☐ *With a shiny nose*
- ☐ *Without benefit of bangles*
- ☐ *In winter pastels*

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, "posey" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple winter pastels photograph best. You can *be* at your best even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. The patented *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from worrisome "outline" fears, for those flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines. And thanks to that patented *safety center,* you get *plus* protection with Kotex.

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All Hollywood knows how dry skin can threaten beauty. That's why stars are raving about Lander's Cold Cream with Olive Oil. It's a rich, fluffy cream whipped with olive oil that instantly makes dry skin softer, smoother—coaxes away tiny lines—brings rosy freshness! To *velvetize* hands, use Lander's Hand Cream with Olive Oil. Get both glorious creams at your 10¢ store.

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the biggest business man in the world and I still wouldn't like it—"

After a while the boss shrugged and gave up.

He reached Huntsville with a ten dollar bill in his pocket, having spent the rest on a bangup party for his pals. A clean sweep, he reasoned, a gay goodbye to Austin, and a fresh start. On the road to high adventure, what price a few bucks one way or the other?

The folks were delighted to see him. "Vacation?" asked Mother.

"Nope." Might as well come straight out with it. "I'm hitchhiking to Hollywood. To be an actor—"

What cushioned the shock was that they didn't really believe him. Dana had always been the restless one, who sparkled and pawed the earth at the thought of change. Now he'd had enough of Austin and was pushing on. If it suited him to say he was going to be an actor, you couldn't stop him. You couldn't stop him from saying he was going to be a circus horse either. That didn't mean he was going to be one or the other.

Mother may have thought it a pity that he'd quit his good job, but she didn't say so. And whatever the wrench of parting, she wouldn't have lifted a finger to keep him. He was a man grown. . . .

Only Dad gave any indication of taking him seriously, and that in a kind of left-handed way. "If you ever do get to be an actor, son—and I hope you won't—you don't have to act like I hear lots of them do—you can still be a good boy—"

Mother spoke up then. "They're probably much maligned. I shouldn't wonder if most of them are good boys—" Which sounded so like her that it raised a shout from the children, and made everyone feel much better about the whole thing.

Harlan went to the highway with him to see him off. "Take care of yourself, kid."

Dana's heart turned over. Even saying goodbye to Mother hadn't done this to him. He'd been braced for the tears in her eyes. But here was his big brother, trying to pretend he wasn't coughing a lump out of his throat.

A car stopped, and Harlan hoisted the suitcase in. Dana craned his neck backward, waving till distance swallowed his brother up, then fixed his eyes on the road ahead. Not so good, being left behind. "I'm the lucky one," he thought. "I'm the one that's going—"

At El Paso he got a break. The man who picked him up was going all the way to Los Angeles.

There was something strange and impressive about him. He talked in clipped sentences. Three fingers were missing from his right hand, yet he said he played the violin. . . .

"You live in Los Angeles?"

"No, my home's in Texas. But I want to be an actor—"

"Tough racket. Here's some advice. They'll tell you it can't be done. Pay no attention. Depends on your own backbone. You want it enough, you can do it. Got any dough?"

"Started with a tenspot, but most of it's gone—"

"That ring you're wearing. I'll let you have ten for that. Here's my name and address. When you get work, you can have the ring back for ten—"

They drove all night, stopping off a couple of times to eat. When his new friend said, "Let's have a hamburger," it sounded like an invitation. He seemed to have plenty of money. It never occurred to Dana to pay.

They had another hamburger at El Centro. "Here's where I drop you," said the guy.

"But I thought—aren't you going on to Los Angeles?"

A MESSAGE FROM *Fannie Hurst*

With our armies of occupation now concentrated on farthest flung fronts, the long and merciful arm of the National War Fund is more drastically needed than ever!

Our boys are not only thousands of literal miles from home, but they are soul, mind, spirit and heart, miles from home, surrounded by peoples and ways of life strange and remote to them.

Our "GI Joe," from Great Falls, Montana, or Fancy Prairie, Illinois, needs, as he has never before needed in his life, heart-warming evidence that he has not been forgotten now that the war is over. He wants the close-to-home services that the National War Fund agencies can supply.

If he has felt the need of them in the European areas, and he has, think how much more distant, bewildered and homesick he must feel in the Far East, where peoples and habits are more sharply differentiated than in Europe's occupation zones.

Joe stands personally in need of the major services and the tremendous trifles that the National War Fund agencies can supply. But even more, he also needs the peace of mind which it can give him by making it easier for the loved ones he has left behind. The knowledge that his wife, children or parents can turn to community war fund services, brings him a sense of security. Likewise, beaten men and women laboring beneath the oppression of our enemies come under the vast coverage that the community war fund umbrella spreads over direct and indirect war victims.

In fact, it is interne, red cap, wheel chair, sister of mercy, ambulance, night light, shoulder to lean on, to a world inching its way back to normalcy.

We need the National War Fund and its affiliated community war funds every day in every way.

Fannie Hurst

Night must fall . . . and
you'll dream of nocturnal fashions
deftly made of Beau Spun,
a new principle in spinning cotton
and rayon so typical of the
quality standards represented by the mark
of BEAUNIT FABRICS . . .
a guide that
will serve you increasingly
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"I am, but not you. I gave you ten bucks to eat. Did you pick up the check? No. Did you even offer to pick up the check? No. I'm good and sore. Not on account of the dough. Look here—" He took off his boot. It held ten thousand-dollar bills. "The dough's nothing. But you wouldn't pay your way. That gets my goat. I like fellas that pay their way—"

He got into the car and drove off, leaving a pretty abashed fella behind him. Not till a year later was Dana able to scrape ten spare dollars together, and go hunting for Paul Fruchet at the address on the card. But they'd never heard of him.

Dana'd like to find him. The ring's no longer important. But he'd like to apologize to Mr. Fruchet with the best dinner in town.

The family knew some people in Van Nuys, who were swell to him. They helped him find a job—driving a school bus at ten dollars a week—and a place that gave him room and board for eighteen a month. Now all he had to do was tackle the studios.

If you wanted a job in Austin, you went in and asked for it. Why should Hollywood be different? Dana bought a guide book, located the studios and started his rounds. "I'm an actor," he'd tell the gate cop. "Where do I go for work?"

"Casting office."

There a girl sat at a desk. Dana fumbled with his hat brim. "Any chance for a job in pictures?"

"What experience've you had?"

"College plays—"

"Leave your name and phone number. If something turns up, we'll call you."

He was green, but not dumb. It took one round to make him realize that they'd call him when hell froze over. There must be some other angle. Experience. Without experience, you couldn't get a job. Without a job, you couldn't get experience. Or could you? Amateur dramatics maybe.

He beat it over to the Van Nuys High School, discovered they had night classes in acting, and enrolled.

There was a girl in the class named Janet Murray. What he noticed about her first were the clear brown eyes. One night he asked if he could see her home, and they told each other the story of their lives.

Janet didn't want to be an actress, she'd just joined the class for fun. Her job was in the newspaper field, she'd taken a master's degree at Northwestern in journalism. Lived in Van Nuys with her parents and sister. "I'd like you to meet them some time," she said.

Before long he was calling Janet's mother Aggie, as all her friends did. The Murrays thought it was silly for Dana to be driving a bus—and would have thought so even if it hadn't become obvious that he and Janet were crazy about each other. By now the depression was in full swing, and jobs weren't easy. But thanks to Dana's training and the Murray connections, he was hired as bookkeeper by a big service station at $100 a month.

Well, that was riches. "What are we waiting for?" he asked Janet.

"I wouldn't know—"

So there was a quiet wedding in the Murray home.

Janet thought Dana's voice was wonderful. She thought he ought to concentrate on singing. A teacher in Van Nuys confirmed her opinion. If Dana worked hard enough, he could do musical comedy.

"Why musical comedy?" asked Janet calmly. "Why not the Metropolitan?"

At first Dana put that down to a wife's partiality. But she talked him into going to see old Bragiotti, father of the pianis and long established as a teacher of operatic voices.

"You have the equipment," old Bragiotti said. "It's a matter of training. An work and work and work—"

"And money," added Dana. "Which w don't have much of—"

"I'll give you a special rate. One lesso a week. Five dollars a lesson. . . ."

Twenty dollars is a large slice out of hundred. "We can manage," Janet insisted. "You've got to do it—"

They'd rented the upper floor of a duplex, and moved in with a bed and severa chairs. "We'll buy the rest of it piece b piece," Janet said. "That way, you get t know your furniture—"

But when the Bragiotti lessons had bee arranged, she came to Dana with her eyes alight. "Darling, there's one thing we've got to have *now*. A combination radio record player and recording machine—"

She had it all worked out. They'd bee planning to buy a dining room set or rugs Those things could wait. But they neede the music machine in their business. "Maybe at first glance it seems kind of silly but take the long view, and it's an investment, that's all, and we'll get it back. Besides, look at the money we'll save staying home from movies because we'll be making records—"

For months their living room held nothing but the big combination machine. They read plays together, made records and played them back. Dana'd come home from Bragiotti's and sing to the machine, and they'd compare the platter with the last one to see if he'd improved. According to Janet, he always had.

They didn't have money for parties or glad rags. Or for anything much beyond shelter and food. But they had each other, and the future, and they were happy.

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved.

—findings reported in a leading medical journal.

FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

Dana's boss, Mr. Wardlaw, owned the service station alone, but in certain other ventures had a partner named Twomey. Twomey was a man who liked to set people up in business. Instead of stocks or real estate, he invested in human beings, and walked the world with an eye peeled for prospects. He'd meet up with a barber head and shoulders above other barbers—or a keen young pharmacist, fresh out of USC.

"How'd you like your own shop?" he'd ask him. "I'll furnish the money, you run it. When I've drawn out a legitimate profit, the place is yours—"

Three unrelated events brought Dana to his attention. Bing Crosby became a sensation, the late Pauline Frederick made a remark, and Dana pumped gas into Mrs. Twomey's car while one of the regulars was out to lunch.

"Such a nice-looking chap," she told her husband. "Ambitious, too. He came up from Texas to get into pictures, and now he's studying opera with Braggiotti—"

Pauline Frederick was a friend of the Twomeys. They dropped in to see her and the talk veered to Bing Crosby. "Right now," she said, "this town's got a hundred Crosbys who'll die on the vine. Kids loaded with talent flock here from all over the country to crash pictures. And wind up eating their hearts out at gas stations because they can't get a hearing—"

Next day Mr. Twomey showed up at Wardlaw's. From an office he heard the punch of an adding machine and a voice raised in song. But first he had a few words with Dana's boss. "If you think he's a good risk," Mr. Wardlaw chuckled, "it's okay with me. In fact, you can cut me in on the deal—"

Dana looked up from the adding machine. He knew Mr. Twomey from having seen him around. That gentleman came straight to the point.

"I understand from my wife that you've got a voice, and I'm here to make you a proposition, strictly business. I've done the same with other young folk who had no capital. Set 'em up, take my profit, and then they're free. You're taking singing lessons. With a wife to support and the money you earn here, it can't be easy. I'll pay for the lessons—"

Here Dana found his voice. "What's the deal?"

"First, forget opera. Sing popular music. This fella Crosby's making a lot of dough. Maybe you could do the same—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

This incident took place at Court Square in Springfield, Mass. Charles Laughton was selling bonds, and I say "selling" and not "trying to sell," because they "sold!" Mr. Laughton did the trick when he stood up and said, with great dignity and restraint, "I am not here to do my little piece and try to sell you a bond. I think it's a disgrace that the American people have to feel they must get a return of interest on money loaned to the government, must be teased into buying a bond." Well, the result was that tears welled up into our eyes, and a very shame-faced audience bought their bonds hoping for peace with their consciences as well as peace for their country.

Leona De Wolf
Springfield, Mass.

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WEST WARREN, MASS.

"Thanks, but the answer's no. I want to sing at the Met—"

Mr. Twomey rose. "Okay. If you change your mind, let me know—"

David was an incubator baby. He weighed four pounds, and the sight of him broke Janet's heart. "I always wanted my baby to be so pretty, and he looks so sad—"

skinny little fella . . .

Even when they got him home, he was still scrawny. "My poor little sparrow without any feathers," Janet called him. But the sparrow filled out and turned fat and sassy and laughed up at his mother out of brown eyes like her own—

"You sure had me fooled for a while," she told him. "How did I know you'd turn out to be just the baby I wanted—?"

A baby makes a difference in many ways, not the least of them being the budget. Three couldn't live as cheaply as two. So when Mr. Twomey came round once again, Dana was in a much more receptive mood. "Changed your mind, young man?"

"Well, I'd still like to sing at the Met but—what's the deal again?"

"I'll pay for your lessons, and we'll work out the rest of it later—"

"I don't want to go into debt—"

"There'll be no debt unless you make good. If and when you do earn money singing, you can pay me back. If not, I mark it off as a bad investment. But first I want to take you to another singing teacher—"

This one proved as encouraging as the others. Also, she saw no reason why Dana shouldn't study opera and learn some light music, too. So he and Twomey struck their bargain on that compromise—a gentleman's agreement—and no contract was ever signed.

Meantime, with some others, Dana and Janet had organized a Little Theater group in the valley. Its two most faithful patrons were Twomey and Aggie. Whoever else didn't come, they always showed up and applauded.

"I don't know much about acting," Twomey'd say, "but they tell me you're good—"

Aggie said: "I'm proud of you, Dana. Who's this Gable they're making a fuss about, anyway?"

Just before bedtime one Saturday night, Janet was seized with a violent chill. The doctor came, made his examination painstakingly and motioned Dana into the kitchen.

"It's pneumonia and it's bad—"

The look on his face was more terrifying than the words. Through lips suddenly stiff, Dana asked: "How bad?"

"A 50-50 chance. We'll do everything we can, but I wanted you to know—"

She was too sick to be moved. The doctor phoned for a nurse. Aggie arrived. Dana was sent out for a hospital bed and an oxygen tent. The night wasn't real. This wasn't happening. You couldn't be well one minute, and the next— He pushed the next away. One minute at a time was all he could take—

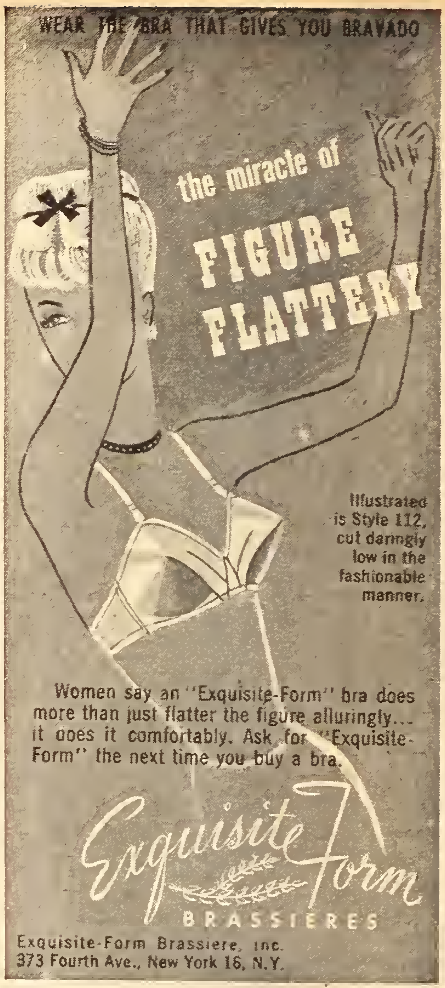
blithe spirit . . .

On Sunday the blackness receded a little. Except that her eyes were too bright, Janet seemed herself. Still sunny and gay. The doctor had said to put something warm on her, so they slipped Dana's sleeveless sweater over her head. She thought that was very funny—

"The latest in bedjackets. Couldn't we at least run a little pink ribbon through it?"

But the next day she couldn't kid any more— On Tuesday she died.

(Dana Andrew's life story will be concluded in the December issue of Modern Screen.)



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ON THE TOWN

(*Continued from page 48*)

forgotten you stacked up like this. Pulse-quickening as a Sinatra slide note, feminine as lipstick on a cigarette, this hunk of drama is of midnight black rayon crepe, completely unrelieved except for the gleam of a bare white shoulder, the gleam of a gold kid belt. The covered shoulder extends into a scarf that can be brought over the bare shoulder and anchored by the belt. Either way, it's a lush, lush thing. The skirt is draped with a deep slash in front. Stark, simple, breathtaking, here is sophistication in perfect taste. Wear it with no jewelry at all or with plain gold jewelry. No flowers in the hair. No color at all.

The short of it: For a not-quite-so-formal, though no less fabulous spree, we give you this sparkling dream child with its marvelous lines, its unmistakable chic. The scooped-out neckline, the Van Johnson shoulders do beautiful things for you, and the bow-tied belt talks up your tiny waistline like nothing in this world. Watch the sequins catch the glow of candleshine, bring out the gleam in his eye. This is a love of a dress. Nope, understatement. It's a *swoon* of a dress, and it comes in black, for sheer glamor; blue, for femininity; fuchsia, for chic. And doesn't Columbia's Evelyn Keyes (who's appearing in "The Renegade") look *too, too* in it?

Table for Two: Magnificent mufti, this, for your khaki-weary guy. It's an inspired two-piece dress of sequin-embroidered Paisley scarves, and in the firelight you'll be a column of flame, and at least as dangerous. This gorgeous Jekyll-Hyde goes chastely to family dinners, the bodice hooked to the wonderful peg-top skirt; goes daringly to the Big Town, completely bare of midriff. There's a deep-slit neck line, a deep slit skirt, both of which are News. Team the skirt with other blouses if you like, but you'll always come back to its soul-mate. For our dough or his, it's the most terrific dress in years.

* * *

These Miss America Dance Frocks are on sale at some store near you, and if you'll dash us off a note, we'll be glad to tell you where; sizes, colors—all the data you want.

Thank you for all your elegant letters, and thanks for liking our fashions. Query us on any and all fashion problems addressed to:

Fashion Adviser, MODERN SCREEN, 149 *Madison Avenue, New York, 16, N. Y.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

While waiting for an autograph from Frank Sinatra, I saw some excited girls knock over a bottle of ink someone was holding for him. It spilled all over his jacket. We all held our breaths expecting Frank to be at least a little annoyed, but instead he said, "Oh well, don't mind that. Maybe the stain can be removed, and even if it can't, what the heck." Then he turned to the girl holding the ink and said, "I can always buy a new coat, but you can't buy this." And he pointed to all his adoring fans clustered about him. Sort of shows what an extra-special guy he is!

Ellen Sachs
Jamaica, N. Y.

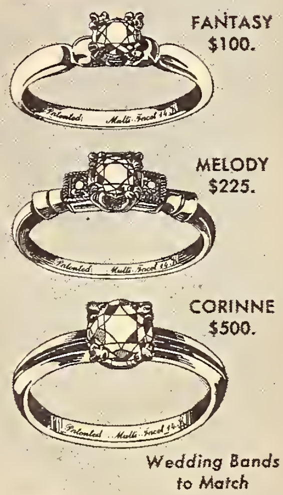
In all the world

No Girl like You!

Two hearts, one glorious future. Since the world began, no two have been so perfectly attuned as you. And, for the engagement ring that proclaims it to the world . . .

No Diamond like This!

40 EXTRA FACETS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Multi-Facet Diamonds *look* larger than they are. And the exclusive Multi-Facet feature helps prevent chipping.

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COMPACT
When ordered by mail . . . together with a flattering shade of
Stadium Girl LIPSTICK
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Both for only $1 (tax and postage included)
Tear out coupon and mail today!
Leading 10¢ stores carry Stadium Girl Lipstick . . . Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . Stadium Girl Compacts.

A deluxe, guaranteed leakproof Stadium Girl Compact over four inches in diameter. It's personalized with your own name or initials on the cover in gold! . . . And—a popular, large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick in your choice of one of the season's smartest shades. Convenient, fast-acting, plastic push-up container. . . . A real bargain in beauty! Take advantage of it. Send your dollar now. (No C.O.D's, please).

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411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

I am enclosing $1.00 (In Canada $1.10), which includes tax and postage, as payment in full for a monogrammed Stadium Girl Compact and a Stadium Girl Lipstick. I have indicated the colors at the right. The three initial letters (or first name) that I want stamped in gold are clearly printed below:

☐ First initial ☐ Second initial ☐ Third initial ☐ or First name (PRINT)

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Address________________

City________________(__) State________________

My choice of color for my compact is:

☐ Red
☐ Pink
☐ Blue
☐ Aqua

★

My choice of lipstick shade is:

☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
☐ Orchid
☐ Tropic (med. dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 58)

Wish I could have taken you along with me to Henry Willson's party. Every young star in town was present. I looked around and started to feel my age.

Over in a corner, busily talking, were Gloria De Haven and pretty little Mrs. Jim Brown, both of whom will have their babies around the same time. John Payne came and talked to me and said, "That's all Gloria talks about. I think she is just finding out the war is over."

Alan Ladd and his Sue came in and had some of the birthday cake. It was Henry's birthday but no one knew it until the cake came on.

I met for the first time, Joan Tetzel, and you boys and girls are going to see her soon in "Duel In The Sun." I am anxious to get your reaction to her—she's so young, pretty and attractive I think she is going far.

June Allyson and Dick Powell were on hand (it was about a week before their marriage). June showed me her engagement ring very proudly. Dick designed it and she wants the world to know it's very special—a huge star sapphire with two gold bars set with diamonds.

Dana Andrews told me that he had solved his entire family's vacation problems when he was signed for the lead in the Western movie, "Canyon Passage." The company was to go on a month's location trip—so he was going to pack Mrs. A. and the kids into a trailer and take them along on the jaunt.

* * *

Van Johnson is a wit as well as the idol of the Bobby-Babes. Down at Bebe Daniels' beach house, on a recent Sunday, the gang had been discussing a very unpopular charac-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Mickey Rooney is frustrated! What happened was this: A number of movie stars arrived in San Francisco to lend glamor to the President's Birthday Ball. They paraded up Market Street in open cars while huge crowds stared, cheered, and admired. Mickey was sitting in a back seat, receiving his full quota of attention. At this point, one of the escorting motorcycle policemen, arriving late, zoomed up into position. This speed attracted Mickey so much that he immediately turned from performer to spectator. The cop, having a human share of ham, basked in the light of his famed audience and put on quite a show. The stunts intrigued The Vitamin so much that there was danger of his falling out of the car and making that pug nose even more so. At the end of the parade, Mickey turned to the cop and said wistfully, "Gosh! that was great! Gee! What a life you've got!"

Margaret Ann McGuire
San Francisco, Calif.

ter in Hollywood. Someone said:

"He's his own worst enemy!"

"Not while I'm around," quipped Van.

The poor guy had come down to the beach for a day of rest and quiet. Did he get it? Within ten minutes of his arrival the word was out that Van was present and not only was the fence around Bebe's house jammed with onlookers—but a huge mob gathered on the Palisades about a hundred-and-fifty feet above. So Van had them yelling at him from the ground to the sky.

When we finally found a quiet spot we had a little talk about his health which I had heard isn't so good.

"I'm all right, Louella," he told me. "I tire easily and I get backaches and bad headaches when I get overheated. But the doctors tell me that these will disappear when Nature gets a chance to complete healing the scar tissue over my brain." I'm glad he is all right and that there is nothing to those stories that he might have to give up his screen work for six months to a year.

* * *

The Stork has certainly been the busy bird around Universal. The two box office queens of the Valley lot—Deanna Durbin and Maria Montez—are both on the Long Legged visitor's list for next Spring.

* * *

The very formal Jamaican Negro butler now working for Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall has their friends in stitches. If you call either of the newlyweds, and they are not at home, a very British-accented voice from the other end of the 'phone informs you:

"Madame and Monsieur are not at home!"

Monsieur Bogey! That's a new one!

* * *

I came right out and asked Jeanne Crain which one of her suitors, Lon McCallister or Paul Brooks, had the inside track to her heart.

"If you mean speaking matrimonially," she replied, "I can say I'm not marrying either boy—although I'm fond of both of them."

Jeanne had dropped over to my house for a little talk and I thought she was one of the prettiest girls I had ever seen. She still wears her hair, which is dark and curly, in a long bob and says she just doesn't like the new top-knot hairdos no matter if the fashion magazines do recommend them. She was wearing a blue suit with a lovely piece of costume jewelry—moonstones and brilliants.

"I feel I have more in common with Lon than with any boy I have ever met," she said. "We love to read and have long talks and go to the movies together. I think I can best describe it by saying we are comfortable together.

"With Paul, I like to go dancing—because, well, he is a wonderful dancer," she laughed. "But I'm only 20 years old—and I won't marry anyone for five years or more."

* * *

Purely Personal:

Carole Landis announces more "engagements" than any other player. Unless, maybe, Betty Hutton.

Gracie Allen wore the cutest dress of the month—a plain white shirtmaker with the names of herself, her husband, George

Stop!

DON'T CUT CUTICLE

New Safer Way Keeps Cuticle Trim Without Cutting

It's often painful, even dangerous to cut cuticle. Be smart! Take a tip from professional manicurists. Use Trimal like they do—with a manicure stick wrapped in cotton. Watch dead cuticle soften—wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted. Ask for the 10c or 25c size now (stick and cotton included) at drug, department or 10c stores. Trimal Laboratories, Los Angeles.

TRIMAL

KEEPS CUTICLE TRIM WITHOUT CUTTING

Hairfussing Horrifies

The girl who gets the rave notices *never* annoys others by "hairfussing"! She's sure of a smooth, *"in-place"* coiffure — thanks to Grip-Tuth HAIRTAINERS*! They keep *any* hair style secure with exclusive spring-tooth action that grips firmly yet gently!

Movie stars, famous beauties, models — *all* women who know how needless and irksome untidy hairfussing is — rely on Grip-Tuth HAIRTAINERS*! *Card of two* (or one extra-length) *at beauty salons and notion counters.*

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THE SPRING-TOOTH Grips HOLDS Every COIFFURE FIRM
HAIRTAINER* grips hair here
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Hold enchantment with hands thrilling to hold...by using Kay Daumit's HAND CREAM. Just a kiss of this wonder cream keeps your hands as white and velvety-soft as gardenia petals.

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ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION
GIANT TUBE only 25¢ AT LEADING DRUG COUNTERS

"MY DENTIST SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT TO LOOK FOR THIS A.D.A. SEAL!

..That's ONE reason why I use

Craig-Martin TOOTH PASTE"

• This giant white tube at the amazing low price does everything that can *honestly* be claimed for any dentifrice:

1—CLEANS TEETH with Efficiency
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A grand refreshing flavor. Compounded with magnesium hydroxide, the active ingredient in milk of magnesia. Contains NO harmful abrasives.

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Millions of tubes used in American homes and millions more by our armed forces.

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Send coupon for liberal FREE trial tube and Tooth Brushing Chart showing how to clean teeth efficiently. Also gives important rules for care of teeth. Chart prepared in cooperation with the Educational Dept., American Dental Association.

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Rush me liberal trial tube of Craig-Martin Toothpaste FREE and FREE tooth brushing chart.

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Burns, her two children, Ronnie and Sandra, the family dog, and a couple of her closest friends, embroidered in red letters on the skirt and bodice.

Sonja Henie owns the largest diamond clips in Hollywood.

Jinx Falkenburg gets more publicity, and makes fewer movies, than any other player.

Peter Lawford is giving Vic Mature a run for his old honors of taking out a different girl every night.

Wish somebody would trim Ginger Rogers' hair a bit.

Lana Turner's new short bob is the cutest hair cut in town.

Susanna Foster won't wear orchids because they die on her immediately.

Dixie Crosby is the star's wife with the cutest figure—and the mother of four sons, too! She looks sixteen years old playing with the kids on the beach.

* * *

I certainly caught up with the serious side of Frank Sinatra the day we lunched at Lucey's. Just a few days before I had seen his "short," "The House I Live In," in which he sings and makes an inspired plea for religous tolerance among children.

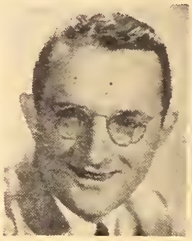
"I'll never forget how it hurt when the kids called me 'Dago' when I was a boy. It's a scar that lasted a long time and which I have never quite forgotten. It isn't the kids' fault—it's their parents' They would never learn to make racial and religious discriminations if they didn't hear the epithets hurled around at home."

Frankie, himself, has done a wonderful thing, I think. He has had a medal made up showing a St. Christopher on one side and a Star of David on the other which he has given to his friends and also to many boys overseas.

Of course, the swooners swooned around our table—but Frankie has learned to take that in stride. I asked him if he ran into much personal trouble with the Bobby Sockers—femme version.

"I am sometimes surprised at their language," he admitted. "Most of the girls are

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While in Cleveland on a stage tour, Tommy Dorsey stepped outside the theater for a breath of air. A gust of wind yanked off his hat, flipped it high overhead, and finally chucked it under the wheels of a cruising taxi. As the grumbling maestro retrieved his hat, the cabbie leaned out of the window. "Hey," he hollered, "aren't you T. Dorsey? Well, listen, my kid's hobby is autographs. How 'bout a signature?" Dorsey glared at his crushed fedora and then at the cabbie. Then the sentimental gentleman obliged, giving the cabbie a surprise, as well. I bet that cabbie's kid cherishes that autographed hat the rest of his life!

Russell L. Faist, Sp 2/c
U. S. Maritime Service

sweet kids—but others say things they shouldn't." He told me he planned to make another corrective educational film as soon as he finishes his M-G-M movie.

Something tells me it may be on the subject of clean speech.

* * *

Everyone feels deeply for Lynn Bari and her husband Sid Luft, who lost their baby at birth.

The infant girl had an enlarged heart and lived only a few minutes.

* * *

The people who helped Cornel Wilde along the way when he "didn't have a tambourine to beg with," can never say fame went to his head or that he doesn't remember "when."

He has paid back every single debt he acquired on his way to stardom.

The biggest amount was $1,200 loaned to him by his wife's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Heinzen of Boston. "At the time they gave it to me that money looked like $100,000," Cornel says.

Then he paid a hotel bill of $245 to the manager of the St. James in New York. "That was an awful lot of free rent to trust an actor for," he laughs.

$180 went to a dentist who had fixed up his teeth and the rest were $25 and $50 loans made to him by other actors.

"I kept their names and the exact amount down in a little book," he explains, "But I think it must have been a surprise—to the actors, anyway—to get anything back!"

* * *

What a ranch Dorothy Lamour and her husband, John Howard, bought themselves down near Riverside!

It's 741 acres with a herd of cattle roaming over the place, ten horses in the stables, 200 chickens and three houses. The main farm house is a low rambling affair, very rustic outside but ultra-modern on the inside. Two adobe guest houses are California landmarks. They are over 115 years old.

The Howards move in after the baby is born. Hope they invite me down. I love roughing it—de luxe.

* * *

I'm glad Gail Russell is coming out of it. Paramount's "Hedy Lamarr" is far too pretty a girl to act and look as unhappy as she did a few months ago.

She was brooding about her health and an unhappy romance—but I understand that is all over now—and colder than an igloo in Alaska. High time, I say—for it was a romance that could never have brought her joy.

She should begin to get a few laughs from here on in. Her next movie is the femme lead opposite Bob Hope in "Monsieur Beaucaire"—and it's hopeless when you can't laugh with Hope.

* * *

Two good reasons for *NOT* becoming an actress:

Diana Lynn, who almost drowned as a child and has had the most violent fear of water ever since, has to take swimming lessons for "The Bride Wore Boots"—and she's almost bedded with fright.

The roller coaster is the big fear "complex" in Jeanne Crain's life and she had to ride

Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont

"The quickest, most refreshing complexion pick-me-up that I know is a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream," says Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of Wilmington. "The moment my skin begins to feel rough, I smooth and brighten it with a Mask."

"I 're-do' my complexion 3 or 4 times a week with a 1-Minute Mask," says Mrs. du Pont

Give your skin this refreshing beauty "pick-up"!

When your skin is coarsened by curling, dead skin cells that "snag" your make-up—slather a luxurious fluffy white coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—all except your eyes.

Leave this fragrant Mask on for one minute. The cream's "keratolytic" action goes to work—*loosens and dissolves* particles of roughness and imbedded dirt! After 60 seconds, tissue off clean.

Right away, your complexion looks clearer . . . fresher! Feels *smoother!* And your make-up goes on evenly. Clings!

Grand powder base . . .

Use your Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, too! Just smooth on a light film—and leave it on. Not greasy! Not drying! "*It holds make-up beautifully,*" *says Mrs. du Pont.*

POND'S
VANISHING CREAM
Foundation
Smooths - Holds Powder - Protects
POND'S EXTRACT CO. New York

Get a BIG jar of glamour-making Masks!

"Don't tell me how you feel--
I know!"

Taking pity on yourself "these days"? Sitting it out just because menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues" are making you feel slightly lower than sea level?

You don't have to take stop-and-go signals from menstrual pain. Instead, take Midol and experience the quick comfort these tablets can bring you. Midol is offered *specifically* to relieve functional periodic pain. It is free from opiates, and its speedy action is three-fold: *Eases Cramps—Soothes Headache—Stimulates mildly when you're "Blue"*.

So don't let up just because Nature lets you down. Perk up—take Midol with complete confidence and enjoy real comfort! Get Midol today at any drugstore.

MIDOL

used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I am in a convalescent home for crippled girls and boys, and my favorite star is Victor Mature. Recently I went to a theater on Broadway and saw Mr. Mature in person. I waited backstage for hours afterwards, hoping to have him sign the cast on my leg. Finally he came out and said he couldn't sign any more autographs. I couldn't help crying with disappointment, and when he saw that, he came over and asked me what was the matter. I told him how long I'd been waiting, and right in front of all the others he bent down and signed the cast on my leg and wished I'd be well soon. With that encouragement, I guess I'll just have to!

Pearl Friedman
Valhalla, N. Y.

it 16 times in "State Fair." She "frowed up" after each ride!

* * *

Maybe it's the new feeling of relaxation in the air now the war is over—but the two Drama Queens, Bette Davis and Greer Garson, have certainly been letting their coiffures down and having fun.

At a recent party, Greer surprised the natives completely by taking a harmonica out of her swank evening bag and performing.

As for Bette—she stayed up all night at the Hollywood Canteen the afternoon and evening of V-J Day and the boys went crazy when Bette worked with a local cafe comedy team and took two pies in her face—real pies; one custard and one berry! She was covered with goo from her head to her heels—but did she care? After the first pie was thrown, Bette said, "Now let's have the Technicolor one, boys!"

Also, la Davis got herself all rigged up as a cowgirl for the Canteen Workers picnic a few days later out near Griffith Park. It was a real old-fashioned affair with hot dogs, peanuts, popcorn and pink lemonade.

President Davis surprised the 3,000 who attended by doing some very fancy tricks with a rope. Now—you guessed it—she says she wants to do a Western.

* * *

Just before I sign off for this month I want to tell you boys and girls who have written me so many letters how much I enjoy hearing from you. I appreciate knowing what stars you want to hear about and what type of news letter most appeals to each of you readers of our "Good News" department.

I am trying to answer as many letters as possible. But I am sure you will agree with me that our boys overseas come first. To them go a report of Hollywood happenings and so on. So many of them see MODERN SCREEN. They quote from it and that makes me very happy. Many of them have read "The Gay Illiterate." One soldier found nine pages torn out and wrote and asked for a complete volume. (P.S. He got it.)

PERPLEXED POP

(Continued from page 55)

it wasn't like being outdoors, and besides, every comfort was provided. One took off one's wet clothes at once even if the scene had to be shot over again. . . . "You boys mustn't worry about me. But if Mommy says you'll catch cold if you play in water, you'd better pay attention."

Michael fixed his male parent with an accusing eye. "All the same, when Bobby and I were in the picture show and we saw you and yelled at you, and we said, 'Hello, Daddy,' well *I* think you should have waved back at us," he said levelly.

Bob swallowed hard. "Look, boys, that wasn't really I. I mean, it was only a picture of me . . ."

"And Van Johnson had his leg cut off!" groaned Michael. The boys know Van Johnson well, and like him. They were very much upset over his accident in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo."

So Bob went into detail. He explained exactly how the illusion of a legless Van Johnson was achieved and why it was necessary for actors to create certain impressions. His sons listened carefully. At the end of the recital, Bobby said in his gentle voice, "I *still* think you should have waved back when we waved at you."

Bob gave up. It was apparent, he decided, that his sons were still too young to understand the technical aspects of motion picture making.

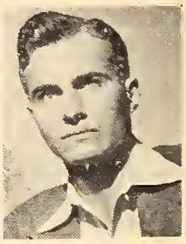
As soon as he could change the subject, he asked what the boys wanted to do to celebrate that Sunday (the day Bob always spends with his sons). "We want to go to the zoo," announced Bobby. Bobby is the sedate, gentle malleable son; Michael, a year younger, is the wild man.

Bob bundled up his two curly-headed, hazel eyed dictators, stowed them in the car and was going through Beverly Hills when he had an inspired idea. "Mike, since you're going to be a fireman," Bob announced solemnly, "I thought you should take a look at the equipment."

Mike gave his father a look that you could have used as a halo. "Oh, Daddy!" he breathed.

(Continued on page 116)

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When Helmut Dantine was appearing at the Strand Theater, my friend and I went backstage and presented him with a pretty tie. When he accepted it, he said, "Oh, a present for me? Thank you very much." We put a note in the box, asking him to wear the tie at his next show. We got seats down front, and sure enough, he wore it for the performance. After the show was over, I walked to the stage and said, "Thank you so much for wearing our tie," thinking he'd just smile and say, "It's nothing." I was so delighted to have him take my hand (and my heart!) and say warmly, "It's a beautiful tie, and I shall always wear it."

Gilda Suris
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dorothy Lamour

STARS

in Paramount's Star-studded, laugh-studded Paramount Production . . . "Duffy's Tavern"

E-Z-DO

STARS

in homes of Hollywood Stars

E-Z-DO SPACEMAKERS ADD CLOSET SPACE . . . GIVE EXTRA DRAWER SPACE . . . LEND REFRESHING COLOR TO EVERY ROOM

E-Z-DO

America's Largest Makers of Wardrobes, Storage Chests, Closet Accessories

Take a tip from America's Glamour Girls — whose homes always look so immaculate, so inviting. Star E-Z-DO's Matched Hollywood-Pattern Spacemakers in your own home. They're the brilliant floral-patterned wardrobes, chests and closet accessories that spice every room with color, keep clothes and things on hand, yet out of sight.

Shining example: "Hollywood Princess" wardrobe closet (shown above) that holds up to 25 garments, boasts hat and shoe shelves, two eye-level mirrors. And soon E-Z-DO will bring you shoe cabinets, shoe racks, window cornices, glove boxes, hat boxes, screens and **100-and-1 other wonderful home and closet accessories.**

E-Z-DO, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Good taste, that's what we call it—this Orange Blossom Cake and hot tea, fragrant as the roses that beautify the table set for dessert.

Hollywood's Perfect Guest

Wouldn't you know that Van Johnson doesn't like fancy cooking?

Even very shy guests lose their inhibitions when it's a question of helping themselves to this delicately tart, beautifully spiced Cranberry Mince Pie. Easy to make and you'll love trimming it!

We mean Van Johnson, who never forgets to compliment the cook!

■ Van Johnson's boyish smile gets very sad on the rare occasions when he has to eat alone because he simply hates solitary meals! Cheer up, girls! Notice we said "rare occasions" because he gets all kinds of invitations from friends with kitchens. It's a pleasure to slave over a hot stove for Van because he's sure to enjoy his food and never fails to tell the cook she is a pearl among women!

When Van had a house (he's living in a hotel now) the only thing he was ever known to prepare was coffee by the potful. But, if he ever learns to cook he'll doubtless specialize in pork chops and apple sauce, roast beef or steak and potatoes, pie and ice cream. Those are his favorite foods.

Other little Van-ities: If you should suddenly hear that Van is coming to your home, hide your cook book full of fancy recipes, omit those lingerie ruffles on the lamb chops and make him gather his own food from a buffet table. Long, sit-down dinner parties make him nervous. For Van's sake we're going all out for buffet meals this issue.

When the time comes that you find yourself scheduled to bring 12 or 15 people together for a meal at your home, make it a gay, informal buffet supper. Set your table as beautifully as possible with your nicest things, not forgetting candles, flowers or any such little decorations. The table can be set hours before. Place a stack of dinner plates at one end and napkins and silver at the other end, the last things to be picked up by the guest. The food itself, with serving silver handy, is placed in between at serving time.

Provide small tables if convenient, although a well-planned buffet meal can be eaten from a plate held on the lap. A knife, for instance, shouldn't be necessary. Two courses are plenty—main course and dessert. Plan on one hot dish—a casserole combination of various vegetables and diced meat or flaked fish. (Since oysters R in season we'll give you a recipe for scalloped oysters.) Green salad, hot rolls or muffins, relish assortment, dessert and a beverage complete the meal.

By Nancy Wood

CRANBERRY MINCE PIE

1 cup water
½ cup sugar
½ cup citrus marmalade
2 cups fresh cranberries
1 9-oz. package dehydrated mince meat
½ cup broken walnut meats
Pastry for 9-inch pie shell

Boil water, sugar and marmalade together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil without stirring until all the skins pop open. Stir in mince meat broken in pieces, and continue cooking over low heat for 5 minutes or until mince meat is softened and filling well blended. Let mixture cool before adding nut meats. Line 9-inch pie plate with pastry and pour in filling; sprinkle a few additional nut meats over top if desired. Bake in hot oven (400 F.) 30 minutes. When pie is cool, use pastry tube or cookie press to arrange Cream Cheese Hard Sauce, crisscross fashion, over top. To make hard sauce, cream together 1 3-ounce package cream cheese softened at room temperature, 1 cup confectioners' sugar and juice and rind of 1 lemon. Chill before placing in pastry tube.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

4 cups fine soft bread crumbs
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper and paprika
½ cup melted butter
1 pint oysters, drained
½ cup grated American cheese, optional
⅓ cup oyster liquor
½ cup top milk

Combine bread crumbs, salt, pepper and paprika. Add melted butter, tossing lightly to mix well. Sprinkle ⅓ of crumbs over bottom of greased baking dish. Arrange half the oysters on crumbs. Sprinkle with half the grated cheese. Sprinkle second third of crumbs over oysters. Add remaining oysters. Mix oyster liquor and milk and pour over oysters. Top with remaining crumbs and grated cheese and sprinkle lightly with paprika. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 30 minutes. Serves 6.

ORANGE BLOSSOM CAKE

1½ cups sifted cake flour
2¼ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, separated
Grated rind of 1 orange
½ cup orange juice

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together. Cream shortening thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add slightly beaten egg yolks and beat well. Add grated orange rind. Add flour, alternately with orange juice, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Beat egg whites until they will hold up in moist peaks. Stir quickly but completely into batter. Bake in greased 8x8x2 inch square pan in moderate oven (350°F.) 40 minutes or until done. Spread with orange frosting.

All is Forgiven!

When the day arrives—and it will—that Fels-Naptha comes home from the wars, let's hope that the greeting in your household will be *'all is forgiven'!*

This famous soap is still 'seeing service' far from home. A large part of the output of the Fels Plant is assigned to special duty in the four corners of the world.

Most women have been understanding and patient about this absence of an essential item in good housekeeping, even though it has made the family laundry an unaccustomed burden. They know that good soap is part of the superior equipment furnished to our fighters.

To all these good-natured, patriotic women we make this promise: when its present obligations are discharged, Fels-Naptha Soap will be back—unchanged—ready to resume its familiar job of making homes bright and washes sweet and white. . . . . .

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

The Beverly Hills fire department is made up of a fine body of men. They let both boys sit behind the huge steering wheels of the hook and ladder section, the chemical wagon, and the chief's red coupé. Each holding a boy, two cooperative firemen slid the poles, and both Bob and Michael were allowed to wear an outsize hat during the tour.

When they were back in their own car, Bobby voiced the small boy's ultimate compliment. "Gosh, Daddy, if you weren't a picture man, I'd like to have you drive a fire engine."

"I'd still rather have him be a pilot," said Michael, sticking to his original story. "Was it hard to fly that big plane, Daddy? The one Van Johnson flew when he got his leg cut off, Daddy?"

"*Now* . . . we're going to the zoo," said the representative of the older generation.

After doing justice to the monkeys, the lions, the China pheasants and the peacocks, the male family Walker went to call on friends. Actually, Bob thought a few moments in the presence of adults while his sons played in the back yard with the children of his host, would be refreshing for everyone concerned. Not until he arose to go—after a pleasant forty minute chat—did he discover what was going on in the junior division. Both his sons, and the son and daughter of his host, were hopping around on one leg. The other was neatly trussed up behind. "Look at us," yelled Bobby, "we're playing Van Johnson."

Playing Van Johnson is very strenuous business (actually or make-believe) so the boys announced, the instant they were back in the car, their readiness for dinner. Bob has a favorite restaurant in Beverly Hills where he likes to take his sons; the waiter understands a perplexed pop.

The instant the boys are seated, they announce the dish of their choice: Ice cream and cake. "Yes, sir," says the waiter with proper deference, "chocolate ice cream. And with it we are serving chicken, mashed potatoes, green beans and whole wheat bread."

I SAW IT HAPPEN

During a golf match (for the bond drive) between Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, Bing accidentally hit his ball into the bushes. A little boy, about 8 years old, kicked it out so that Bing could hit the ball better, and so that he wouldn't be penalized for being out of bounds. When Bing came to find his ball for the next round, a man beside him said, "This little boy kicked your ball in for you, Bing." Bing looked down at the small boy, very pleased, and said, "You're my pal, son; I'll do anything for you!" And he gave the boy his autograph, shook hands with him, and later sent him his very popular recording of "Ave Maria."

Mary Maier
Santa Barbara, Calif.

three of a kind . . .

This particular Sunday, Bob arranged the large napkins around a pair of protesting necks. "I'm big," insisted Bobby. "I don't have to have a bib like a baby. I want to be like you, Daddy."

Monkey-sees, monkey-does Michael never misses a trick. "Me, too, Daddy."

"All right. All right. All *three* of us will wear our napkins around our necks," said Bob. He knotted his own napkin just beneath his chin, thinking that with his slim red face above the linen he probably looked like a Christmas candle flaming above a snowy tablecloth. Both boys were docile; they allowed themselves to be bibbed.

Surreptitiously, as soon as Bobby and Michael were engrossed in groceries, Bob loosened his napkin and allowed it to slip to his lap. He began to enjoy his dinner. Beaming at his brood a few moments later, he noticed that each sprout had quietly lowered his own napkin to lap position.

This explains why Bobby was decorated with chicken gravy at the close of the meal, whereas Michael's shirt reflected his admiration for chocolate ice cream.

After dinner the three satiated gentlemen drove to Bob's house and settled, a cozy trio, in Bob's big chair behind a book, "The Little Prince," by Antoine de St. Exupéry. Much of the text is over the heads of the two boys if one considers the actual words, but in a good story, a story by one of the timeless tellers of tales, there is a music, a rhythm that penetrates the spirit. Though the meaning of the words may escape the young mind, Bob is convinced that the melody enters in and remains. So, each Sunday, he reads some honest work of literature to the boys.

That the phraseology is not lost was proved one night when Bob returned his sons to Jennifer Jones. He kissed them good-night. He said eagerly, "Well . . . didn't we have fun today?"

Michael heaved a profoundly ecstatic sigh. "Oh, Daddy, I am extremely happy," thereby provoking an unsteady smile on his father's devoted face.

IN NEW POSTWAR WRAPPERS

The next time you ask for your favorite chewing gums—WARREN'S Fruit Cocktail and WARREN'S Mint Cocktail—they may look different. But they're the same old friends in new wrappers. WARREN'S chewing gums have become so popular, we felt they deserved more beautiful packages. And here they are—newly dressed—but the same in size, quality and unique flavor. Fruit Cocktail is a combination of natural and artificial fruit flavors. Mint Cocktail is a blend of natural spearmint and peppermint. It's a WARREN'S idea: Popular chewing gum flavors, like boy and girl, are *"Better Together!"*

★ In a recent consumer survey conducted by an independent research organization, WARREN'S Chewing Gum was voted better than a 10-to-1 favorite.

WARREN'S
CHEWING GUM

Bowman Gum, Inc., Philadelphia 44, Pa.

CO-ED

(*Continued from page 26*)

father works with his hands, the other whose father works with his head, you'll date the latter every time. You wouldn't be caught *dead* with this guy or that girl. Why? Because he or she is colored or Jewish or Catholic, or just plain "foreign." Oh, kids, shame on you. Dislikes founded on circumstances that are beyond anyone's control are about as stupid, as downright cruel, as anything we know.

In your zealousness now to right your wrongs, avoid at all costs patronizing or deliberately cultivating these groups. Your approach will have to be beautifully casual. Some chit-chat during swimming class, a not-too-elaborate compliment after a spectacular class recitation. Gradually, you may find yourself liking the little Polish girl whose unpronounceable last name once made her poison to your select gang. You may find yourself dating the shy, attractive guy you blackballed not so long ago for having a dad who's a truck driver.

If you're a member of a minority group, accept these first awkward advances. Not gratefully or avidly, as some of you lonely ones might be tempted to, but easily and without embarrassment. And don't expect all the moves to be one-sided. Be friendly, and—if it kills you—unembittered. Have as few axes to grind as possible. Don't be stooges, but don't be deliberately argumentative. Also, look beyond your own little group to other minorities. Do your part in destroying other barriers.

Obviously, no one can possibly like everybody. There are dull people and crude people. People who are more intolerant than you. People whose senses of values are different from yours. Such as these won't be for you, but you will be rejecting them as individuals, not as members of a race or religion or nationality. Do you realize what an enormous difference there is between these two philosophies of friendship? One is the philosophy of Democracy; the other of Fascism.

Study hard: As an intelligent world citizen, it's your job to know as much about politics as you can absorb. Know which Congressmen are isolationists, which are internationalists. Learn about unions, so that the CIO and AFL are more than just alphabet soup to you. Get both sides of every question by reading newspapers and weeklies of opposing viewpoints. Perhaps your history or current events teacher could preside over a weekly forum in which problems of government, international policy, etc., were thrashed out. Read books about Japan, about China, about Russia—and again, get every angle. Feel a sense of responsibility for the world of tomorrow. Granted, you are young, most of you still have no voice in the government—but you will have. And it will be the best type government if you know whom and what you're voting for.

Forgive us for invading your coke-and-jive world this month with all this long-hair talk. But all of this was screaming to be said, and we thought you guys could take it. Oh, we know you. You'll mutter "That's a lot of bilge" (you *know* that's the way you talk). And then you'll roll up your sleeves and work like mad for all the things we're plugging. Sure, we know you, and we kind of like you. We think the new world is in good hands.

* * *

But if you find that your heart is interfering with your head, if you've got woes or aches, write me, won't you? I think maybe I can help, I have, lots of times. Just drop me a line: Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, *149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.*

Be Lovely to Love

You'll never worry about staying sweet and dainty if you use Fresh the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth. Doesn't dry out... usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢

MOST FASCINATING AND INTRIGUING...TUNE IN "DAVID HARDING, COUNTERSPY," WED. NIGHTS, 10 E.W.T., AMERICAN (BLUE) NETWORK

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

New-Design Sanitary Napkin Ends 2 Difficult Problems

What do you want most on those "difficult" days of the month? You want *comfort*, of course—and *protection!*

New-Design SANAPAKS are cotton-faced for *extra* comfort. They are made with three "pink layers" for *extra* protection. They have flat tapered ends! *Yet* SANAPAKS *cost no more than ordinary napkins.* Get a package today!

CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 26)

of a slush fund—for clothes, fun, the enormous trivia of an all-around college career. Don't be discouraged: There are ways and means for anyone as eager to go as you.

I'm not even plain looking, so the usual beauty advice isn't for me. Please, what chance for happiness has an honest-to-goodness ugly duckling?
B. C., Crawfordsville, Indiana.

No girl, no matter what kind of a face she has, need be an eyesore. Our teeth, our skin, our hair—all of these can be improved upon. Our figures can be virtually remodeled. Birthmarks can be hidden with a certain cream. Deformities can be camouflaged by the clothes we wear. We won't kid you into thinking that no matter what kind of a start you've got, you can be Lauren Bacall, but you can be attractive if you want to enough. Plastic surgery is no longer reserved for the fabulously rich. The war has trained thousands of doctors in this field, and their services will be within your reach before long. An orthodontist can straighten your teeth if that's your problem. Work out payment plans with the doctors. Offer to do office work in partial payment. Get a long term bank loan if necessary. But don't despair. Something can be done if you really work on it.

I have heard that men like ego inflating, yet every time I give 'em "Gee, you're wonderful," they give me the fish-eye. How come? *L. K., Clay, Arkansas.*

Do you lay it on with a long-handled spoon? Could it possibly sound ersatz, the way you say it? We—ell, take it easy. And try actions as well as words. "Bud, be an angel and help me fix my bike,"—or lug all these bundles home, or wash the dog. Being asked to help is a pretty subtle form of flattery, and while he's doing same, let him know you think he's a dandy bike fixer or whatever. More flattery via actions: Let him take care of you a bit. "Bud, there's a scarey dog on our block," "Bud, there's a fresh guy—." The variations on this are endless and he'll be girding on his armor in no time at all. He'll love it and you.

I am scared to death of boys and of the sleek, smooth, popular girls at school. I am liked by my own little crowd of unspectacular females, but I think I could get on with the guys and the slick chicks if I weren't so scared. Can you help me?
H. B., St. Louis, Mo.

You can help yourself, H. B. You've got yourself an inferiority complex over something; now what is it? Your clothes? Your looks? Your line? Polish up that minus quantity and then launch your campaign. Ease yourself out of that group of seeming sad sacks and lone wolf it for a while. Speak to the kids you're so afraid of. They'll talk back! Remember that your shyness may be troublesome as a toothache, but it's just as invisible. No one needs know about it but you. So put on a gay front. Go where the smoothies go. Do what they do. Alone at first. After a while, with the crowd. Wait 'n see!

A married man in our office occasionally asks me out to dinner. Up to now I've declined, but I can't really see what harm there'd be. *K. S., Lansing, Michigan.*

It just isn't good business, K. S. Why even give yourself a chance to be attracted to a man who's all sewn up? Not only that, someone might see you and tell his wife. It could be very messy. If you're wise, you'll keep right on saying no.

MY FRIEND, VAN JOHNSON

(Continued from page 35)

iend, but that's got nothing to do with . As he explains it: "Some men are born ith signatures, some achieve signatures, nd some have signatures thrust upon 'em. ine are thrust—"

When either has a broadcast to do, the her goes along. "Only it doesn't balance," ys Keenan. "At Van's broadcasts, they ll all over him. At my broadcasts, they ll all over him—"

When they're through with Van, they st speculative eyes at Keenan. "Who's e?"

"Van Johnson's best friend—"

"Well, I might as well get him, too—"

Since "Without Love" and "The Clock," ey know who he is. But the bobby-ckers still call him Keenan-Wynn-Van-hnson's-best-friend. The boys'll pull up tside a restaurant, and the kids'll start ambering all over the car—

"I saved you the front page, Mr. John-n.—Me too, Mr. Johnson. Will you sign e front page—?"

ust a friend of yours . . ."

Van signs. Keenan picks up a magazine. on the Johnson-Johnson chorus is oken with murmurs of "Van Johnson's st friend." Van grins, prepared to relish at's coming. Keenan reads till a book des between his eyes and the page—

"Please can I have your autograph, Mr. ynn?" He turns to the page after Van's. h no, Mr. Wynn, you sign in the mid-e—"

'In the middle huh? With the rest of e walk-ons, huh?—Honey, I've got news you. I do' wanna be in your book—"

Van kicks him in the shins, but the kid esn't need Van's help. She beams trust-lly at Keenan. "I read all about your cident, Mr. Wynn. Gee, I'm glad you're tter—"

Feeling like a louse, he leafs the book st Johnson and Sinatra, Perry Como

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last Christmas my friend and I went to the Capitol Theater in New York. The stage show was headed by Lou Holtz, who not only amused us with his clever comedy, but also introduced a couple of new starlets who were just beginning their movie careers. The first girl was a tiny, slender blonde, who wore a black velvet jumper with a white satin blouse. She was a bit nervous, so to put her at her ease, Mr. Holtz started to tease her. He soon had her so convulsed with laughter that she couldn't talk. My friend thought she lacked the necessary poise and sophistication, and wouldn't get very far, but I was captivated by her charm and naturalness, which are rare qualities. Then she sang, "What Do You Think I Am, Just A Baby?" and won me over completely. I bet my friend that we would shortly see her name in lights . . . and a few months later that very same theater had on its marquee the name "June Allyson!"

Lorraine Reich
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dearly-desired Kisses

Q. How do some girls attract kisses?

A. Their skin is like satin—so smooth.

Q. Just my luck—I have dry skin.

A. This One-Cream Beauty Treatment with Jergens Face Cream is just made to help you.

This 1 cream does the work of 4 creams

Fills your skin's daily beauty-needs fully—like a "treatment." For all types of skin. Wards off threats of dry skin. How simple! Just use Jergens Face Cream—but regularly—

1. for Cleansing **2. for Softening**
3. for a Foundation **4. as a Night Cream**

Thrilling—how dry-skin lines smooth away. This is a skin scientists' cream, by the makers of your Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.25 a jar (plus tax). Plenty of other girls thank Jergens Face Cream for inviting-smooth skin. Use this new cream, yourself. The only cream you need.

JERGENS FACE CREAM

USE LIKE 4 CREAMS—FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

It's so easy to tell FIBS!
...FIBS are quilted-have rounded ends!

Once you've used FIBS, there are two special advantages that you'll always remember:

FIRST, those smoothly tapered, gently rounded ends that assure easy insertion. You can tell at a glance that FIBS must be easy to use.

SECOND, the "quilting" that prevents cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal membranes. It's a feature fastidious women are quick to appreciate.

FIBS quilting also contributes directly to your comfort...keeps Fibs from fluffing up to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. No other tampon is quilted!

Next time you buy tampons be sure to ask for FIBS*!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

and Andy Russell, till he gets to Walter Huston and Fredric March and Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the middle. Then his eyes pop. He stick the page under Van's nose—

"To Carol," it says. "When you grow up tall and beautiful, come back and see me. John Barrymore."

Van's voice is hushed. "Golly, I never knew he signed things—"

"Young lady," says Keenan, "do you realize what you've got here?"

"What?—Oh—Mr. Barrymore. Gee, he was funny, wasn't he?—What a funny old guy—You can sign on the back of him if you want—"

Van's afraid to meet Keenan's eyes. On the back of Mr. Barrymore, Keenan writes: "To Carol. With reverence. From Van Johnson's best friend."

greasepaint baby . . .

For the prologue to this friendship, go back to 1940 in New York. Van was in "Too Many Girls," produced by George Abbott. Keenan was about to be starred in Abbott's "Whitehaired Boy." They reached the stage by totally different routes. Van was the one who'd pushed his way in from outside, the smalltown kid to whom greasepaint spelled glamor. As Ed Wynn's son, Keenan took greasepaint for granted. While Van wallowed in movies—the only contact he had with his dreamworld—Keenan grew up among people whose very names would have struck Van dumb. To Keenan, they were just people, and the theater was something his father worked in. His own passion was for racing-cars, boats and planes. Not till he'd reached his twenties did the stage-bug bite him.

By 1940, Van had grabbed himself a toehold on Broadway, and among the younger set Keenan Wynn was a legend. His gaiety, talent and friendliness, the way he told stories, the *things* he knew about the theater—!

Van was going with Judy Abbott, then, first in a long line of Johnson heroines, and Judy was going to Boston with the show, "White-haired Boy." "I'll see you off," said Van. "I wanna meet this guy—"

About two minutes before train time, a small twister spun down the platform and dissolved into Evie, a couple of redcaps, and Keenan in a trench coat. "Hi, Keenan," called Judy, as Evie dealt with the redcaps. "I'd like you to meet Van Johnson—"

I SAW IT HAPPEN

About five years ago, a local boy was playing a vaudeville house in his home town, Paterson, N.J. Few people had heard of him at the time, including myself. I was a newsboy who every night went backstage to sell my papers to the stage hands and occasionally to the actors. This particular evening one of the actors asked for two papers. Instead of giving me the dime they cost, he accidentally gave me a penny. I expressed myself in the vernacular of the newsboy by asking, "What are you supposed to be, a comedian?"

Needless to say, Lou Costello is one of the country's finest along those lines.

Ross S. Wharton
A/C, AC
Big Spring, Texas

WASH HOSIERY, LINGERIE IN A JIFFY

bouffont

Fifteen to twenty economical washings for hosiery, lingerie, sweaters, all fine fabrics. Softens water, penetrates thoroughly, floats out soil, leaving garments fresh, clean, delicately scented. At department stores and beauty shops.

FREE—Complimentary packet to do 12 pairs hose. Send postcard request to Dept. MS-11, The Williams Co., Kokomo, Ind.

Shampoo without Water

THIS NEW DRY WAY TAKES ONLY 10 MINUTES

- **QUICK**—No soap, no rinsing, no drying with Minipoo.
- **EFFICIENT**—cleanses the hair of dirt, grime, oil and odor.
- **BEAUTIFYING**—enhances wave, leaves hair soft, lovely.
- **SAFE**—Minipoo is safe in all weather. Ideal for sick room.

30 Shampoos with mitten applicator 1.00*

*plus tax

MINIPOO
DRY SHAMPOO POWDER

COSMETIC DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

And there was this big redheaded lunk, kind of bashful, but with a grin like the sun coming out.

"Golly, hello, Mr. Wynn, how are you—?"

"Van's in 'Too Many Girls,'" volunteered Judy.

Keenan thought, "Have I got that far that they're calling me mister?"—but fell right into character as a patriarch, dropped his voice a couple of octaves, cleared his throat a few times, and boomed: "Really, m'boy? Pleasure to meet you—"

With that Van blushed, got very helpful, picked up bags, hauled them into the train, scooted around fixing things and barely made it off in time. Last thing they saw from the window was his grin, shining up the platform.

moral supporters . . .

Two years later Keenan was in Hollywood, under contract to M-G-M. Like all lost New Yorkers set down in the movie jungle, he sniffed around for a fellow-Gothamite, heard that Gene Kelly was making a picture, and charged out to Gene's set. The first pumpings and thumpings out of the way, he looked around and caught sight of a redheaded character in cowboy boots and tweeds. "Say, I know that guy. Who is he?"

"Van Johnson—"

"From New York?" Just then the redhead broke into a grin, and the scene in Keenan's mind's eye dissolved to a Grand Central Station platform. Oh, *that* one! "Hello, Mr. Johnson, how are you?" yelled Keenan.

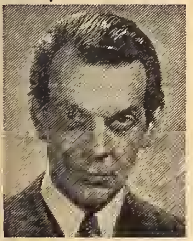
So they all went to lunch together and practically broke themselves up with these sharp New York cuts. And that for a while, was that.

Keenan's first part was in "Somewhere I'll Find You." With thirty-nine others, he stood in a slit trench, shaking like jello. The guy crouched next to him shook even worse—his helmet was bobbing up and down. Keenan picked up the helmet and discovered Van underneath. They held each other up—

"I'm gonna be lousy," groaned Van.

"You'll be okay—hey, what is this any-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was the third inauguration of President Roosevelt. Crowds lined the street down which the inaugural parade would pass. The street was roped off and crowds strained against the ropes, heads leaned forward to peer up the street down which the beloved President would soon ride in his open car.

Distantly, the muffled drums could be heard—the parade was coming. But directly in front of us walked three men, two of average height, one towering over the others. They were all dressed in Prince Alberts, striped trousers, and top hats. The tallest of the men was Raymond Massey, trying to make his way to the White House for the reception, and choosing the empty parade street, as it was impossible to make his way through the crowds in any other way.

There was a small boy of ten or eleven years standing beside me. Spying Massey, he suddenly said, "Gee, Roosevelt and Lincoln, too!"

Kay Thornton
Abilene, Texas.

"Oh Boy-Mom gives us these twin blessings!"

JIMMY: Jeepers, Jerry, do folks think us twins have such lovely, kissable skin by luck . . . don't they know we're *doubly-blessed* by Mennen Baby Oil?

JERRY: Golly, I dunno. Ever since we squeaked our first squawk, Mom has been usin' mild, soothin' Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil on us every day. Doctor said it'd help keep our skins smooth and healthy, and it sure does!

JIMMY: I'll say—and here's another blessing. Us *Mennen* babies ain't bothered so by nasty diaper rash, urine irritation and lotsa other skin troubles. And do we smell *sweet!*

JERRY: I hope you're listenin', ladies. 'Cause *your* baby's skin deserves the *best*—Mennen *Antiseptic* Baby Oil.

*Nationwide surveys

***4 times as many doctors** prefer Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil as any other.

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Also, be sure to use MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY POWDER to help keep baby's skin comfy and healthy. Super-smooth; new scent makes baby smell sweet and lovely. Preferred by more Baby Specialists than any other baby powder.

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how? You've *been* in a picture, why don't you calm *me* down?"

They took turns at it, and became comrades-in-arms. "What're you doing tonight?" asked Keenan.

"Nothing special—"

"Come on home to dinner—"

"Gee, I'd like to but—are you sure it's all right?—I mean—it says in the book you should always phone your wife in advance—"

"My wife never read the book—"

home is the heart . . .

So Van went to dinner and—in a manner of speaking—he's never really left. Sure, he has his own place, but the Wynns are his family and their house is his second home. An only child, brought up in a motherless household, he'd always hankered for the give-and-take of an intimate family life. And you didn't have to draw diagrams for Evie, who knew loneliness when she saw it. That first night Keenan found Van in the kitchen, gravely washing dishes.

"Come on out of there. You don't have to sing for your supper—"

"Leave me alone. I want to do the dishes—"

Evie flapped a towel. "Don't interfere with the help—" Catching the signal in her eye, Keenan shut up.

Next day, Van was out in the yard, cutting roses, mending a gate, making friends with Neddy. Before long he was criticizing the furniture. If they get a piece he doesn't like, he'll go out and buy another. "Look, Van," Keenan says, "I just bought this thing. I hope you don't mind—"

Van ponderingly taps a judicious nail against his teeth. "I'll have to think about it—"

The basis of the friendship—like that of any good relationship—is complete freedom. Nobody makes demands or stands on ceremony. If Van's there for dinner, he's there—if not, not, and no questions asked.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I saw it happen—at a celebration being held in Laredo, Texas, in February of 1943.

Gene Autry was to ride his famous horse in the parade and the whole population of Laredo was waiting anxiously to see their favorite cowboy. Finally the parade came by. I failed to get a good snapshot of Gene Autry, so I ran with a gang of small children to the block where the parade broke up. An army jeep was waiting to take Gene back to the field while crowds of boys and girls "fenced him in." I pushed up close for a good front view snap when a girl of about twelve years pushed an autograph book in front of Mr. Autry and asked him to sign. He looked right into her eyes and grabbed her hand with both of his and said, "Honey, if I start that I'm sunk; let's just shake hands." She blushed and smiled while he shook her hand.

And I knew that Gene Autry was still that little girl's favorite movie star—for he had given her an even more personal autograph then she had asked for.

Mrs. R. A. Brigham
Harbinger, Texas

A winner with women!

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If the Wynns plan to eat out, they'll say: "You coming?" Or Van'll call up. "We're running a picture at the studio tonight. Let's eat early—"

Not long ago the four of them, including Neddy, spent two weeks at Arrowhead in a housekeeping cottage. Van got up in the morning and squeezed oranges, Keenan set the table, Evie cooked the eggs, Keenan cleared—he's the weak sister on KP—Van washed, Evie dried. Before they left, Van cleaned the house as it never was cleaned before, with Keenan an admiring audience of one. He wouldn't even get up to fetch a dustpan. "I'd love to, Van, but an artist's work is his own—"

Every now and then Van decides to cut down on the calories, and that'll be the night they've got *baba au rhum* for dessert. Van eyes it longingly. "Guess I'll have an apple——"

"The star's on a diet," snorts Evie and gets him an apple. Keenan licks his chops over every separate crumb of the *baba au rhum*. Next day Van appears with a pair of alligator shoes for Evie—on his own coupon yet. That's his way of saying, "Excuse me for being a star—"

Because Keenan's wild for motorbikes, Van bought one too, and loathed every-minute he was on it. Any garment either owns and the other takes a fancy to, he swipes. That's why they're always trying to reform each other's clothes habits. Van wears white shirts and black knitted ties. Keenan wears blue shirts and many-colored ties. Van wears cuffless pants—

"A guy named sloppy Joe," sneers Keenan.

"At least I can call my pants my own—"

Or Van starts it. "Why don't you wear white shirts and look neat?"

"Aha. His laundry's late again— By the way, I tried on your new coat and it hangs on me—"

"Well, remind me to have my shoulders sliced down—"

Eavesdrop on them, and they'll be doing one of two things—heckling each other or talking shop. Anything's good for a rib. For instance, Van's wild about horses and dogs. He'll be driving along and jam! go the brakes. "Ow! Lookit the horse!"

"So what? So it's got four legs—"

Van smiles at the horse. "Golly, he's beautiful—"

When the vegetables come on at dinner that night, Keenan leaps to his feet. "Ow! Lookit the string bean!"

Van examines it and shakes his head. "No legs—"

Evie thinks they're both crazy.

learning from the master . . .

Keenan went to China for three months to entertain the troops, and brought back a lot of stuff that looked great in China, but not so good when he got it home. His wife and friend rode him for weeks. "Where can I bury this?" Evie would inquire.

"Back in Newark," said Van, "where it came from in the first place."

Then what does he do but traipse to Mexico and come back with even worse junk. "Serapis, huh?" gloated Keenan. "Whadda we do, drape the piano in 'em? Took us twenty-five years to get rid of the Spanish shawl—"

On the other hand, they'll spend hours in earnest pow-wows on the subject of acting. To both, it's an endlessly exciting theme. In Van's eyes—and he's not the only one—no young character actor today can beat Keenan for talent and versatility. His respect and admiration for Keenan's professional qualities have nothing to do with their friendship. Keenan's the authority, and Van gratefully absorbs all he has to offer. Yet even Keenan can be wrong.

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

Life for mothers is not too easy at best. Anything that lightens the job is good for both mother and baby. That is one reason, I'm sure, that has contributed to the amazing increase in the use of prepared baby foods. Mrs Dan Gerber

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One night Van fairly exploded into the house. "Got a chance to play '30 Seconds over Tokyo'—"

You've gathered by now that they're honest with each other. Brutally honest, when it comes to their work. "Are you kidding?" asked Keenan.

"You don't think I can do it—"

"I think you'd stink. You're definitely not ready for something like that. It should be a guy like Bob Young—a seasoned actor—"

a guy can be wrong . . .

Van was given no choice, so whether he'd have turned it down on Keenan's say-so is an academic question. After the preview, Keenan groaned, rocked his head in his hands. "Boy, did I call a wrong number!"

Naturally, Van was pleased, though he never says much and especially not about his work, anyhow. Only now, when Keenan says, "You don't want to do that," Van murmurs absently, "Just a second, just a second, just a second—"

"Okay, I get it, you don't have to count up to thirty—"

The first picture they played in together was "Between Two Women." Keenan was against it. "Oh, come on," Van nagged. "I *have* to be in it." When they saw it together at the studio, Keenan shuddered convulsively. "I couldn't have unlearned *that* much about acting in a month—"

Still he insisted on seeing it again in a theater. "What for?" Van demanded, knowing his customer.

"Never mind what for. I gave that thing the ten best days of my life. Now I'm gonna get 'em back—"

Under Keenan's influence, Van's less shy than he used to be. Which is lucky for him. Because, with his first appearance on the screen, Keenan gave a shrill whistle, then piped loud and clear: "Why, Van Johnson! Fancy meeting you here!" And when his own phiz flashed on, he rose, clapped, announced, "That's me, you know," and bowed graciously right and left.

They were working in another picture together when Keenan and his motorbike crashed . . .

death takes a holiday . . .

By an almost eerie duplication of circumstance, each of these two has looked death in the face twice—once for himself, once for his friend. They don't talk about it, their friendship isn't expressed in senti-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

That young singer, Gloria Jean, appeared in Boston, Mass., at the R.K.O. theater last December. Since it was very near Christmas, Miss Jean told the audience she would sing Christmas hymns.

After finishing "Silent Night," "The First Noel," and "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem," Gloria Jean announced that seeing that a number of young children were present, she would sing a song especially for them.

The young star started to sing "Santa Claus is Coming To Town." She wasn't half way through with the song when a child of about ten turned to its mother and cried, "Mummy, does she still believe in Santa Claus?"

Louise Joyal
West Warwick, R. I.

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mental terms. But that shared experience, throwing life and its values into proportion, has done more than years of everyday living to cement the bond between them. Under all the surface foolery, consciousness of what they so nearly lost flows like a deep tide.

Every family has its stock of private jokes that mean nothing to anyone but themselves. Having raced for years, Keenan knows he's a good driver. Evie's a good driver too—of the back-seat brand. "Keep to the right," she'll yell.

And Keenan would come back with his tired old crack: "Been driving thirty years and never had an accident, CRASH!"

The night they were going to M-G-M to run a picture, all three sat together in front, Van driving. What brought it up, nobody remembers, but as they crossed the track, Keenan went into his spiel. On the word CRASH! the other car hit them. (Footnote: The quip's been laid on the shelf for all time.)

The next few seconds burned themselves on Keenan's memory in a series of flashes. Van standing up, battling desperately with the wheel in a vain effort to keep the car from turning over. Himself pulling Evie's head against his chest, trying to keep cool with visions of the tank exploding, calling to Van to turn off the switch. The car upside down, Van pinched between windshield and sidewalk, still fumbling for the ignition, poor kid, and turning on the windshield wipers instead.

Keenan got Evie out and laid her on the grass, mechanically turned off the switch and windshield wipers, and followed the blood to where Van had crawled. He lay flat on the pavement, his head on the curbstone. One look was enough to freeze Keenan where he stood. "Ten minutes." The words clicked themselves off in his brain. "Ten minutes, and that'll be it—"

frozen terror . . .

People were gathering, but he saw only Betty Asher who worked at M-G-M. She raced off for Whitey Hendry, head studio cop. Keenan went over to Evie. "My back hurts," she said. "I can't seem to move it—"

"See if you can move your feet—" She could. "Then you're all right, honey. Just lie perfectly still—"

He returned to Van, who was still conscious, who lay there and looked at the stars out of one eye while blood oozed from the other side of his head. Suddenly Keenan knew what the kid was thinking. That his face was all cut up, that there was one eye he couldn't see out of—and right in the middle of "A Guy Named Joe," his first big break. Keenan knew he was thinking: "God in heaven, my phiz!"

He knelt down. "Your face is fine," he whispered in Van's ear. "You don't have to worry about your face at all. It's just a little cut on the head—"

Van looked up at him out of the good eye. The look was plain as words. "You're a lying soandso," it said, "but thanks."

Keenan felt that he had himself under

Answers to MONIKERS IN MASQUERADE

(Continued from page 84)

1—11
2—9
3—20
4—15
5—18
6—10
7—4
8—3
9—17
10—5
11—8
12—16
13—6
14—12
15—13
16—19
17—7
18—2
19—1
20—14

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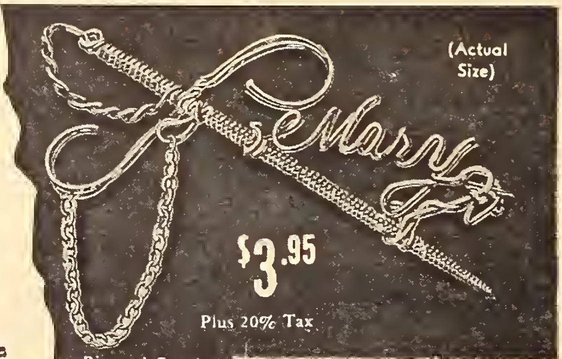

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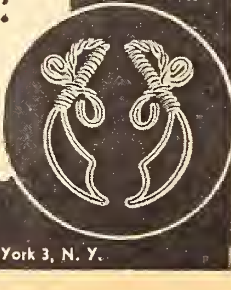

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control. His mind functioned clearly. Till Whitey and the ambulance came, his job was to move between wife and friend with reassurance and comfort. He kept a mental door pressed hard against his emotions, and he was only dimly aware of the pushing crowd.

Till an unbelievable thing happened. As he bent over Van, a woman came up. "The kind of busy little ghoul," he said later in a bitter one-line description, "who holds her children up at lynchings." She looked Van over, prodded him with her foot. and said: "He's dead—"

emotional release . . .

Keenan straightened. All his pent up anguish broke in a flood of blistering language over the lady, and we don't mean lady. He spoke not loud, but with a leashed intensity, and every picturesque word hit its mark. Under his blazing eyes, the crowd drew back. He saw gas running out of the overturned tank, and a man leaning cosily against it, smoking—taking in the show from a ringside seat, as it were. Keenan walked steadily over and quietly smashed the cigar from his mouth.

But they weren't all like that. Two wonderful women who lived in the corner house came out with blankets and pillows. One was a nurse. She made Evie more comfortable. She said not to move Van. They both stood by till the ambulance clanged up.

Whitey had phoned Dr. William Branch to meet them at the hospital. By the time they got there, Keenan thought Van was dead. A nurse came to him in the waiting room. Evie wasn't badly hurt. Glass in her back and shock, but she could go home in a couple of days. Dr. Branch was operating on Van.

Eternities passed, and Dr. Branch finally came in. He shot Keenan a quick look, and took a little square box from his pocket. "See what somebody gave me—" It held a pair of cuff links. What the hell did Keenan care about his cuff links? Why the hell didn't he say something about Van—?

Dr. Branch answered the unspoken question. "Thought I'd give you a minute to get a grip on yourself. You know you brought a dead man in here, don't you?" Keenan eyed him dumbly. "There are six quarts of blood in the human body. If you lose more than two, you generally die.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When Joan Crawford was working on location at Pismo Beach some time ago, I was to interview her.

I had a very pleasant interview and came to the conclusion that Joan was not only a very wonderful actress but a very grand and lovable woman offstage too. She laughed and talked with everyone and signed autographs by the thousands.

While going to the set one morning she noticed a little girl going to school carrying a violin with papers wrapped around it. She stopped and picked the girl up and asked her name, etc., and found out that the little girl couldn't afford a case. As soon as she got back to Hollywood she sent her a beautiful hand-made violin case.

Jacqueline Bethune
Los Angeles, Calif.

Your friend lost three . . . but he's got more guts than the average. He may pull through. It'll be a week or so before we're sure—"

"Can I see him?" croaked Keenan.

"They're giving him a transfusion. Then you can go in. But don't stay more than a minute—"

Keenan approached the bandaged face on the pillow. "Well, kid, I'll see you tomorrow and bring you some stuff down—" The uncovered eye looked up, but he couldn't read it. He didn't even know whether Van had heard.

On the way down next morning he remembered that Van was bugs on toilet water, so he stopped off at Saks and bought the biggest bottle he could find. For one minute the nurse had left her patient unguarded, and that was the minute of Keenan's arrival. "Walk in breezy," he'd been telling himself. "Act like nothing's happened. "He dropped his load on the chair, banged his bottle on the table, filled the room with all kinds of hearty sounds—and met Van's eye. This time there was no mistaking its indignant message—

"Pipe down, willya? What's all the racket about? Doncha know I'm in bad shape, ya big baboon?"

thank god, he'll live . . .

Keenan subsided, but with an effort. That look had rolled a weight off his heart. He wanted to turn double backflips and yell his lungs out. The doctor had said a week, but somehow he knew right then that Van would get well.

And of course he did, though it was a slow process. A month at the hospital, eight weeks at the Wynns. In bed at first, then under a shade-tree in the garden, with Neddy stealing out to see how his "best friend" felt.

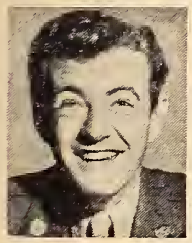
"Home," grinned Van, "is where, when you come, they can't kick you out—"

"Right," agreed Keenan, who for once had no comeback.

Last April a second son was born to the Wynns. Evie was due home from the hospital. Keenan and Van had the day off from the studio. After breakfasting with a friend, they left to put a few finishing touches to the nursery. Keenan was on his motorbike, Van followed in the car.

As Keenan bowled along Sunset, a woman made a U-turn without giving the signal. The bike hit the side of her car. By the time Van got there, Connie Moore, whose house was close by, had phoned for an ambulance and taken over. He stood

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Waiting on a block long line at the Capitol Theatre a short while ago, I admired a stunning picture of one of my favorite actors. He was making a personal appearance at the theater that day and, four hour wait or not, my friends and I were intent on remaining. To occupy our time we discussed his probable wardrobe for that afternoon. We agreed on almost everything but whether or not he would wear his dark-rimmed glasses. Just as I was insisting that he would, I felt a slight tap on the shoulder and as I turned, there stood Bob Walker assuring me that he would.

Anna Bunatta
New York, N. Y.

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looking down at Keenan's shattered face, as one night Keenan had looked down at his. For a moment, his head reeled. For a moment Keenan was himself, and he was Keenan, kneeling down, white and strained, whispering: "Your face is fine. You don't have to worry about your face at all—"

But Van couldn't do even that much for his friend. Keenan was past hearing or caring.

Connie went to the house to wait for Evie. The ambulance carrying Keenan and Van to the hospital passed the one that was taking Evie home.

At the hospital they said "He may live out the night. Better send for his father—"

All night you could have seen Van pacing the hall, but he wasn't really there. He was inside that quiet room with Keenan, leaning over the bed, pleading, urging, praying, straining every nerve in an agony to make him live. In the morning he called Evie. Connie had told her it was just a little bump. For five minutes he sat there, building up an edifice of dove-tailed lies and when he got through, the sweat was rolling off him.

Then he phoned the studio. They'd simply have to call off the picture for a couple of days. He was staying put. Not till Keenan's father arrived did he feel able to go back to work. When he saw Ed Wynn in Keenan's room, just sitting motionless and watching, watching, watching, never moving his eyes from his son, sort of helping him breathe, Van knew that the job had been taken over by an expert.

that man's here again . . .

From the set he phoned a dozen times a day, and every night he rushed to the hospital. On the eighth day after the accident Keenan opened his eyes, and saw himself in the mirror facing his bed. "They're nuts," he thought. "Always overdoing things. Who's gonna believe a makeup like that?"

Slowly, then, he began to take in his surroundings. Except that his mind was a blank as to what had brought him here, it functioned all right. This was a hospital room. Then something must have happened to his face. He looked at it again. "Oh well," he decided, "I always did want to be a producer—"

On the phone they told Van that Keenan was conscious. That evening he waited a minute outside the door before pushing it in. With his broken jaw, Keenan couldn't say a word, couldn't even grin. Their eyes met. "Cute lid Lily Daché cooked up for you there," said Van.

Only once did he put the thing into words.

Every minute not given to work or sleep, he'd spent at the hospital. If Keenan felt chipper, he'd joke and tell stories. If not, he'd hang around outside. Smoking endless cigarettes, pacing restlessly up and down. When the day came, it was Van who drove Keenan home. But he wouldn't go in—

"No, no, I'll be seeing you," he said, and drove off.

Though he phoned frequently, they didn't see him again for two weeks.

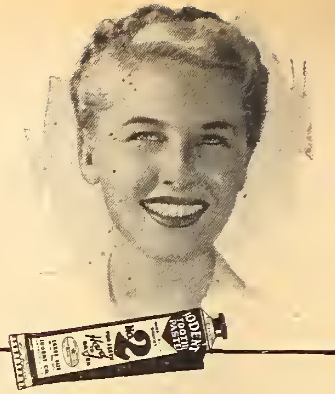
"What was all that about?" Keenan asked when he finally showed up.

"You wanna know something? I'll never have a friend like you again. It's too exhausting. I damn near died—"

Then he went out and came back, hauling a lamp he'd had made from a 5-gallon copper whale-oil container. "For the piano. Time you got rid of that other piece of junk—"

"Evie," bawled Keenan, "that man's here again—"

The boys were back in the groove.



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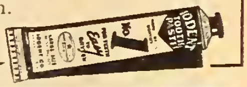

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SWEET AND HOT

(Continued from page 20)

garden and Tommy Dorsey as all-American trombonist.

JUMP IT, MR. TRUMPET—Lee Castle (Musicraft)—When Lee had to make this record, he was stuck for a girl singer, and Helen Ward who, like Lee, is a graduate of the Benny Goodman outfit, happened to be up at the Musicraft office when he was bewailing his fate. "Where'm I going to get a wonderful, sweet, sensational, little—" So Helen stepped up and offered to help out on the session. She's listed on the label as Vera Lane.

DON'T FORGET TONIGHT TOMORROW—Frank Sinatra and The Charioteers (Columbia) — Frankie enjoyed working with The Charioteers so much on this platter that he wants to do an album of spirituals with them. Mannie Sachs, over at Columbia, had the idea of combining these voices on record, although the fellows had sung together before, on the radio. The Charioteers started out at Wilberforce University, in 1930. Their first big hit was their recording of "So Long." Then they played in "Hellzapoppin'", on Broadway, for four years. These might have broken lesser men completely. But The Charioteers, like Columbus, sailed on and on and on. They did some records with Mildred Bailey. (Remember the one of Mildred's old theme songs, "Hold On"?) They made a movie with Carole Landis (called "Road Show"). And they were on the Kraft program for four years. If it comes back in the Fall, they come with it. But you know—every year, Bing says he's finished with the heat-up radio business, and every year he comes back merrily. "Who, me? I *love* radio." So it's hard to tell about the Kraft show. Its status is definitely indefinite. The Charioteers personnel consists of: Wilfred Williams and Edward Jackson, tenors; Ira Williams, baritone; Howard Daniel, bass; James Sherman, piano. In addition to them,

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Although I now have a fine batch of signatures, my collection of movie stars' autographs almost met with disaster before it started. Armed with a fountain pen and a brand new autograph album, I had caught Bob Hope just as he was boarding a westbound train for Hollywood. The train was already moving as I passed him the album and pen, and I ran alongside. I tripped over a bag on the train platform and by the time I had gotten to my feet the train had gained speed and Bob Hope, my autograph album, and my pen were gone. I had almost forgotten about the incident when a week later the mailman delivered a small package with a Hollywood postmark. Not only had Bob Hope sent back my fountain pen and my autograph album, but the autograph album which had been blank when I handed it to him was now filled with movie stars' autographs.

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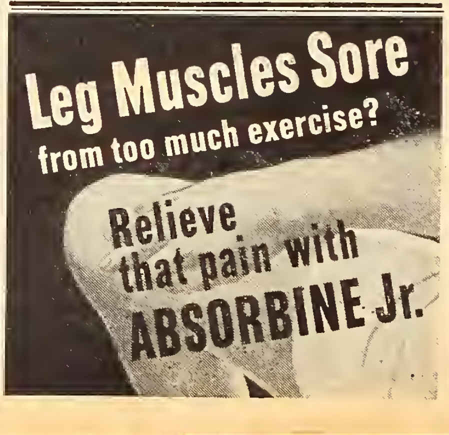

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on these records with Frankie, Red Nichols played trumpet, Nick Fatool, the former B. G. drummer, did his bit with other west coast jazzmen.

FIFTEEN YEARS—Pearl Bailey (Columbia)—Here's the solo record debut of the girl I've been plugging in this department. "Fifteen Years" on one side, and "Tired" on the other. She talks part of the lyric on "Tired," and she is sensationally good. Former Fashions in Music maestro, Mitchell Ayres—now Columbia recording director—leads the band.

HO-HUM—Betty Jane Bonney (Victor)—I went to see Betty Jane Bonney about two records she did for Victor. Both swell. "How Little We Know" (accompanied only by a trio) and "They Can't Take That Away From Me." She's a pretty brunette, and a very thrilled one, since this is her first shot at being a featured singer, though she's had band jobs before. Now a hit, she was telling me what a kick she gets from her fan mail. "Some of them say I should stick to the trio, and forget about the orchestra, and some of them say they don't like the small combination at all. I should use the orchestra, by all means." I asked Betty Jane about her ambitions. Definitely *not* Hollywood, it turned out. She'd rather have a radio show. She likes television, has done quite a lot of work with it at NBC. Mostly dramatic, strangely enough. Since television hasn't signed with the Musicians' Union, it's not allowed to use any live music, so even if a song does come up on a show, Betty Jane is

Skolsky's

TALES OF THE HOLLYWOODS

• One of my favorite characters is Gregory Ratoff, and he is also a favorite with the nation, for whenever "Information Please" wants to make certain of a few laughs, they invite Gregory to be a guest. Of the various Ratoff yarns, my choice goes to the story of his discussion with his writer, Lou Breslow, about Darryl Zanuck.

"I know there are people who aren't faithful to Darryl," said Ratoff, "but me, I know that I owe everything to Zanuck. If it wasn't for him, I would be a bum. He gave me the chance to become a director when no one would give me a job. I owe everything to Zanuck. The food I'm eating, the clothes I'm wearing, the chair I'm sitting in."

"It's very nice to hear such appreciation," said Breslow, "but I don't believe you would have been a bum. If Zanuck hadn't given you your opportunity to become a director, I think you would have become an agent."

Ratoff smiled. "That's correct. I would have been an agent. The best and biggest agent in town. I'd have my own business and I'd have made over a million dollars. What did I need Zanuck for?"

merely allowed to stand up there and twist her mouth into the appropriate shapes, while a record of her voice is played off-stage. Sort of like keeping Gunder Haag standing at the starting line while somebody runs off a moving picture of him for the people in the grandstand. "Television workers put up with terrific heat," Betty Jane said. "Much worse than the Hollywood Klieg lights. And the makeup has to be very dark." She says, too, that Jo Stafford is her favorite singer. Jo seems to be the vocalists' vocalist. She's even Billie Holiday's choice! Most of them think Jo sings with a lot of heart. Getting back to Betty Jane, her "Ho-Hum," which heads this little piece, is due out shortly. It's got a Russell Case background, and Miss Bonney at her best.

IF I HAD YOU—Judy Garland and the Merry Macs. (Decca)—Thought perhaps you'd like a few facts about the Merry Macs. They're currently on the Hall of Fame show (Paul Whiteman, Georgia Gibbs). Only Judd and Ted McMichael remain of the original group. They've adopted Lynn Allen as a brother in place of young Joe McMichael who was killed in action last year. Virginia Rees, with them now, is the fifth feminine member so far. Every time a good one comes along, she either marries or gets a Hollywood contract! Virginia's already had her taste of movies. She's voice-doubled for Lana Turner and Lucille Ball. Every time they open their mouths, the sound tracks put Virginia in 'em, so to speak. To sing, of course. On this record, the Macs and Judy Garland are accompanied by Lynn Murray's orchestra. It's a good job.

TILL THE END OF TIME—Perry Como (Victor)—This is the tune based on the Chopin Polonaise. (The one Cornel Wilde composed in "A Song To Remember.") The record should be big, because people are suddenly very Chopin-Wilde conscious. The orchestra backing up Perry Como is that of Russell Case. Always a big name with musicians, Russell has given that up to be a conductor. He has big plans, may turn out to be the Dave Rose of 1946. We had lunch together, just before he left for the Coast to do some arranging and conducting for Dinah Shore. "You can no longer assume that the radio public has the IQ of an eight-year-old child," he said, talking of the trend in radio music. (Note to people who assume that the radio public has the IQ of an eight-year-old child: Cut it out!) "People like Dave Rose and Axel Stordahl (Frankie's manager)," he went on, "are pioneering—stirring pub-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My father was driving by the Savoy Plaza when he got a flat tire, and had to pull over to the curb in front of a taxi. The cab driver started yelling and shouting, at which point the hotel doorman opened the cab door and a lovely young girl stepped out. To cheer her, my father said, "Tough luck. Must be a jinx." "What did you say?" the girl asked. "It's a jinx," repeated my father. "How did you know my name?" asked the amazed girl. She was none other than Jinx Falkenburg!

Bert Weiner
Bronx, New York

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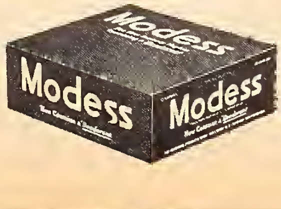

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lic interest in more intelligent radio fare." They've really got a good case lined up. And speaking of good Cases—Russell was discovered in Davenport, Iowa, by veteran sax man Frankie Trumbauer. Frankie brought him to New York, where he got a job with Benny Goodman's first band at Billy Rose's Music Hall. After that, he worked with Hal Kemp for a while. Since, he's done radio jobs with Kostelanetz, Whiteman, Rubinoff—everybody. He's been the busiest man in the business, playing trumpet twenty-three hours a day. You can see his name on the labels of all recent records by Como, Betty Jane Bonney and others.

Hot . . .

TAPS MILLER—Count Basie—(Columbia)—An instrumental jump tune named for a friend of Count Basie's—a tap dancer who just returned from entertaining troops in the CBI theater. Incidentally, the Count's "One O'Clock Jump" was featured at a jam session by an all-Negro USO unit which General Eisenhower picked to entertain Marshal Zhukov and other high Red Army officials. There's even been talk of having the State Department arrange for Basie to do a good-will tour of the Soviet Union. He may be the first Count in Russia since the Revolution!

LONESOME LOVER BLUES—Billy Eckstine (National)—Up until recently, Billy Eckstine's been known strictly as a vocalist—a rave one. This record has him soloing on valve trombone, though, as well as taking a vocal in his fine, sleepy voice. It's nice, too. I don't think any other bandleader plays valve trombone; it's a very difficult instrument. Billy himself got so nervous when the session began, he had to be strongly urged to go ahead. Platter also features Dexter Gordon on tenor sax.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I knew his face looked familiar the moment we started talking, but it wasn't until our conversation neared an end that I fully realized who he was.

The Fifth Avenue bus was crowded, and an Army Private and I were sharing the same strap. It was only a few weeks after my release from the Army, and my discharge button caught the eye of the soldier standing beside me.

"What outfit were you with?" he asked. I replied, and we began chatting back and forth as two Army men will. I wondered why the people around us became so interested in our conversation, until a buzz travelled through the bus as word that a movie star was aboard passed on.

I became so engrossed in our conversation that I almost passed my stop, and as I quickly began edging my way through the crowd toward the door the soldier called out "Oh by the way, my name's Red Skelton." I absent mindedly called back "Mine is Jerry Chertoff." As I stepped off the bus I stopped dead in my tracks with the sudden realization of whom I had been talking with, but when I turned around the bus was pulling out of sight, and I hadn't even an autograph to show for the encounter.

Jerome J. Chertoff
Long Beach, L. I.

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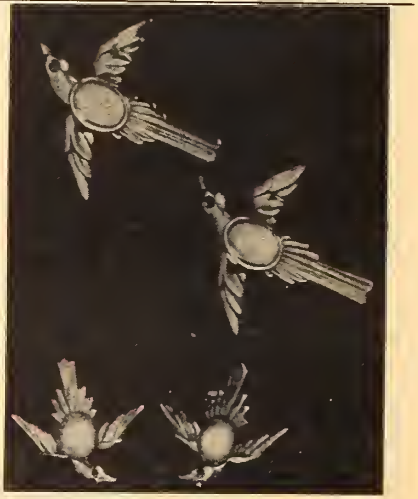

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COQUETTE ("Chicken Croquette")—Spirits of Rhythm (Black and White)—A parody on an old Irving Berlin song, and I have to admit I wrote it myself, and accompanied the Spirits of Rhythm at the piano. The Spirits feature Teddy Bunn, vocal and guitar; Leo Watson, scat vocal; Ulysses Livingstone, guitar; Georgie Vann, drums; Red Callender, bass. Leo Watson is probably the most colorful of the bunch. Fortunately. More colorful than Leo, it isn't safe to be. He's a completely mad guy, with a wild and wonderful talent. He coined the word zoot, and once he was removed bodily from a night club when he refused to stop in the middle of what he considered to be a splendid drum solo by himself. The fact that it had been going on for more than an hour seemed unimportant, when he had the beat going so good. You shouldn't miss this Leo. There'll never be another.

BOOGIE-WOOGIE—Tommy Dorsey (Victor)—Re-issue of a record Tommy made in 1938, featuring Howard Smith on piano. Label is fascinating because so many of the boys have since become bandleaders themselves. Charlie Spivak, for one. Trumpet Lee Castaldo (now known as Lee Castle) and trombone Moe Zudekoff (now known as Buddy Morrow) for two more. If you go around asking what's in a name, you're likely to find out.

YOU CAME ALONG FROM OUT OF NOWHERE — Don Byas (Jamboree) — This is my personal favorite of all the records on this tune. It features Don Byas' all-star quintet, with Don himself playing splendid tenor sax; Johnny Guarnieri, piano; Denzil Best, drums; Eddie Safranski, bass; and Basie alumnus Sgt. Buck Clayton, trumpet.

I SURRENDER, DEAR—Charlie Venturo (Sunset)—Another tenor sax record featuring Gene Krupa's swell Charlie Venturo. Krupa told me that when the band goes overseas in October, Charlie (who can't go because he didn't pass the physical) may start a band of his own. Gene also told me how happy he was to have Anita O'Day back with the gang.

A SUITE IN FOUR COMFORTABLE QUARTERS—Burley-Feather (Continental)—Subtitle to this is: Bedroom, Living Room, Kitchen and Bath. Part one is the Bedroom Blues; part two, the Living Room Romp. Dan Burley and I wrote it, and we play piano on it, with Tiny Grimes on guitar; Morey Feld, drums; Jack Lesberg, bass. Dan's a journalist, principally, and a pianist on the side. He's theatrical and sports editor of the New York Amsterdam News—a big Harlem weekly paper. He's the world's foremost authority on jive talk, too. He put out Dan Burley's Original Handbook of Harlem Jive, and it's one of the most amusing things I ever read. If you want to know where to get it, drop me a line. In addition to all that, he spent five years playing for rent parties in Chicago, along with such characters as Pinetop Smith and Albert Ammons—"for all you could eat and drink plus all you could get out of the kitty." He plays good boogie-woogie piano. Tiny Grimes was formerly with the Art Tatum trio; Morey Feld is Benny Goodman's drummer. By the way, my playing on this ought to prove any similarity between me and Eddy Duchin is purely fictitious, despite Al's editorial note in the September issue. After all, an editor's only a writer gone berserk, and he *did* have to fill his column.

Albums . . .

SONGS OF LOVE—Frankie Connors (Sonora)—Here's some sentimental stuff,

Mother of 3 becomes a PIN-UP BEAUTY!

How Mrs. Edrie Beal of Fredonia, Kansas, got a bathing-suit figure and how her Navy husband got the surprise of his life.

You would hardly have picked Edrie Beal for a pin-up girl when the snapshot below was taken. But what a difference (right) when she had completed the DuBarry Success Course!

"Many times before," says Mrs. Edrie Beal, "my Navy husband had written from the Southwest Pacific, asking for something special, and I had hurried it off to him. But this time it was a stopper. 'Send me your picture in a bathing suit,' the letter said. 'I want my own pin-up girl.'

"I looked in the mirror — at that thick waist and heavy abdomen. No! I simply couldn't bring myself to stand before a camera. But neither can you refuse a far-off husband any wish in the world. It was New Year's! Time for resolutions. If I didn't have a bathing-suit figure, I'd *get* one!

"That's why I took the DuBarry Success Course. Did it work? I lost 13 pounds right where I had to lose them. I took 6 inches off my abdomen, 4 off my waist and my hips. At the same time, the most wonderful things were happening to my skin and hair and to *me*. I look and feel like a person reborn. I'm out of that middle-aged slump—with a zest for the years ahead. Could one ask for better proof that it's never too late? Imagine *me*—a pin-up girl!"

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accompanied by Bob Stanley's orchestra and featuring such numbers as "Oh, Promise Me," "I Love You, Truly" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold." This album reminds me of a funny thing that happened when my WMCA show, Platter-brains, had a quiz format. I played a record one night, and asked my guest artists to identify the vocalist. "Kate Smith," one of them said, and two thought it was Lulu Bates. It was really Frankie Connors. He's an Irish tenor, so it serves him right. If you like this type of singing, here's your dish.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL—Bing Crosby and Andrews Sisters (Decca). Gene Krupa (Columbia)
DON'T FORGET TONIGHT TOMORROW—Frank Sinatra and The Charioteers (Columbia)
FIFTEEN YEARS—Pearl Bailey (Columbia)
HO-HUM—Betty Jane Bonney (Victor)
IF I HAD YOU—Judy Garland and The Merry Macs (Decca)
JUMP IT, MR. TRUMPET—Lee Castle (Musicraft)
JUNE COMES AROUND EVERY YEAR—Woody Herman (Columbia)
LILY BELLE—Pied Pipers and Paul Weston Orch. (Capitol). Freddy Martin (Victor)
LOVE LETTERS—Dick Haymes (Decca)
TILL THE END OF TIME—Perry Como (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

COUNT BASIE—Taps Miller (Columbia)
DON BYAS—From Out Of Nowhere (Jamboree)
KING COLE TRIO—I'm A Shy Guy (Capitol)
TOMMY DORSEY—That's It (Victor)
TOMMY DORSEY—Boogie Woogie (Victor)
BILLY ECKSTINE—Lonesome Lover Blues (National)
WOODY HERMAN—Northwest Passage (Columbia)
OSCAR MOORE—Fugue in C Major (Atlas)
SPIRITS OF RHYTHM—Coquette ("Chicken Croquette") (Black and White)
CHARLIE VENTURO—I Surrender, Dear (Sunset)

BEST ALBUMS

BOOGIE-WOOGIE—Freddy Slack (Capitol)
CAROUSEL—featuring members of original cast (Decca)
KOSTELANETZ CONDUCTS—an album of popular tunes (Columbia)
ROSENKAVALIER (Richard Strauss)—Eugene Goossens and Cincinnati Symphony (Victor)
DINAH SHORE—Gershwin Show Hits (Victor)
CHARLIE SPIVAK—Porgy and Bess (Victor)
SONGS OF LOVE—Frankie Connors (Sonora)
STEPHEN FOSTER FAVORITES—Sammy Kaye (Victor)
STRICTLY G.I. SONGS—Sgt. Hy Zaret (Asch)
TRISTAN UND ISOLDE—Helen Traubel—Artur Rodzinski (Columbia)

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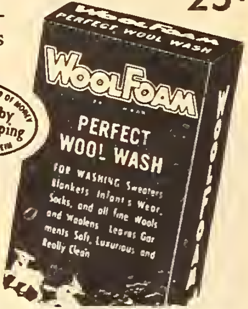
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THE WILDE WOMEN

(*Continued from page 51*)

"I hope the agent said that you're through at Warners," said Pat briskly, "because if you are, you'll be able to make a deal somewhere else where you'll be given parts that you can get your teeth into."

They looked at each other and slowly drew together, clinging to one another. "It's all right," said Pat. "It's really all right."

"Only because I had the luck to marry you," said her husband. They were quiet for a few moments. Outside, the rain came down in the Niagara of an angry California winter; inside, the roof was beginning to leak in a dozen places. There was a wide pan under one of the central lighting fixtures into which the drops pinged steadily.

Finally, Cornel said, "Well, shall we go anyway?" They had planned to spend the holidays in Palm Springs, even though they were almost broke. For that reason, Pat had done no marketing, had bought no Christmas tree.

"Let's go," said Pat, waggling a determined head. "Let's go—regardless! Almost anything will be better than mildewing here for a week."

there's always new york . . .

So they hopped into their weary car and trundled down the highway. The top of their car leaked, but not badly, and anything was better than remaining during the holidays in that house for which they had never cared. Its only advantage had been the cheap rent.

Pat asked suddenly, "How long will we be able to get by . . . of course, you'll get another contract at once. But just in case we have to hold out for a little better deal, or in case TWO studios dicker for your time . . . how much do we have?"

"About three weeks' worth," said Cornel grimly. He added, "Don't you worry. Somehow . . . well, we can always go back to New York . . . "

"We've been through worse," said Pat.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We were riding through New Haven, Conn., one summer day and as we approached the Yale University buildings, which at that time were housing servicemen of the Army Air Corps, I noticed the men marching for retreat services on the New Haven Green. It looked very impressive and I wanted to get a closer view. We left the car and walked closer, glancing casually at the people who were beginning to assemble. In doing so, my eyes came to rest on the face of a serviceman who was standing nearby. He looked vaguely familiar. I lightly touched the sleeve of the soldier standing next to me and asked: "Say, isn't that a movie star over there?" Turning, he answered laughingly, "That big ham—sure, it's my pal, Broderick Crawford." . . . There I was gazing into the twinkling eyes of Tony Martin, who had been one of my favorites for years. He spoke to us a while longer and then left to meet Brod. Really, he was so nice!

Boni Barbara
Fresno, Calif.

OOH! DOMESTIC CRISIS!

Sue was *furious* at Tom for the way he'd been treating her. But *she* was really to blame! She should have known better, for she was no stranger to feminine hygiene. It was just that she had become *neglectful!* Her doctor straightened her out. "It's foolish to risk your marriage happiness by being careless about feminine hygiene—even once!" he said. Then he advised her to use Lysol disinfectant for douching—always.

AH! DOMESTIC BLISS!

Heavenly is the word for Sue and Tom's home life now! Wise Sue immediately took her doctor's advice. Always, she uses Lysol for douching... knows for herself how *thoroughly* this proved germ-killer cleanses, yet how gently! Lysol is far more dependable than salt, soda, or other homemade solutions. "What's more," says Sue, "it's *easy* to use—*economical*, too!"

Check these facts with your Doctor

Proper feminine hygiene care is important to the happiness and charm of *every* woman. So, douche *thoroughly* with *correct* Lysol solution . . . always! **Powerful cleanser**—Lysol's great spreading power means it reaches deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Proved germ-killer**—uniform strength, made under continued laboratory control . . . far more dependable than homemade solutions. **Non-caustic**—Lysol douching solution is *non-irritating*, not harmful to vaginal tissues. Follow easy directions. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use; *deodorizes*. **More women** use Lysol for feminine hygiene than any other method. (*For* **FREE** *feminine hygiene booklet, write Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.*)

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For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol Disinfectant always!

Too Strong!

Forcing a child to take a harsh, bad-tasting laxative is such needless, old-fashioned punishment! A medicine that's *too strong* will often leave a youngster feeling worse than before!

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A laxative that's *too mild* to give proper relief may be worse than none at all. A good laxative should work *thoroughly*, yet be kind and gentle!

The Happy Medium!

Ex-Lax gives a thorough action. But Ex-Lax is *gentle*, too. It works easily and effectively at the same time. And Ex-Lax tastes good, too—just like fine chocolate. It's America's most widely used laxative, as good for grown-ups as it is for children.

As a precaution use only as directed

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD—

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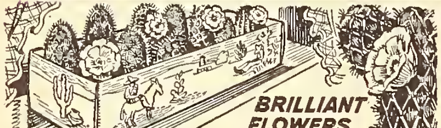

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"D'you remember the time you were fencing . . ."

During the early days of their marriage, in 1938, Cornel had found the leading man market glutted, so he had been booked into a night club with another expert swordsman. They put on a duel. They wore conventional fencing outfits, including masks. A singularly inspired night club owner said one night, "The customers would get much more of a kick out of your act if they thought somebody might get hurt. How about leaving off those masks?"

danger doubles the take . . .

Said Cornel's friendly antagonist, "That's a swell way for a man to lose an eye, or to take a gash across his face that would mark him for life. And if an unlucky thrust should hit the carotid artery—that's all, brother."

The night club owner placidly chewed his cigar. "Well, that's swell," he said. "We'll do it without masks and book it for thrills. Ought to double our take."

Business is business, no?

Cornel didn't tell Pat. He and his partner discussed their exhibition, agreed on the precautions they would take; they would make it look good, but each would protect the other. In case one slipped on the waxed floor, in case a shifting of lights threw an aim out of line, in case a drunk decided to trip up somebody . . . those were things on which no one could count. Every night Cornel and his partner put on a desperate show—more desperate than most of the cash customers realized. Afterward, their skin tight hose, their doublets, would be soaked with perspiration. They asked for a little more money and were refused; the customers were pouring in, sensing with some animal instinct the bloody danger.

One night two friends dropped in on Pat and insisted on doing the night clubs. "We'll surprise Cornel; we'll check up on his jernt," they laughed. Pat didn't telephone; she simply sat at the table and waved at Cornel when he came onto the

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● Now that thousands of servicemen are thankfully discarding their uniforms for the homespun, ordinary greens, browns and blues, you will see this discharge button bright in their lapels. And if you happen to know any civilian-baiters, which we hope you don't, tell them soon. The man who wears one is entitled to the warmest welcome possible for the rest of his peace-loving life.

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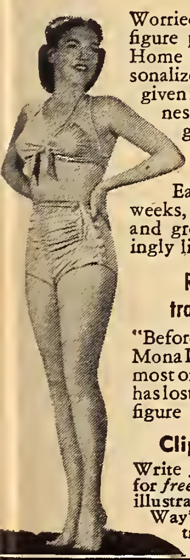

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floor. Because of the strong lights, Cornel didn't see her. He went through the frightening duel with his usual gusto, his usual determination to give a good show.

Somehow, Pat kept from fainting. The next morning she said, "No more of that. I'd rather starve with a handsome husband than live in sables with a lacerated one. You owe it to me to spare me that worry." So he quit.

"We thought we'd starve then, but we didn't," chirped Pat. "We won't now."

A frugal pair like the Wildes—considering that they had been on rather a nice salary for six months—would normally have accumulated some financial padding in the form of a bank account. However, they had come West deeply in debt, and Cornel had refused to spend one penny in excess of minimum living expenses, or to save anything until those obligations were satisfied. Each week the greater portion of his pay check had gone East to liquidate the liabilities, to justify the immense confidence his friends had shown him.

So . . . they could eat for three weeks. And by that time, Pat insisted blithely, Cornel would have a fancy new contract. But all this optimistic talk did not stop the rain on the road to Palm Springs. Down came the dew until there was weather running all over the landscape. "We'll have moss growing on our north side by the time we reach the hotel," Cornel predicted.

Once in Palm Springs, they called the friends with whom they were to spend Christmas Eve. Politely, they tried to beg out of the invitation, but the friends refused to listen. Pat and Cornel were ordered over at once, no argument.

So, putting on a holiday air they were far from feeling, they sloshed to the party. Here, a maid was serving Tom 'n Jerries. Neither Cornel nor Pat felt much like a drink, but they decided that they would be more Christmasy behind a happy mug—even if it were only crockery.

Cornel lifted his cup, bent on taking a big gulp. And there, floating merrily on the foam was a very large, exceedingly dead FLY. Pat caught sight of the airborne casualty and barely stifled a cry.

fly in the ointment . . .

Cornel said, "Well, that caps the climax. That dead fly on the flowing bowl is as pretty a symbol as you could want to

Skolsky's

TALES OF THE HOLLYWOODS

• There have been many tales told about Greta Garbo, but my special about Gee Gee was told to me by S. N. Behrman, who has written many Garbo pictures, and is a man who would not tell a falsehood.

On this particular occasion, Behrman was working at Metro on a scenario for Gee Gee. One afternoon, Behrman walked into the room marked "Men" on the first floor of the Administration Building at Metro and was, to put it mildly, shocked to see Garbo standing there, looking out of the window.

Quickly recovering, the only thing the surprised Behrman could say was, "What are you doing here?"

"I enjoy the view here," answered Gee Gee.

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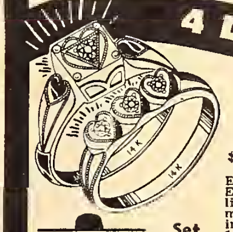

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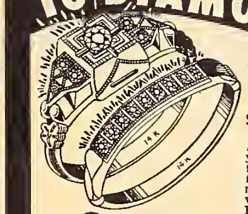

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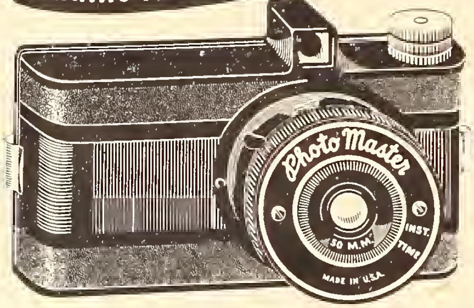

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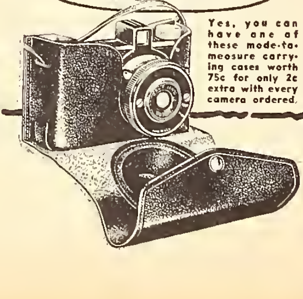

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describe this Christmas."

Later that night, Cornel gave Pat a bottle of perfume—his lone gift. "Darling," Pat said, her eyes luminous, "you shouldn't have . . . but it's wonderful. The night you sign your new contract, I'll . . . well, I'll *bathe* in it."

Pat gave Cornel a beige cashmere sweater; it is still a favorite item of his wardrobe.

too handsome for work . . .

Their money, as Cornel had predicted, stretched barely beyond three weeks. During that time, Cornel was interviewed by representatives of every studio but one. (That one was 20th Century-Fox which later put him under contract.) He heard some fantastic thumb-nail sketches of himself. Said one talent scout, "You'll never do leads in Hollywood because your eyes are too dark. They'll photograph black. That's bad."

Despondently, Cornel took this gem home to Pat, who snorted with annoyance. "What about Boyer?" she demanded. "He's no blue-eyed, blond-haired cherub! His eyes are as dark, if not darker, than yours. And if you want to go into ancient history and mention the greatest idol the screen has ever known—how about Valentino? What color were his eyes? And how dark?"

Cornel felt better. "What a wife," he grinned.

A few days later he came home, exhausted and despondent, weary to the marrow. "Well, they say that I'm a screen heavy. They say that, because I did that heavy with Bogart in 'High Sierra' that I've been typed. This guy today said that a heavy just never hits the top so he didn't want to gamble with me."

Pat, putting together an odds and ends casserole, straightened to her full height and sneered. "That man doesn't know what he's talking about. Let's look at the big box office names today: Gable—he started as a rat, heavyweight division. Bogart—tell me when *he's* specialized in sweetness and light. Cagney certainly hurt himself by pushing a grapefruit in a young lady's face. See what I mean, honey? That fellow was giving you the wrong dope, the dope."

Cornel straightened his shoulders. His eyes brightened. To his wife he said, "You never let me down, Pat. You're always there with the fast answers when I need them most."

The haymaker of all complaints against himself caused Cornel to utter a Wilde

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In Philadelphia we had our first Annual Music Festival, and among the stars there were James Melton, screen and opera star. At about ten-thirty, when he was to sing four songs, he announced that the trolleys didn't run often at that time of night, and that he would have to cut his songs down. As soon as the 70,000 people in the Stadium heard that, especially the girls, they began to holler and stomp their feet. When Mr. Melton heard this, he said, "Well all right then, I won't cut my songs down, but suppose I sing them just in about two minutes! Will that be O.K.?"

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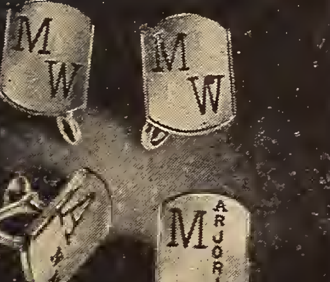

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laugh and to hurry home to Pat with the comment. "Today," he admitted, "I was told that I would never succeed in pictures, because I have too much personality."

Today, now that Cornel has starred in "A Song To Remember," "Thousand And One Nights," "Bandit of Sherwood Forest," and "Leave Her To Heaven," he still needs Pat with the same unchanging intensity.

When he is learning a script, she cues him. Every evening together they work on bits of business, interpretation, technique. When things get rough on the set, as they do in spite of the best intentions of stars, director and producer, Cornel pretends that Pat is sitting there in his canvas chair just out of camera range.

When he was working in "Leave Her To Heaven," he had some difficult emotional scenes to do: The first take wasn't quite right. Neither was the second, nor the third. Someone said to Cornel, "Having a little trouble, aren't you? You're all strung up."

Cornel nodded. While a light setup was being changed he strolled around, going over his lines. When he came back, he breezed through the scene, getting a perfect take. Afterward, he told a friend, "This morning I forgot to imagine Pat over there, at first. I would actually have called her and asked her to come over, if I hadn't known she was pretty busy. But as soon as I reminded myself that she's for me, that she would know the right approach to the scene . . . well, it came to me."

common ground . . .

In several Hollywood households, the question of the wife having a career has ignited some spectacular fireworks, but never between Cornel and Pat. As soon as Wendy, the 2½-year-old junior partner in the Wilde firm, began to recover from being a tiny baby, Cornel told Pat, "We have everything else in common, so I'd like to have us equally interested in pictures. Wendy is old enough now to be left with her nurse without causing either of us worry, so I think you should take up some of these offers of tests that you've had."

Friends of Cornel and Pat will tell you that, during Cornel's period of bitterest struggle, Pat was offered a wonderful opportunity. "I'm not well enough," she demurred, which was partly true, "to consider a theatrical offer. Thank you very much." Afterward, discussing the situation in confidence with a friend, she said, "The important thing is for Cornel to get his break. When he's headed for the fame I know he'll have, then—if he doesn't mind —I might try pictures."

No love affair—married or single—is really super without well-established jokes. Cornel and Pat qualify. At least once a week, Cornel takes his wife out for dinner on a genuine date basis. Pat's taste varies through soup, salad, and entree. Then she is offered the dessert menu.

creature of habit . . .

Studiously she avoids Cornel's gaze. "You stop grinning," she will say, without glancing at him. She reads the names of the desserts: Mousse chocolate, cherries jubilee, pêche flambeau, petits fours, Boston cream pie . . . To the waitress she says with decision, "Please tell me, is the mousse chocolate made with Danish chocolate?" Maybe it is, more than likely it isn't. "Do you have any pie?" she wants to know.

"Yes, there's apple, apricot, boysenberry, etc. etc. etc."

"They all sound delicious. Well—er—do you have any ice cream?"

At this point, Cornel begins to laugh. "Bring my wife a chocolate sundae," he says. "And I'll have apple pie."

It makes no difference how often Pat has a chocolate sundae, she can always eat

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another. No matter what delectable desserts are offered, she toys with the thought of each, then orders you-know-what. She takes her ribbing with embarrassed good grace.

The only trouble Cornel can find with his home life is that he doesn't get enough of it. For instance, he finished "Bandit of Sherwood Forest" at six one evening. He rushed home, showered, dressed, had dinner, kissed Wendy and Pat goodbye, and left at nine that evening for location with the Twentieth Century-Fox company charged with making "Leave Her to Heaven!"

Pat wrote every day during the two weeks Cornel was away. Much of the time he was too busy during the day and too tired at night to write, but one afternoon he was scheduled to do a typewriter scene. (In "Leave Her To Heaven" he enacts the role of an author of best sellers, a part that Cornel would like to play in real life.)

every moment counts . . .

Between every take, Cornel punched away, two finger style, at the typewriter. It was necessary for the cameraman to wait for certain cloud formations, so the scene required endless waiting to be canned. After about three hours, Cornel observed blithely, "You guys aren't getting much done, but *I've* just finished a letter to my wife!"

About the only time Cornel has the fun of spending a few hours with his daughter is on Sunday. She is usually still asleep when he leaves in the morning, and she is always asleep when he returns at night. This fact has made the little lady a trifle dubious about Cornel's right to give orders. One Sunday afternoon she pulled ten or fifteen volumes from Cornel's bookcases, made bridges and castles, jeeps and P-38s of them, then—growing bored—casually abandoned them and made a bee-line for the door.

"You can't go outside until you've put the books away," said Cornel in his best paternal manner.

Wendy stared at him, her lower lip folding out, her eyes squinching into weeping troughs. "No," she said.

"Then you can't go outdoors to play with Punch this afternoon." Punch is a black French poodle; if he could talk he would behave toward Wendy as the Jones Junior High School assembly would behave toward Sinatra.

"Play with Punch!" insisted Wendy, mov-

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A little while ago Veronica Lake was present at Victory Square. Fans crowded around her to get her autograph but she was on a bond tour and couldn't give them. When photographers wanted to take pictures, they couldn't because her hair was in her face. Finally a man stepped out of the crowd and handed her an envelope. When she opened it, she and many other people on the stage burst out laughing. No one knew what was in it until she took it out and put it in her hair. It was a bobby pin. Everybody was contented because they saw her face.

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ing toward the door. Papa Wilde looked stern; he shook his head.

Wendy looked stubborn; she shook *her* head.

So Cornel decided on strategy. He strolled to the side of his blonde, brown-eyed daughter, knelt and took her into his arms. "The reason I ask you to put the books away is very simple: If they are left out, Daddy may walk through the room, stumble and fall down. Or Mommy might trip and hurt himself. You don't want to hurt Mommy or Daddy, do you darling?"

daddy's good girl . . .

"Oh no," said Wendy, tragically. With alacrity she returned every volume to its place. "Daddy's good girl," said her father approvingly as she went outside. Cornel stood at the door, watching her. She was taking a clinical interest in Punch. She stared him in the eye until he moved his head; she lifted first one, then the other of his silky ears. Sinking her small hands into his thick coat, she ruffled his tight curls. At last, in a tone indicating that she was paying Punch the highest of all possible tributes, she said, "Daddy's good dog."

Which brings us to Christmas, 1945. If Christmas, 1940, was the all-time low spot in the lives of the Wildes, Cornel and Pat, this year will be one of the better celebrations, because they have bought a brand-new home. It is modest, as motion picture homes go, consisting of living room, den, dining room, kitchen with breakfast nook, two master bedrooms with a bath for each, and a nursery with bath, as well as a maid's room and bath in the rear. The deep, monotone rugs and the handsome drapes went with the house, but most of the furniture was bought by Cornel and Pat.

They plan to have a few friends in for Christmas Eve dinner and conviviality. (If Tom 'n Jerries are served, winged interlopers will be absent.) And, whether the climate chooses to rain or shine, everything will look rosy to Cornel and Pat. They're Wilde about each other.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

After several months in a hospital overseas, from wounds received in Normandy on D-Day, I was flown back to the states. On the way Pat O'Brien and his USO show boarded our plane and returned to the states. Being with such a great star was something, but while on the way, Pat O'Brien remarked that the first thing he was going to do was to kiss the good old ground of the United States. Pat was certainly a regular guy and has done so much to entertain the troops overseas. We finally landed at LaGuardia Airport in New York and stepped on the soil of our great country. I was following Pat O'Brien and to the surprise of everyone around, Pat actually lay down on the cement ramp and kissed the ground. We all felt like doing the same, but were too excited at seeing it done by Pat O'Brien, a very famous screen celebrity.

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Before and after

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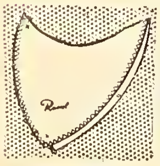

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"HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 37)

"Okay," Jimmy said suddenly. "We'll ask her."

They left the fancy part of town behind. The streets narrowed and grew drabber. The houses huddled closer together, the faded brownstones and the tenements. But Jimmy Dobson walked gaily, whistling like a man on a holiday; and Albert Weever trotted along beside him, a large, hulking, somehow comic figure. Once Jimmy stopped off and bought a bunch of posies from a little old woman on a street corner.

They shared a room in a ramshackle tenement house very far indeed from the splendor of the great Hotel Eden. But it was a pleasant enough room, as those things went—second floor, front. The furniture wasn't really bad, there was only one crack in the mirror. Jimmy eyed himself in the mirror, still whistling. Suddenly they heard a swift series of knocks. Jimmy looked at Albert and grinned.

"She must have heard us come in—"

"You whistle awful loud," Albert said.

"I'm going up," Jimmy said.

"Me, too?"

"Nope."

"I can't go? Aw, Jimmy—"

"You wait until I knock for you."

"Okay. If you say so, Jimmy—"

She was propped up on the sofa, as she almost always was during the day. She looked almost as if she were only resting. But she wasn't. That was how she spent all her days and in the evening they carried her to the bed, until the next morning. For she was lame and it was a very long time since she had last walked alone.

But if you saw her there, on the sofa, you might never know. Her face was radiant and smiling, a trifle pale, a trifle fragile perhaps, but then she was indoors so much. And there was something—a glowing inner light in her eyes—that never let you think she was anything but young and beautiful.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was walking down the street one day when suddenly I saw a group of soldiers, staring in the other direction toward a stunning woman. As I was nearing the group of soldiers I couldn't help but hear what they were saying. I soon found out the woman was Marlene Dietrich and she was saying, "I'm Marlene Dietrich, the movie star." One boy stood one foot closer. You could tell right off the bat none of them believed her. This young man who had taken a step towards her said, "Pardon me, lady, I'm General Eisenhower." And with that said the young man walked away from Marlene, who stood there alone with a grin from ear to ear.

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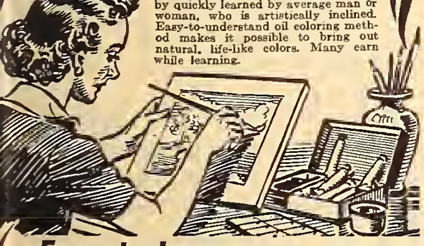

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"Hi, Leslie," Jimmy said at the open door; he swung the posies out from behind his back: "Look! Grew 'em myself."

"Jimmy—"

"They're for your hair. We're going out tonight. Can a fellow get a date?"

"A fellow can try."

"Okay. First we'll take a spin through the town. Then—"

"It's a date," Leslie said.

Jimmy laughed and then rapped on the floor. Albert was at the door almost before the last echo died.

"Albert," Jimmy said. "A taxi for the lady."

"Coming up," Albert said.

Making a carry of their crossed hands, they lifted her while Albert chugged like the idling motor of a taxi. They pattered down the hall to the stairs. And then up. Up to the roof where the night sky twinkled over New York. There were some benches on the roof and they pulled one up to the edge and looked across the roofs to the bright lights that glittered over Broadway and Fifth Avenue and all the proud and exciting streets of Manhattan.

"Jimmy—" Albert said.

"Yeah?"

"Jimmy, will you read us the story? I got the book here."

"Aw, Albert," Jimmy said. "You've heard it a dozen times."

"It's not for me," Albert said with some dignity. "It's for Leslie. Don't you want to hear the story, Leslie?"

"Sure," Leslie said. "Go ahead, Jimmy."

He took the book and opened it. It was always a little hard for him to start, for it was a book of fairy tales. But Albert was wild about the story. And Leslie loved the simple, gay tone of the fairy tale world where everyone was well and whole and happy.

"Once upon a time," Jimmy began, "there was a beautiful Princess—"

Princess Veronica, who was a very real Princess indeed, arrived at the Hotel Eden the next day. She swept through the lobby in a whirl of bows, followed by her retinue. They went up a special elevator to the largest and most ornate suite in the hotel in a procession of royal proportions: The manager, the personal lady's maids, a small covey of bellboys. Then, in full splendor—the Princess Veronica, Countess Zoe, the Count and Countess Tradiska, Baron Zoltan Faludi and finally the round and somewhat harried major-domo, Mr. Pufi.

Ultimately, after all the bows and scrapes, the Princess stood alone in the privacy of her own suite. Or almost alone. The Countess Zoe was lying stretched out on the chaise. Veronica moved toward the windows.

"It's a beautiful sight, Zoe," she said.

"Is it? Worth all this fantastic traveling? My dear, my stomach still feels like an armada of butterflies."

"Come look," Veronica said.

"Are you really looking at the city," Zoe said drily, "or merely at the Americans? And for one special American—"

"Zoe!"

"So I was right. You still haven't forgotten him." She rose from the chaise. "Listen to me, Veronica. It can lead nowhere. Forget him. Marry the Baron—"

"Zoltan?"

"The Faludis are an old and powerful family in our country. It would do you no harm to have him at your side when you become—a Queen."

But the Princess Veronica wasn't listening. She was looking out over the pattern of New York below her, spread before her like an illustrated map. And she was thinking that there was nothing she would like more to do just then than to slip out, alone and unnoticed, and walk those sunlit and magical streets . . .

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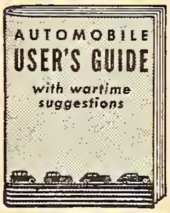

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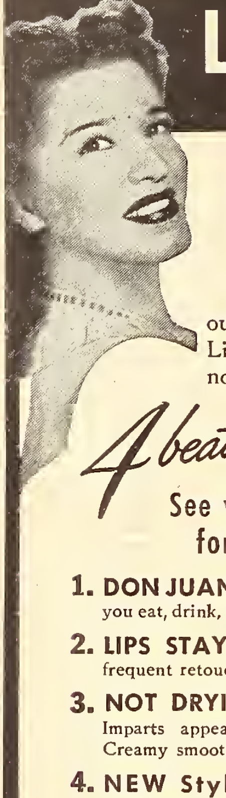

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It was easier than she thought. It was a matter of waiting for the proper time, wearing the proper clothes, taking the proper exit. The proper time was when they all finally left—even Zoe; and the proper dress was a neat black frock that made her look like a lady's maid—a very pretty and fetching one perhaps, but then that was no drawback in a lady's maid; and the proper exit, of course, was indubitably the Employees exit, in the back of the hotel.

It all went swimmingly. The porters wrestling luggage at the rear of the hotel whistled at her. And one in particular—a hulking, grinning fellow—even called "Hya, babe!" That was when the bellboy came to her rescue. He stepped up with a rather charming smile and very courteously asked her if she was new maid at the place.

After that, somehow, she found herself, walking by his side as he strolled down the Avenue with a brace of dogs. It seemed that was part of his job. And since he was out walking anyway it was entirely the thing to do to go along with him. After all she was a "new maid" and didn't really know her way around New York.

That's how it happened that Jimmy Dobson, bellboy, escorted a Princess on her first walk in New York. They took a brisk turn down a few streets, came to Central Park, swung through the park walks—and it might be noted that the Princess Veronica was treated to her first hot dog on this walk—and finally came back to the hotel.

"Well, baby, how did you like our town?" Jimmy asked.

"Very nice."

"When's your day off?"

"Day off?"

"Sure. It's an old American custom."

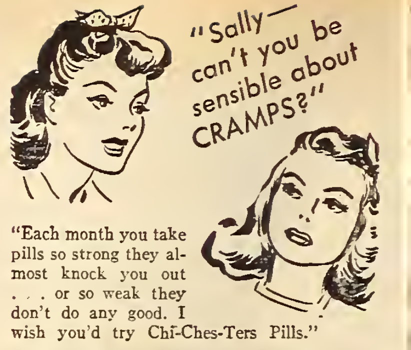
"Oh—"

"Say, you certainly are green, aren't you?" Jimmy said. "Look, what are you doing tomorrow night about this time? How about coming out with me and a

I SAW IT HAPPEN

It was during the Fourth War Loan drive and Walter Pidgeon was in Detroit. Despite the warnings of our fellow autograph hunters we were determined to get his autograph. None of us was allowed to use the elevators, so we walked the 25 flights of stairs to Mr. Pigeon's room. When his door opened we were confronted with a tall, very handsome man whom we immediately recognized as Walter Pidgeon. We stood there as if in a trance and I almost forgot to give him the carnation we had bought for him. But when I did he smiled and said, "that was very sweet of you, darling." After he signed our books he said he would walk to the elevator with us and when we told him that we weren't allowed to use them, and that we had walked up, he promptly put an arm around two of us and said, "We'll fix that." He waited for the elevator with us and then, putting us on, he said to the surprised elevator girl, "Take good care of them, they're my friends." And so we are, Mr. Pidgeon, so we are.

Joanne Burns
Detroit, Mich.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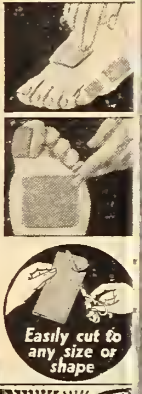

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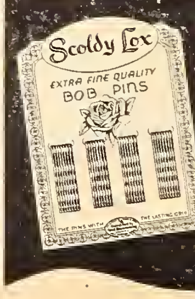

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HOLLYWOOD foto Art BUREAU
6164 Hollywood Boulevard Hollywood 28, Calif

couple of fox terriers. I'll give you a couple of pointers about how to get along in this town—"

They were through the Service Entrance of the hotel by that time and it just happened that the hotel manager was making a check trip through that part of the hotel. His eyes took in the incredible spectacle of his prize guest wandering in the Service Entrance and his ears incredulously overheard a bellboy trying to date a Princess.

"You!" he sputtered. "You!"

"Me?" Jimmy said.

"You're fired!" The Manager bowed deeply. "A thousand pardons, Your Highness. I'm shocked—"

"But there is nothing to be shocked about," the Princess Veronica said smoothly. "This gentleman of your staff was kind enough to point out some details of very great interest to me. I should consider it a personal favor if he were assigned to me as my personal attendant at the Hotel—"

"You!" the Manager sputtered. "Did you hear that? It's an order. Hereafter you will report to the suite of Princess Veronica every morning."

And Jimmy Dobson, who was sputtering a little himself, managed a very awkward bow while he remembered feeding a hot dog to a real live Princess.

"Yes, Your Highness—" said Jimmy.

It was exciting to work for a Princess. And perhaps something more than exciting. For she was young and beautiful . . . and hadn't she asked for him personally? Of course it meant extra work, too, and longer hours, but you didn't mind that when you worked for a Princess. And it meant too that somehow there wasn't much time left for Leslie . . .

The night of the Royal Ball, Albert caught him in the room as he dressed in the formal tails he had rented for the occasion. Albert was elaborately tactful.

"Goin' out?"

"Yep."

"The Princess?"

"Yep."

"Been up to see Leslie?"

"I'm in an awful hurry," Jimmy said.

"You don't hardly see her anymore."

"You know how it is."

Albert said doubtfully: "Yeah. I guess I do."

And he walked carefully to the clothes closet and took out a black slouch hat and carefully slipped it on his head. Then he looked in the mirror.

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TALES OF THE HOLLYWOODS

• I know of no tale that explains why a picture celebrity outshines all other celebrities, better than this incident which Tom Jenk tells about walking along a street and following Professor Einstein. Not one person recognized the world's most renowned mathematician.

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"Lana Turner," remarked Professor Einstein sagely, "has a great deal more to show than I have."

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WOODMEN OF THE WORLD BLDG. OMAHA 2, NEBRASKA

"Goin' out?" Jimmy said.

"Maybe."

Jimmy looked at the hat.

"Been seeing Hack?"

Albert answered with elaborate surprise: "Now whatever made you think of that?"

"You never wear that hat unless you're running around with a mob, Albert. You haven't worn it in a long time. Sure it isn't Hack?"

"You meet a lot of guys around town," Albert said.

"Don't do anything foolish," Jimmy said. "Albert, you hear me? Don't do anything until I can talk to you. I haven't got time now. I got to get down to the Ball." He was at the door then and just before he went out, he said again: "Keep away from Hack."

When he was gone, Albert looked in the mirror again and shrugged slightly. Then he went out, too. There was someone coming down the stairs from the floor above. Albert waved to him and waited, hat in hand.

"Hi, Doc," he said.

"Hello, Albert," the Doctor said.

"How is she, Doc?" Albert said quickly. The Doctor shrugged.

"Doc," Albert said. "When is she going to be all right?"

"When?" the doctor said. "That's rather a hard question to answer. It really depends on the kind of medicine she gets."

"Just give me the name, Doc," Albert said. "We'll get it for her."

"I'm afraid it's not medicine you can buy," the Doctor said softly. "Leslie is lame because once a long time ago, when she was a child perhaps, her soul was hurt. It's the thing inside her. Somebody hurt her very badly then. And now she needs somebody to love her very much to make up for it. That's her cure, Albert. That's what she needs . . ."

The Ball was a brilliant success. The guests eddied through the huge gilt rooms, murmuring softly against the background of muted violins playing in the ballroom. The Princess was charming but she kept eyeing the doorway as if she were waiting for someone. Jimmy Dobson hovered always somewhere near her, eyeing the suave Baron Zoltan Faludi with somewhat jealous eyes. It was fortunate perhaps that Jimmy didn't overhear the conversation that the Princess had a little later in a small room off the main ballroom.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One day while wheelchairing about Bushnell General Hospital I rounded a corner and almost ran into Dinah Shore, who was visiting the wards. She asked my name and we started chatting. I told her that before entering the Army I had been a page boy at C.B.S. in Hollywood and had ushered some of her shows. Later when I returned to my ward I didn't mention my meeting with her to anyone. Soon Dinah arrived there. She spotted me, and stated, "Well, Larson, my old C.B.S. friend, what would you like to hear me sing?" The other patients looked at me with surprise and awe. I was practically a celebrity after that, and I owe it all to my "old friend," Dinah Shore.

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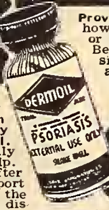

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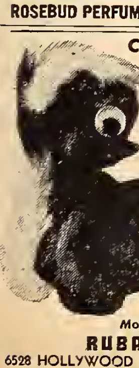

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He finally came—the "special American." Jimmy knew him: Paul MacMillan. Everybody knew Paul: He was a big newspaperman, had his own column and everything. He was a big shot, all right. Jimmy thought he came because the Princess was news. But there was something more than that.

They stood in the small room, looking across at each other: a Princess and an American newspaperman. He spoke first.

"You haven't changed very much," he said. "You're beautiful."

"Thank you, Paul."

"No. No thanks. I can say it now objectively. That's why I came."

"Can you really say it—objectively?"

"Why not?"

"Once you said you loved me . . ."

"And once you said you loved me," Paul said almost bitterly. "And the next day they almost threw me out of the country. Remember? You said you'd come to me. You never did . . ."

"Perhaps I couldn't—"

"No. A Princess never can. She does what's best for her country, doesn't she?"

She almost whispered: "Yes . . ."

"And you're still a Princess?"

"Yes."

"And someday—Queen."

"Someday Queen," Veronica said.

They looked at each other again. Then almost roughly he was at her side and he kissed her. And almost as rapidly, he bowed and was gone. The Princess looked at the empty door.

So the Princess decided to go home. It was a sudden decision, as sudden as the decision to come to America, and perhaps for much the same reason. At least that is what the Countess Zoe suspected when Veronica told her the next day.

"Believe me, Veronica, it is better. Come home. Forget him. I know how you feel. But it cannot go on. He is an American. And a nobody . . ."

That was the moment Jimmy chose to come whistling up the hall. He heard the words. For a moment a wild thought crossed his mind. Then he shook it off. Why, that was impossible!

He heard Veronica's voice: "A nobody? To you, perhaps, Zoe. Not to me."

Impossible? Maybe. But if not, whom were they talking about? Jimmy held his breath and listened.

"What has he—this nobody? A family? Connections? Riches? Nothing—"

"He has a great deal. Intelligence. Charm. Humor . . ."

In the hall Jimmy sucked in his breath. Intelligence, charm, humor? Sure, he was a modest guy and all that. But it added up, didn't it? Who else could there be? Faludi—he wasn't American. Some of the big shots who kept calling on the Princess? Bah! they didn't have . . . charm.

"Those things," said Zoe, "may be pleasant accomplishments. But hardly the necessary attributes of a King."

"What are the attributes of a King? Look at Uncle Freddy. When he isn't being an imbecile he rises to the status of a moron—"

"Still he is the King!"

"Jimmy would make a better King!"

And in the hall Jimmy almost gasped. There it was. The final proof. What more did he need? It was obvious that Princess Veronica was madly in love with him . . .

That's partly the story of how Jimmy Dobson found himself out on a real date with a Princess. For after hearing what he heard in the hall Jimmy hinted very subtly the next time he saw the Princess that he wouldn't mind stepping out a bit. Of course he didn't come right out and ask for a date: You didn't do that kind of thing with a Princess.

Actually she asked him out. She wanted to go to a little place called Jake's Joint.

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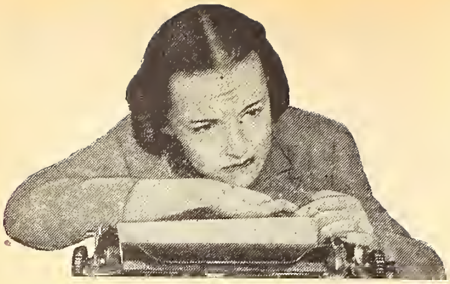

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Jimmy didn't know that she wanted to go there because Paul MacMillan usually hung out there a lot. Jimmy thought—well, Jimmy thought a lot of things. But, anyhow, they went to Jake's Joint that night.

That, too, is how the Princess was arrested . . .

Jake's Joint was a rough and tumble sort of place. In short, it was a dive. And that night, of all nights, it was filled with more than a fair quota of toughs. Jimmy was nervous as he squired the Princess into the place. A Princess sure can get funny ideas. You'd think someone like that would want to go to a fancy place. He hardly looked around the place as they entered.

He never saw Albert at the corner table until later. Then it was because Albert was wearing the black slouch mobster's hat. And he was wearing it for a reason. He was sitting at the corner table with Hack.

"Albert," Jimmy said.

"Jimmy."

"Go on. Blow, punk," Hack said. "Albert's with me."

"Shut up, Hack," Jimmy said. "I'm talking to Albert."

"Albert's taking his orders from me now," Hack said.

"Are you?" Jimmy said to Albert.

"Get rid of him," Hack said.

"Get rid of Jimmy?" Albert said.

"Sock him one."

"Sock Jimmy?"

"Yeah!"

"Sock who?" Jimmy said.

And then it started. Before it was over there were three riot calls sent in to the police. Sirens screamed outside in the street. Police whistles blew. Inside it was fists, flying bottles and flailing arms. In the middle of it all Princess Veronica stood on a chair, waving a bottle, and yelling:

"Come on, Jimmy!"

The police finally got it all cleared up. They never got Jimmy or Albert. Or Hack, for that matter. They were too wise in the ways of ducking out. But they got

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My girl friend and I frequently visit the CBS studios in New York to try and get visiting stars' autographs, and this particular day happened to be one of them.

This was on a Wednesday about 5 P.M. and the Milton Berle show had just finished rehearsing for their evening broadcast. Their guest star that week was Humphrey Bogart and just as we got there he came out of the studio and my friend rushed up to him and asked, "May I have your autograph, Mr. Bogart?" Whereupon he replied, "I'm sorry, I'm in a hurry now, some other time," and with that he got into a cab.

Well, my friend is a "never give up" gal, so, pulling me along, she caught the door before it closed and, with her best Lauren Bacall look, said, "I'm hard to get, Steve, but any time you want me all you have to do is whistle." He then burst out laughing and said, "Okay, you got me. I'll sign." And he did.

Pearl Itzkowitz
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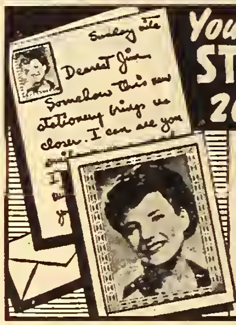
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the Princess before Jimmy could get to her. He could only yell before they took her away: "Don't give them your right name!" Then he had to watch them pile her in the wagon. Some one else watched too, with deep amazement and a growing glint in his eye.

Paul MacMillan. . . .

Jimmy had to tell them at the Hotel Eden, of course. They were the only ones who could get her out of jail without any fuss. So he and Albert, bearing marks of battle, trudged wearily to the door of the Royal Suite and timidly knocked on the door.

They entered.

The whole gang of them—Countess Zoe, Baron Faludi, the attache's, the chocolate soldiers, Pufi: All of them were on their knees, their heads bowed.

"Long live the Queen!" someone called.

"Long live who?" Jimmy said.

Countess Zoe was the first to see that Veronica was not with Jimmy.

She almost shrieked: "Where is she? Where is the Queen?"

"Who?" Jimmy said.

"Queen Veronica. We just heard that the King is dead—"

"Long live the Queen!" Pufi shouted.

"Where is she?" Countess Zoe almost shouted again.

Jimmy said: "In jail."

There was a moment of dead silence.

Then there was a rattle of swords. Things came so fast that Jimmy scarcely had time to breathe fast twice. They were on him, his arms pinned back, a sword at his throat, an ugly voice saying over and over again: "Assassin!" He was getting tired of the voice when he heard laughter. It was very distinctive laughter. It was a tinkling, silvery laugh that once heard was never again mistaken.

The laughter of Veronica. . . .

She was coming through the door with Paul MacMillan. And for the first time perhaps in her life she was completely carefree and gay, young and beautiful. And in love. Her hand was entwined in Paul's.

"The Queen!"

They kneeled again. Veronica's eyes slowly ran over the bent figures. And abruptly the laughter died. She knew what it meant. Paul did, too. He let her arm fall and stood watching her. She turned to him, almost helplessly. Queen! As Princess there was always the chance of escape. But as Queen—

"Long live the Queen," Paul said bitterly.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

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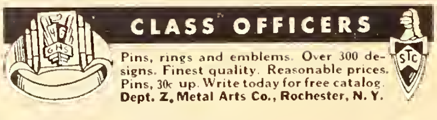
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He turned abruptly. For a moment she almost followed him. Then she turned back to the room where they were all still kneeling. She turned back to her subjects—and her duty.

"You may rise," she said in a dull voice.

"We leave tomorrow," Count Tradiska said sharply. "With your gracious permission, Your Majesty."

"Tomorrow. It doesn't matter."

She turned away from them. Jimmy looked after her uncertainly. He didn't know how this Royalty business worked. Maybe it was all right for a Princess to be in love with a bellboy. But a Queen? He stepped up to her.

"I guess I got to say goodbye, too," he said with deep feeling. "I'm sorry it turned out the way it did. I had other plans for—tonight."

"Jimmy," Veronica said softly.

"I guess it's goodbye."

"Must it be, Jimmy? You, too? Why not come with me? You could, you know, if you wanted to."

"Even if you're the Queen?" Jimmy gasped.

"Why not?"

"I—"

"Don't answer now. If the answer is yes, come tomorrow at noon. We will be leaving then."

He was still in a daze when he was out in the hall with Albert. He punched the button for the elevator. Albert was looking at him oddly.

"They make good money," Albert said.

"Who?"

"Kings," Albert said.

He had to say goodbye to Leslie. That was the hardest part. He found her on the couch and she smiled up at him when he came in; it was a gay smile, a gallant smile—and it almost broke Jimmy's heart.

"Hiya, King—" she said.

"Oh," he said, "you know."

"I think it's wonderful, Jimmy. King James!"

"Leslie—"

"What are you so sad about?" she looked up at him swiftly. "You're not worried about me, are you Jimmy? I'll be all right. Why, I've got a job."

He stared at her incredulously.

"Sure, I've got a job. Dancing."

"Dancing!"

She smiled impishly: "See, I've got surprises for you, too. I can walk again, Jimmy. I'm all well. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Leslie," he said slowly. "Really? Honest—"

She pushed herself up from the couch. And then in another moment she was on her feet. For a few steps he almost believed her. Then he saw her totter and sway. He was across the room before she could fall. He held her in his arms, looking down at the brave and gallant face, still trying to smile.

"Leslie!" he said. "Leslie!"

She hid her face against his chest.

"Leslie," he said. "You've got to get well. For me. Do you hear me, Leslie? I couldn't leave you. Not ever, Leslie. Not for a Princess or a Queen or anybody. I love you, Leslie—"

They hardly noticed that she was standing then alone.

Veronica stood against the window that framed the long vista of New York as Jimmy told her what happened.

"You thought—" she started. "You thought that I—"

"That's how it is," Jimmy said. "A fellow makes a mistake sometimes. I think you're awful sweet. But I'm in love with Leslie. Goodbye, Queen."

When he was gone, Countess Zoe broke into peals of laughter. "He thought you were in love with him," she cried between laughs. "A bellboy—"

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I SAW IT HAPPEN

During the summer of 1943 I was visiting in Los Angeles, and through the good offices of friends, was taken to luncheon at the cafe on the Fox studio grounds. It happened that Betty Grable, then making "Pin Up Girl," had the table right next to us. She was beautifully dressed in the short, flared dress she wore in that picture,—a dress which displayed her lovely legs to advantage.

My young son, who was with us, and who had heard comments on the insurance allegedly carried by Miss Grable on her legs looked across at the blond actress and said, "Gee, I can't see why those legs are worth a half million bucks!"

He spoke more loudly than he knew, and was my face red! I ducked, hoping beyond hope that Miss Grable hadn't heard the boy's remarks and the rather embarrassed laughter that followed. But I needn't have worried. When I dared to lift my eyes, she was laughing with the others, and not with any embarrassment, but merrily and whole-heartedly.

When she had finished her lunch and left the cafe, she smiled at my son and said, "Hi, Buddy!" with complete good nature. I thought that, whether or not her legs are worth a half million, her own charming personality is beyond price.

Clarinda Jackson
Salt Lake City, Utah

"And he gave me up," Veronica said slowly. "He gave up a Queen for love."

She started to walk slowly to the door.

"Where are you going?" Zoe said.

"I'm giving up a Queen, too," Veronica said. "For love—"

The Roof Garden of the Hotel Eden was a fairyland that trembled at the very tip of the famous building. From it, in the summer, it seemed that the stars were very close and the world below twinkled very far away. You may have been there the night that four people shared a table in one corner. It was a very curious foursome: a newspaperman and a girl who was once a Queen, a bellboy and a girl who was once lame . . .

The orchestra began to play a waltz and the soft music hovered in the air.

The newspaperman leaned across the table.

"Dance, Veronica?"

"Of course, Paul."

The bellboy leaned across the table.

"Dance, Leslie?"

And the girl who was once lame answered gaily.

"Of course, Jimmy."

THE CAST

Princess Veronica	*Hedy Lamarr*
Jimmy Dobson	*Bob Walker*
Leslie Odell	*June Allyson*
Baron Zoltan Faludi	*Carl Esmond*
Countess Zoe	*Agnes Moorehead*
Albert Weever	*"Rags" Ragland*

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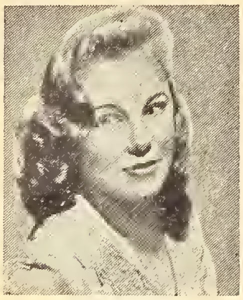

June Allyson

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NEVER BEEN KISSED

(Continued from page 64)

people and the future. It was wonderful. Until they came to the stream. It was quite a wide one, and Farley surveyed it dubiously.

"Do you suppose we'd better turn around?" he inquired.

"Turn around! For a little brook like that? Rather not!" Roddy, the great horseman, advanced into the stream, with Farley following doubtfully. They got right bang in the middle, and then Roddy's horse sat down. Just like that. Not even a decent warning.

Farley surveyed him. "Ah, can I help you?" he asked in a superior voice. Roddy had a moment of wishing Farley's horse would sit down, too.

"don't just stand there! . . ."

"I got in this, and I'll get out of it," he said determinedly. But by the time he and his horse were back on land, Farley was almost as wet as he was. They laughed at each other and then galloped back to the stable. When they reached the place where they had parked their car, they were both candidates for double pneumonia. Farley fished the car keys out of his pocket. But something was wrong. Maybe it was the wetting they'd had. Anyway, they couldn't open the door.

"We can't just *stand* here!" Roddy pointed out. He looked around, and found a large rock.

"Hey!" Farley protested, but it was too late. Wham! The rock had gone through the window.

"Now I can reach in and unlock—" Roddy didn't finish his sentence. He was interrupted.

"Oh, you can, can you!" A tough voice spoke. It belonged to a cop who had strolled up quietly and was eyeing them with cold suspicion. "Car thieves, huh?"

"Oh, no!" Roddy protested. "This car belongs to Mr. Granger here."

"Sure. Sure. That's why you're throwing rocks through the window. Playful, aren't you? And," he added with further suspicion, "why are you all wet?"

They got it straightened out finally, of course. But Roddy is pretty sure the cop always suspected them of having just swum in from Alcatraz.

Even with Farley gone, Roddy finds plenty to do, especially on the Fox lot. There's a paper called Fox Fun, which comes out four times a year. Roddy is the editor. He makes up the layout, sees that it's mimeographed, checks on all the news and gossip that goes into it. Then he's interested in painting in oils. Likes to do marine scenes the best. He goes to the

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was one of the many autograph collectors chasing Dick Crane. He had just finished signing a book for an elderly lady when she said, "Richard, your handwriting is still as poor as ever." It was his old school teacher.

Constance Lamberton
Greenwich, Conn.

MAKING YOUR WISHES COME TRUE...

One wish has been fulfilled. Won by 3½ years of deadly struggle. With God's help, we have prevailed.

Now we have a chance to make another wish come true. For most of us, the outlook is a bright one. If we will simply use the brains, the will, the energy, the enterprise...the materials and resources...with which we won our war, we can't fail to win the peace and to make this the richest, happiest land the world has known.

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MODERN SCREEN

This is an official U. S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

school on the studio lot, and so did Virginia, till she graduated last year.

His latest picture, of course, is "Molly And Me" with Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields. Woolley's acid wit accompanies his speech in real life as well as on stage and screen. He was to do a personal appearance and was told, worriedly, by the studio, that there would be a lot of children there.

"Be nice to them, Monty," he was urged. "It's very important."

"Don't," said Mr. Woolley impressively, "give it a thought. I shall pat each of the little darlings on the head—until they are dead."

After their first picture together, Roddy, who collects autographs even as you and I, asked Monty for his. He got it, as follows: "To Roddy—there is nothing I can criticize about you except your endless desire to collect undesirable autographs."

The late John Barrymore gave Roddy one that said simply, "God Save The King." Roddy was so excited when he was introduced to Lord Halifax at the Hollywood Canteen that he forgot to ask him for an autograph which would have made a considerable addition to his collection.

There are things about Roddy that are typically English. His beautiful manners, his poise, his obedience—his mother says Roddy has never in his life said "I will not." There are other things that are just as typically American—his enthusiasm, his friendliness, his restless desire to be always *doing* something. When Roddy was making a personal appearance in Worcester, one boy who met him said to Mrs. MacDowall, "Say, is it true that Roddy was born in England?"

"It is."

The boy shook his head wonderingly. "You'd never think it. He seems like such a regular guy."

The boy and some pals of his appointed themselves Roddy's official escort while he was in Worcester. They'd see that a cab was waiting when he came out of his hotel, and they'd get him through the mob of swoon-janes without so much as a button missing. Oh, sure, the girls swoon over Roddy! He's grown up a lot in the last year, you know, and he's a very attractive lad. So far, however, he hasn't shown any romantic interest in girls. Just the "friends and pals" sort of thing. One time, when he gave a mass interview to some high school students, someone asked "What girl have you dated oftenest in Hollywood?" Roddy, who never dates, grinned impishly. "Lassie!" he said.

lassie's his gal . . .

As a matter of fact, he is very fond of Lassie. She's a beautiful dog, and somehow boys and dogs sort of go together. He likes horses, too, but you can't hug a

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Monty Woolley has a home in our fair city and he and his secretary are frequent visitors of the Worden Grill.

It so happened that one cold, snowy night after "The Beard" had arrived, a slightly tipsy woman took one look at Mr. Woolley's chin and was heard to whisper, "Look, icicles! It sure must be cold out."

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horse the way you can a dog. Besides, there's only one of Lassie, whereas there were four "Flickas" and eight "Thunderheads." When Roddy was in New York last time, he had the pleasure of presenting a collie puppy to the little boy who won M-G-M's "Son of Lassie" contest. The presentation was rather fun, because the small boy was so excited—(a) over the six-weeks-old puppy, which was a darling, and (b) over meeting Roddy. His brown eyes shone, his voice vanished completely, and he looked from the puppy to Roddy with the expression of one who has reached life's ultimate pinnacle.

"Take care of this pup now," Roddy said, in a big brother tone, after the presentation was over and the camera bulbs were through exploding. "Don't maul him around too much. He's pretty small, yet."

Then he gave the boy and the dog both a farewell, friendly pat, and ran off to the Roxy where he was appearing in the stage show. On the way, he was sidetracked by some wild neckties in a window. Roddy had a "tie war" on with Jackie Gleason who appeared in the show with him. They were each trying to outdo the other in who could come on the stage in the weirdest tie. Last night had been good. Jackie had appeared wearing *two* ties—one red and one yellow. He had flaunted them at Roddy, and jeered.

"That tie you're wearing is *nothing*, fellow!" he had proclaimed.

It didn't look very exciting. Roddy had his coat buttoned up and all you could see was a tiny boat on a dark sea. "So it's nothing, is it?" Roddy said, and suddenly opened his coat, to display the most flamboyant of mermaids painted on the rest of the tie. The audience had loved it.

"I'll catch up with you tomorrow," Jackie had warned. So Roddy stopped in the store now, and bought the four brightest, most fantastic ties he could find in the place.

"The trouble is, I can't wear anything with green in," he explained to the salesman. And strangely enough, all wild ties seemed to have some green in them.

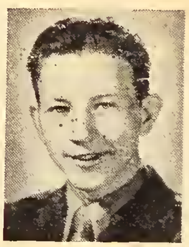
"Green should look fine on you." The man was puzzled.

"Oh, it isn't that. It's a superstition I have. I never wear green." He doesn't, either. Nothing would persuade him to break this tradition, which is, he says solemnly, hereditary. That's as far as he'll go, explaining it.

When he got back to the Roxy he found his mother studiously sorting out small, brilliant disks of red, blue, purple and yellow. There were dozens of them, and they lay on the dressing table, blinking dazzlingly in the sunlight.

"What the heck . . ." Roddy surveyed them in amazement.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I walked into the theater the other night and who should be walking out but Pvt. Donald O'Connor and his wife, Gwen. He stopped short and said "Hi Betts" (you see, I give him his mail at the Ambassador Hotel). Asking him very seriously how the picture was, he replied, "Not bad at all." The picture happened to be "Patrick the Great," starring Donald O'Connor!

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"For the tie war. I'm going to sew them on a plain black tie. The spotlight will catch them beautifully. And we'll catch Jackie Gleason!"

mom's a pal . . .

That's the kind of mother Roddy has. She enters into everything. She shares her son's ardent admiration for Irene Dunne, Gregory Peck and Shep Fields' band. Roddy has adopted that band—or maybe they've adopted him. They were playing in Boston when Roddy was there, and somehow he found himself spending every spare minute with them. He doesn't play any instrument himself, and he's only a semi-jitterbug, but he really goes for the Fields brand of music. The band presented him with a gold tie clip inscribed "To Roddy from Shep Fields and the boys," and he couldn't be prouder. His favorite tunes at present are "I Should Care" and "A Friend Of Yours." The band played them for him at every opportunity.

Roddy turned into something of a crooner during his personal appearance tour. Hitherto, his singing had been strictly of the in-the-shower variety. But when he gave out with "You Belong To My Heart" from the stage of the Roxy, the resultant "oo-oohs" are said to have given Sinatra's manager the cold shivers. Be that as it may, Roddy is now deluged with requests that he make a recording of "You Belong To My Heart," and perhaps he will.

Meanwhile he is back in Hollywood,

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Frank Sinatra is currently getting a great deal of favorable publicity on his campaign to establish universal tolerance. But Sinatra has done more than merely talk. Any statement slurring any race or creed infuriates him and sometimes causes him to react physically.

A few years back, I was in a small night club in New York. Sinatra had come to see Cosy Cole; the great Negro drummer who was appearing there as well as on Frank's current radio show. Cole, considered one of the finest musicians in the business, was on the stand at the moment. Two typical college boys, complete with crew haircuts and wiseguy expressions, stood in front of Sinatra's table, obstructing the view.

Frank quietly asked them to move out of the way so that he might see the show. One of them looked at him, turned again and didn't change positions. Frank asked again, this time touching one of their arms. The man threw off his hand, said that he knew who he was, "So what!" and made some dirty remarks about Negroes and people who consider them as friends.

Frank couldn't take this and proceeded to change their point of view. As a result, one of the tough collegians hit the floor and the other the road.

They had believed the stories of Frank being a weakling and so weren't afraid to tangle with him—not knowing that his anger caused by dirty racial remarks brought on even stronger physical strength.

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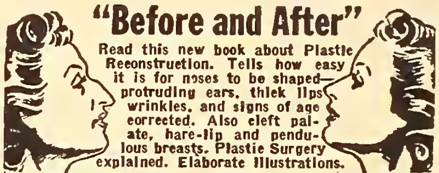

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waiting for the studio to decide on his next picture. Swimming every day, riding a lot, getting a huge bang out of the new MacDowall house in Cheviot Hills. They bought it last February—to the vast relief of their former neighbor, the old lady across the street. It has a swimming pool, and lots of grounds around it, and they can make all the noise they want to without bothering anybody. They have one dog, and several cats, and then there are the birds. They're the darndest looking birds you ever saw. They look like something out of a Walt Disney nightmare. In fact, no one in the family knows what kind they are, and they are referred to simply as "Disney birds." The MacDowall ménage gets a bit complicated sometimes, when the dog chases the cats and the cats tip over the birds' cages, spilling bird seed and water all over the place. No casualties have occurred so far, however. Roddy cleans up the mess cheerfully, and waits for it to happen all over again.

"I don't suppose everyone would care for

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Recently Sonja Henie came to San Francisco to visit wounded sailors and marines at Treasure Island and Oak Knolls Hospitals. I induced her to visit the San Francisco Canteen and then to come over to The Golden Gate theater to make one appearance with her picture. At the Canteen, Miss Henie, who had been visiting hospital wards for five hours, was introduced to about 300 uniformed men and women. Just as we were about to leave, Sgt. Lloyd Pantages asked Sonja to shake hands with two bus loads of boys brought in from a ship just in from Saipan. "There are 91 of 'em," said Pantages, "I'll line 'em up and you can go right down the line to save time." Sonja agreed. A moment later Pantages returned, took Miss Henie to an adjoining room and there were the boys all smiling in anticipation, but all blind. Sonja nearly fainted when she first saw them, then closed her eyes, took a deep breath and with the smile that has made her famous and a voice full of cheer she shook hands with every boy. But the last youngster, about 19, held her hand a moment and said apologetically—"I'm sorry I can't see your picture, Miss Henie." This was just too much and Miss Henie couldn't reply. The tears came to her eyes. She gave the boy's hand a firm grip, shouted "Good night, boys!" with considerable effort and passed out into the street and a waiting cab. On the way to the theater and for fully five minutes back-stage, the woman who had entertained as many as 25,000 persons at a time, one of the great figures of the entertainment world, was stopped. "I've got to find some way of hiding my feelings," Sonja told me. And Allan Jones' quick stage introduction came as a most welcome lift. Now Sonja is visiting thousands of wounded men abroad. What I saw was one of the most dramatic scenes of a lifetime and my respect for Sonja Henie multiplied in a hurry.

Helen Wabbe
San Francisco, Calif.

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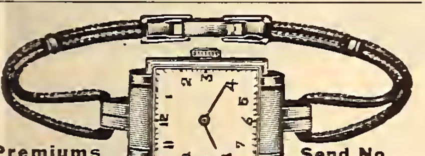

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the way we live," he says thoughtfully. "But I like it. It's—interesting."

It *is* interesting. There's nothing stereotyped about the MacDowall family. Their way of life is original, natural and gay. Someone asked Roddy once what he did evenings. He considered this, his brows drawn together over his blue eyes, his tanned face thoughtful. "Well, really, every evening is different," he said. That's the way he likes his whole life to be, and the chances are that's the way he'll have it.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Shortly after the outbreak of the war, the world premiere of "North West Mounted" was held in my home town of Regina, Saskatchewan. It was one of the biggest events our little city has ever witnessed. The preparations and decorations were lavish.

I was a very insignificant young convent girl at the time and the fact that my classmates and I were not to be allowed time off from our studies to see the beauteous Miss Madeleine Carroll, the star of the picture, and one of our screen idols, made us all very sad indeed.

The morning after her arrival, as I was leaving my classroom and progressing down the hall of our convent, I accidentally bumped the arm of what I thought was a guest or relative of one of the sisters. However, upon turning around to offer my apologies I was dumbfounded to discover that it was Miss Madeleine Carroll herself, walking toward the chapel. I was too awestruck to speak, but turned abruptly and commenced to run down the corridor to my classroom to announce the news to everyone. Our teacher told us that Miss Carroll's visit to the convent was not on her schedule but she had asked as a special favor to have a mass said for her sister who had just been killed in a bombing raid over London. She also reminded me that even the students were not supposed to know that she was in the building.

Of course now that we all knew we couldn't rest until she visited and talked with us, so after mass and breakfast, sister asked her to come in and speak to the class. She wore a brown tailored suit and had a black band around her arm to signify the death of her sister. We were completely enthralled when Miss Carroll spoke to us in her lovely clear soft voice, with a faint and attractive English accent.

We will never forget how she spoke of her sister and how she impressed upon us how grateful we should be for living in such a peaceful corner of the world without the fear of bombs and the tragedy of seeing our loved ones blown to bits in their homes.

To Miss Carroll now, who has given up her movie career to devote her life to the welfare of others, we, in that small convent way off in Saskatchewan, are praying for you, and yours.

Jane Murphy
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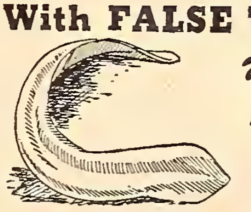

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IN THIS ISSUE:

HEDDA HOPPER LOVES PETER LAWFORD

NOV 20 1945

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CUPID: *Plain?* You're not so plain, Pattycake.

GIRL: Wait'll I smile, Little One. I'm Sad Sack.

CUPID: No gleam?

GIRL: No gleam, Little One. No sparkle. I brush my teeth. And brush 'em. But it's no glow. No gleam.

CUPID: And 'pink' on your tooth brush, I'll bet!

GIRL: We-ell . . . only lately . . . I—

CUPID: Stop stuttering, Sis. That 'pink' on your toothbrush is a warning! It means see your dentist—and fast!

GIRL: Dent— But I haven't got a toothache. I—

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THE CRISS-CROSS—A flattering frame for your beauty, from every angle. Soft. High-style. Fashion-wise. Front and sides are upswept over tiny Vogue rolls for contour firmness. The picturesque criss-cross low on the neck is turned under à la page boy over a Vogue hair roll, then held neatly and surely with a Vogue mesh net. *Vogue hair rolls and nets come in "natural" hair shades.*

●

Vogue Hair Rolls . . . . 5¢ to 59¢
Vogue Braids. . . . . .39¢ to 79¢
Vogue Nets. . . . . 10¢
In Hair-Matching Colors . . . Wanted Sizes and Shapes
On sale at 5-and-10¢ stores and department stores

Vogue
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
HAIR ACCESSORIES

The Glemby Co., Inc. • 111 Eighth Ave. • New York City

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

Stork Club

■ That cafe society rendezvous known with affectionate familiarity as "The Stork" is probably the best known night club in the world. Even a *bad* picture about the Stork Club would draw crowds, and this is a *good* picture. Exuberant Betty Hutton, expert Barry Fitzgerald, and husky, handsome Don DeFore handle the high spots. Andy Russell sings and Robert Benchley plays a lawyer who will probably send the bar association into a decline.

There have been plenty of millionaires who wanted to play Santa Claus to pretty hatcheck girls. But the motives of millionaire J. B. Bates (Barry Fitzgerald) are of a pristine purity. He is wandering on the beach one day when his hat blows into the ocean and he goes after it. Judy Peabody (Betty Hutton) who sees him in the water, impulsively jumps to the conclusion that this poor old man is committing suicide. She hauls him out by the hair, and promises to get him a job at the Stork Club, where she works. Bates is amused but grateful for her kindness. He agrees to meet her at the Stork the next day. Meanwhile he sees his lawyer, and tells him to reward Judy by fixing up charge accounts for her at a hotel and several stores.

Bates keeps his appointment with Judy. He wears old clothes and looks very down on his luck, indeed. Sympathetic Judy, who has just received word of her anonymous good fortune, insists on taking him out and buying him a new suit. Two new suits. While she's about it, she buys herself a couple of mink coats and most of the dresses shown in a fashion parade. Bates has a fit. He hadn't planned on helping the poor working girl to quite this extent, but he doesn't want her to know where *(Continued on page 8)*

Judy (B. Hutton) befriends millionaire Bates (B. Fitzgerald) by getting him *porter's* job!

"EVEN NOW SHE STOOD BETWEEN US...
THE TAUNT OF HER SMILE
LIKE A BLACK CURSE
ON OUR LOVE!"

In his arms, a girl of glorious love . . . In his mind, a girl of terrible fascination!

SCREEN'S MOST GRIPPING DRAMA OF MURDER... AND DESIRE!

ALICE FAYE
DANA ANDREWS
LINDA DARNELL

in

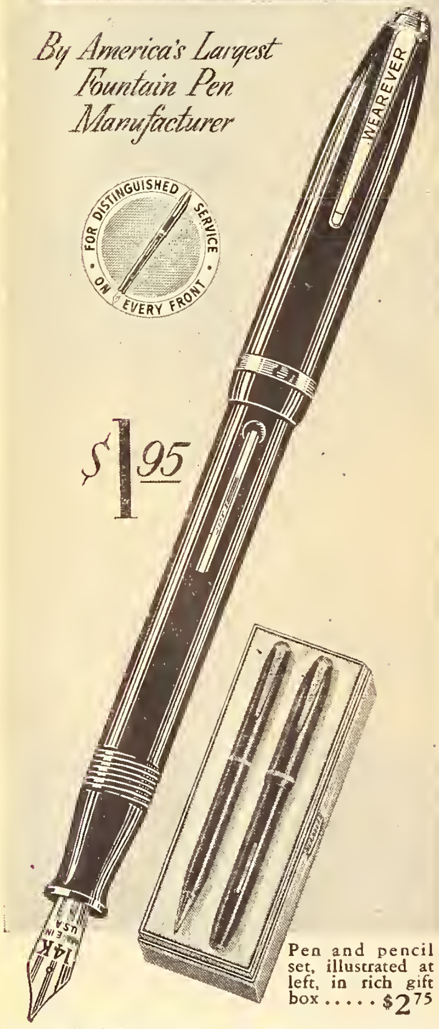
FALLEN ANGEL

with
Charles BICKFORD · Anne REVERE · Bruce CABOT
John CARRADINE · Percy KILBRIDE

Screen Play by Harry Kleiner • Based on the Novel by Marty Holland
Song "Slowly" by David Raksin and Kermit Goell
A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Produced and Directed by
OTTO PREMINGER

FINISH THE JOB! BUY YOUR VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE



WEAREVER

Zenith

By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT

$1.95

Pen and pencil set, illustrated at left, in rich gift box $2.75

TELESCOPE PRECISION

sets this pen apart!

Sleek, trim, tailored, the 1945 Wearever Zenith introduces new beauty in appearance and performance. Designed and built with a precision worthy of a fine telescope. Precision that distinguishes the ingenious "C-Flow" feed, the 14-carat gold point, the very design of this handsome pen. See, try, buy the ruby-topped Wearever Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Est. 1896).

WEAREVER

Refill Leads

at all stationery counters

(*Continued from page 6*)

the money came from so he can't say anything.

Judy is soon luxuriously ensconced in a suite at the hotel, and insists on a room for Bates, too. Then her Marine boy friend, Danny (Don DeFore) arrives. He demands an explanation of the mink coats and the suite. Judy gives him about three different ones in five minutes and he naturally suspects the worst. He settles on poor Sherman Billingsley (Bill Goodwin), owner of the Stork Club, as the villain. The rest is inspired lunacy, and I'd advise you to see it for yourself. There are several nice tunes, including a new one by Hoagy Carmichael.—*Par.*

P. S.

The Paramount Studios' New York office photographed the Stork Club inch by inch and forwarded stills to Art Director Earl Hedrick to assist him in designing the carbon copy set. The noted night spot was reproduced in minute detail from the front door to the pantry, with such widely known component parts as the bar, main dining room and the exclusive Cub Room. Billingsley assisted in providing many of the physical accessories by sending New York duplicates from his own storerooms. . . . In addition to singing in his screen debut, Andy Russell does a drum solo. Andy got his musical start playing drums with dance bands and welcomed the chance to return to his first love. . . . Edith Head, Paramount stylist, had a fashion field day whipping up the most elaborate wardrobe Betty Hutton has ever worn in pictures. Betty has a total of 14 changes which run a style gamut from bathing suits to a décolleté evening gown. . . . To wear the striking creations in the fashion show, ten shapely models were selected through a series of tryouts in which 200 candidates participated. All rated as perfect fashion models, and have now become Stork Club Orchids. . . . At the time he was cast to portray Billingsley, Bill Goodwin was in New York. For the remainder of his visit, he haunted the Club to absorb atmosphere and to learn the characteristics and mannerisms of the man he impersonates.

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT

Here's "The Look" again, and this time she's looking at Charles Boyer. They're a sultry combination, and do right by this story. The scene is England in 1937, when the only war being fought was in Spain, and the rest of the world was stubbornly ignoring its implications.

The Spanish Republican party is in desperate straits. Their only hope is to keep the Fascists from getting coal from England to run their munition factories. The Republicans send a confidential agent off to England, hoping he can keep Lord Benditch from making a deal with the Fascists. The agent is not the tough, alert type one usually associates with international spies. He is a gentle, sad, ex-concert pianist named Denard (Charles Boyer). On the Channel steamer he meets a girl who exerts considerable fascination on his heart. Her name is Rose Cullen (Lauren Bacall) and she is, on the surface, selfish, ruthless and hard. She is also the daughter of Lord Benditch.

Denard and Rose both miss the boat train to London. The girl rents a car, and offers him a ride. It turns out to be more eventful than she bargained for. She is annoyed at Denard at first for "going melodramatic" with a lot of silly talk about spies and such. It isn't until she sees him beaten up and robbed that she realizes he is simply telling the truth. The beating is done by the chauffeur of Licata (Victor Francen), Fascist agent, but the stupidity of a friend of Rose's helps cause it. Rose feels sufficient responsibility in the matter to call up Denard in London the next day and offer to see him. He is feeling very low. His credentials have been stolen, and Lord Benditch refuses to deal with him. The two agents who were supposed to help him have sold out to the enemy. The only person beside Rose who shows any friendliness toward him is a little Cockney servant, and she pays for that friendliness with her life. The net closes in around Denard. There is no way he can succeed now in his mission. But he won't give up, and his courage persuades Rose to cast off her superficial hardness and fight beside him for what is right.

Peter Lorre, George Coulouris, Katina Paxinou and John Warburton are in this tale of international intrigue.—*War.*

P. S.

Bacall just happened to overhear Boyer talking about chess, and couldn't resist hinting that Bogey was a terrific player too. Boyer immediately challenged Bogey and a tournament was begun which continued throughout the production. The tournament started in Bacall's dressing room, but after the first few sessions, Betty was barred from the games. Perched on the arm of Bogey's chair, her vigorous rooting more than once resulted in an overturned chess board. . . . Jam session deluxe was staged by Director Herman Shumlin and the two stars. After shooting a musical sequence, Shumlin borrowed a violin from one of the musicians and began an excellent rendition of "Humoresque." Boyer, who admittedly hasn't touched a violin for 28 years, borrowed another violin and began to saw away. Bacall felt her presence needed at the piano and decided to accompany them. Upon completion of the impromptu concert, the trio looked around to find the set completely deserted. . . . Each day between takes, Boyer gave his co-star French lessons. Even brought text books for her to study. . . . He also presented her with an old French cook book, brought from France by his mother, and then sat down and translated the more complicated recipes into English. . . . Victor Francen and Boyer have been friends for 26 years. Ten years ago they appeared together in a Paris production of "A Thousand and One Nights." Francen starred as a sultan, and Boyer had the role of a prince. . . . Boyer and Bacall talked for hours about children, new houses, and recipes. They'd greet each other mornings with a new recipe in hand and a cheery, "Look what I found! . . ."

TOO YOUNG TO KNOW

Ira (Robert Hutton) and Sally (Joan Leslie) love each other, but not quite enough. They meet over a drugstore milkshake, and three weeks later they are married. It's one of those just-before-the-war romances, picnicking in the sun, kissing in the moonlight. Wonderful and exciting, sure, but not a sound basis for marriage. Ira knows that Sally has copper hair and sherry colored eyes, and wants to be an actress. Sally knows Ira is tall and broad shouldered, with a swell smile and a stubborn chin. But she doesn't realize to what lengths that chin will lead him. They're

HOLD YOUR SEATS FOR THRILLS THAT'LL CHILL YOU...
HOLD YOUR SIDES FOR LAUGHS THAT'LL KILL YOU...
EDDIE BRACKEN
VERONICA LAKE
FOR LOVE THAT'LL FILL YOU FULL OF JOY!

"HOLD THAT BLONDE"

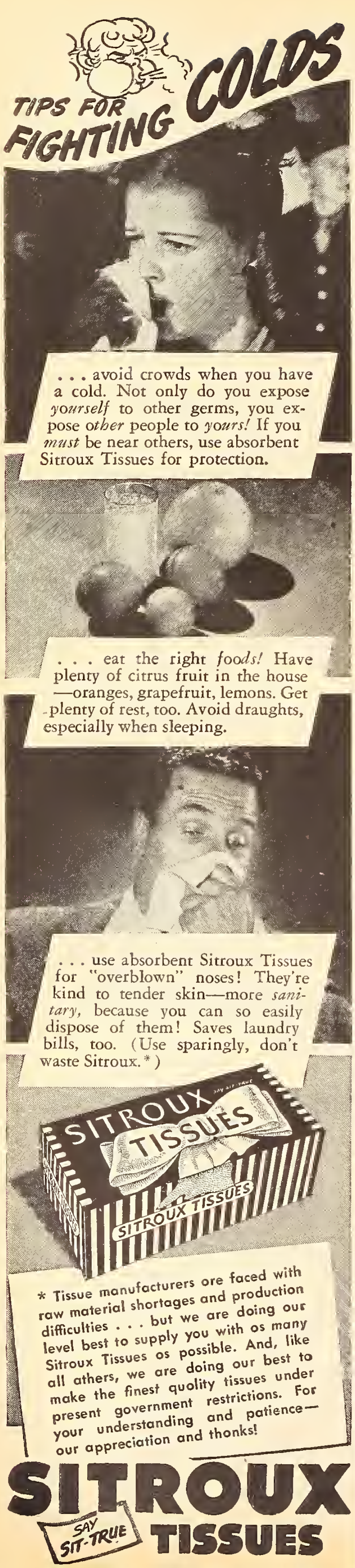
with
ALBERT DEKKER
and **WILLIE BEST**
Produced by Paul Jones
Directed by George Marshall
A Paramount Picture

He's got a Kleptomania for beautiful blondes, and when his ears twitch his fingers itch — from then on nothing is safe in the merriest comedy you've ever seen!

Veronica's got what it takes, so Bracken took it till she turned the tables with some taking ways of her own!

Finish the job! Buy Victory Bonds at your movie theatre.

FINISH THE JOB! BUY VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE



TIPS FOR FIGHTING COLDS

. . . avoid crowds when you have a cold. Not only do you expose *yourself* to other germs, you expose *other* people to *yours!* If you *must* be near others, use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for protection.

. . . eat the right *foods!* Have plenty of citrus fruit in the house—oranges, grapefruit, lemons. Get plenty of rest, too. Avoid draughts, especially when sleeping.

. . . use absorbent Sitroux Tissues for "overblown" noses! They're kind to tender skin—more *sanitary,* because you can so easily dispose of them! Saves laundry bills, too. (Use sparingly, don't waste Sitroux.*)

* Tissue manufacturers are faced with raw material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are doing our best to make the finest quality tissues under present government restrictions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

just a couple of kids who expect marriage to be all moonlight and stardust, and find it isn't.

Ira gets a job at forty bucks a week, and Sally goes on trying to be an actress. Then trouble starts. Sally's theatrical friends who can sleep all day are apt to drop over for a party in the evening. Ira progresses from cold politeness to downright rudeness. He disapproves of all of them, but of a blonde called Patsy (Dolores Moran) in particular. He thinks she's a bad influence on Sally, and he's probably right. One night he kicks them all out of the house, and —after a spectacular quarrel with Sally—walks out himself. The marriage is over.

Four years later, Ira is a captain in the Air Force. In India he runs into Patsy who's on a USO tour. She tells him that Sally had a baby, but was too stubborn to let him know about it. She gave it out for adoption. The news throws Ira into a tailspin. His son, living with strangers! He wangles a leave and heads for the States, determined to find the boy. It turns out to be complicated. For one thing, he has to see Sally, and that has an effect he had not expected. It seems that the heart he had thought was now as cold and hard as an ice cube is still in working condition. You'll want to see what happens to that heart.

Bob Hutton has one of the nicest personalities on the screen, and this is his best part, to date.—*War.*

P. S.

Bob observed the third anniversary of his entrance in pictures on February 22. Says he nearly forgot the day also commemorated the birthday of a certain Mr. George Washington. . . . During production, Bob learned (the hard way) how difficult it is to play opposite a youngster. Four-year-old Randy Hairston, with whom he had to do a scene, thought it great sport to grab Bob's nose between his chubby fingers and try to wind it like a clock. . . . Twice previously, Joan has appeared on the screen as a married woman, but this is the first time she portrays a mother. . . . Food For Thought Only Dept.: A total of fifty-five mock hamburgers was used in the beach party scene. In pre-rationing days they would have been real. A total of 18 quarts of water went into the popular soft drink bottles that figure prominently in the scene. . . . One-and-a-half tons of sand were used to make up the ocean-front filmed on the sound stage. . . . Age comes before beauty in Rosemary DeCamp's work. A young, dark-haired woman in real life, she almost invariably spends her working days in makeup that doubles her years!

CORNERED

Dick Powell follows up the detective of "Murder, My Sweet," with a smashing portrayal of an RCAF veteran, bent on murder. The murder is probably as nearly justifiable as murder *ever* is. The man Captain Gerard (Dick Powell) wants to kill is a French collaborationist who caused the death of Gerard's young wife. The collaborationist, Jarnac (Luther Adler) is, by all official records, dead now, himself. But Gerard doesn't believe official records. He is sure that Jarnac is hiding somewhere, waiting for another war.

His first step is to trace Jarnac's wife. She has been seen in Switzerland. Gerard goes there, to learn that she has left for South America. He takes the next plane to Buenos Aires, and then the chase really begins. But it's an open question most of the time who's chasing whom. Gerard is met at the plane by an odd, vaguely sinister individual named Incza (Walter Slezak). There are various people in Buenos Aires who seem to know more about Gerard than seems reasonable. Among them are Senor and Senora Camargo, who give sensational parties. Gerard goes to one and meets Santana (Morris Carnovsky) and Dubois and Diego, all of whom take considerable interest in his plans. So much interest, in fact, that they search all his belongings and finally warn him to stay away from Madame Jarnac.

Gerard smiles at the warning. It isn't a pleasant smile, because he is thinking of the death of his wife. "Thanks for the tip," he says, "but I've thought it over and decided to pay no attention to you." So his hunt leads him to Madame Jarnac, and he finds her young, frightened, and apparently ignorant of Jarnac's whereabouts. But can she be trusted? Gerard doesn't think so. He evades one trap, only to fall into another and be arrested on suspicion of murder. When the police release him for lack of evidence, he finds Incza waiting. And this time the trail leads straight to Jarnac.

"Cornered" is a tense, fast-moving thriller, with an experienced cast. It includes Micheline Cheirel, Edgar Barrier, Anne Hunter and Steve Geray, as well as those mentioned above.—*RKO.*

P. S.

The scene showing Dick, gun in hand, walking stealthily through the park makes for shivery suspense. But the story behind the maddening crunch of peanut shells underfoot is less dramatic. A fifty-pound sack of peanuts was on hand for the shot. But somebody had to eat the nuts and throw the shells on the ground. Director Dymtryk solved the problem by distributing the peanuts among all members of the cast and crew for immediate consumption. June Allyson, visiting Dick on the set, was among those put to work. After an hour of peanut eating, and throwing shells on the ground, the scene was filmed. . . . Although Dick plans to stay away from musicals, he still cherishes his collection of musical instruments. It's one of the most unusual collections in the United States. For the first time, Walter Slezak's fans will see him as he actually is. In nine previous pics, he wore character makeup, but this Slezak is the real McCoy. . . . Because of Dick's sunburn, Director Dymtryk had to change his schedule for the scenes. Powell was to spend the day seated at a desk—but he just couldn't sit down. It hurt too much. So Dymtryk obliged him with standing scenes.

YOLANDA AND THE THIEF

The new Fred Astaire picture is a honey. Next time your troubles get you down, go and forget them for a couple of hours with this delightful, never-never romance. Lucille Bremer is lovely to look at in Technicolor. Fred is a suave comedian, as well as a personable hero. Frank Morgan plays a genial crook, and, (without meaning any reflection on the Morgan character), he is at his best as a crook. Mildred Natwick plays the screwiest maiden aunt on record.

The plot is probably not meant to be taken too seriously. It takes place in a mythical South American country, which seems to be practically owned by the Aquaviva family. Yolanda Aquaviva is fresh from a convent and scarcely fitted to cope with experienced confidence men like Johnny Riggs (Fred Astaire) and Victor Trout (Frank Morgan). They have come to South America to escape complications resulting from the sale of a gold mine. To the debonair Johnny, Yolanda looks like a new and better gold mine.

At the convent, Yolanda was told that her guardian angel would always help her in time of trouble. She's a literal-minded gal, so when Johnny saves her

(*Continued on page 14*)

WATCH HER LIPS ANSWER THE CALL . . . WHEN

WITH

KATINA PAXINOU · PETER LORRE · VICTOR FRANCEN · GEORGE COULOURIS

DIRECTED BY HERMAN SHUMLIN • SCREEN PLAY & PRODUCED BY ROBERT BUCKNER • MUSIC BY FRANZ WAXMAN

From a novel by Graham Greene

FINISH THE JOB! BUY YOUR **VICTORY BONDS** AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRES!

FINISH THE JOB! BUY VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

Stop tearing your hair!

"NOW...I'm curling my hair the safer, pleasanter way with 'EASY-LOCK' Curler"

Now you can "curl up in comfort" with the wonderful new Easy-Lock curler. No snagging or cutting your hair...no tiresome fumbling. Just a twist of the wrist and then snap—it locks almost automatically, one-handed!

Women who do their own hair find it safer and easier with Easy-Lock curlers—and they marvel at the luxurious curls they achieve.

SAFER: No projecting rivets to catch hair. The distinctive open end means no cutting, mashing or pulling of hair.

EASIER: Unique patented feature—snaps closed easily with one hand from any position. When opened, loop is firm, a convenient handle for winding.

TWO CURLERS 10¢
Gayla EASY-LOCK CURLERS
2 CURLERS 10¢
★ NO RIVETS TO CATCH HAIR ★ FREE-END—CAN'T CUT HAIR ★ PATENTED, EASY-LOCK ★ LOOP LOCKS WHEN OPEN IS HANDLE FOR WINDING
BY THE MAKERS OF HOLD-BOB BOBBY PINS

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Goylord Products Incorporated
Chicago 16 Illinois

"Gayla EASY-LOCK CURLERS"
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS
HOLD-BOB *bobby pins • hair pins*

Sweet and Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHE

■ This month. I'm feeling good. Generous. I want to put you on the trac of a lot of stuff you may have been missing. The Band Leaders Chart, b Harry James. for instance. Got one? If you haven't, and you're wonderin about the size. shape. marital or draft board status of one of your favorit baton pumpers. don't neglect to send in.

Seriously. while the chart doesn't deal with childhood diseases. or whos grandmother had six toes on her right foot. it does give you practically al the other vital statistics you're ever likely to need. Also. as usual. you'l find my list of the best records of the month (Feather sticking his neck ou again) at the end of this article, for easy clipping and carrying when you'r music shopping.

As for *the* platter of the month, this time you get an extra-special bargain The best popular tune and the best hot tune are both on *one* Columbia disc *Put That Ring on My Finger* is the pop side; *Bijou*, the hot. It's a Wood Herman job. Which reminds me that we're devoting next month's whol column to a special feature on Woody. I'd like to hear from any of you wh would be interested in joining or forming Woody fan clubs. or from an of you who are already members of Woody fan clubs. How's about it Now let's get down to business. Record business. Here goes:

Best Popular . . .

HONG KONG BLUES—Tommy Dorsey (Victor). Hoagy Carmichae (ARA or Decca)—This is a reissue of a record made years ago by Tomm Dorsey, featuring Skeets Herfurt doing a pretty good imitation of the original Hoagy Carmichael disc. Hoagy's own renditions are still preferabl though. The coupling on this Dorsey record is *You Came From Out o Nowhere* (with the new band. and a vocal by Stuart Foster.) *Hong Kon Blues* makes me think back nine years, to the first time I met Hoagy. I was on one of my first visits to New York. from England. and he and I wen up to his place and played old Bix Beiderbecke and Red Nichols records and reminisced about the early hot jazz. Hoagy showed me then the typ script of an autobiography he'd written. He'd really written it, too. alon and unaided. It was an intimate and personal story of his musical background, and he wanted very badly to have it published. I went back t England and tried to interest various people, but so far as I know. to thi day. nobody has accepted it. Now that Hoagy's found new fame in the movie I wonder if a publisher wouldn't like to take it on. It would have to b brought up to date. but Hoagy could still get nostalgic about Bix. and n one would mind.

IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME—Harry (*Continued on page 21*

"*Once we were like this...*

can we bring it back?"

The question every woman
asks of her love... the
story most women keep
locked in their hearts.

Universal presents

MERLE OBERON
CLAUDE RAINS
CHARLES KORVIN

This Love of Ours

with CARL ESMOND • SUE ENGLAND • JESS BARKER
RALPH MORGAN • FRITZ LEIBER • HARRY DAVENPORT

Screenplay by Bruce Manning, John Klorer and Leonard Lee • Based upon the play entitled "Come Prima Meglio De Prima" by Luigi Pirandello
Associate Producer, Edward Dodds • Produced by Howard Benedict

Directed by
WILLIAM DIETERLE
of "Love Letters" and
"I'll Be Seeing You" fame

FINISH THE JOB! BUY VICTORY LOAN BONDS AT YOUR MOVIE THEATRE

How convincingly this simple test reveals the thrilling beauty promise of a
FLOATING FACIAL*

PUT YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD

Remove your old make-up . . . one side with your present "beauty" cream, the other with Albolene. Then wet some cotton and wipe the Albolened side. How *clean* the cotton stays! Now wipe it over the "beauty"-creamed side. See the telltale smudge from make-up debris, left-on dirt . . .

*ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM LIQUEFIES INSTANTLY

—on application—and a cream must *liquefy to float away beauty-blurring facial debris gently, effectively . . .*

IT'S SO MODERN . . . effective . . . thrilling . . . the *Floating Facial!* The *specialized* cleansing your precious skin deserves, especially in removing stubborn cake make-up. A pure, crystal clear cream that literally *floats* away stale make-up remnants ordinary creams may not even touch.

See for yourself if Albolene doesn't make your skin look twice as clear . . . if make-up effects aren't infinitely softer, more flattering because your skin is really clean, feeling adorably youthful.

Albolene is *all*-cleansing—free from the water content of most "beauty" creams. Besides, Albolene *lubricates* as it cleanses, a precious quality for dry, flaky skins.

Thrill to a *Floating Facial* today! It costs so little. Although Albolene is the salon-type cleansing cream, it costs only a fraction the price of "treatment" brands. Trial size 10¢, big 16 oz. jar at $1.00.

Albolene CLEANSING CREAM

—AND McKESSON MAKES IT

(Continued from page 10)

life she's convinced that he is her guardian angel in person. She takes him with her to the fabulous Aquaviva estate. While Yolanda was in the convent, her Aunt Amarilla (Mildred Natwick) had been handling the family affairs. Even Amarilla's pretty habit of handing out mines and oil fields to any good looking young man who came along hasn't seriously depleted the Aquaviva fortune.

Victor is doubtful. He thinks that glazed look that has appeared in Johnny's eye resembles love, and everyone knows you can't mix love with business. Johnny, on his way to see Yolanda, denies this accusation indignantly. "On my word of honor," he says firmly, "I'm only going to steal!" The stealing is almost too easy. But there are certain difficulties ahead. One is the unexpected revival of Johnny's conscience, and the other is a strange little man named Candle.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

And what color are your dreams? When it was first announced that "Yolanda" would feature a dream sequence, fans wrote to the studio suggesting that the dream be shot in black and white. They stoutly contended that people do not dream in Technicolor. When the letters were published, another batch of mail poured into M-G-M from people who maintained that they had dreamed in every color in the spectrum. The second flood of letters outnumbered the first so the color dream stayed in. . . . Dancing actually puts pounds on Lucile Bremer's trim figure. During the "Carnival" number, rehearsals—50 hours in all—she gained five pounds. The dancing so increased her appetite she drank an average of four milk shakes daily. Fred practiced the same number of hours, but lost four precious pounds. . . . The faces in the Carnival scene may not be familiar, but the clothes will: You'll recognize the gay, pink hoop-skirted frock Greer Garson wore in "Pride and Prejudice," the white brocade and lace Norma Shearer donned for her wedding as Marie Antoinette, Ronald Colman's rich clothes from "Kismet," the tricorne and three-quarter coat Gable sported in "Mutiny on the Bounty." . . . Fred, who reviewed 30,000 feet of film to eliminate any possibility of repeating any idea from a previous dance, came up with something completely different. He'll dance on the head of a pin. How, is a trade secret all his own. . . .

DRAGONWYCK

There's a definite Jane Austen flavor to this romantic tragedy of the 1880's. Vincent Price, Gene Tierney and Glenn Langan form a Victorian triangle, though the setting is New York state. The picture is enthralling.

Dragonwyck—towered mansion perched loftily on the grassy bank of the blue Hudson! Dragonwyck—where the handsome owner, Nicholas Van Ryn (Vincent Price) rules in almost feudal splendor! Dragonwyck—where passions flame as bright as the autumn leaves from the maples on the lawn! It is to this storied magnificence that young Miranda (Gene Tierney) comes as a guest of Nicholas and his wife, Johanna (Vivienne Osborne). Miranda is a farmer's daughter, but her mother is related by marriage to the Van Ryns. The girl has a patrician beauty, and a vivid imagination that has always been discouraged by her father (Walter Huston). Nothing in her dreams, however, has equalled the luxury of Dragonwyck, nor the suave attraction of Nicholas. His wife is interested in only one thing—food, and is too preoccupied with the pastries Nicholas has brought from New York to pay much attention to Miranda.

Let's Finish the Job!

200
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS
200

● So your brother fought at Anzio? Clark Gable and Jimmy Stewart and Robert Montgomery and Henry Fonda were in Berlin and Asia and the Philippines. So you rolled bandages in your spare time? Madeleine Carroll gave up her career to help England's blitzkrieg orphans with only a black armband on her uniform to mourn her sister's death. There was too much to be done. So your husband's been overseas for two years? Greer Garson and Barbara Stanwyck and Ginger Rogers put in their long hours of waiting for mail. And you lost a loved one. Well, Joe E. Brown's son died, too—and the next day Joe went out on a Pacific tour to help make our men laugh. Joe didn't feel like laughing. So there you have it; the long, bitter honor roll of movie people who, even as you and I, became heroes and heroines because they had to. They didn't have to make that short, "The Hollywood Victory Caravan" (with Bing and Bogart and Alan Ladd and Bob Hope and all the others) that you'll be seeing at your local theater soon. They don't have to go out on their 80-city "Stars Over America" bond-selling tour. But they're going to. And that's because they realize, and want so desperately to share that realization with you, that the war IS NOT OVER! Not by a very long shot! The movie industry has contracted to sell two billion dollars' worth of "E" series Victory Bonds—to you. To the 65 millions of you movie goers, 65 million Americans who want to make this last, final bond drive bow out with a flourish. Who want to buy bonds to celebrate Victory, to help our many wounded, to re-establish our many veterans. Who want to buy bonds in gratitude as once they lit candles in prayer. No, we can't possibly go wrong—not 65 millions of us. Not 65 million Americans!

Their daughter, Katrine, is an odd, shy child, afraid of her father and neglected by her mother. She takes to Miranda, and they spend most of their time together. The visitor learns some strange things about Dragonwyck. The legend, for instance, that when a Van Ryn dies, a woman is heard playing the harpsichord and laughing wild, lunatic laughter. She also learns that Nicholas can be cruel as well as fascinating. Yet she is dazzled by him, and by Dragonwyck. She has little time for the country doctor, Jeff Turner (Glenn Langan) who has fallen in love with her. Then one night Johanna dies. Later, Nicholas comes to Miranda's room and tells her that Fate has meant them for each other—that they will be married as soon as decency allows. They are married, indeed, even a little sooner than that. But Dragonwyck holds no happiness for its new mistress, while Nicholas lives.—*Twent.*

P. S.

Gene loved her role. The only drawbacks (figuratively and literally) were the corsets she had to wear beneath the period costumes. Unable to stand their squeezing pressure, she had the corsets unlaced between takes, and finally removed them. But not before proving that the whalebones added the same inches the lacing squeezed in. Victory for Gene—she finished the picture without the feminine Ironsides. . . . For scenes in which Gene was to be shown with a new-born baby, Director Mankiewicz suggested that the star use her own daughter. As an afterthought, he asked the baby's age. Daria was turned down as 14 months too old. Via a raw oyster diet, Vincent Price dropped 33 of his normal 205 pounds before the production began. "One pound less," he observed, "and I'll look like a poor man's John Carradine." . . . Gene roused cast and crew with an offstage performance over the set telephone. After hanging up, she announced, starry-eyed, that Daria had walked for the first time, and had also torn up some of her mama's first editions. . . . "What are you raising, a female Atlas?" Price asked innocently. . . . With his "Dragonwyck" salary, Glenn Langan was able to pay off $7,000 in debts accumulated during his lean spells; also sent a $50 thank-you check to New York's Polyclinic Hospital which fed him for a week when he fainted from malnutrition on Broadway. . . . Langan was once a doorman at the same N. Y. theater where Vincent Price was starred in "Victoria Regina."

HOLD THAT BLONDE

Any Eddie Bracken picture is strictly for laughs and this one is no exception. It concerns a rich young man named Ogden Spencer Trulow III (Eddie Bracken) who is a kleptomaniac. Ogden steals everything from municipal bonds to baby's rattles. He always returns them eventually, and while he never gets caught stealing, he frequently gets caught returning. When the picture opens he is in the act of putting back $50,000 in a large New York bank. In this case honesty doesn't seem the best policy, for he touches off a burglar alarm and before he can say Ogden Spencer Trulow III, he is whisked off to the police station. Of course he is released later, since his own grandfather founded the bank.

This latest experience depresses him, and he consults a psychiatrist in the hope of curing his kleptomania. The doctor thinks an unhappy love affair is the cause, and advises him to find a new romance and everything will be fine. Ogden cheers up considerably at this, and returns the doctor's watch which he has absentmindedly purloined. He

LITTLE LULU by Marge

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LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—
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Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double tissue at a time!
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This season the accent's on the rear view of your hair-do . . . so keep that back hair smooth as honey and neat as a button.

If your page-boy gets straggly between settings, try rolling up those stubborn ends on strong, firm-gripping bob pins every few days.

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keeps a banana, however, which he swiped from the desk, and when he gets to the street throws the skin away just in time for Sally Martin (Veronica Lake) to slip on it. As Ogden helps her up, he steals her compact. Just an automatic gesture—he has no idea it contains the combination to a safe holding a $500,000 necklace.

Sally is a nice girl but she has gotten herself mixed up with a gang of jewel thieves. She's got to steal the necklace to get rid of them. She's gone to a lot of trouble to get that combination and wants it back. She follows Ogden to his home and holds him up with a revolver. The sight of the gun scares him so he *can't* talk. Just as Sally is calling the head of the gang, a detective shows up. His name is Callahan (Albert Dekker) and he's had a suspicious eye on Sally for some time. She hastily introduces the astonished Ogden as her fiancé, and before that confused young man can recover either his voice or his wits, the detective is gone.

The gang plans to toss Ogden into the East River, but Sally objects. Ogden objects, too, and escapes down a laundry hatch. From then on it's a hilarious chase, with the $500,000 necklace bouncing around like a ping pong ball. As I said before, it's all strictly for laughs.—*Par.*

P. S.

Albert Dekker is on the law's side both in fiction and fact. He plays a detective in the pic. In real life, he's a California State Assemblyman. . . . Everything for the cause—Veronica came back to work with a temperature of 102°, in order to permit scenes to be shot so Dekker could be present at Sacramento in time for the opening session of the State Legislature. . . . Bobby Watson, last seen as Herr Adolph in "The Hitler Gang," appears in the role of butler in the home of a Long Island millionaire. . . . Boy meets drunk—but not in a conventional place like a bar. Eddie encounters Jack Norton, Hollywood's famous "Number One" inebriate, on the outside ledge of a hotel room twenty-five stories above the street. . . . One of the best known characters in the cast is Daisy, canine member of the Dagwood household. Daisy's ten puppies are also in the pic, though papa's well able to support them. His annual income exceeds $50,000!

SCARLET STREET

"Scarlet Street" concerns a portrait of a lovely lady. Her name is Kitty March (Joan Bennett). But the story of her relationship with Chris Cross (Edward G. Robinson) and Johnny Prince (Dan Duryea) begins long before the picture is painted.

Chris is cashier for a garment company in New York. It's a dull job and he's had it for twenty-five years. He has a gold watch to prove it. He also has a heart full of hopeless dreams, a nagging wife, and a remarkable talent as an artist. He doesn't realize this last. He only knows that his escape from a futile existence is in painting. His wife, who was formerly married to a detective, likes Chris' painting as little as she likes anything else about him.

One evening Chris is on his way home from an office banquet when he sees a scuffle in the gloomy shadow of the Elevated. A man is striking a girl, and Chris, who has had several unaccustomed drinks, leaps into the fray. The girl, a stunning brunette, sees a policeman coming and distracts Chris' attention so the man can get away. Chris doesn't know anything about women, and he believes her story that she's never seen the man before. He falls in love with Kitty.

Kitty is at first merely bored, although she has misunderstood some of his remarks and thinks he is a wealthy artist. Her boy friend, Johnny (Dan Duryea) is more practical. "Get the old dope to set you up in an apartment," is his suggestion. So poor befuddled Chris steals from the garment company, and Kitty has a fine apartment. Gradually, Chris' paintings find a market, but now they are signed "Kitty March." A whole tangled net knits tighter and tighter around the girl and the two men. At last, inevitably, tragedy results, and its consequences are more far-reaching than you might imagine.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Robinson, lately departed from the tommy-gun type of menace, plays another meek victim of circumstances and a woman's wiles. Perhaps the arsenic deftly employed in Robinson's crime doesn't seem the same without the Brewster sisters, but it has that definite kick. . . . Fritz Lang has always worn a monocle because he's slightly blind in one eye. But he just couldn't take all the kidding received on the set. Now he wears glasses. . . . A stickler for the genuine article, Lang insisted upon Eddie's using a real ice pick as the second murder weapon in the scene with Joan. They placed a pillow in the spot where it was supposed to land. Joan survived without a scratch, but the pillow didn't fare so well. Feathers came flying. At the end of the shot, Robinson was shaking like a leaf. . . . When the temperature shot up to 94°, the crew was pouring ice onto the set to make a Christmas scene. Cast and crew expected mass pneumonia momentarily as they went from the frigid set into the torrid California sunshine, and vice versa. . . . John Dekker, artist and great friend of the late Jack Barrymore, did 12 paintings for the film. One was the portrait of Joan Bennett, supposedly done by Robinson in the pic. . . . Robinson, who has the most impressive art collection in Southern California, has taken up painting—for the fun of it. He loves to do landscapes, and roams the California hills looking for subject matter.

PARDON MY PAST

In my opinion, "Pardon My Past" is a really funny movie. It's founded on the old mistaken identity gag, but it's so shined up with fast dialogue that it has an air of pristine freshness. It also has Fred MacMurray, William Demarest, Marguerite Chapman and Rita Johnson. Plus a couple of excellent character parts, played with zest by Harry Davenport and Akim Tamiroff.

Eddie York (Fred MacMurray) and his pal, Chuck (William Demarest) run into bad luck as soon as they get to New York. They have just been discharged from the Army, and they've saved three thousand smackeroos for a mink farm in Wisconsin. They go to a clothing store to get some "civvies" and are not only insulted by the clerk, but spotted by a gangster and taken for a ride. The ride lands them at the home of super-gangster Arnold, who thinks Eddie is Francis Pemberton. Francis, an alcoholic playboy, owes Arnold money. Arnold takes the three thousand which was earmarked for minks, and warns Eddie to come back with another nine thousand right away.

Eddie and Chuck, disgusted and bewildered, decide to call on the real Francis for help, but find he has been in Mexico for two years. His household greets Eddie, who they think is Francis, with varying degrees of enthusiasm. The secretary, Joan (Marguerite Chapman), is the nicest. But Grandpa Pemberton fixes him with a jaundiced eye and says "I hoped we'd seen the last of you." Francis' little daughter is so pleased to see her "daddy" that Eddie melts completely. To Chuck's intense and vocal disgust, he decides to stick around a while and help straighten out Francis' muddled affairs. The reason they are muddled is Uncle Wills, who is definitely not a nice man. Eddie would like to do something about Uncle. Arnold and his gunmen turn up, still looking for dough. Then the real Francis Pemberton comes home, and nobody has the least idea who is who. What with one thing and another, it's a wonder the boys don't land in jail instead of on a mink farm!—*Col.*

P. S.

Eight years ago, Marguerite Chapman wrote a fan letter to Fred MacMurray in which she spoke of her own dramatic ambitions. A photo of Fred came in the return mail with the inscription—"I hope you'll go far in your career." She could hardly wait to bring it to the set to show her co-star. . . . Maggie's so happy that she'll be able to wear shoes throughout the film. Most men she's played opposite are her own height or shorter, and she's been required to doff her footwear so that she might appear smaller. Fred's 6 ft. 4 and towers above her. . . . Harry Davenport has a novel way of getting a free meal. The secret of his success is the airpistol and target in his dressing room. His daily shooting matches with Fred and Akim, with a free lunch as a prize, resulted in easy victories for Harry. His opponents paid dearly before learning that "Dead-Eye Davenport" is an expert pistol shot. . . . Unusual pact between director and cast was made by Leslie Fenton and the troupers in the film. Under the agreement, whenever Fenton, a former actor, had a suggestion to make to the members of his cast, he would avoid stating, "I used to be an actor, myself, you know." In event of a slip, he had to buy lunch for the entire company. . . .

THIS LOVE OF OURS

It all begins in Paris, where Karin (Merle Oberon) is a dancer. One day she sprains her ankle, and is pleasantly surprised to find that the doctor who arrives doesn't have a beard like most French doctors. He is a handsome interne named Touzac (Charles Korvin), and by the time the ankle is healed, they are in love.

Karin gives up her career to become the sedate wife of a physician, and eventually young Susanne arrives to complete the household. Their home is a pleasant place, and if Dr. Touzac had had a more trusting character, there would have been no trouble. But one day the doctor overhears a conversation which leads him to believe his wife is unfaithful. There is a scene, and without giving her a chance to explain, he orders her out of the house. Touzac brings little Susanne to America, hoping to forget the past. He tells her that her mother is dead, and as the child grows older she develops a passionate, almost morbid worship of her mother's memory.

When Susanne is twelve, Touzac goes to a medical meeting in Chicago, and there he meets Karin again. She is now assisting a clever caricaturist, Targel (Claude Rains), in his night club act. When she sees her husband, the pain-filled memory of the past overwhelms her. She shoots herself. But the bullet misses her heart, and Touzac operates to remove it. As soon as she is on the way to recovery, he begs her to come home to California with him. Susanne, he tells her, needs her mother. The catch is that Touzac doesn't dare tell the child this *is* her mother. He explains that Karin is an old friend whom he met again and married in Chicago. Susanne, furious at this slight to her mother's memory, will have nothing to do with Karin. It's quite a problem, and is solved at last, not by

(Continued on page 20)

JEAN PARKER

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INFORMATION DESK—Answers ALL your questions about Hollywood, the stars, their lives, their loves, their friends, their movies. Also tells you all you want to know about pictures in general; casting, musical backgrounds, etc. See box on page 88 for details. THIS IS NOT A CHART.

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HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH BOYS—by *Jean Kinkead*. How to be date bait, plus how to act once you are. The straight stuff on smoking, drinking, getting stood up. Hold-your-man tactics that really work! FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope .... ☐

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★SKIN CARE FOR TEENS—Teen beauty is not just skin deep—it depends on care, diet, grooming. Here's a chart that tells you all about skin care, facials, PROBLEM skins. PLUS a check list of preparations and equipment you need to keep your skin perfect. FREE, send a LARGE, stamped (3c), self-addressed envelope ....☐

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It was almost magic . . . a curtain had been lifted from the screen. We were certain some remarkable change had taken place in the theatre. Then we learned the thrill we experienced was not magic at all, but *true sound* coming from a new loudspeaker called THE VOICE OF THE THEATRE.

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It "b-r-e-a-t-h-e-s" with your
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SPEIDEL CORP., PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

(Continued from page 17)

Touzac but by the child herself.—*Univ.*

P. S.

The picture is based on the successful play by Italy's great dramatist, the late Luigi Pirandello. It was first produced in Rome in 1922, and afterward in most of the capitals of Europe. . . . Merle Oberon is the only Hollywood star other than Garbo to enact a Pirandello heroine. Remember G.G. in "As You Desire Me?" . . . It's Claude Rains' first Hollywood production in more than a year. He has been in England playing Caesar to Vivien Leigh's Cleopatra in the film version of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." . . . Sue England, who enacts the 12 year old daughter, was a winner over 700 prospects for the ticklish role. She was discovered in Tulsa, Oklahoma, by a U. talent scout when she entered a drugstore managed by her mother. . . . Rains spent several weeks studying the motions of a caricaturist to simulate them. for his portrayal of the ironic Targel. His model was prominent sketch artist Wallace R. Stark. . . . Although in California when making a pic, Rains knows down to the last bushel of alfalfa how his 575 acre Pennsylvania farm is doing. . . . Jess Barker fell victim to a temperamental monkey during a party scene. Annoyed at having to do the scene several times, the simian bit Barker's finger. . . . The hat with the bashed-in crown worn by Merle Oberon in one sequence is a copy of the one she wore as the mannish Madame Sand in "A Song to Remember." The crumpled top with an added veil makes it feminine as a ruffle. . . . Travis Benton designed all of Merle's extensive wardrobe, with the exception of the tawdry de-glamorized gown she wears in the Chicago night club sequence. . . . Continental-born Korvin, who renounced the custom of hand kissing five years ago, has grown so rusty in the art that Director William Dieterle had to work with him several hours to achieve the polish necessary for the hand osculating scene with Miss Oberon!

MEXICANA

Pepe Villareal (Tito Guizar) is the Mexican Frank Sinatra. Like our Frankie, he is pursued by crowds of squealing adorers wherever he goes. He can't walk down the street without becoming the focal point of a mob scene. The girls all want to marry him, and Pepe decides it would be a good idea to have a wife to ward off the more ardent admirers. Just a business arrangement, of course! His manager, Esteban (Leo Carillo) approves, but has a better idea. "Why *really* get married? Marriage is easy to get into, but hard to get out of. We'll tell the papers you are secretly the husband of Alison Calvert (Constance Moore), the U. S. musical comedy star. She is to sing with you at the great Pan-American festival, and it will be good publicity for you both."

The way Esteban tells it, it sounds fine. Pepe figures one girl is as good as another for keeping away the rest of them. He is pleasantly surprised when he meets Alison. She is quite a dish. He is even more pleased when he hears her sing. Alison, however, isn't pleased about *anything*. Her manager has talked her into this, and she has no use for any Mexican glamor boy. She proceeds to make Pepe very sorry that he ever had the idea.

In this design, she has the wholehearted, if unconscious, support of a pretty dancer named Lupita (Estellita Rodriguez). Lupita has long considered herself Pepe's fiancée, although she doesn't seem to have had much basis for this belief. Anyway, she resents a North American hussy moving in on her territory, and when Lupita resents anything she starts throwing all the heavy objects in sight. Between the two of them, Pepe hasn't a chance. Even when Alison falls in love with him, it takes several reels to straight things out.

"Mexicana" is gay, and slightly scatter-brained.—*Rep.*

P. S.

Connie Moore went Spanish in a big way. She and husband Johnny Maschio are diligently studying the language and intend to teach it to their little daughter, Gina. Upon completion of the film, Connie and her family headed for a Mexican vacation. . . . Leo Carrillo abandoned pics and his beloved California ranch to play the lead in the revival of the stage hit, "Bad Man." He scored a personal triumph in the original play. . . . Even Mexico has its bobby soxers. In the pic, Tito appears as their idol. During the fiesta scene, he sings and plays behind a barrier of barbed wire. Bet Sinatra never thought of that. . . . Leo was overheard by a couple of chorus girls spending the sum of 15 thousand dollars via telephone. But they soon learned that is was strictly state business. He was just doing some work in his capacity of California State Park commissioner . . . Jean Stevens owes her success to a pink and black striped cocktail gown. Tripping the light fantastic with Sonny Tufts at a recent Hollywood party, her gown caught the attention of Producer Al Santell. When he began casting for the film, he remembered the dress, called the host and asked who had worn it. Jean's still amazed about it all.

PLEASE BEHAVE

How would YOU introduce Greer Garson to Turhan Bey? You'll always be at ease socially if you get "Please Behave," a MODERN SCREEN super chart. See Super Coupon, page 18.

SWEET AND HOT

(*Continued from page 12*)

James (Columbia), Charlie Spivak (Victor), Stan Kenton (Capitol)—Look, before I start in on this, I'd like to state in nice black type that I've been a Harry James fan for many years. You can tell from what I've written in the past that I have no personal prejudice against Harry, *but*—I think he's been leaning much too heavily on the schmaltz side in his recent releases. Harry shouldn't forget that numbers like *One O'Clock Jump* and *Two O'Clock Jump* have been among his biggest hits. Harry used to be recognized as a great jazz trumpet player, so I just don't like to see him spending his talent on a sickly, sentimental style. Since this is my own opinion, however, I leave the verdict up to you. What do you think? Am I right? Am I wrong? Let me know.

JUST A BLUE SERGE SUIT—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)—Irving Berlin's first post-war song, as the title implies. If you're partial to hound's tooth checks, the idea may seem a trifle conservative, but the song's cute. Vaughn Monroe and the Norton Sisters take the vocal.

PUT THAT RING ON MY FINGER—Woody Herman (Columbia)—Here's that record of the month, with the shouting done by Woody. The other side, *Bijou*, is an instrumental number by Ralph Burns, the twenty-two-year-old arranger with the Herman band. He's marvelous; used to be Woody's pianist, but he got so busy Woody decided to let him arrange full-time.

STARS IN YOUR EYES — Frank Sinatra and Xavier Cugat (Columbia)—The other side of this is *My Shawl*, and both tunes are slow boleros. Frankie and

JANET BLAIR AND MARC PLATT IN COLUMBIA'S HIT, "TARS AND SPARS"

Coaxing, caressing-soft... Janet Blair's darling hands

YOU: *How lovely to have soft hands like yours, Miss Blair*

JANET BLAIR: It's easy—with the right care.

YOU: *What care do you use?*

JANET BLAIR: Oh, I use Jergens Lotion.

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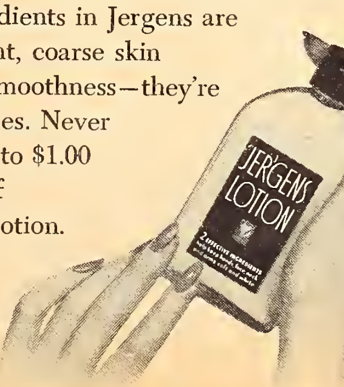
FOR THE SOFTEST,
ADORABLE HANDS USE
JERGENS LOTION



HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE WESTMORE'S

Overglo

VERONICA LAKE
Co-Starring in Paramount's
"HOLD THAT BLONDE"

FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . WESTMORE'S SENSATIONAL NEW LIQUID-CREAM FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

NOT A CAKE . . . NOT A CREAM
DOES NOT CAUSE DRY SKIN

OVERGLO has a lanolin and oil base . . . Does not give an artificial masked appearance . . . Overglo effectively hides tiny wrinkles, lines, and minor blemishes . . . Goes on evenly—does not streak. Easy fingertip application—no sponge or cotton needed . . . Gives you a flawless looking complexion and a fresh, well-groomed appearance for the day without constant repowdering . . . Overglo comes in seven flattering skin-tinted shades . . . One bottle lasts for months. $1.50 *plus tax.*

WALLY WESTMORE, *Director of Make-up at Paramount Studios, who with his brothers Perc and Bud, comprise the famous Hollywood-Westmore trio of make-up artists.*

NEW . . . OVERGLO FACE POWDER . . . ONE SHADE FOR EVERY COMPLEXION

A make-up discovery! Overglo Face Powder . . . made in only one *practically colorless* shade which is suitable for *every* Foundation-Tinted Complexion. Permits your foundation-tinted skin to glow through with *natural youthful beauty.* A powder specially created for use with Overglo or any *tinted* cake, cream or liquid foundation. $1 *plus tax.*

PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

Cugat work out very nicely together, and Frank plans to continue with these interesting collaborations. Remember last month I mentioned some things with the Charioteers? Next, he and Woody Herman are going to try a few duets.

THAT'S FOR ME—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Kay Kyser (Columbia), Dick Haymes (Decca), Jerry Wald (Majestic)—This is the best song from 20th Century-Fox's movie, *State Fair,* and there've been about a million records of it. Everybody's doing it. So let's talk about Jo Stafford's interpretation. It's swell. On the other side, she's got *Gee, It's Good to Hold You,* featuring a trumpet solo by Billy Butterfield. As for Jo, her star is certainly in the ascendant. She's on the Ford Radio Show—Sundays, CBS. She starts on the Chesterfield Supper Club. December 11th, NBC, 7 to 7:15 Eastern time, and she's generally all-around popular.

THE BLOND SAILOR—Andrews Sisters (Decca)—The Andrews Sisters adopted this blond sailor. They were overseas a few months ago, entertaining troops, and they heard some of the boys whistling a tune which turned out to be an eight-year-old European novelty waltz. The girls liked it so much they featured it on their radio show when they got back home. The blond sailor is mated here with *Lily Belle,* also a pleasant number.

WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?—Sammy Kaye (Victor), Frank Sinatra (Columbia)—Sammy Kaye's rendition has a vocal by Billy Williams and the Five Kaydets, if you're interested in this kind of music. I hear that Sammy took his whole band down to Pier 90 to welcome the Queen Elizabeth. She was bringing 15,000 veterans home. Nancy Norman sang *I'm Gonna Love That Man Like He's Never Been Loved Before,* which was considered to be highly appropriate. By the way, there's a funny sidelight on this *What Makes the Sunset?* Why? Because the number on the other side is titled, *I Couldn't Begin to Tell You.*

WHAT MORE CAN A WOMAN DO?—Sara Vaughn (Continental)—Here's my nomination for one of the best singers of the year. In my opinion, Sara sings *What More Can a Woman Do?*—Peggy Lee's own song—even better than Peggy herself did for Capitol. Sara was discovered by Earl Hines, and she worked with his and Billy Eckstine's band.

WHOSE DREAM ARE YOU? — Bing Crosby and The Les Paul Trio (Decca)—The first recording Bing made with Les Paul and his trio. Les Paul's an outstanding jazz guitarist, and the trio has a record by itself which just came out. *Begin the Beguine* and *Dream Dust* on Decca. Les used to be an avid Django Reinhardt fan, and, like so many imitators, he seems to have improved on the original.

CONGO BLUES—Red Norvo and his Selected Sextet (Comet)—This "selected sextet" actually covers up the identity of an all-star band. But I can tell, now. So: Dizzy Gillespie played trumpet, with his old sidekick, Charlie Parker, on alto sax. Teddy Wilson and Slam Stewart from the Benny Goodman Sextet (Norvo is also a partner therein) were on piano and bass, and Cab Calloway's J. C. Heard did the drumming honors. This, with *Get Happy* on the other side, are the best twelve-inch jazz records in many months.

HONEY—Georgie Auld (Guild)—Georgie Auld makes his debut as a vocalist on this revival of the old tune, and he does all right. Versatile Georgie is at his best in *Stompin' at the Savoy* on the other side. There, he plays both soprano and tenor sax. Another good number by the same band on the Guild label is called *Co-Pilot,* and Auld's version of Basie's *Taps Miller,* on the Apollo label, is at least as good as the Count's. He's got a really remarkable young group.

LOVER—Joe Marsala (Musicraft)—The Joe Marsala Septet has done a slick swing version of the old Rodgers and Hart tune from *Love Me Tonight.* Originally a waltz, it's in four-four time, and coupled with Joe's beautiful theme song, *Don't Let it End.* Both sides feature Adele Girard on the harp. Adele not long ago turned down a very lucrative offer to join the Benny Goodman sextet, because Joe Marsala was ill in the hospital, and she wanted to stay with him. You see, she's Mrs. Joe Marsala.

MAD ABOUT YOU—Ike Quebec (Blue Note)—This record has no vocal, nor Billy Daniels either, but it's a fine twelve-inch Blue Note special which features tenor sax man Ike Quebec, and several of his colleagues from the Calloway band, among others.

MOOD TO BE STEWED—Slam Stewart Quintet (Continental)—Don't take this title seriously; it has absolutely nothing to do with the love life of the apricot. I put it on kiddingly for a Slam Stewart session I got together. I wrote this tune, and the one on the other side, called *Slammin' the Gate,* and I apologize to those who despise the lowly pun. Wanta punish me? To get back, these numbers have Red Norvo on vibes, Johnny Guarnieri on piano, and Morey Feld, Benny Goodman's drummer. Plus a talented newcomer I've put on records for the first time, this session. He's guitarist Bill De Arango.

RELAX JACK—Vivien Garry (Guild)—Remember this little combination Diana Lynn got such a kick out of in our September issue? Well, *Relax Jack* is in the best Garry style, with the other side an instrumental called *Altitude,* on which Arvin Garrison, Vivien's husband, does terrific electrical guitar work. I heard the trio when they were playing in comparative obscurity at Kelly's Stable, and I recommended them to Guild Records. Now they're hailed as the best since King Cole.

SALT PEANUTS—Dizzy Gillespie (Guild)—*Salt Peanuts* is coupled with *Hot House,* and then there's a record called *Shaw 'Nuff* that's coupled with *Lover Man*—and they're all by Dizzy Gillespie's quintet. (*Lover Man* has a vocal by Sara Vaughn.) The music on these four sides is the most frantic, super-modernistic brand of hot jazz. Musicians are so crazy about Dizzy that a jazz critic who recently came to New York from the Coast summed up his impression of the music in the East in six words. "Even the drummers sound like Dizzy," he said. On *Salt Peanuts,* he sings a vocal which consists of repeating the title twelve times. That's all the singing he's ever done. Salt Peanuts—twelve times.

TIMES A-WASTIN' — Duke Ellington (Victor)—Originally written by Duke's son, Mercer, and recorded by Johnny Hodges with some other of Duke's men for Bluebird, it was known as *Things Ain't What They Used To Be,* and it was a big hit. Duke even used it as a closing theme. Now Don George, who wrote lyrics for *I'm Beginning to See the Light* and *Everything But You,* has taken the tune and written words for it under a new title. Funny part is that this particular recording doesn't use the lyric anyway, so Duke might just as well have called it *Things Ain't What They Used to Be,* which everybody knows it as. Mercer Ellington just became a father for the second time, making Duke a grandpa for ditto. The baby was a six-pound girl. Mercer's first, a boy, was named for Duke—Edward Kennedy Ellington.

PIANO SOLO—Art Tatum (Asch)—Here are six sides to prove that Tatum is still by far the world's greatest jazz

It's fun...it's young...it's meant for You!

frolic

...by **CHERAMY**

Frolic is a perfume to set your heart a-dancing. A blithe, fresh fragrance that murmurs "You'll remember me!" and keeps on appealing, subtly, for hours.

Perfume, $6.50; 3.50; *debutante size,* 1.10.
Toilet Water, 1.75.
Dusting Powder, 1.00. *Talcum Powder,* 50¢.
(Plus tax)

pianist. Latch on to *Sweet and Lovely* or *Danny Boy,* if you've got the vaguest doubt.

TENOR SAX—Coleman Hawkins (Asch)—An album featuring The Hawk, number one tenor sax man, in six new tunes, with Howard McGee on trumpet, and Sir Charles Thompson (as he calls himself) on piano. He used to be plain Charlie Thompson, with Lionel Hampton, but I guess he decided to add himself to the royalty of swing. Unfortunately, what with King Cole, Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Earl Hines, there was nothing left but a baronetcy, so Charlie had to take that.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

HONG KONG BLUES—Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Hoagy Carmichael (ARA or Decca)

IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME—Harry James (Columbia), Charlie Spivak (Victor), Stan Kenton (Capitol)

JUST A BLUE SERGE SUIT—Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

PUT THAT RING ON MY FINGER—Woody Herman (Columbia)

STARS IN YOUR EYES—Frank Sinatra and Xavier Cugat (Columbia)

THAT'S FOR ME—Jo Stafford (Capitol), Kay Kyser (Columbia), Dick Haymes (Decca), Jerry Wald (Majestic)

THE BLOND SAILOR—Andrews Sisters (Decca)

WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?—Sammy Kaye (Victor), Frank Sinatra (Columbia)

WHAT MORE CAN A WOMAN DO?—Sara Vaughn (Continental)

WHOSE DREAM ARE YOU?—Bing Crosby and Les Paul Trio (Decca)

BEST HOT JAZZ

GEORGIE AULD—Honey (Guild)

BARNEY BIGARD—Rose Room (Keynote)

DUKE ELLINGTON—Time's A-Wastin' (Victor)

VIVIEN GARRY—Relax Jack (Guild)

DIZZY GILLESPIE—Salt Peanuts (Guild)

JOE MARSALA—Lover (Musicraft)

RED NORVO—Congo Blues (Comet)

IKE QUEBEC—Mad About You (Blue Note)

SLAM STEWART—Mood To Be Stewed (Continental)

COOTIE WILLIAMS—House of Joy (Capitol)

BEST ALBUMS

EDDY DUCHIN REMINISCES—Piano with Rhythm (Columbia)

COLEMAN HAWKINS—Tenor Sax (Asch)

JASCHA HEIFETZ—Violin Solos (Decca)

MARJORIE LAWRENCE Sings For The Boys (Columbia)

LILY PONS PROGRAM (Columbia)

ART TATUM—Piano Solos (Asch)

"TESCH" (Frank Teschmacher)—Old time hot jazz (Brunswick)

MUSIC FROM CARMEN—Stokowski—New York Symphony (Victor)

PORGY AND BESS—L. A. Philharmonic (Decca)

THE SOLID SOUTH—History of Jazz, Part I (Capitol)

...Put your right hand here

...*then you be the judge!*

If your hand isn't satin-smooth — it's time to change to *Luxor*

Do you say, "I do my own dishes—and my hands *can't* stay soft and smooth"? Or is it your job that keeps you from having lovely hands?

Don't give up! Change to Luxor Hand Cream and expect to see a *real difference* in your hands.

You see, Luxor Hand Cream gives *real help* to skin roughened by work or weather. For Luxor contains Carbamide—(an ingredient long used by surgeons in the treatment of wounds)—and thus helps to heal tiny cracks you can't even see with the naked eye—relieves these cracks that make skin *look* red, *feel* rough! That's why the effect is so beautiful and so lasting.

Just one jar of Luxor Hand Cream will show you how easy it is to have softer hands, smoother hands—no matter what you do!

Luxor HAND CREAM

Not Sticky-Not Greasy

CHRISTMAS COOKIE JAR

■ Of course your friends don't come to your house just to eat! But have you ever had to use brute force to get them to accept some tasty trifle? We thought not. This coming Holiday season will be the happiest ever for most of us—there'll be the jolliest kind of reunions and get-togethers. You'll want these recipes for easily made and delightful "munchables:"

Courtesy: Borden Company

COOKIE QUINTS

1⅓ cups (15 oz. can) sweetened condensed milk
½ cup peanut butter
Any ONE of the following—
(1) 2 cups raisins
(2) 2 cups corn flakes
(3) 2 cups bran flakes
(4) 1 cup chopped nut meats
(5) 2 cups chopped dates

Mix sweetened condensed milk, peanut butter, and any ONE of the ingredients listed above. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 15 minutes or until light brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes about 30 cookies

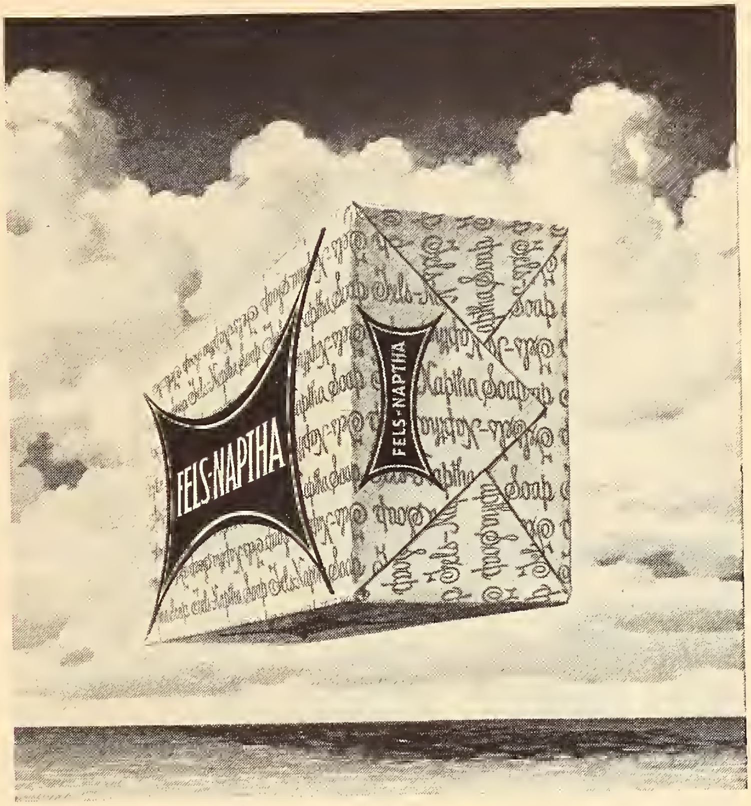
CHOCOLATE NUT CRUNCH

1 pkg. (7 oz.) sweet chocolate bits
1½ cups crisp rice cereal
½ cup chopped nut meats*
1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate bits over hot water and stir until smooth. Remove from heat, add rice crispies, nut meats and vanilla, blending until cereal is well coated. Pack in greased pan and chill. Cut in squares when firm.

*Shredded coconut, raisins or chopped candied cherries or pineapple may be used in place of nut meats.

By Nancy Wood



Not yet, but –

Much as we'd like to, we can't complete that sentence . . .

Soon !

Yes—we *can* promise it now. Fels-Naptha Soap will be on sale, in generous quantities, *soon!*

It will be the same good golden bar, the same husky golden chips that American housekeepers have relied on to lighten washday labor and to justify their pride in whiter washes.

For the patience and for the loyalty so often expressed—and demonstrated by our good friends—the makers of Fels-Naptha Soap are deeply grateful.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

CO-ED

Here's stuff on not only WHAT to write but WHY to write. Like "Thanks for the date," "Get better soon," "C'mon over to my house."

JEAN KINKEAD

■ We've talked a lot in various "Co-Eds" about how you look and how you act, but we haven't said very much about you-on-paper. This month we'll make it all up to you. We'll talk about friendly letters, love letters, thank-you letters, invitations—the whole business, as it relates to men. So settle down and listen—'cause do you know that a well-turned phrase is at least half as effective as a well-turned ankle?

Friendly Letters: These are the casual, merry little notes that smart girls dash off with little or no provocation, and that are worth their weight in date bids. When a lad you know, who's away at school or at work, does something spectacular, drop him a note of congratulations. Good, good, good; that's the gist of it. Who? Him, of course. Start it breezily: "Dear Brainchild," "Hi, Superman." And end it likewise. "See you," "'Bye, now." If you're away on a visit, be it ever so brief, you've a swell excuse for dropping a card to a lad you like. "This is a wonderful place. I think you'd like it." (Subtle flattery, that.) "This is fun, but I missed seeing you play last night." If one of the kids you know is ill, whip him off a word of cheer. "We miss you . . . we've been worried about you . . . when you get back the gang will have to celebrate." That's the stuff. Be on the lookout for occasions that warrant these brief, thoughtful notes. There are dozens of them and—as we said—the guys love 'em.

Love Letters: The first important point here is this: It's up to a boy to initiate a schmalzy *(Continued on page 96)*

CO-ED LETTERBOX

The boy I go steady with seems to be losing interest. He leaves me at parties, treats me like a sister in front of other people. Should I bawl him out? H. McK., Tiverton, R. I.

Above all *things, don't bawl him out. Two things are possible. He may be weary of the one-woman setup and not quite know how to break it to you. Or, he may think you and he have achieved that nice, casual relationship in which each is so sure of the other that minor flirtations are no cause for alarm, and constant public protestations of love are just a little disgusting. You might offer him his freedom, so: "Bill, it's not fair for one gal to corner all that charm. Why don't we break this up and date some other kids?" If he protests, well, dandy. If he doesn't, that's all right, too. At least you'll know what goes, which is what's worrying you, isn't it?*

How long must you know a boy before it's all right to kiss him good night? D. B., Franklin, N. J.

It's not so much a question of how long you've known a boy as how well you like him. There'll be a boy now and then whom you'll want to kiss goodnight after one date, and somehow it will be right. There'll be some you like, but whom your intuition tells you to keep guessing a while. There'll be others whom you'll like well enough but whom you could date till Doomsday without wanting to kiss. The old idea of "It's all right to kiss him on the third date" is awfully silly when you think about it. Be discriminating and sincere, and that's all you really need to know about to kiss or not to kiss.

Is there any cure for getting stuck at dances? J. Y., Paducah, Ky.

The best one we know consists of a twofold campaign. 1) Be sure that you look as smooth as you possibly can. Your prettiest dress, (Continued on page 97)

The five-letter word that started Broadway howling!

The story of a returned boy-hero whose family still thinks he's a baby!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION

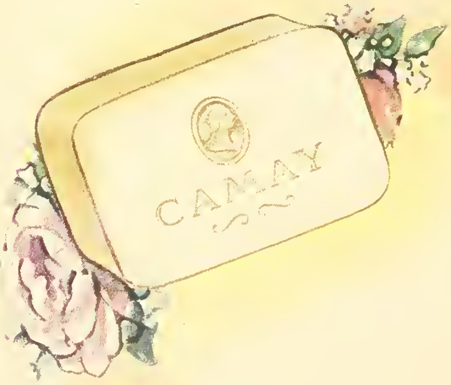
Stageplay and Screenplay by
LOUIS SOLOMON and HAROLD BUCHMAN

with

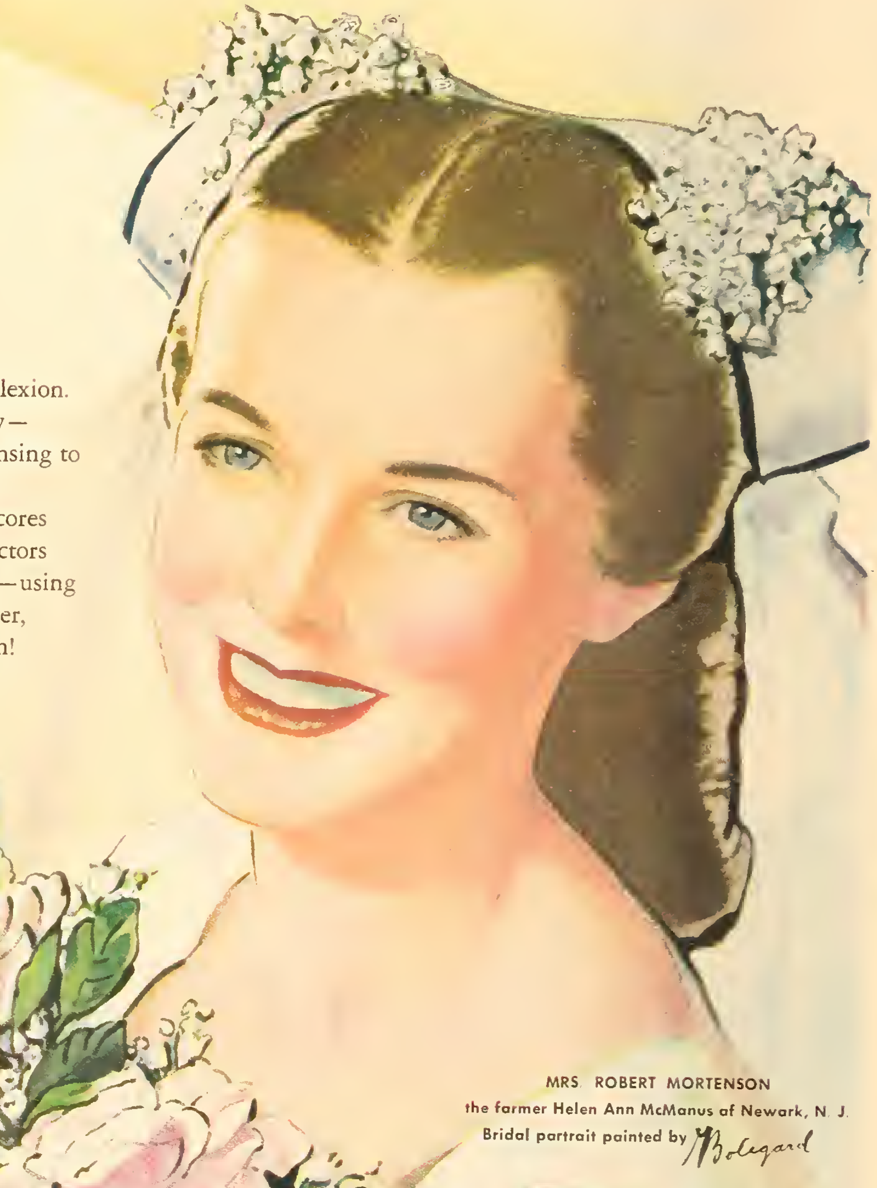
ROBERT BENCHLEY · VERA VAGUE
CONRAD JANIS · NANETTE PARKS
JANIS WILSON · JIMMY LLOYD · ENID MARKEY

Produced and Directed by JACK MOSS

Just One Cake of Camay and your Skin is Softer, Smoother!



For romance, win a softer, smoother complexion. You can—with your very *first* cake of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had fresher, clearer, softer skin. Even younger-looking skin!



MRS. ROBERT MORTENSON
the former Helen Ann McManus of Newark, N. J.
Bridal portrait painted by Bolegard

MRS. MORTENSON'S STORY

Rocking chair romance. Engaged, the happy light in Helen's eyes is matched by the glow of her complexion—clear, smooth, radiant. "My skin responds to Camay care," says Helen. "Really, my very *first* cake of Camay brought the livelier sparkle that a girl wants in her complexion."

Singin' in the snow, and planning a "honeymoon holiday" every winter. "Bob and I want to stay young," confides Helen. "I like to hear his compliments—and to keep them coming, my complexion *stays* on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For *your* lovelier Camay complexion, follow the instructions on the Camay wrapper.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Be saving—with everything! Make your Camay last—it's made from precious materials.

To our Readers...

● A certain little wife of mine thinks my romance with you readers has gone far enough. She may be right. But I'm going to permit myself one last mad fling. I'm going to kiss every one of you on both cheeks and inform you that you are the most cooperative readers a guy ever had! ● Thanks to you, angels, MODERN SCREEN'S questionnaire (page 62) has provided us with the basis for a popularity poll that even Louis B. Mayer consults every morning before he counts his money! Henry Malmgreen, who loves figures (the old wolf), estimates that over *half a million* of your questionnaires have been tallied so far. Guys like Alan and Van appeared on your poll long before anyone else gave them any recognition. MODERN SCREEN readers are the finest talent scouts in the world! ● Hedda Hopper, who has a seventh sense about movies (her sixth sense is reserved for hats), blew her top when I told her about the half million questionnaires. "Aren't you going to *do* something?" she asked. ● And so, on page 36, Hedda has a fine story called "Watch Peter Lawford!" It's number one in a series she dreamed up. Each month, she will pick up a new name off that poll of yours. Some youngster she thinks will be the Frankie Boy or the June Allyson of next year. ● Of all things, she talked the Gruen people into honoring each month's winner with a beautiful *watch!* And such watches. I *do* hope Mr. Gruen knows what he's doin'. ● Pete Lawford is beside himself with joy. Of course, he doesn't mind being honored by Hedda and the poll. But it's the watch that kills him. Keeps taking it off his wrist and showing it to everybody. Which reminds me. I'm going out to Hollywood in a few days now. ● And when Pete goes into his thank-you routine, I'm going to tell him who *really* gave him the watch. Not Hedda, not me, not Mr. Gruen. But you who voted for him on the MODERN SCREEN poll. You—the sweetest readers a guy ever had!

Al Delacorte

Executive Editor.

I'M THANKFUL FOR...

■ When they asked me to write a Thanksgiving piece, I thought, "That's not for me. That's for some guy who knows how to write." But I changed my mind. I figured if you were sitting across the room from me, I'd have no trouble telling you what I'm thankful for this year. So why not say the same thing in print?

Four years ago lots of us took our country for granted. "Oh sure," we said, "I'm an American and proud of it." That was all right as far as it went. But how far did it go?

I know a little more about what it means to be an American now. I'm thankful we weren't bombed or starved or thrown into gas chambers for mass executions: I'm thankful to be a citizen of a country that hates war but can rise grim and tough to its challenge.

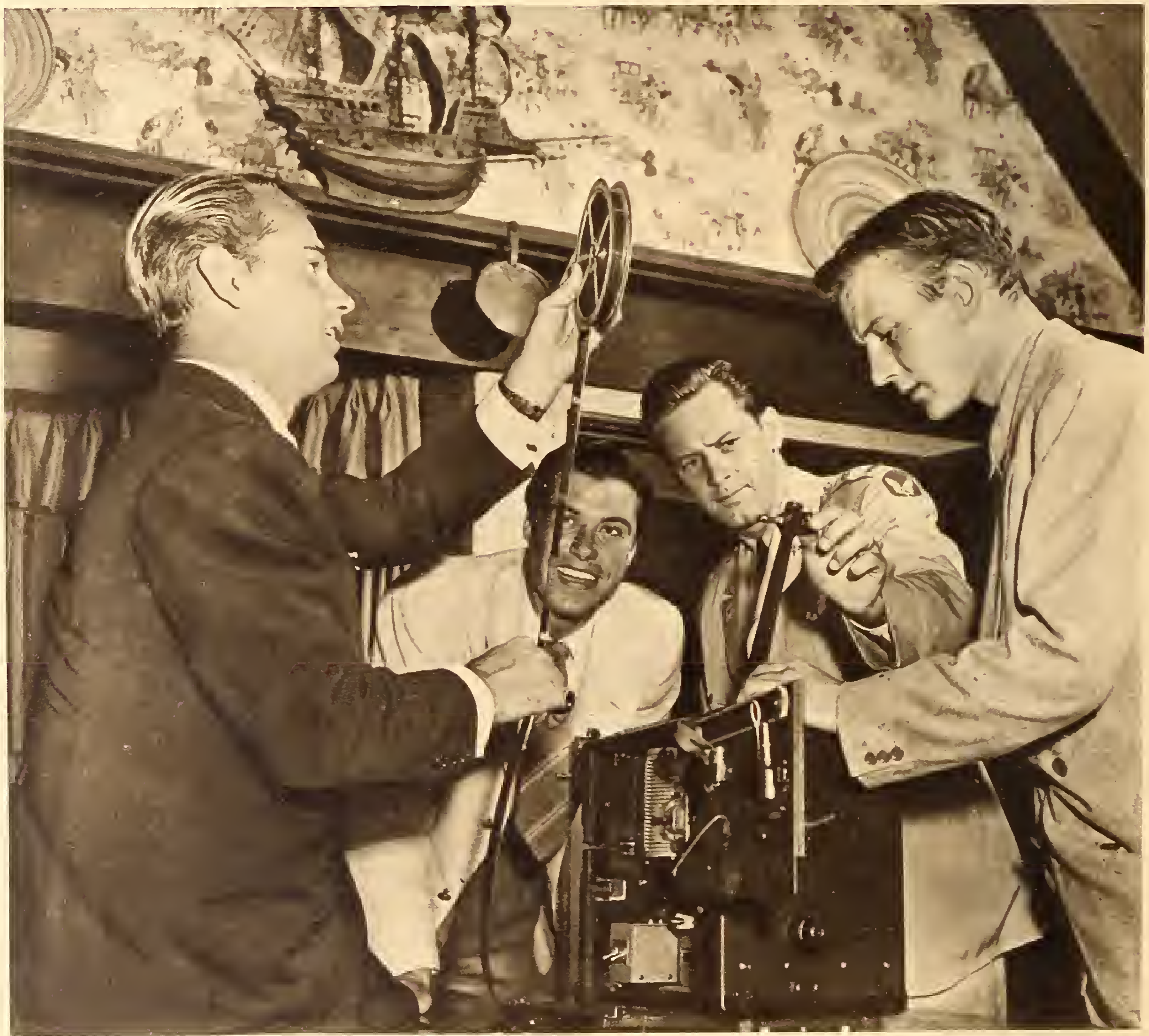
I'm not smug about being an American. It could have been my kid and not someone else's lying dead under the rubble of a London house or shot through the head in a Russian village. And so, in a way, every kid is my kid. I know that now. It's a lesson I've learned by heart. It's a lesson none of us will forget. But that's not enough. To keep faith with the dead, we've got to see that our children learn the same lesson!

Above all, I thank God that the war is over and that this year our thoughts go back to turkey as usual and the warm, personal things of life—such as—well, for me, anyhow, Sue and Alana. I hope Sue doesn't see this because she always socks me when I make her blush. For Thanksgiving, I'll say it anyway. I'm thankful to Sue for being the sweetest wife in the world. And I'm thankful to Alana for calling me "Daddy" and for turning our house into a home!

Finally, if I'm going to bring my blessings up to date, I've got to bring you swell fans into this piece. People sometimes (too often) ask, "What's this guy Ladd got?" The answer to that is *friends*. Lots of 'em. To all of you, my love.

Alan

Thanksgiving with Sue



Like all good actors, Alan yearns to cut his own film! Steve Dunhill grins appreciatively as Lt. Holden and Tom Drake kibitz.

The frost was on the punkin'; the cider in the jug, and the fun was at the Ladd's.

and Alan

After dinner, alas, came the dishes. "A toast!" proposes Tom (cagey-like-a-fox) Drake to Alan, "to the Army—and the wonderful, wonderful way they taught you K.P." Alan, the perfect host, says nothing. But if looks could speak. . . .

"No, you ***can't*** wrap it up and bring it home for Peter," laughs Brenda Marshall Holden. Papa Bill wanted drum stick for their toothy two-year-old son.

What's Thanksgiving without chrysanthemums? Alan and Sue dream of the day when their sprawling, Norwegian type house will be built on Holmby Hills, with acres of home-grown posies.

■ Peace, it's wonderful! Makes Thanksgiving mean so much . . . all the fellas coming home, and the food so plentiful. So Alan Ladd bent his blond head to Sue's dark curls and confided he could almost celebrate *twice* this year. "And why not?" asked H'wood Editor Sylvia Wallace. "Then we could photograph one ahead of time. And talkin' turkey, that's the kind of stuffing our readers go for!" So quick like, Sue got busy on the phone. "Like to come to a premiere of a turkey?" she quizzed the Tom Drakes. "*Would* we?" they howled. "It's food, isn't it?" And the other guests accepted with similar reluctance. "Jeepers!" muttered Sue, "they must think the oysters in the dressing all have pearls in 'em!" So it was quite a party—even if the male guests pulled K.P. later, and the conservative old turkey had only two drumsticks!

Thanksgiving with Sue and Alan

▲ Wouldja like to wish on a star? Mrs. Chris Drake preferred turkey wishbone, tried her luck against Mrs. Brenda Holden. Score was tied; wives grinned like Cheshire cats, wouldn't tell wishes!

▼ "Two against one isn't fair!" protested Bob Hutton. "Oh well," he squelched the Don Taylors, "you may be louder, but I'm better!" Sang fest ended with light hearts—and sore throats!

▲ Alana sat primly on Brenda's lap; daddy had warned her about the Air Corps! Later on, 2½-year-old Alana, fascinated by shiny lieut.'s bars, toddled to Bill Holden, sighed, "Oooh, soljer!"

▼ Alan bet former schoolmarm Isabel Grey she couldn't stand apple on round end. Fay Holden (left) chuckled as Teacher cut slice off, did trick then told A., "You pulled that on me in school!"

Watch Peter Lawford!

He's the guy born with a silver spoon, the guy who's making swoon history.

by Hedda Hopper

(If you've read "To Our Readers," on page 29, you'll know that this is the beginning of an exciting new series by Hedda Hopper. Every month now, Hedda will choose a young actor or actress destined for stardom. She will base her selections partly on MODERN SCREEN'S poll and partly on her own experienced judgment. To make the award more than just a pat on the back, the Gruen Watch Company is cooperating with her and each month's winner will be awarded a beautifully engraved watch. Hope you like our idea. And we're sure you'll be wild about the winners.—The Editors)

■ I'll have to admit it—Peter Lawford sneaked right up on me and gave me the surprise party of my life.

I was tripping down Peacock Lane one night a few months ago at a Hollywood premiere; "Thrill of a Romance," to be exact. That's a Van Johnson special, as everyone knows, and that's exactly whom I came to see, just like a few hundred other people, including a bleacher full of ardent Van-atics on my right.

"V-A-A-A-A-N," they yelled. "WE WANT VAN JOHNSON!"

I bustled along, grinning gaily at the sights and sounds which never fail to thrill an old Hollywood war horse like me. Crowds, lights, glitter, glamor, excitement. Hollywood heroes strutting before their public like royalty. Famous faces, fervent fans. Fickle as a feather in the breeze, of course. But fickle maybe tomorrow—not tonight.

"V-A-AA-A-N!"

I'd taken only a couple of steps before another shout spun me around like a top. From my left came an answering root—

"L-A-W-F-O-R-D—PETER LAWFORD!"

I stared. *(Continued on page 85)*

It was hard to tell who was the more excited during the presentation ceremonie Hedda Hopper, who made the award, or Peter Lawford, who received the first the MODERN SCREEN Popularity Awards, a handsome engraved Gruen watc

takes time out from work on "Two Sisters From Boston" for some hard Victory Gardening, plus a pause that refreshes.

Gail Russell's the gal, Ciro's the place—and Mr. L's the beau about town.' Pete was Pat Kirkland's first H'wood date, Susan Blanchard agreed to triple-date at first sight.

Maggie's the domestic type, loves to sew, cook and dust, would love to be a tomboy but hasn't the nerve, so croquet's her wildest sport.

Sweet Maggie O'Brien

SHE'S SURE GROWING UP, OUR BABY, BUT NOT TOO FAST. NOT FAST ENOUGH TO OUTGROW OUR HEARTS

A follower of the "every-woman-a-wife" trend, Maggie keeps Aunt Marissa petrified by her offers to propose to Marissa's fellas (on Auntie's behalf). For herself, Mag croons "he loves me, loves me not" with only Greg Peck in mind.

An 8-year-old Princess made Maggie a member of her Indian tribe, but family can't pronounce its name! M.'s just learned how to climb trees—now the next step's learning how to get down!

"Lass," gift of Kate Smith, is mentioned daily in M.'s diary—usually in pidgin Spanish! Maggie can sing in Spanish, off key mebbe, but it makes *her* happy. . . . Next pic's "Bad Bascomb."

It was just the
way it should be—pink
roses and satin,
tall white candles and a
great joy when
Shirley said "I do."

Junior mrs.

■ The swelling chords swept from the organ as it throbbed into Lohengrin's Wedding March, and music filled the church. Deep pink roses, gathered in bunches at each pew post, the pale pink roses trailing from the high altar, and the banks of ferns, trembled from the triumphant sound.

A great indrawn sigh of the congregation, as from a single exalted breast, caused the banks of tall white candles to flicker with excitement. Anyone who has heard a summer wind rustling through pines has heard the murmur that swept through the church. Translated into words it whispered, "Oh, Shirley! Isn't she sweet!"

"Here Comes The Bride;" shouted the organ. John Agar, waiting beside Jack Temple—his best man—at the altar, quickly bit his lower lip; his eyes were bright with pride in the vision advancing down the aisle.

Shirley was an utterly beautiful bride. Her white satin gown was made with fitted bodice and a sweetheart neckline embroidered with scrolls of

By Nancy Winslow Squire

"Mrs. Temple was the first to greet her brand new son-in-law. Then guests started streaming by the reception line for 2 hours of well wishing."

seed pearls; her swaying Infanta skirt fell over side panniers. The train, ten yards of tulle, cascaded from a coronet of corded satin loops, and her bridal bouquet was white orchids.

On the arm of her father, Shirley approached the nave and there John stepped forward to claim her. She had been entirely poised until that moment, but as she moved forward beside the man who was about to become her husband, she caught her breath and darted a quick, shy glance upward.

The Reverend Willsie Martin stepped forward and smiled from Shirley to John. *"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God . . ."* he began slowly. And the double-ring Episcopal marriage service rolled out in the cadence of its phrases: *"John, wilt thou* *(Continued on page 102)*

Their forms filed at the Glendale License Bureau, John and Shirley discussed plans for their dignified wedding ceremony. Shirley's one fear was that the occasion would turn into a "circus," John's that he'd muff his lines.

Junior mrs.

Almost five hours before the ceremonies began, mobs of fans crowded the sidewalks before the Wilshire Methodist Church, perching on lamp posts, parked cars and boxes. They were quiet until the couple appeared; then extra police were needed.

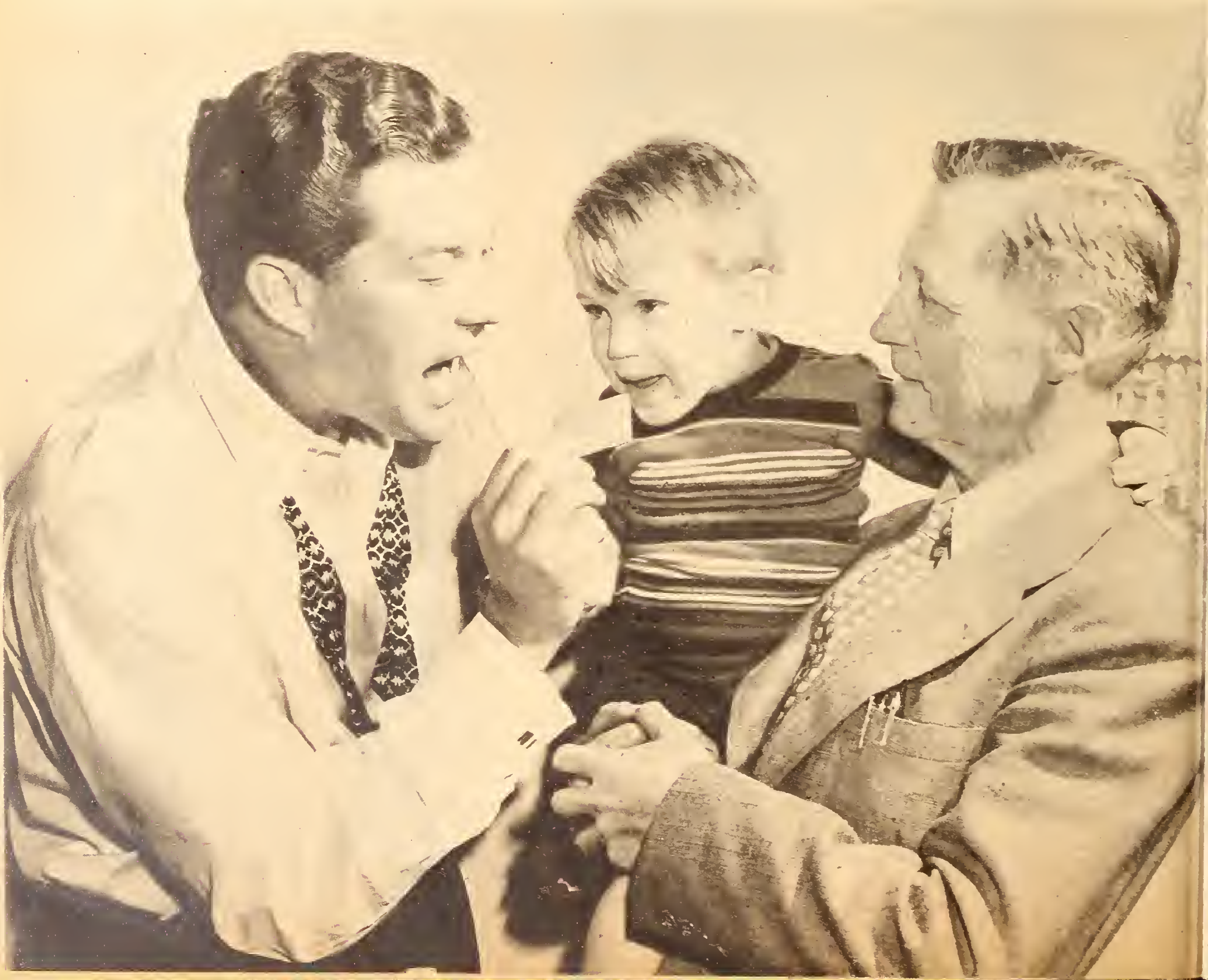
The reception was held in a pink rose and fern arbor at Shirley's parents' Brentwood home where very few of the 600 guests ate their portions of triple-decker wedding cake—not when they could be saved as lucky pieces!

As man and wife, Shirley and John left the church, only to be forced back inside for a 15-minute wait while a path to their car was cleared for them through the frenzied crowds.

In the Morgan Manor

HOME IS WHERE DENNIS' HEART IS, WHERE LILLIAN CAN MAKE A TIRED MAN REST AND THE KIDS SCREECH "NUTS!" TO ANY "GLAMOR BOY" ROUTINE. • By CYNTHIA MILLER

Three generations of Marner Men: Dennis, Jim and granddad Frank E. Morgan is just Dennis' screen name, so kids attend school as Marners.



Jimmie's no Olympic swim champ yet, releases his 3-year-old energy by roaming the 4-acre estate and coming in only when Mom clangs a bell. If kids don't answer, kids don't eat—much.

Kris (who's *that way* about Cary Grant), and Stan, the English whiz, share rides on Buttons, their horse, as well as chore of watering livestock—which includes rabbits, cows, 30 turkeys, hundreds of chicks—and a goat!

Stan's hero worship, which includes shoving, extends to practicing on a BB gun and bow and arrow in order to become crack hunter like Dad.

■ Jimmie Morner, son of Mr. Dennis Morgan, is now three years old. and a heartbreaker. His eyes are huge and blue, his eyelashes are strictly Garbo and coal black, and his G.I. haircut is taffy blonde. If the love he entertains for his father could be accumulated in a visual pile, it would make Mt. Everest look like an ant heap—which is to say that Jimmie is nuts about his dad.

Now Jimmie is a gentleman who toys with his groceries. He has been known to clap an eggcup, only half emptied, on his head, and an oatmeal mustache is routine stuff. Despite the watchful eye of the cook, the maid. and his mother, Jimmie sometimes wears his food well. But he behaves astonishingly well when Dennis is around.

Not long ago, Jimmie was hesitating through his luncheon, toying with his vegetables, and turtling through his creamed chicken. Suddenly, on the distant air, there awoke a baritone song. Jimmie's eyes widened. Like a small furnace devouring dried pine boughs, Jimmie consumed his luncheon with a roar. Then he *(Continued on page 98)*

Lon's got a crusade—Tolerance, tolerance and more tolerance. There's no place for prejudice anywhere, at home or abroad.

High in the sky Lon flew—and learned why flyers say, "It's sort of like going to church . . ."

Pfc. McCALLISTER REPORTING

By FREDDA DUDLEY

■ The war, or the occupational tag ends of it, rather, is not confined to the European Theater or the South Pacific. Everybody knows about them. But there is a huge area, little known and even less publicized, that is covered by American power, which means by the day-to-day courage, the bored, lonely, home-eager devotion to duty of American men: the Alaskan Theater.

You know one of the men stationed in the north: Pfc. Lon McCallister, No. 39725503, Air Transport Command.

It is the ATC and its flying boxcars that supply our far-flung bases; it is the alighting C-47's and C-54's that bring, to those isolated posts, a brief contact with home.

Lon was called to briefing one morning recently, and told that a *(Continued on page 70)*

Studio gave Lon razor and gag-poem: "If the Army makes a man of you, And your beard begins to sprout, And you decide to end it all—This will simply cut your *throut....*"

n's very close to his grandmom, is grateful for her sense
fun—her lemon pies—the welcome she gave the Japanese-
erican school chums whom she tagged "nice Yankee boys."

Mrs. M. treks to N. Y. and shops while Lon binges on the Broadway shows. And 'twas Mom who gifted him with sole book he took overseas, "The Prophet."

"the HARVEY girls"

STORY: On either side the desert stretched to the curl of immense horizons and the town lay under the blaze of the desert sun like an idle piece of driftwood forgotten on an enormous beach. Sandrock was raw, young, untamed in a West that was still frontier, still pushing to the final coast and the Pacific.

The single street ran threadlike through the town and the main item of architecture was the Alhambra: Social center, theater—and saloon. Everything was new in Sandrock, but the newest thing there was a building just across from the Alhambra. So new, in fact, that there was no sign on it yet. Just now a man was hammering in the final nails to the proud, freshly *(Continued on page 92)*

PRODUCTION: Director Vincente Minnelli, the groom-to-be, was barred from the set when the girls of the company staged a surprise shower for Judy. The girls filled Judy's dressing room with gay decorations and cakes and candies, and then trooped in with dozens of packages. Judy delightedly opened the boxes. The first contained a beautiful hankie. So did the second. And the third. And the fourth. Judy blushed with embarrassment for the guests, thinking they had accidentally duplicated the gifts. Then the light dawned. It was *supposed* to be a handkerchief shower! . . . Byron Harvey, Jr., Vice-President of the Fred Harvey system, went through the M-G-M mill in preparing *(Continued on page 91)*

1. Susan Bradley (Judy G.), waitress at Harvey House, balances shootin' iron and demands that competitors at The Alhambra return stolen meat. Em (Angela Lansbury) is impressed, but Horace McNally knows gun's not loaded.

Ned proposed—and Susan accepted—by mail. So she traveled 2,000 miles—to discover another man had written his letters!

2. After the brawl was over, Susan is left holding the bag, a plaster decoration. War is hell when the ladies at Alhambra tangle with Harvey House girls in a femme free-for-all.

3. Susan's still peeved at Ned Trent (John Hodiak) 'cause he proposed by mail (using another man's name) had her traipse west from Ohio . . . and is a gambler and a crook—she thinks.

4. No holds barred when Ned finds Judge Purvis (Pres Foster) setting fire to Harvey House. Ned then locates Susan, who's about to leave wild west, persuades her to be his ever-lovin'.

by Maris MacCullers

Joe Lucky

There's still a bit of the Major's heart winging across Europe's skies, but home feels so good to Clark Gable.

by Kirtley Baskette

"Adventure" director Vic Fleming insisted Clark learn "The Trolley Song," so set was barred while he memorized it—via a Garland disc. A double does the whistling—Clark makes noises like a foghorn!

Could be that Mrs. John Lee, Gable's gal at the Cocanut Grove's Air Forces Day, will be one of his last dates, because Clark may accept a U.S.S.R. offer to teach the Russians Yankee movie techniques.

■ This Army Air Forces sergeant wouldn't take "NO" for an answer. He told the M-G-M P.B.X. operator that he wanted to see Major Clark Gable pronto, and in person. Unfortunately, he tied into a tired studio hello-gal who'd had her ear half buzzed off with that exact request a few hundred times most every day since old Tall, Dark and Handsome checked back in from the wars.

"Can't we deliver the message, sir?" she asked.

"No, Ma'am," said the sergeant, firmly. "You can't. And please don't call me 'Sir.' I'm just a sergeant."

"Yes, sir," sighed the operator. "I'll give you the front office."

The front office was extremely polite. But Mister Gable was very busy on the set of "Adventure." Couldn't they handle the matter?

"Uh-uh," repeated the sarge. "I got to see Major Gable in person. It's business."

"Oh," said the big-shot's secretary. "I'll switch you to the legal department. One moment, puh-lease."

The sarge progressed up and down through wardrobe, casting, special effects, prop department and carpenter shop. He held his ground through (*Continued on page 118*)

When Dick was in hospital for checkup, J. (who's became a whadunit fan) visited twice daily, cheered him with comics, toys, crayons—and peeled grape!

June IS BUSTIN' OUT

Her head swims and

her heart turns somersaults

when you call Junie

"Mrs. Powell"

by Abigail Putnam

Weekly anniversary gifts from Dick (he's in "Cornered") include candy and flowers; June (she's in "Sailor Takes A Wife") lavishes books and pipes on Richard because she's too shy to walk into a haberdasher's and ask for men's duds!

After new house is built, they'll have a one room building erected as a science lab for June. Dick wants it far away from his billiard room—he's sure she's gonna blow the place up!

ALL OVER

■ One night a guy went to see a Broadway show called "Best Foot Forward." A girl came out and sang. She sang so hard that the veins in her throat stuck out.

"Why doesn't somebody stop her?" thought the guy. "Two years of that, and her voice'll be a wreck—"

Later he went backstage to see Rosemary Lane, who introduced him to the little singer. "She's the smallest girl I ever saw," he thought. "With the biggest neck veins—"

She thought: "He looks the same as he does in pictures—"

They said goodbye and went their separate ways—which were destined to meet and join. On August 19th last, little June Allyson and big Dick Powell stood together before a flower-banked mantel, promising to love, honor and cherish as long as they both should live . . .

They were married two days after Dick finished "Cornered" and while June was still making "Two Sisters From Boston." M-G-M did something slightly phenomenal—gave her a week off smack in the middle of the picture. They're living in a furnished apartment till their house (*Continued on page 79*)

dana andrews

by Ida Zeitlin

He thought he'd never love again, after Janet died. But then he met Mary, of the gay eyes and warm heart. (Life Story, concluded)

■ For a time Dana's world held just one bleak, incredible fact. Janet—his wife of three years—was gone. Wherever he turned, it bludgeoned his dazed mind and stunned him again. Without Janet's mother, he doesn't know what would have happened to him.

In the midst of her own grief, there was still something Aggie could do for her lost daughter. She took Dana and two-year-old David into her home. They became her children. The furniture Janet and Dana had bought, piece by slow piece, was sent to storage. All but the music machine. "Take that over to my house," Aggie told the movers. One of these days Dana would need it again.

Always his booster, now she took over Janet's role — encouraging, prodding him gently to get back to his singing and dramatics. "You've got to start building your life up again, Dana—"

Between Aggie and Twomey, he did get started again. One day his backer came over to the filling station where he worked. Besides being a good business man, Twomey was a person of kindliness and tact.

"You're worn out," he said. "You're spending too much energy here at the station. I want to put you on salary. Your job'll be to go on with your voice lessons and spend the rest of the day figuring how to get into pictures—"

For the first time since Janet's death,

Dana worked like a dog, finally got huge Victory garden planted. Cathy, 2½ yrs. old, turned on hose and trotted off to play. "Well, we can always use a swimming pool," groaned Dana, surveying floating seeds and soil.

Even with taxes and agent's fee deducted, Dana can still buy plenty of watermelons with $1,500,000 contract he's signed for seven years with 20th-Fox and Sam Goldwyn. "Fallen Angel's" his latest pic.

Fuzzy Wuzzy was a lucky dog to belong to Dana, whose favorite food is roast beef (rare, please!), which spells b-o-n-e. Amateur photog Dana tries sneaking up on his kids to catch 'em unawares, but rarely does!

dana andrews

Dana's eyes showed a spark.

Twomey pushed his advantage. "How long do you think it should take?"

Giving all his time to it? Six months at the outside. Probably less . . .

The six months passed, and all he had to show for them was his dented optimism. Twomey took him to John Colombo, Russ's brother, for an opinion. "You can get better singers for two bits a dozen," he said. "Why not concentrate on acting?"

The Pasadena Playhouse has a nationwide reputation. Dozens of its graduates ornament our stages and screens. Every Sunday night they hold open readings. Anyone can try out and 150 do. On a certain Sunday night Dana was one of the 150. He read a brief scene from "Antony and Cleopatra," and was one of the chosen called back for a second reading.

This was his first recognition by the world as an actor. His heart soared. "Golly. I'm getting a part. I must be good—"

He did indeed get a part—carrying a spear. But it wasn't too much of an anticlimax. Because here was what the amateur from Van Nuys had hungered for—greasepaint and the thrill of first nights and people who not only loved their business but knew it—in brief, the authentic smell of the theater. He filled his lungs with it, and felt he was breathing at last.

They were running a Shakespeare Festival. In "Cymbeline," they gave him a speaking part that all but finished him. Fiddling nervously with his moustache before curtain time, he pulled the thing loose, and ran downstairs for some spirit gum. The place was pitch black. Instead of being on the stage when the curtain rose, he was trying to scramble out of an elevator shaft.

His lines were crucial to the action. They started a fight between two other characters. By the time he'd battled his way back to the wings, the scene was in full sail, with the other two trying to ad lib *(Continued on page 58)*

Frances has honey-spun hair, delft-blue eyes—and a "mighty-like-a-rose" complexion.

She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY!

SHE USES POND'S!

Prominent Doctor's Daughter to wed Navy Captain's Son

HER RING is an Annapolis "miniature"

The engagement of Frances Hutchins
to Ensign Allister Carroll Anderson
has been announced by
Dr. and Mrs. Amos F. Hutchins
Stoakley House, Md.

BEAUTIFUL Stoakley House, where Frances lives, is one of the aristocratic old homes near Annapolis—so it's very natural that she is marrying into the Navy.

She's another engaged girl with that "soft-smooth" Pond's look that just seems to belong to romance.

"I like Pond's Cold Cream better than any I've ever used," Frances says. "It feels simply *luscious*—and it certainly gives my skin perfectly grand help."

Here's the way she uses Pond's Cold Cream: She smooths snowy-soft Pond's all over her face and throat and pats "with good brisk little pats" to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues all off.

She *rinses* with *more* Pond's for *extra* cleansing and softening—creaming her face with little circles of her Pond's covered fingers. "This twice-over cleansing leaves my skin so soft and smooth," she says.

Use Pond's Cold Cream Frances' way—every night, every morning, and for daytime clean-ups. It's no accident so many more women prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price. Get a big luxurious jar today!

A few of the many Pond's Society Beauties: Lady Edward Montagu
Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III · Viscountess Milton · Miss Anne Morgan

ANOTHER POND'S "CANTEEN GIRL"—Frances helped organize the canteen sponsored by Ogontz Junior College near Philadelphia. The girls in her college have made it a big part of their own special war work—serving coffee and "snacks." Volunteer workers are needed more than ever for recreation centers—can *you* help?

At six months, Stephen sat up in crib for first time. Proud mama yelped for Dana, who was outside, to hustle in and witness great event—but baby fell out on his head at papa's wild approach!

Shakespeare. Nothing like it had ever been heard on land or sea—

"Methinks I do recall a story of something thou didst in Italy. Do tell about it—"

"Oh no, *thou* tell it—"

Dana listened in frozen horror. There went his career.

Presently he was facing an outraged director. "Where the hell were *you?*"

Up to that point, he'd been feeling like a worm. But direct attack stiffened him. He had, after all, committed something less than mayhem. "Does it make much difference? I wasn't where I was supposed to be. Nothing excuses that, but if you'll give me another chance—"

For a moment *(Continued on page 108)*

Real name's Carver Dana Andrews. Extremely clothes-conscious, he loves smooth but conservative outfits like pin-stripe he's wearing at CBS mike.

A typical doting father, Dana cornered Jimmy Cardwell (on location for "A Walk In the Sun") to brag about son Stephen, who was born needing a hair cut, and eleven-year-old David, who catches two fish to Dana's one on camping trips.

dana
andrews

"It's a Gift! a great idea for the holidays

For very personal presents, the kind that says your heart's really in th
giving, my mom makes these Karo goodies. 'N then she wraps 'em u
with holiday papers and ribbon. You will make anybody happy with
gift like this—even folks who already have two of everything. You are
giving something of yourself; something money can't buy.

the KARO KID

© Corn Products Sales Co.

KARO FRUIT MERINGUE COOKIES

2 egg whites
2/3 cup Karo
1/3 cup all-purpose flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup chopped maraschino cherries, well drained
1/2 cup chopped nut meats
2 cups ready-to-eat cereal flakes (wheat, rice or corn)

Beat egg whites until stiff. Add Karo (Red or Blue Label) 2 tablespoons at a time, beating after each addition. Sift together flour, salt, cinnamon. Fold into beaten egg whites, then fold in vanilla, fruit, nut meats, cereal. Drop from a tablespoon onto greased baking sheet; bake in moderately slow oven (325° F.) 25-30 minutes. Makes 40-50 small cookies.

KARO GLAZE FOR FRUIT CAKE

Heat 2/3 cup Karo to boiling point and brush or spread immediately on a baked fruit cake. To vary the glaze, add 2 tablespoons brandy or orange juice to 1/2 cup Karo; heat to boiling, and continue cooking slowly for 2 to 3 minutes. We suggest Blue Label Karo for dark and Red Label Karo for light fruit cake. Will glaze one large cake or 15 to 18 small cakes.

DECORATION for FRUIT CAKE: Cut candied cherries in half. Slice citron into thin strips. Before glaze cools arrange almonds as petals, and place a half cherry in center. Use citron for stems and leaves.

KARO NUT AND CEREAL BITS

1 cup Karo
1/4 cup water
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup chopped nuts
3/4 cup puffed ready-to-eat cereal (wheat or rice)

Combine Karo (Blue or Red Label), water, and salt in saucepan, bring to boiling, cook over moderately low heat until syrup forms soft ball (230° F.) when small amount is dropped into cold water. Add butter, continue cooking until hard brittle ball forms (285° F.) when small amount is dropped in cold water. Stir frequently. Add vanilla, nuts, cereal. Spread thinly on greased baking sheet. Break into pieces when cool.

Here's a nice way to gift-package the four Karo goodies. Then wrap in holiday paper and tie with a bright ribbon.

Paper by Norcross

KARO AMBER MARMALADE

Peel 1 large orange, 1 large lemon, 1 large grapefruit. Slice peel paper thin. Cut pulp in small pieces. Measure pulp and peel separately. Measure twice as much water as total; add to peel only. Cook uncovered, 15 minutes. Drain. Add same amount of water; cook 20 minutes; add pulp, cook 10 minutes more. Continue as follows: Combine in deep, broad pan: 3c. cooked mixture, 1c. Red Label Karo, 2c. sugar. Cook rapidly, stir often until mixture "sheets" (when small amount is poured from spoon, two drops will come together and break from side); cook 2 minutes more. Stir, pour into hot, sterilized glasses, seal. Cook rest of fruit same way. Makes ten 6-oz. glasses.

GAL *with a* GLINT

Talk about movie scripts! He saved her from drowning . . . so what could Ella Raines do but marry the guy?

When husband Kenneth Trout got out of the Army, plans for a zoot suit had to be shelved; tailor told him it'd be two months before he'd get the goods! Result: He's still in uniform!

• It all happened very quickly. Yards of swift, strong ice flying under her skates and then suddenly, a gaping mass of swirling grey water looming up at her. "Oh Lord," she thought, "oh Lord, I'm going too fast, I can't stop, I *can't* stop!" when magically, there was a hand grabbing her arm and swinging her over to solid land, and she was crouching on the old log, hugging herself close and sobbing.

"How was I to know the ice wasn't solid at Mulvaney's?"

"You'd think that after anybody'd lived at Snoqualmie Falls for all of their fourteen years, they'd know by now that the north side doesn't freeze till after Christmas!" Ken's voice *(Continued on page 61)*

Before Ella and Ken vacationed in Seattle, Washington, last September, divorce rumors flew. Most interesting development: Offers come in from all over the U. S. to buy their fabulous bed; king size, it's 6 ft. 8 by 6 ft. 4!

by Miriam Alberta Ghidalia

was gruff and deep with his vast three-years-older superiority.

"Were you scared I was gonna drown, Kenny?"

"That's a dumb question!"

And all of a sudden, fiercer than cold pain or dentist pain, it raced through her. "Why, we're in love! Why—I'm going to *marry* the boy!"

the kids grew up . . .

Ten years have passed since the "affair of the skating pond rescue" and the girl with the green eyes has grown up into Ella Raines, Hollywood citizen and star. And Kenny? He's now Kenneth Trout, (formerly known as Major Kenneth Trout, U. S. Army Air Corps), holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal, a Presidential Citation, and the very firm conviction that his wife's terrific but that really "it was so hard to be dignified with the men serving under you when they had pin-up art of your wife plastered all over the barracks!"

Because, you see, Ella Raines' one-track mind finally made its destination—she really married the boy!

And to no one's complete surprise. Snoqualmie Falls, Washington (pop. 752; location: 29 miles southeast of Seattle), always figured that some day Kenny Trout, who had a fine purple hatred of clinging vine girls, and pert Ella Raines would "get together." Because it was common knowledge that when Ella's dad got used to the idea of his first-born being a girl, he decided to ease his disappointment by giving her as many of the "manly" virtues as possible. So by the time little Ella was five, she was a swimming champ, and in another five years was joining her father in "roughing" trips to the Cascades where they hunted and fished, skied and climbed mountains, loafed and had long talks by flickering firesides or over sizzling barbecues. To this day Ella prefers the simple life, reading her beloved Shakespeare or George Bernard Shaw, composing sad, wild music on the baby grand piano she bought herself with her first movie paycheck, walking high in the Hollywood Hills where there's no one to talk "shop" at her or babble of studio gossip.

"I used to go in for flurry and bustle," she recalls, "until I was about eight. Then Things Happened." It was right around Christmas and there was that certain feeling in the air, that feeling that transforms all little girls into demons and all adults into avenging deities—with hairbrushes. First there was Miss Daniels' piano recital where Ella, glowing in black patent leather and pink organdie, acknowledged the applause and head noddings of various parents, announced, "And now I will play 'The Happy Farmer'," spread out her fat little skirts over the piano stool—and promptly gave out with some very fine boogie-woogie! That would have been forgiven eventually, even coming as it did two days after she stuck bubble gum on the seat of the 3rd grade teacher who'd flunked her in arithmetic, but when on Christmas Eve, she interrupted the hymn singing because she spied Santa sneaking in through the vestibule—

JUNE, FRANKIE AND VAN!

Santa Claus is coming to town . . . and he's bringing the Xmas issue to your newsstand on December 11 . . . with your big three—all three—Allyson, Sinatra and Johnson on the cover!

New Film-Finish Powder

"Loveliest-ever shades . . . finest-ever texture,"
. . . says exquisite Ella Raines

ELLA RAINES, Universal's lovely star, in "The Strange Affair of Uncle Harry." **WOODBURY WINDSOR ROSE** gives fresh-rose color to her pink-tone medium skin. Fluff it on *yours*—for vivid glow!

The so ravishing Ella Raines picks Woodbury Film-Finish Powder to carry her smooth, screen glamour into private life, too. That's *your* cue for a flawless Hollywood "finish."

5-way blending gives *loveliest-ever color . . . smoothest-ever texture.* New Film-Finish *clings longer, hides blemishes* best-ever. Never clogs or turns pasty. 8 star shades.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1. Now, with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you get your own glamour shade of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost. No change in the box—all Woodbury Powder now on sale is the new "Film-Finish."
Also boxes of Woodbury Powder, 25¢ and 10¢, plus tax.

Woodbury Film Finish Powder

with Daddy's pants' legs hanging out over his red flannel suit, well . . .

She was still in high school when she made up her mind; about Kenny, about becoming an actress. Mr. and Mrs. Raines couldn't see it her way. She was too young to know her own mind, the glamor was blinding her, if she went out with other boys— So, ever obliging, Ella bought a car, a '29 coupe with blue lights and a lethal exhaust, boned up on her studies, and attended all the local dances where she invoked the undying hatred of all the girls and the oyster-eyed adoration of all the boys. "I suppose I was the belle of the ball," she reasons, "because in those days fellows were always looking for laughs." But it wouldn't work. Kenny still had the inside track on her heart, theater on her head. And by now she was a woman, wonderfully beautiful in her strong-boned, vital way. Lush-mouthed, hair almost black, almost straight, her cheekbones high and slanty, her nose pert and unbelievable with its tilt, its zany curve. She enrolled at the University of Washington partly because it was near home, mostly because it had such a fine dramatics department. The folks still hadn't understood or condoned when they finally consented one evening to come see her act "in a real show, 'Spring Dance,'" but when they saw her come onstage, with that free-swinging purr of a walk, her head high and her eyes glowing with fulfillment, they gave in—Ella was an actress. Couldn't figure out where she got it from, no Raines ever had been one before, but they'd seen her eyes tonight. She was an actress, all right, no doubt about it. So God bless her.

In her sophomore year Ella won five scholarships and opportunity gave its first timid knock. Would Miss Raines be interested in a screen test at Warner Brothers? They'd pay her fare both ways, if necessary (but with Miss Raines' talent, beauty, wit, etc., surely the return ticket was money thrown out the window? ha-ha-ha . . .) and give her all the time she'd need to get used to Hollywood and movie making before her test came up.

Two weeks later she was at the studio. "Good morning, I just arrived. I'm Ella Raines." (Fanfare, bugles blowing.)

"Oh, good morning, Miss Raines. We've been expecting you. (Ha! and everybody warned me about the brush-off system!) Have you had lunch, Miss Raines?"

"Why, n-yes. Yes, I have. Y'see, I . . ."

"Splendid, splendid. Would you go to makeup then, Miss Raines?"

"But I was told I'd be given time to prepare; why, I just got in on the 10:10!"

"Time? Oh. Oh, yes. Well, tomorrow morning then, Miss Raines. At eight."

durante doldrums . . .

A month later Ella had her test, a you-all, magnolia-blossoms-in-the-moonlight opus with long blonde curls and a powder base that by contrast would've made Camille look like an outfielder.

It was her original fairy godfather, Talent Scout Smith, who approached her with the verdict.

"Before I say anything, uh—definite—may I say on behalf of the studio and uh—myself, that we feel you have uh—pronounced—possibilities."

"Thank you, oh *thank you*, Mr. Smith. Why, I'm so hap . . ."

"But we also feel that the camera, regardless of the tremendous advances made during the past twenty years, is nevertheless a still imperfect instrument . . ."

"That's interesting, very interesting, Mr. Smith. But about my, uh—possibilities . . ."

"—so we, that is the studio and myself, would like to suggest that—"

Her heart wasn't in it but that night Ella was telegraphing home:

STUDIO SUGGESTS I'D BE GENIUS
WITH NOSE REMODELED. STUDIO
SUGGESTS CAMERA IS IMPERFECT
THEREFORE DOES PECULIAR
THINGS TO MINE. SHALL I UNDERGO PLASTIC SURGERY?
LOVE ELLA

The reply came almost immediately:

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. WAIT
UNTIL CAMERA UNDERGOES
PLASTIC SURGERY!
LOVE DAD

The folks were waiting to meet her at the station when she returned home, Mom and Dad peering into train windows and vaguely waving; Kenny, off to one side a bit, standing tall and awkward in the evening shadows. She kissed them all, grateful because they were there and home felt good again and Kenny's kiss had been anything but awkward. He took her to a movie that evening, after Mom had shooed them away from the dishes in the sink, and later they went dancing. They were riding home when:

"Didja have fun, Elly out there?" he asked, his voice wobbly.

"'Course I had fun, Ken. Dates, night clubs, orchids every night and—Oh, Kenny," she wailed, "I'm *such* a failure!"

"All right, Elly, cry it out. Sh-sh, everything'll be all right. You'll graduate and then you'll marry me and we'll— "

"But I don't *want* to marry you and—oh no, Kenny, that isn't what I mean. I mean . . ."

"I know, darling. You mean you like ten-minute eggs and I like three-minute eggs and you're scared we won't get along. But it's still all right, Elly. Marriage is a compromise, y'know and we'll just have to make sacrifices." He sighed, squaring his shoulders decisively. "We'll just have to eat *six-and-a-half* minute eggs! Okay?"

"Oh you dope, you beautiful, elegant dope—of course, okay!"

Ella's no Pollyanna, but also, she's no dope. So after she took time off to cry her ego back into shape, she went back to school, all the more determined to become an actress. She concentrated, got to know the technique of acting instead of depending on her smile, her walk, her trick of flinging her hair back and *smouldering* through a role. By now Dad was just as enthused over her career as she and so pleased with her progress—in her Junior year now, she won seven more scholarships and had been elected Navy Queen and one of the U's Cinderella Girls, meaning one of the six most attractive, talented, popular and etcetera girls on the campus—that he decided to stake her to a summer in Hollywood.

narrow escape . . .

She and Virginia Booker, an old friend who'd already achieved some success as a comedienne, took a bungalow at the beach, excitement running through them like quicksilver. A summer was a lifetime, there was no limit to the glories they could perform, today they had Fate in their hands — tomorrow the world! Until Fate decided that the fun had gone far enough. It was Labor Day and the girls were having some of the Little Theater gang up for dinner. Nothing elaborate, a simple throw-together meal. So simple that Virginia, "the cook of the family," shooed Ella off to the beach. "In the first place," she said, "you could use a darker tan. In the second place, you've got three pages of script to memorize before tomorrow night's show. And in the third place, you'd be of as much help in the kitchen as a thirty-nine pound midget. I've got to run downtown for a few hours so I'll prepare all the fixin's and all you'll have to do is pop the ham in the oven. So scat, you gift to the theater, you!"

FREE OFFER!

We just love to know what you think of MODERN SCREEN! And 'cause we do and also just because we love you, we're offering to send 500 FREE Dell mags to 500 of you who will fill out the Questionnaire below and send it to us no later than November 20th! The first 500 letters to come in do not necessarily get the mags, so don't rush! Answer your Questionnaire thoughtfully, send it in after you've read each story. Maybe you'll be one of the lucky 500!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our December issue? Write 1, 2 3, at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

I'm Thankful For . . . (Thanksgiving with Sue and Alan Ladd) .... ☐
Watch Peter Lawford! .... ☐
Sweet Maggie O'Brien .... ☐
Junior Mrs. (Shirley Temple wedding) .... ☐
In The Morgan Manor (Dennis Morgan) .... ☐
Pfc. McCallister Reporting .... ☐
"The Harvey Girls" .... ☐
Joe Lucky (Clark Gable) .... ☐
June is Bustin' Out All Over (June Allyson wedding) .... ☐
Dana Andrews' Life Story (concluded) .... ☐
Gal With A Glint (Ella Raines) .... ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News .... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST? ....

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference ....

....

....

....

My name is ....

My address is .... **City** .... **Zone** .... **State** ......

I am .... **years old.**

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

To this day, nobody knows how it happened. Ella'd come home sand-gritty and dripping with sun tan oil, dying to get under a shower but also anxious to get the ham started. Impatiently, she lighted a match for the oven and ducked her head down to make sure the flame had caught. A split second, and then torrents of pain. And through it all, nothing except the smell of flesh burning and the crackle of burnt hair. And her voice thin and hollow and insistent in the stillness.

quick come-back . . .

The doctors said she'd die. Or be disfigured. Six months later she was back on the campus, eight months later the bandages came off and the campus was sure she'd be all right. Because Ella was calling herself "Curly" and she had no hair or brows or lashes. Because Ella was still determined to be an actress.

She was in her dorm room the night before graduation when the telegram came:

> THINK I AM BEING SHIPPED OVERSEAS. CAN YOU FLY? CAN YOU MARRY ME TOMORROW?
> LOVE KEN

She flew. She married him tomorrow. So she wouldn't get her diploma, so what! "You only live once—so love while you can," is Ella's motto. Maybe it was the war—but after being with him for ten years she felt her mind was made up. They had only two days in which to prepare but the wedding was done up brown with 150 formal announcements sent out and orchids and rice and people crying and a three-line notice in the local Palm Beach paper.

But with Ken shipped overseas, Ella was restless, uneasy. Until Dad decided to reveal his plan: He was sending her off to New York—all expenses paid—with his blessings on a stage career.

So Ella wiped a tear from her eye, pocketed her nest egg, and made for New York—where she promptly entrenched herself at the ultra-swank Plaza Hotel! "Front," she decided, "is what makes the actress—go places. And I'll put up a front if I have to starve doing it!"

But Ella had no sooner decided on one course of action when Fate got puckish and started playing tricks again. Because instead of sticking it out at the Plaza with a box of crackers for the next year, Ella landed a bit part in that hit of hits "Oklahoma!" within three weeks of her arrival East—and immediately took to her bed with a severe attack of ptomaine!

But the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: A friend of hers who'd learned of her illness at the same time he'd heard that Hollywood agent Charles K. Feldman was in town scouting for new talent, dispatched Mr. Feldman (properly impressed) up to the Plaza. Whereupon Mr. Feldman (still more impressed) met Miss Raines, borrowed two of her photographs and showed them to Charles Boyer and Howard Hawks who were then forming their million dollar B-H producing corporation back in Hollywood. The aforementioned gentlemen took one long look, the kind of look that comes out like a whistle, and sent a telegram. Would she like to sign a contract? She would. (Fanfare, bugles blowing.) So on February second, 1943, Ella arrived in Hollywood, February third she had a screen test. February fourth she started work on "Corvette K-225," the picture Hawks was currently producing at Universal.

A few months later, Universal couldn't take it. They pled, threatened, cajoled, until the B-H corporation saw the light and sold them Ella's contract outright. All this (she'd already played in M-G-M's "Cry Havoc" and the leads in Paramount's "Hail The Conquering Hero" and "Phantom Lady" with Franchot Tone)—and "Corvette" hadn't even been released yet!

And now with "Tall In The Saddle," "The Suspect" and "Enter Arsene Lupin" playing the neighborhood movies, Ella's just finished "Uncle Harry," the show which Eva Le Gallienne made so memorable on Broadway and which those who've seen the movie version vow marks Ella's final leap to stardom.

But not even stardom can change the girl. Before Ken was out of the Army she lived with him in a tiny bungalow down in Miami, along with the other Army wives, living in suits and slacks, breaking up over Hope's radio shows and anything with Bergen, showing off her Major's decorations till he was red with embarrassment, trying to look penitent when he scolded her for feeding their cocker spaniel, Major Nugget, at the table. Nugget died a few weeks ago, which nearly broke her heart.

Now that Ken is out of the Army, they live in their own, more comfortable home, in Beverly Hills.

Divorce rumors spread through Hollywood after his return, but you can be certain she won't do anything in a hurry. Neither of them will give up without trying everything, but if it does happen, you can't blame Hollywood; it would have happened if they were just Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Trout of Snoqualmie Falls.

No, stardom can't change the girl with the warm, wide smile and loping stride. The girl upon whom the GIs bestowed one of their most unique titles, "The Lady With The Lamps." Otherwise known as the girl with the glint.

MISS AMERICA of 1945 Thanks Fitch's for Glamorous, Sparkling Hair

Do as Miss America does! Glorify YOUR hair with fragrant, easy-to-use FITCH'S SAPONIFIED SHAMPOO. It brings out those radiant, natural color highlights the very first time you use it. Mild vegetable and cocoanut oils are blended into Fitch's Saponified Shampoo, so it will *cleanse your hair thoroughly* without making it feel "dry" or harsh. "Oceans" of rich, billowy lather *loosen* and *float away* all the dust, dirt and other hair accumulations quickly and efficiently.

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After the lather has done its work, the patented rinsing agent *contained in* the shampoo goes into action with the plain rinse water to carry away remaining particles. No special after-rinse is required. Hair and scalp are left immaculately clean, refreshed.

Your hair will be easy to arrange, and when dry, will sparkle with all the glory of its natural color, adding glamour to every hairstyle.

Fitch's Saponified Shampoo is a grand shampoo for regular weekly use by every member of the family. Economical. Available at your favorite drug counter . . . professional applications at barber and beauty shops.

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. . . ask for and use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo . . . the only shampoo made whose guarantee to remove dandruff with the *first* application is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. No other shampoo can make this statement. At drug counters, barber and beauty shops.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Bess Myerson, tall, dark-haired twenty-one year old miss from New York City is "Miss America, 1945."

Generous 6 oz. Bottle 50c
Economy Size 16 oz. Bottle $1.00

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◀ She'll look cute as a button in this newest of Harry Berger's darling Tammiecoats. Polka dots trim this cap-sleeved lovely. It's only $3.50

Perfect type casting . . . a "Sweater Girl" trio of bath oil, cologne and bubble bath for you-know-who! The cover pretends it's a Juke Box. $1.00

Racking your brain for a charming trifle of c gift? These gaily decorated little jars of jelly will help avert breakfast melancholia! $1.10

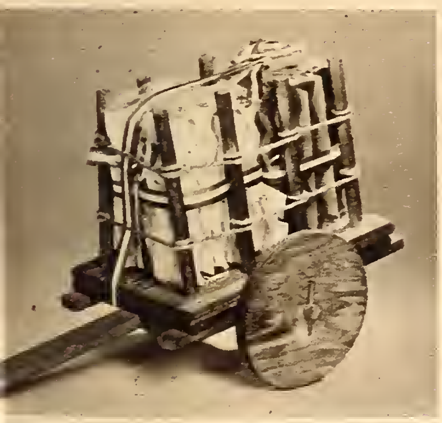
Glitter on her neck and wrist, straight from Christmas tree. Necklace and bracelet, made gold beads on velvet cording. Set by Cora. $7.0

MEMO FROM SANTA

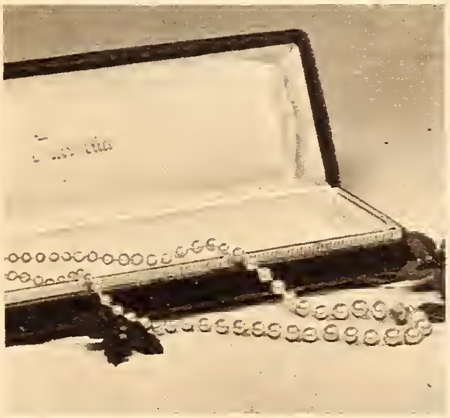
'Holly·Berry Cologne" by Prince Matchabelli is he very essence of Christmas! Looks it, too, n a green and white, be-ribboned box. $2.00

Very distinguished, the Christmas tree which bears your gift of traditional fruit cake (about $2.00) or fruit fingers in rum sauce at about $1 per jar!

Orlaff's Attar of Petals beautifiers in hand-painted, porcelain-white jars which can later double as decorator's pieces. $4.25 the set.



Delicious stick candy in an intriguing sugar-cone cart will charm either child or adult! This same candy comes in other novel packages. Cart, $1.59



Here's the beautiful, the truly precious gift, for your favorite girl. Give these magnificent Marvella pearls, a single strand for $18.00

Peggy Sage's Polo Bag is doubly gifted. First, it holds bright polish for her fingertips, then it slips over her wrist, a gay accessory. $1.50

This intriguing little basket holds 2 bottles erb-flavored vinegar, 1 drum herbs, 1 shaker erb-flavored salt and 3 tubes of herbs. $3.00

Any host or hostess would adore these for her relish tray: gherkins, 73c; Jerusalem artichokes, 73c; fruit chutney, 70c; watermelon rind, 51c

High school and college gals are mad for this shaggy mitten. Its palm is leather, the back, lamb fur in lush shades. Buy it for only $5.00

Magnolia
As smooth and beautiful as the petals of a flower
DURA-GLOSS

Give new beauty to your fingernails with Dura-Gloss the nail polish of perfection. Dura-Gloss is like liquid jewelry. Its beauty and brilliance come from Chrystallyne, a special ingredient in the Dura-Gloss formula. It dries fast. Its smoothness will delight you. 10¢ plus tax.

Something new
Dura-Gloss Nail Polish Dryer
dries polish faster. Try it.
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The DURA-GLOSS touch!

16 Exciting Shades

Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J., Founded by E. T. Reynolds

For your youngest friends, this sturdy horse, covered with washable, vegetable-dyed cotton. Buy him, coy look and all, for only $2.00

Advance planning goes into this luscious leather set, consisting of a round cosmetic case, wallet and cigarette case. The set, with initials, $7.50

Giving tea as delicately fragrant as these fine blends is a flattering gesture. There's a half dozen varieties at about 59c per 2½ ounces

Most versatile item in a young girl's wardrobe is a twin sweater set, sweaters in contrasting colors. The pullover, $4.00, the cardigan, $7

No more color problems! The four different and delightful reds in Rubinstein's "Lipstick Wardrobe" give a girl beauty variety. $2.50 the set.

Whoa, Donner! Stop, Blitzen! Full stop while we deliver this cookie jar and its crunchy contents! Cookie jar, $2. and up; cookies, 3 lbs. for $1.00

Now here's a compact for a girl to whip proudly out of her purse! A jaunty floral design tops this smooth plastic "Compact by Adna." $2.00

Season's greetings to a gourmet: Edam cheese in sauterne, Roquefort-type cheese in brandy and ever-popular cheddar in port. About 49c each.

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Poetic Dream
heartbeat
Poetic Dream
it seems Everybody wants Leigh perfume for Christmas

*RISQUE Smoldering Amber Musk
*DULCINEA Lovely Jasmin Bouquet
*POETIC DREAM Tropic-Floral Fantasy
*HEARTBEAT Vibrant Floral Blend

THESE FINE AMERICAN PERFUMES • THREE-FIFTY THE OUNCE, plus tax

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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MEMO from SANTA

What a luxurious perfume! "Tigress" by Faberge in a tiger-topped bottle. Elegant on your furs, light enough to wear all day. $3.50 to $15

A very appetizing way to say, "Merry Christmas"! Highly flavored sea-food and meat pastes for hors d'oeuvres. Price range: 26c-45c each.

Yardley's plump jar of bath salts holds such quantities of fragrant crystals that milady will cherish them long after Christmas. $3.50

Newest scarf idea by Kimball, French wax printing, giving the texture of precious oil paints. Luscious colors and lots of gift for only $5.00

Santa visited Hollywood and helped Max Factor whip up this enchanting gift package. Let it brighten your "best gal's" Christmas. $4.55

Small handbags are news, and here's a honey by Parisian. It's softest pigskin, in high shades and black, faille and satin lined. About $10.00

"Follow Me" says the lilting, delightful scent of this eau de toilette, so Varva who makes it, wisely called it "Follow Me!" Giant bottle, $4.50

For that sleek as a bandbox look, Chen Yu has a gay leatherette bandbox filled with everything for lovely nails and hands. Also a lipstick. $10

"A tisket, a tasket, a Christmas basket!" Coty contributes this gay L'Origan whimsy to make Noel-tide gifting the merrier. Price: $2.5

"A breath of Old Sweden!" That's what this is. Complete with dancing maidens, Linnea presents powder, cologne, and perfume, boxed at $5.00

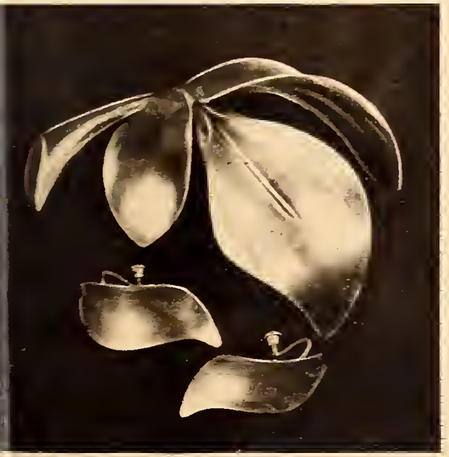
Design for giving: Red and white domestic wine for cooking (about $1 per bottle) and a copy of "The Wine Cook Book" by the Browns. $2.50

Christmas is just the time for "Friendship's Garden" to bloom. So Shulton presents toilet water and bath talc in that scent. $2.00

Wonderful "mistletoe bait" is contained in this Djer-Kiss gift package. Beautiful, isn't it? Check this on your Christmas list at $5.75

The Mighty Midget Wallet has swept the country and it's easy to see why. It's got everything, plus a four-leaf clover on key chain. Only $2.25

There's no doubt about it . . . Richard Hudnut has an elegant way of doing things. As witness, this scrumptious "Du Barry" gift set, $4.25



Some costume jewels look priceless, they're so simple, so right. Jordan's calla lily pin and earring set, the pin $8.00, the earrings $2.00

This one's important! Greet the absent darling with something to eat and smoke: Stuffed dried fruit, fruit cake, peanuts, candy, cigarettes

To brighten any girl's Noel morn—this Daggett & Ramsdell enchanting five-piece "Mountain Heather" set of beauty fixings. $5.50 the set.

PFC McCALLISTER REPORTING

(*Continued from page 47*)

group was to go on tour: to Edmonton, Grande Prairie, Dawson Creek, Watson Lake, Whitehorse, Big Delta, Tanacross, Northway, Juneau, Fairbanks, Galena, Anchorage, Nome. Fabulous names—names from your geography, names from your American and Canadian history.

Lon and the men assigned to the same duty climbed into a C-54 in Edmonton. It was a crisp late summer morning sharp with wind. After the big ship hauled itself onto the highway of the sky, it found the road in need of repair.

Luckily, no matter what happens in an aircraft of any size, ranging from a Piper Cub to a B-29, Lon feels fine. But one fast glance around assured him that his air pattern partners weren't all so lucky. He scurried around; he passed out airsick pills and burp cups.

He got the guys interested in "The Game"—Charades. Somebody did "Off We Go, Into The Wild Blue Yonder," which was fairly easy to penetrate. Someone did "The World, The Flesh, and Father Smith," which caused some trouble. Lon drew Cornelia Otis Skinner's "Dithers And Jitters." Considering the fact that the plane was leaping from air current to air current in the manner of a St. Vitused goat prowling the Alps, this wasn't too tough an assignment to act out.

They landed at Watson Lake, and checked the NCO Club which revealed a frightening deficit: No food. A resourceful group of men, whose identities shall remain unrevealed, rolled their eyes in the direction of the Officer's Club. Said somebody, "Well, why not? If we don't get caught."

Any resemblance of this feat to theft, either grand or petty, is purely incidental. The food was "liberated." Or "borrowed." And very fine food, too.

The next stop was Fort Nelson in British Columbia. As Lon hopped out of the plane and strolled across the field, he was greeted by a shout of sheer delight. "For the love of Mike—McCallister!"

The two men shook hands violently, and pounded one another's shoulders. Lon's overjoyed friend was Peter Jamieson, the actor who had played the Clarence Day rôle in the Chicago company of "Life With Father."

Lon and Pete went into their brother act; they sang, they did—from memory—scenes from the plays of Clifford Odets and Eugene O'Neill. They coached a group of men based at Nelson, and put on an hour's informal radio program—it was solid stuff and a lot of fun.

But finally, Lon had to leave. "Sure hate to see you go," Pete said.

"Sure hate to go," said Lon, but it was purely a social comment. He looked around. He thought, "God, what an assignment! Sweating this one out really takes guts."

The plane carried them farther north, to Tanacross. There, they staged—for lack of facilities to do anything else—an impromptu pool match. Lon was teamed with one of the fellows stationed at the base. "Gee, you're playing in rotten luck," Lon grinned. "This is only the third or fourth time I've ever had a billiard cue in my mitts. I'll probably flub my shots and ruin your chances of being half of a championship team."

Well, Lon still doesn't know how it happened, but he and his partner finished a series of matches as the champs. Lon wrote this 8-ball news to a friend, who promptly wrote back, "Until I see it with my own eyes, the rumor of your pool championship simply means to me that you've finally perfected your Australian crawl."

It was at Whitehorse that Lon saw his first Alaskan Theater WAC. He was listening to the music provided by a service band playing for a dance, when a trim, petite creature approached Lon briskly to say, "Please dance with me."

Lon hesitated. He thought, "Look, my pretty pet; I didn't think they allowed half-pints like you to join the WAC." But all he said was, "Er—I don't dance very well. That is, I don't dance at all."

"You'll be okay," insisted the WAC. "You probably know music, and anyone who knows music can dance."

They got along fine. For the first time in his life, Lon really enjoyed dancing.

The following morning Lon met a friend, a pilot, who was scheduled to make a routine flight to Juneau. As Lon was off duty, he agreed to make the trip with his friend; he was allowed to handle the controls during part of the flight. It was a wonderful morning, glistening with sun and the crystalline clarity of upper air. Below, passing on a limitless belt—lay meadows, the azure trickle of rivers, and mountains forever covered with snow.

Said Lon's pilot friend abruptly, "It does a man far more good to fly over country like Alaska, than it does to go to church."

Lon acquiesced with a brief nod and summed this up in a thought: It may sound strange, but if one wants to come

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You're sure of success as Santa when you gi

Stadium Girl

$1.00 COSMETIC GIFT BOX

Contains lovely, monogrammed plastic compact over four inches diameter . . . and smart lipstick in an alluring shade that stays on and on and on . . .

A treasured gift to capture her fancy. . . . How impressive is the gay, colorful gift box! And what excitement there is as she opens and finds inside a graceful Stadium Girl plastic compact, personal with her own initials or first name on the cover in gold — *and* a large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick in one of the season's most fascinati shades! . . . Stadium Girl — long worn on many lovely lips — nov a smoother-than-ever texture. Attractive, fast-acting, plastic push-u container. . . . Be remembered for your thoughtful gift at Christ Give a Stadium Girl Gift Box. Order enough boxes to take care of your gift list, by coupon below. Only one dollar each (tax anc postage included) — your choice of popular lipstick shade and compact color. **(No C.O.D.'s, please).**

ix becoming lipstick shades:

herry Red -	(medium light)
unset Pink - -	(medium)
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opic - - -	(medium dark)
uby - - - - -	(dark)
urgundy - - -	(very dark)

Leading five-and-ten cent stores carry Stadium Girl Lipsticks . . . Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . and Stadium Girl Compacts.

REMINDER: The Stadium Girl Gift Box is appreciated also for birthdays and other gift occasions — and any day, it's a thrilling gift for yourself!

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I am enclosing $1.00 for each box (in Canada $1.10), which includes tax and postage in fu a total of $__________, for__________ Stadium Girl Gift Boxes. I have indicated the compact and lipstick shade at the right. The letters that I want stamped in gold are clearly printed

☐ First initial ☐ Second initial ☐ Third initial ☐ or First name (PRINT)

Attach list of first names or initials and color selections for additional boxes.

Name____________________________________
Address__________________________________
City__________________________(__) State______________

My choice of color for my compact is:
☐ Red
☐ Pink
☐ Blue
☐ Aqua

My choice of li shade is:
☐ Cherry Red (m
☐ Sunset Pink (
☐ Orchid
☐ Tropic (med.
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (ve

close to whatever it is that each man is looking for, he should fly between Whitehorse and Juneau on a clear, bright day.

It was in Fairbanks that Lon met his first Russians, who were also based there. They were all in the PX when word was flashed that Russia had declared war on Japan. It was a wonderful moment, and Lon watched the faces of the men as they took in the announcement; from simple perception, their expressions brightened to approval, then pleasure.

Lon wanted to say something. He rushed over, jubilated, "I'm glad you are with us, Tovarich." He realized, a second after he had spoken the Russian word for "Comrade," that he had mispronounced it.

However, one of the Russians who had learned a certain amount of English answered promptly, "We are also glad Tovarich!" He was careful to pronounce the word exactly as Lon had.

"Could you teach me a little Russian?" Lon asked one soldier who was reasonably glib in English. Certainly, the Ivan Ivanovitch said, Russian was very simple.

Lon learned, with hesitations, remindings, and the leaping of mental hazards, to say "Good Morning," "Good Evening," "I am very much interested in Russia," "How are you?" and "I live in Hollywood."

As a token of gratitude, Lon taught them to play The Game. They caught on with speed, and loved to enact the titles.

A friend of Lon's, who is permanently stationed in Fairbanks, wrote recently, "The Russians are still playing The Game, and some of them are still kiddingly pronouncing 'Tovarich' in the American way. Golly, wouldn't it be nice if we could bring Our Brave New World ten years sooner simply by getting together and making friends informally like that?"

It was in Nome that Lon rushed down to the beach to put his foot into the Bering Sea—just to say that he had. He also noticed a group of mongoloid natives, their hair like black glass, their eyes dark and oblique. "What goes on?" he asked.

"Those are King Islanders, natives; they come into the village here every summer to sell their ivory catch. You can pick up some good souvenirs if you have something to barter," answered another G.I.

Lon repaired to his duffel bag and dragged out a Milky Way. From a friend he borrowed a pack of cigarettes. Then he went to town. He came back with a walrus tooth. The boys gave him a bad time over that deal. "Why not a sealskin coat for the bitter winter months ahead, bub?" they inquired solicitously.

It was in Anchorage that Lon caught up on his movies; he saw "G. I. Joe" and listened to the men's comments. They thought it was superb. They liked Bob Mitchum, too. Thought he had a great future.

They saw "Pride of the Marines," a story that was greeted by silence as the boys slowly left the theater. "What did you think of it?" Lon asked one G.I.

He answered, after chewing his lip thoughtfully for a moment, "Well, Mac, it really has something to say, but I think it tried to say too much. No picture should grind an axe. It should tell the truth and let a man draw his own conclusions."

"Anchors Aweigh" the next night was a solid hit; Gene Kelly promptly became aces, and Sinatra was assayed "okay." The following night, they saw "The Southerner." Most of the boys, including the latter-day Johnny Rebs, agreed that the picture was powerful and that it was absurd to ban it, even in that one Dixie state.

Lon wrote to a friend, "Every person who works in movies should get out of Hollywood at least once a year and talk to people who aren't in the business; find out what the rest of the world is thinking and

(Continued on page 74)

Remarkable new ink prevents most pen troubles!

CONTAINS PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X

ENDS GUMMING AND CLOGGING

No gumming or clogging with Quink! Here's an ink that gives quick starting, even flow. *Solv-x*, a new protective ingredient, dissolves deposits left by high-acid inks. It actually cleans your pen as it writes. Yet Quink with *solv-x* costs no more than ordinary inks!

KEEPS PENS OUT OF THE REPAIR SHOP!

Ordinary high-acid inks cause 65% of all pen troubles. They rot the rubber and corrode the metal parts of fountainpens. But Parker scientists now have the answer—a new pen-protecting ink, Quink with *solv-x!* Use brilliant, free-flowing Quink to keep your pen in writing shape!

PROTECTS VITAL PLANT RECORDS

A great industrial plant has found only Quink with *solv-x* can be safely used in its 30 expensive graph-recording machines. In many other big concerns—hotels, hospitals and offices with exacting ink requirements—Quink is first choice. For Quink is the only ink containing *solv-x!*

SOLV-X IN PARKER QUINK STOPS MOST PEN TROUBLES BEFORE THEY START

Every drop of Quink contains solv-x... protects pens 4 ways:

1. Ends all gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting, even flow.
2. Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.
3. Dissolves and flushes away the sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.

Copr. 1945 by The Parker Pen Company

Flush and refill your pen with Parker Quink today . . . the one ink containing pen-protecting *solv-x!* 4 permanent, 5 washable colors. Regular size 25¢. School size 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS . . . HOLD THOSE YOU BUY!

PARKER Quink THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X!

LOUELLA PARSONS! GOOD

Temple bells draw 15,000;
Betty Hutton whispers "I do;"
Lauren Bacall's got a new 'look;'
Jeanne Crain dates a Captain;
Joan Leslie's turned blonde.

■ Whoever said, "Nobody ever sees the groom at a wedding" didn't mean tall, so good looking Sgt. John Agar, Jr. at the Shirley Temple nuptials.

I don't know when Hollywood has met a boy who went so straight to everyone's heart. Elsewhere in the magazine this month you will read all the details of the wedding. But I'm just sentimental enough to want to have my say, too.

This is a fairy tale romance come to life. It has actually happened that a "Little Princess" met and loved a real life Prince Charming. So I *am* full of orange blossoms! I don't care.

I hate to use the word sweet about a man—but John Agar has that quality in its rarest form. He is twenty-four years old and the son of a very wealthy Chicago family. But he was no playboy before he went into the service for his Uncle Sam. He is as unspoiled and as charming a boy as Shirley is a girl.

I think Hollywood confused him a bit. John "ain't" on to our ways. (*Continued on page 76*)

Esther Williams dines at Mocambo with Sgt. Ben Gage. Did spinach give her strength for haymaker that cracked Bill Powell's teeth and left him groggy when she socked him for scene in "The Hoodlum Saint?"

"My Heart Belongs To Daddy," sings M. Martin to C. Grant at "Night And Day" rehearsal. Fons won't see Cary when he drives new car; it's fenced in with stare-proof glass!

NEWS

Bob Hutton, divorced from Natalie Thompson, celebrated Victory Ball with Cleatus Caldwell. Superstitious, Bob cherishes penny he found in H'wood, says Friday's his lucky day.

ng and Queen of England saw "To Have And Have Not." Now Mrs. Bo-
rt has two new fans. Before marriage, Lauren ware only tailored duds, now
lurges on clothes so feminine, they've changed her whole appearance.

"Whatta racket!" quips Anne Baxter as she autographs for Bill Self. Anne ferried to Statue of Liberty when in N.Y., thrilled to see its lights go on again.

Gift of Sofskin

for lovely hands and skin

SOFSKIN CREME

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SOFSKIN CREME SOFSKIN CREME

In star-studded cotton or crisp rayon taffeta. $1.00 Size (*Plus Tax*)

In gay Christmas box. 60¢ Size (*Plus Tax*)

Sofskin Creme is a thoughtful, charming Christmas gift. Because every woman desires lovely hands, every woman on your Christmas list will appreciate your present of Sofskin for hand beauty.

Gift-wrapped

SOFSKIN CREME

THE SOFSKIN COMPANY • FINDLAY, OHIO

PFC McCALLISTER REPORTING

(*Continued from page 71*)

feeling and working toward. My army experience has done more for me than I can, at present, compute."

On August 14, at 2:04 P.M. (Alaskan time is two hours ahead of Pacific War Time), Lon was humming "If I Loved You." He was humming with difficulty, because he was standing before a small shaving mirror, his face white with lather, with only a towel around his middle.

He had just set down his shaving brush and taken up his razor, when somebody outside began to yell. Grinning, Lon went into the second chorus. Someone else began to yell. Then a third man. Then somebody fired a rifle into the air. Lon went to the door where a jubilant character made a pass at Lon's towel, yelling, "The Japs have tossed in the towel. The war's over. Yippee!"

Lon stood quite still. He thought of his family in Hollywood, of his friends in service, and breathed deep with gratitude. Then he remembered some of his generation for whom the news had come too late.

Swiftly, he washed his face, put away his unused shaving kit, dressed and went to the tiny post chapel. He was entirely alone; no one else had arrived yet, although the chapel eventually became crowded. From a nearby building there came a loud, insistent banging, there was distant hullabaloo, nearby steps.

And then, incredibly, Judy Garland's recorded voice drifted into the church from some jubilant radio. She was singing "The Birthday of a King."

Lon left Anchorage the Sunday after V-J Day, and flew direct to Edmonton where he is permanently based. On his plane were twelve Negro boys who were being returned to The States after a two-year tour of duty on Attu.

All of them recognized Lon, and made friends. One boy in particular talked to Lon during the entire flight; he had some chocolate—which Lon hadn't seen in months—so they divided that. Lon had some gum—so they divided that. Then Lon dragged out pictures of his family, and Mac, and Jeanne. The Negro proudly displayed pictures of his wife and son, so the trip, though rough, was pleasant.

The first thing Lon did when he checked in, was to ask about mail. There was a fat letter from Jeanne Crain. Lon was a very happy guy.

YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE

Havin' fun, folks? Didja have a good time at that last prom? When you whirled around in your best date dress, did you think of the girls and boys—like you—who have to stay indoors 'cause they haven't any warm clothes to brave the winter winds? JUNIOR RED CROSS wants you to join up and help salvage old clothes for your brothers and sisters in war-stricken countries. High school home economics classes will patch up your cast-off duds and send 'em where they'll do the most good. Join JUNIOR RED CROSS by applying to your local Red Cross Chapter and find out where to bring your old clothes, and what to do with 'em afterwards. Juniors also collect books for distribution to wounded servicemen, fill food boxes, learn first aid, home nursing, nutrition, and help in a hundred ways where too-busy adults can't fill the bill.

FOR A THRILLING DATE WITH BEAUTY

Give Yourself a Lovely ENCHANTRESS COLD WAVE PERMANENT

THE TIME: *Only 2 to 3 Hours*

THE PLACE: *In Your Own Home at YOUR Convenience*

THE GIRL . . . *With the Pretty Curl Is YOU . . . at your loveliest*

Enchanting *is* as ENCHANTRESS *does* . . . so if you want your hair to be at its enchanting best—*give yourself* a lovely ENCHANTRESS Cold Wave *at home* . . . at your convenience. It's so amazingly simple and *easy* . . . so *quick* —only 2 to 3 hours . . . and ever so flatteringly *natural!* Why, all you do is put your hair up in ENCHANTRESS curlers, dab each curl with ENCHANTRESS Quick-Cold-Wave solution, then simply go about tidying up your home or doing other household chores—and in *no time at all*, the enchantment of lovely, *natural* looking curls and waves is yours to enjoy *for months to come!* And when your friends exclaim, "How exquisitely lovely! Is that a $20 permanent?" you can say with real pride, "*I did it myself!*"

★

Pure, mild ingredients enable Enchantress to provide waves and curls suited to safeguard the youthful softness of your little girl's hair.

Enchantress Home Wave Kit Includes Everything You Need from Start to Finish

ENCHANTRESS
COLD WAVE KIT
De Luxe Cold Wave Permanent
ENCHANTRESS
END TISSUES AND BEAUTY CAP
60 CURLERS

All for $1.98 Includes All Tax

Enchantress is Sold on a "You Must Be Thrilled With Results" Money Back Guarantee

- ★ Enchantress DeLuxe Cold Wave Permanent Solution
- ★ Enchantress DeLuxe Cold Wave Neutralizer Solution
- ★ 60 Enchantress DeLuxe Curlers
- ★ Enchantress Wave Set Concentrate
- ★ Enchantress Creme Shampoo
- ★ End Tissues
- ★ Applicators
- ★ Beauty Cap

Your ENCHANTRESS Home Wave Kit is in a class by itself! It's a truly professional-type home-kit . . . the only one which includes every cleansing and beautifying aid important to perfection in hair grooming . . . from shampoo to wave set in addition to Cold Wave Permanent ingredients identical to those used by better beauty shops and cosmeticians for *expensive* Cold Waves.

NATIONAL NOVELTIES—Dept. E8
608 So. Dearborn St.—Chicago 5, Ill.

Please rush my Enchantress Cold Wave Permanent Home Kit. If I am not delighted and thrilled with results my money will be refunded. I understand price already *includes* tax which you pay.

CHECK ONE

☐ I am enclosing $1.98 for payment in full. Send My Enchantress Kit Postpaid

☐ Send My Enchantress Kit C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage

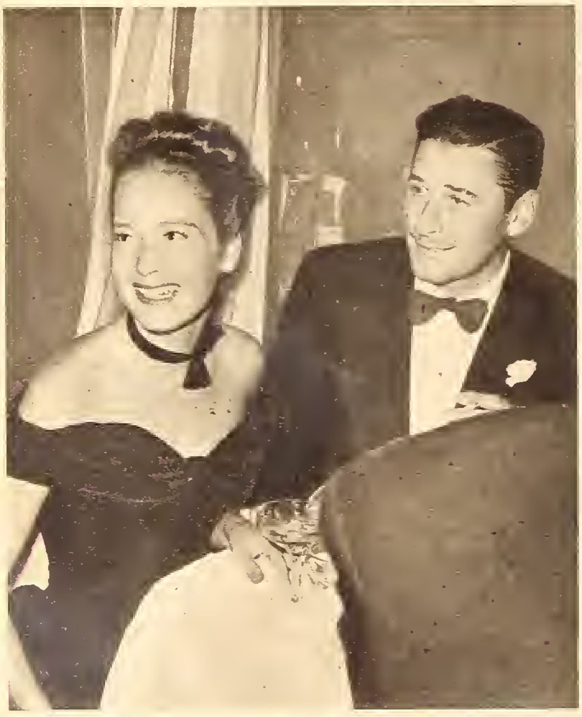
Name____________________
Please Print Clearly.
Address____________________
City____________________
State__________

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

White organdy over taffeta, orange blossoms and lace veil, and a groom like Pat Nerney . . . no wonder Mona Freeman's breathless. And Paramount's lifted her option for another year!

LOUELLA PARSONS!
GOOD NEWS

Too bad that GIs can't see the swooner, the crooner, and the Colbert broadcasting to them overseas. On European tour, Frankie kidded himself: He moved his lips as if singing, but the mike picked up Crosby recording!



Errol Flynn (with wife Nora) gave such a convincing performance in "Objective, Burma" that he received a letter from West Pointer congratulating him. Writer was son of General Patton!

For instance, it was just a few days before the wedding and someone remarked to him, "Young man—do you realize that you are marrying an American INSTITUTION?"

JOHN LOOKED AT SHIRLEY WITH ADORING EYES AND SAID, "YES, I KNOW. AND BELIEVE ME, I'LL NEVER DO ANYTHING TO REFLECT DISCREDIT ON IT—I MEAN," HE GASPED, THOROUGHLY FLUSTERED, "ON *HER*!"

Shirley's sense of humor continued to bubble over even during the long two-hour wait at the church, previous to the ceremony, during which time the bridal party rehearsed and rehearsed while the mob of onlookers milled and shouted outside.

Howard Greer, who designed her beautiful wedding gown, said, "My God—there must be at least 5,000 fans out there!"

"Hmmmmm," replied the bride with that pout-and-dimpling-smile, "there were 10,000 at Jeanette MacDonald's wedding. Guess my box office is falling off!" (*Continued on page 115*)

How come so many Ivory Babies end up Pin-up Gals?

. . . ASK JEAN ROMAINE,
FAMOUS MODEL,
SHE WAS THIS IVORY
BABY IN 1927

Look at Jean Romaine Today!

You've seen her radiant face on many a magazine cover.

Jean sings and dances, too. But what makes her "tops" as a model is her lovely fresh, clear complexion. (She calls it that Ivory Look!)

"Mother got me off to a good start," she says. "*I was bathed with Ivory Soap as a baby, and I use it for my beauty soap today.*"

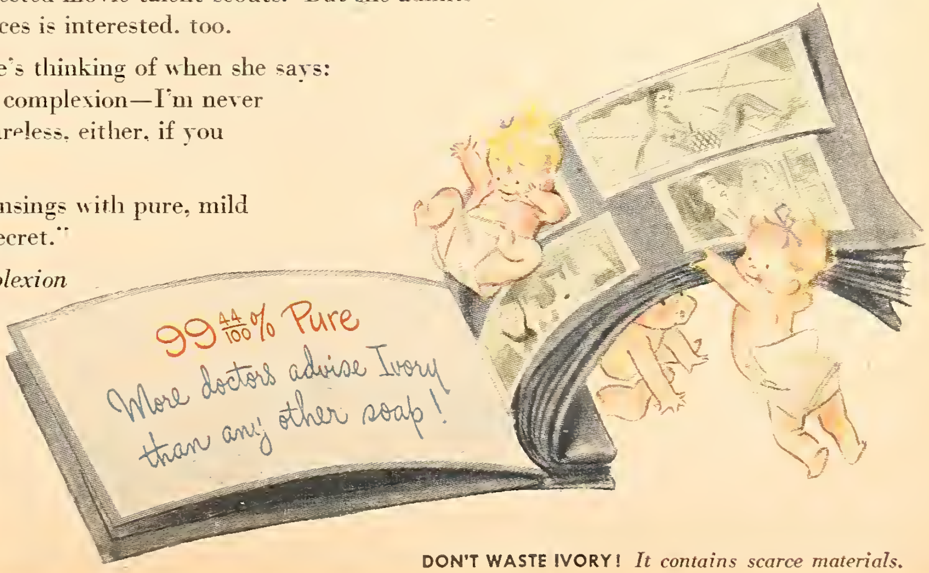
A Hollywood Career . . . or Marriage?

Jean's beauty has already interested movie talent scouts. But she admits a certain flyer in the Army Air Forces is interested, too.

So it's anyone's guess which she's thinking of when she says: "I have lots of reasons to baby my complexion—I'm never careless about *that*. Don't *you* be careless, either, if you want to be somebody's pin-up girl!

"Change to regular, gentle cleansings with pure, mild Ivory Soap . . . that's my beauty secret."

Try it . . . then watch your complexion become softer, smoother, lovelier. It's that Ivory Look!


99 44/100 % Pure
More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

DON'T WASTE IVORY! *It contains scarce materials.*

New Color Cake

Tints Hair Luxuriously

As it Shampoos!

LEAVES YOUR HAIR ITS SOFTEST, MOST LUSTROUS, EASIEST TO MANAGE

Dull, drab-colored hair will never help you kindle that special gleam of interest in his eyes. That's why smart girls everywhere are changing to this remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Shampoo Cake, that washes out dirt, loosened dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a smooth, colorful tint that glows with life and lustre as it shampoos!

Gleaming Hair Without an Extra Rinse!

Don't put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each refreshing shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer and easier to manage. No dyed look . . . always bright, smoothly natural-looking!

Shampooing Spreads Tint Evenly!

Each tiny, separate strand of hair seems to leap to radiant life with just an added hint of natural-looking color! Will not hurt permanents . . . and never leaves the dull soap film on your hair to steal its natural lustre and beauty. Today, now . . . get richer lathering Tintz that gives fresh, glowing color to your hair so easily, safely! Seven lovely shades. Only 50c or 2 for $1.00 plus tax.

Tintz Color Shampoo

You Now Can Get Tintz at Most Drug and Cosmetic Counters—or Mail Convenient Coupon Today!

SPARKLING, GLAMOROUS HAIR
Achieved with a Whisper of HENN
. . . helps you make the most of those dramatic moments when a first impression means temptation! TINTZ' new shade Henna for all shades of hair.

New Creme Shampoo Instantly Makes OLD Hair Look YOUNG Again

Youthful, natural appearing hair can now be yours in New 22 minute home trial. Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring instantly re-colors gray, graying, burnt, off-color hair to any of six beautiful shades—leaves hair lustrous, soft, easy to manage. No dyed look. Caution: Use only as directed on label. Satisfaction guaranteed. $1.00 plus tax at drug or department stores or use convenient coupon.

CREME SHAMPOO
HAIR COLORING

TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 3-G, 205 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.
Also Dept. 3-G, 22 College St., Toronto, Canada

☐ Send TINTZ COLOR Shampoo Cake in shade checked below:
☐ 1 cake 60c (incl. tax) ☐ 2 cakes $1.20 (incl. tax)
☐ Send TINTZ Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring for $1.20 (incl. tax) in shade checked below.

On arrival, I will deposit amount ordered plus postage with postman, on guarantee if I'm not entirely satisfied I may return empty carton in 7 days and you will refund my money.

(If money with order TINTZ pays postage)

7 da
trial co

Name . . . .
(*Print Plainly*)
Address . . . .
City . . . . Zone . . . . State . . . .

Check shade.
☐ Blonde
☐ Auburn
☐ Henna
☐ Light Brown
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Dark Brown
☐ Black

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER

(*Continued from page* 52)

ready. A poster's tacked to the mantel—ıge red letters splashed against white—AIN'T IT WONDERFUL!" Bill Grady of -G-M sent it over. As a slogan for the arried state, June and Dick find it adequate. They think a new word ıght to be invented. . . .

They act like newlyweds the world er. She's happiest with her fist tucked side his paw. When she gets up, his es follow her 'round the room. Leaving ch other, they keep their fingers crossed l they're back together again. She's penly adoring. Being a man, he tries cover up, and you'd have to be all of ree years old to see through him. He lls her "Doll" and "Stinky," "Blurp- ce" and "Flattop." But their favorite mes for each other are Husband and ife. Every two minutes, her bliss spills er. "Come here, Husband. Just be- use I'm your dearest wife, I'm going let you kiss me—"

u belong to my heart . . .

Under the surface run deeper currents. either June nor Dick entered lightly to this marriage. Both looked its prob- ms square in the eye. Indeed, when ey first started going together, it was ick who urged June to date other men, o. And when a friend offered to bet ey'd be married by September 1st, Dick ok him up on it and lost.

"See how he loves me!" crowed June. nstead of waiting a few days, he throws e money right out the window—"

The second time they met was at "Meet e People." Having no scenes together, ey saw little of each other. But Dick as professionally interested to note that e veins no longer stuck out when the tle girl sang.

June and Nancy Walker and some of e other kids were sent to New York r personal appearances at the Capitol. ne day they were lunching at Toots ıor's when Dick came in and sat down their table. June's heart went out to m because of his recent separation from an Blondell. If Joan had walked in, ıne's heart would have gone out to her. s a warm heart, sensitive to the hurts of an, woman or four-footed beast.

The kids asked him to drop in at the apitol and watch their act, about which ey were far from happy. When it was er, Dick came sauntering back.

"Just watched your sterling perform- ıce," he announced gravely.

Nancy was eyeing Dick. "Pretty awful, ıh?"

"Well, I don't want to depress you—"

"Go ahead," said June. "We're de- essed so low, there's no room to depress *into*—"

So he un-depressed them—said it wasn't eir fault, that the straight man loused em up. Which may not have been true, ıt made them feel much better.

You won't get the true story of how it egan from Dick.

"She flirted with me," he'll assure you. "Only the shoe was on the other foot. e sat there playing bridge with Bess, ıd flirting with *me*—"

Back in Hollywood, June fell ill with ıeumonia. One day the phone rang. ess Van Dyke, June's housekeeper, came to report. "That was Dick Powell. He ıid to be a good girl and get better soon ıd he'd take you out to dinner—"

How come Dick had called? "How come ıything? You sit down at the phone, you ink who's the cutest girl in town, and ho could it be but June Allyson? So you go up and bring her a red rose—"

He brought her a box of roses. She was sitting up and a lot of the kids were there, so he played bridge with Bess and you can take your pick about who flirted with whom. Like a good girl, she got better and he took her out to dinner, then he took her out to dinner again. Then he took her down to his beloved boat, the "Santana."

"It was a great help when I found she liked boats—"

"Till the day I hit one—"

The only trouble with June on a boat was an overactive sense of confidence. She kept wanting to take the wheel. When Richard said, "You do thus and so," she'd get very dignified—

"*Please.* I can run this thing—"

So he'd turned the wheel over to her while he dropped the sails, trying to keep one eye on each. June caught sight of Humphrey Bogart and Lauren on the "Sluggy," and headed toward them. Next thing Dick heard was a wild "Hey! What do I do now?"

A little blue boat had slipped between them and the "Sluggy." "Hit it," said Dick. There was nothing else *to* say.

Obediently, she hit it.

June likes to top that story by telling how Richard fell overboard with all his clothes on when he tied the boat up.

"And both times he didn't get mad. My husband's a man who never loses his temper—"

Losing your temper, says Dick, is wasted energy. June flares up once in a while—for about three seconds. It starts with a warning tap of the foot, and Dick has a surefire way of stopping her. He eyes the foot with exaggerated interest. "Got plenty of shoe stamps, Doll?"

no thought of marriage . . .

At first it was just that they liked being together, laughed at the same jokes, enjoyed the same people, always had plenty to talk about, felt comfortable with each other. But they weren't thinking of marriage. To June, with her hands full of career, marriage was something misty in the middle distance. As for Dick, he wasn't even legally free. And though this is guesswork, what he probably needed most at the time was a quiet interval for readjustment.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

One Saturday afternoon, I was standing in front of the New York Paramount. The place was jammed, as usual. Finally, I saw my girl friend, and started to hurry towards her. Then I tripped, and would have fallen flat on my face if a pair of strong arms hadn't caught me. I looked up into the face of a handsome Marine. He asked me if I were all right, and I replied, "Fine, thanks." Then he asked me if he could get me anything or do something for me. I said no, thanks, and he walked away smiling.

I noticed my friend staring after him dreamily, and it wasn't until he was two blocks away, that I realized who it was. My rescuer had been none other than Tyrone Power!

Elaine Oleck
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Most of the time they'd just go out to dinner. June was jumping from picture to picture, and when you're up at 5:30, you've got to be in bed at 9. She'd drive Dick frantic with her passion for Chinese food. He tolerates it, but prefers Italian. So they compromised. For every two meals at "The Tropics," one at "Chianti."

He'd take her to all her previews, and got a terrific bang out of watching the kids adore her. One minute she'd be trotting beside him, next minute she'd be an island entirely surrounded by fans. There was one little fat girl who always dropped cigarettes into her pocket.

"Where does a child of fourteen get cigarettes?" he'd demanded severely.

"Swipes 'em from her family, doubtless—"

"Aha! A receiver of stolen goods. Just hand 'em over to me and I'll take the rap—"

"My hero—" sighed June.

Time went by, and what had started as comradeship struck deeper roots. Dick says he proposed several times. "Finally I took her by surprise—"

"That's a big fat lie. I just liked to hear his proposal, so I made him say it a couple of times—"

"And her answer was, 'Well, if you *insist*—' "

"If you want the truth, I was terrified that he'd never ask me again. I couldn't wait till Bess got home to be a witness—"

Except for a few intimates, no one was told. With Dick's decree not final, they felt that a public engagement would have been pretty tasteless. They couldn't help being seen together. They hadn't planned to fall in love, but since it had happened, neither were they going to skulk around in corners. When the press clamored for a statement, they kept their mouths shut. The most they'd say was that they had nothing to say.

One person June told was Bunny Green, Johnny's wife. The girls had known each other in New York, and had grown to be close friends on the M-G-M lot. In fact, Bunny acted as June's model for "Music for Millions." June was supposed to be pregnant, and Bunny *was*. She studied Bunny's every movement, made her walk up and down, sit, stand, and think of the baby, "so I can see the kind of expression you get on your face."

Now Bunny said: "Would you like to be married at our house? Johnny and I were married at a friend's house, Junie, and it's so much friendlier than going to a Justice of the Peace—"

change of pace . . .

June thought that would be wonderful, but so many things were happening that it slipped to the back of her mind for a while. There was her own work keeping her pretty busy—and the pride and excitement of Richard's winning a single-handed fight against type casting and zooming through now to acting honors in "Murder, My Sweet." That picture made lots of people happy. Richard was undeniably pleased. But June went whirling round the house like a dervish, yelling her head off.

Then she made the acquaintance of Richard's family. Joan's always been generous about the children. Dick would take them out to dinner and down on the boat for a long sail. Before meeting them, June was a little nervous. . . .

"D'you think they'll like me?"

"I've never yet found anyone who doesn't—"

They liked her, all right. The conclusive evidence came in a drugstore one evening when Norman bought a book and presented it to her. Little Ellen's financial resources don't match her brother's, but she wasn't going to be outdone. Disappearing for a moment, she returned with a flat package. "I bought you a book, too." It turned out to be "The Adventures of Superman."

And of course she met Pops. Richard's father was old and ill, and his memory wasn't all it had once been. He'd greet June with unfailing courtesy, and unfailingly he'd inquire of Dick next day: "Son, who was that little girl you had in here yesterday?"

"That's the girl I'm going to marry, Pops—"

"Oh yes. She's a nice girl. *Very* nice—"

Afterwards, Dick wondered whether Pops hadn't been playing a little joke on him. His dad died while he and June were on their honeymoon. Going through his wallet, Dick found it stuffed with pictures of himself and the nice girl, clipped out of magazines.

One morning they'd gone down to Newport Beach, expecting to spend the day on the boat. But a tooth of June's started jumping, and they had to dash back to town and the dentist. While she was in the chair he disappeared, and she soon found out why, because when Richard has something to give you, he can't wait. Under an old dead tree outside the office, he fished the ring out of his pocket and said, "stick out your hand—"

It was a stunning star sapphire, sort of caught between the swirled ends of the band. From a mouth numb with novocaine, came her low moan. "Oh, honey, it's gorgeous, I'm mad about it but take it off quick. You've got it on the wrong finger—"

Dick's had a lot of experience buying, improving and selling houses. June's had none. She's always lived in apartments. "As long as it's a house and you like it," she told him, "and you'll build me a cabinet for my pig collection, that's all I care about—"

The one they finally bought is an English country house in Brentwood Park. It needs lots of remodeling, but that's half the fun. First thing they'd grab from the Sunday paper was the American Home Section.

"Doll, I just found a thing where they have a little flagstone wall in the living room—"

"Honey, I *saw* it. I was just going to call *you*—"

June was still quivering with excitement over the house when she got her wedding present. She got it way ahead of time because, as we've said, Dick can't keep a secret. . . .

This night Bess had fixed dinner at the apartment. "There's a man coming in tonight," said Dick.

"What for?"

"Oh—kind of a surprise—" And he wouldn't say another word.

Till ping! went the bell and in came the man, toting a huge box.

"What is it?" June quavered.

Dick was grinning all over his face. "Open it and see—"

Well, it was a mink coat and June went out of her mind. Dick said: "I know I should have waited. Summer's no time to give you a fur coat. But I thought you might like to wear it twenty minutes before you put it in storage—"

The coat's still out. She refuses to store it or even part with it long enough to have the shoulders fitted. For a whole month she kept it on a hanger over the fireplace, and spent all her leisure time adoring it. Friends were invited to look but not allowed to touch. Last September "Her Highness And The Bellboy" was previewed in the midst of a record breaking hot spell. Mrs. Richard Powell attended in a mink coat.

wedding plans . . .

There was the night they were talking wedding plans. Neither wanted a big wedding. They both hate show. "Why don't you get married right here in the apartment?" asked Bess.

Something clicked in June's memory. She ran to the phone and called Bunny. "Remember what you said?" Bunny knew right away what she meant. "Do you still want to do it?"

"We certainly do. Just tell us what you *don't* want and leave the rest to us."

"All we don't want is a fuss or for the press to find out—"

. . . And the day Mr. Mayer asked who was giving her away.

"I don't know," said June. "I've never even *been* to a wedding. I guess someone'll have to give me away, or I won't be married—" And Mr. Mayer said he would, which she thought was so terribly kind.

. . . And the time Richard walked in with his hair crew cut for "Cornered." June took one look and started strangling. Dick ran for water. "I know what I'll do," gasped his hysterical bride-to-be. "Put an old potato sack over your head for the wedding."

. . . And then the moving. Morgan Maree, Dick's friend and business manager, had found them an apartment to live in till the house was ready. Meantime Dick sold his own house, moved June and Bess into the new apartment so Bess could have a decent bedroom instead of sleeping on a couch, and himself took possession of June's little place.

The wedding was on Sunday. On Friday, Dick was at Newport Beach, doing the final water shots for "Cornered." In the uniform of a Royal Canadian flyer, a wool packet tied round his neck, he had to swim a hundred yards through surf against a heavy undertow and flop on the beach exhausted. When he finally flopped, he wasn't kidding. Moreover, he'd caught himself one heck of a cold. Since June was working, he stayed at the beach Saturday, trying to get rid of it.

That evening he called her. "I'm hungry—"

"Bess says I'm not supposed to see you till the wedding—"

"But I've got to eat—"

"The poor darling's got to eat. Bess says that's different. Oh honey, c'mon over—"

So the wedding day dawned. It was also the day set by President Truman for prayer and thanksgiving over the war's end. Dick's broadcast was cancelled. Luckily. Among other things, he prayed he'd be well enough to go to his own wedding. Between aspirins, he went over to see the children and his father, who wasn't well enough to attend the wedding. He also called June and June called him, but not more than a dozen times—

"Hello, baby, how are you?"

"I'm fine. Are you nervous?"

"Mm—a little maybe—"

"Not me. I'm not nervous a bit—"

She wasn't nervous, only she couldn't sit still. Bess and Jane and Arleen had their hands full, trying to keep her in bed for the morning, at least. Finally Arleen stuck a mystery book under her nose. "Now don't you budge till you find out whodunit—"

For one thing, they wanted her out of the way while they packed her bags. Jane had heard her tell Dick, "I'll die if I don't have rice at my wedding," so they were pouring it in among the white silks of her trousseau. Everything was white and everything was tailored, except for one beautiful chiffon gown with robe to match. June had never owned anything like it, and Jane had to talk her into ordering it.

"But that's for a princess—"

"Every girl's a princess when she's getting married."

The wedding was scheduled for seven. Around one, June thought the girls ought to start dressing, but they squashed that. She herself was going to dress at the Green's. Around five she was helping Jane, the maid of honor, into her gold suit and pinning to her shoulder the orchids Dick had sent. Bess couldn't find her pearls, so June fastened her own string round Bess's neck, where they stayed till after the honeymoon because Bess didn't know how to work the clasp.

They left the house at six, June at the wheel in a little blue seersucker dress. No, she wasn't too nervous to drive. And all the way to the Greens she kept yipping: "Out of my way, folks. This is my wedding day—"

Those angels, Johnny and Bunny Green, had worked like mad. They had no help, only the baby's nurse and she was busy with the baby. Bunny'd cleaned house and Johnny'd made trays full of delicious little sandwiches. Now Bunny was in a dither, because the flowers hadn't

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933
Of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1945.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Editor, Albert Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1945.

(SEAL) JEANNETTE SMITH. (My Commission expires March 30, 1946.)

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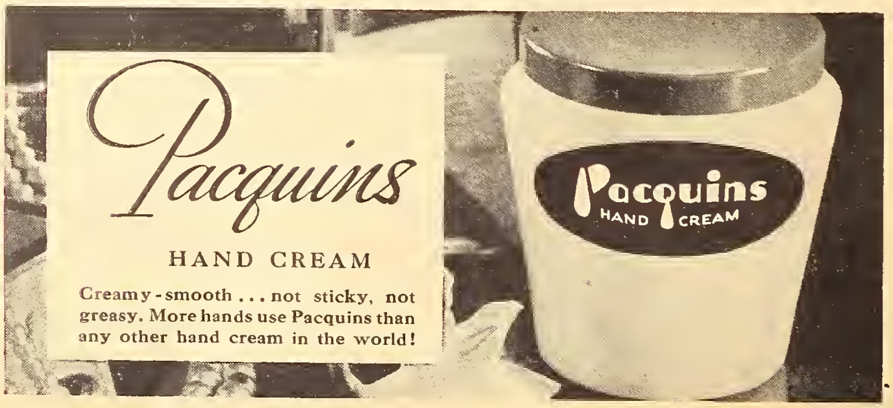

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come and the photographers had. Somehow the news had leaked out and they'd arrived in force. She'd herded them all into the patio, promising they could take pictures when the cake was cut. She still had herself and little Babbie to dress.

twinkleface . . .

"Get along, Twinkleface—" (that's her own perfect nickname for June). "The flowers'll be here any minute, and I won't have you see them before they're fixed—"

Upstairs, June paced. "I *know* Richard'll be late. He's *always* late. He says, 'I'll come at seven,' and doesn't get there till eight, and says, 'Sweetheart, I just don't know how it happened—' "

Jane opened the door a crack, and Dick's big voice rumbled up from below. June's face was transformed. "Crazy thing, what's he doing here? He's not supposed to come for half an hour. Oh, Janie, run down and see how he looks—"

"He looks fine," Jane reported back.

"What's he doing?"

"Leaning on the piano for support—"

June was all ready. Gray shoes, and nylons. She'd kept the nylons in the frigidaire since Christmas and had to wash them to get them warm. Her gray suit had been made by Adrian. Richard was wearing gray, too. She'd asked him to, because that's what he'd been wearing the first time she saw him. Gold bag and gloves lay on the dresser for later. No hat. She's never worn a hat in her life and can't make herself wear one. Ethel Neefus from the studio had come over to do her hair.

Something old—the St. Christopher Bunny'd worn at *her* wedding. Something borrowed—the bracelet she'd given Jane. Something blue—the bow on her undies. In her hand, a white prayerbook from Bess with Richard's gold and green orchids between the pages. And a dime in her shoe for luck. . . .

Downstairs, everyone was ready, too. Dick and his best man, Morgan Maree, and Mrs. Maree. Mr. Mayer, Johnny, Bunny in a beige suit with orchids from Dick, Babbie in a little white pinafore. Edward Dmytryk, the director, and his wife. Bess and Arleen and Ethel had come down—and Myrtle, another friend from the studio—leaving June with her maid of honor.

But Judge Edward Brand was late, and the bride was going to pieces. Every two minutes she'd run to the window. "Maybe something's happened. Why doesn't he phone—?"

"Take it easy, Junie. You know he had a couple of other weddings first. You can't figure those things to the minute—"

"Tell me again what I do when I get down there—"

"You take Mr. Mayer's arm—"

"Oh Janie, don't talk to me, I can't stand it—"

A car rolled up the drive. "He's here, he's here," squealed Jane, and turned to see June's face going chalk white.

help wanted . . .

You've known for a long time that you're going to be married. You've been counting not only the days, but the hours and minutes. Then suddenly it's here, and panic takes over. Your head spins and your knees turn to jelly and your heart cries wildly, "What'm I *doing*?!"

The door stood open. Up came the soft, slow notes of the wedding march, played by Johnny Green. Jane turned to throw June an encouraging look and, at sight of the other's face, her own heart sank. Would she ever be able to make it? "Just follow me," she said softly.

But June couldn't get any farther than the landing. Below her the curving stairway yawned like a dragon's maw. Down there Mr. Mayer waited. "Please come up," she whispered desperately through the bars. "I can't get down alone—"

As they turned from the hall into the living room, her throat tightened. The fireplace was an altar, all white gladioli, lighted by tall white candles in twin candelabra on either side of the mantel. So beautiful, the tears stung her lids. —Oh, don't let me cry—!

And then there was only Richard smiling at her, and herself moving toward him—"like a little frightened antelope," he said later, "eyes four times bigger than her face and grabbing my hand before the judge ever told her to—"

It was Judge Brand who brought her out of the coma. He made a mistake. Up to that point she hadn't heard a word. But then he asked, "Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded *wife?*"

"Huh?" said June, and then she laughed out loud. So did everyone else, the judge included. From an automaton, Junie was restored to cheerful life. "Yes, indeed I do," she chirped to the corrected question. And when the judge said, "Repeat after me," and she wasn't sure which of the two he meant, she inquired with perfect savoir faire, "Who, me?"

Richard's eyes crinkled in a grin. You could tell he thought he'd copped the prize of the world. He slipped the narrow band on her finger—the band inscribed with her name and his and the date and "I love you."

wedding cake and candlelight . . .

The dining room was candlelit, too. In the center of the table rose this beautiful four-tiered cake—a surprise from the Greens—with a little bride and groom on top, a picture of Dick's boat iced on one tier and, just above it, "Sailor Takes A Wife." Before they'd recovered from that, little Babbie stepped up.

"I'd like to serenade you," she piped gravely. Standing there in her white pinafore, never once taking her eyes from them, she sang "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" and "Many A New Day," while June clutched Dick's hand and didn't even try to keep the tears from coming. . . .

The rest is a kind of kaleidoscope—laughter and toasts and pictures being taken and rice being thrown and Jane running upstairs for a bagful she'd forgotten, and June standing obligingly in the hall to have it emptied over her head. And the wedding supper at LaRue's, with June cutting the cake—"my first wifely duty—" And going home with Richard and laughing over the cowbell some kind friend had tied to the door—

The apartment has two doors, with an entry between. The advantage of that was that Richard had two thresholds to lift her over.

He'd suggested the Great Lakes for a honeymoon.

"You know where *I'd* like to go? On the boat—"

He started to beam, but suspicion hit him. "Not just to please me—?"

"Oh *no*, darling. We'll only have a week, and what could be better than the boat? No phones to bother us, we can anchor in the middle of the bay, and maybe there'll be a great big yellow moon—"

There *was* a great big yellow moon. Richard served June breakfast in bed, and did all the cooking except for one night when they invited the cruising Bogarts over. Lauren brought a cake for dessert, and June showed what *she* could do with ham steaks and French fries. And Dick let his beard grow, which he enjoys very much. So does June, even though it sticks her. . . .

But they didn't have a week. Word came that Pops, who'd been ill so long,

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DESTINATION_ALTAR

was dying. They arrived just in time. Pops knew Dick and smiled at him. But half an hour later he was gone.

They hope their house will be ready by the end of October. Dick's promised June a special place to dig in, about 6 x 6. So she can say, "Husband, will you please come and spade up my 6 x 6?" There'll be lots of dogs and especially a cocker spaniel, in memory of June's beloved Winsocki who went out looking for her one day and was never seen again. Bess'll run things and kind of teach June how to run them. She's never been too domestic, but with her own house, it'll be a different story. There's room to build on a nursery when the time comes. Gloria De Haven, with a baby due in December, thinks June should have one right away, so she can wear all of Gloria's clothes. But June thinks she'll wait a while.

Meantime she discovers new talents in Richard daily. "He can even fix the vacuum cleaner—"

"My wife does a good job, too. Says, 'Husband, what're you going to do now?' while I haul another box to the garage—"

"Well, I *follow* you. I *walk* just as much as you do. I say, 'You're doing fine, honey.' I *admire* you—"

"As an admirer, you're sensational. Can you sew on a button, too?"

She can and does. It's her first button. Richard examines it. "A mighty fine job, my pretty little buzzard—"

"Dear, what sweet names you call me!"

Though she's small and looks fragile, June's always been self-reliant. She's had to be. For most of her life, she's looked after herself. One of the loveliest things about marriage is being looked after. Like a kitten on the hearth, she basks in her husband's tenderness.

Richard won't let her drive alone at night. When she had dates with girl friends, he'd always call for her. She drives a closed-top car now, because Richard thinks it's safer. He's trying to fatten her up, and she's down to three cups of coffee a day. He makes her drink milk, which she loathes. She used to wear lots of black. That was a hangover from the days when she had no money, and discovered you could buy a little black number for ten dollars, that looked much nicer than a light one at the same price. Now she wears peasant clothes because Richard likes color.

Richard once said: "I never remember birthdays and anniversaries, and you mustn't get mad at me—"

"Oh, honey," she mourned, "you must try to remember. It's so sweet and nice—"

He's never forgotten one.

We've quit making prophecies about Hollywood marriages, but we'll say this much. No two people were ever more deeply in love. June's mature beyond her age. She spent five years in an iron brace. A difficult childhood taught her the meaning of pain and loneliness. Dick's had his share of tough breaks. So far as it lies within their power, each is passionately resolved that the other shall never be hurt again.

pretty baby . . .

June has one quirk. She thinks she's not pretty. That's no come-on but a real conviction, and it doesn't bother her at all.

At least it never used to. Now she sometimes gets a little wistful about it. "I'd like to be pretty for *you*, Richard."

That's one of the few things he won't kid about. He takes her face between his hands. "You're *awful* pretty to me, Wife. And inside, you're beautiful—"

Every night June prays that nothing will happen to Richard. "Or to me, because that would make him sad. Please, God, give us a long long life together—"

We say amen.

Perhaps tonight...he'll hold your hand—soft, smooth to his touch—and whisper the words you dreamed about. Yes, such hands are yours with Hinds — perhaps tonight's the night!

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Hinds for Hands

WATCH PETER LAWFORD!

(Continued from page 36)

Peter Lawford? I knew the name, of course, and I remembered a handsome English youth who'd pleased me in "White Cliffs of Dover," "Mrs. Parkington" and "The Picture of Dorian Gray." But he wasn't on my star list. Just another young actor, and Hollywood was jumping with those these days. Come to think of it, I hadn't ever met him. I stood rooted as the stars swept past. The rival stands were going at it, back and forth.

"VAN JOHNSON!"

"PETER LAWFORD!"

It was like a Yale-Harvard football game. And I didn't get it.

I spied an old friend of mine from the M-G-M publicity department. He was perspiring. I increased the heat. "Hey," I demanded, pointing to the boiling bleachers—the Lawford side had an outraged, insistent tone by now. "What is this? Where does Peter Lawford come in?"

"He doesn't," he moaned, "it's all a mistake. You see, we published the list of M-G-M stars who'd be here tonight—and included Peter Lawford."

"Was that all?"

That was all, he explained. Only Peter didn't know anything about it. He was down at Laguna, surf-boarding. They couldn't get in touch with him. Now the fans were sore.

"But he isn't even in the picture," I kept insisting stubbornly. "Just a name along with other names in the paper! Did that do *this*?"

He shrugged and tottered away. And as I whipped out the little red notebook I use to tickle my memory, I thought of the old cigarette slogan, "Such popularity must be deserved." On the spot, I scribbled in very large print, "WATCH PETER LAWFORD!"

So that's exactly what I've been doing ever since, and by now I'm prepared to stick my neck out of my dime-store diamond dog collar and pass on the tip. Watch Peter Lawford. He's going to be more than a "Swoon"—and soon. He's going to be a very big star.

long ago, far away . . .

It was only a couple of days after that puzzling premiere that I made up for lost time. I walked in the door at a Hollywood party. That is, I tried to. The door was blocked with our best local glamor girls fluttering like butterflies. "What's the attraction," I asked, "Errol Flynn?"

"Oh, no," one giggled, "Peter Lawford."

"Let me know when my turn comes," I said. Pretty soon someone brought him over.

I told him about the battle of the bleachers. "What I want to know," I demanded, "is how we missed connections up till now."

"But, Miss Hopper," he smiled—and what a smile— "I've known you for years. We met when I was making my first Hollywood picture, 'Lord Jeff.'"

I couldn't believe it. Here was this tall, smooth, fascinating Englishman and into my memory—like a lap-dissolve—flashed the picture of the British boy, about thirteen I think he was, that I saw way back when Freddie Bartholomew was young and still cute, and Mickey Rooney the same. And that had been the trouble: There was room in Hollywood for only one boy star from England, and Freddie was it, had been ever since "David Copperfield." Good gosh, I had even plugged this boy—because he'd struck me even then as a dreamboat—but they'd just laughed at me at Metro and said, "That's like having two Shirley Temples"—and

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I knew they were right. Besides, right after that, Master Peter Lawford's voice broke up into those weird adolescent sharps and flats that killed any possible career deader than a duck.

Pete's handsome. That won't make him a star—but it won't hurt, either. The only man it ever really hurt (and he whipped it in the end) was Bob Taylor. But Pete isn't as pretty-handsome as that. You could never call him "Pretty Pete" and make it stick like they did that phrase which haunted Taylor—"Beautiful Bob."

His face is long—like Jimmy Stewart's. The thing that smacks you first is the merry look that wrinkles his long lashed eyes when he spreads that ivory flash across his tan with a smile. The next thing you notice are the heavy, beetle-brow eyebrows that give Pete an intense, questing, impatient look—the look of ambition you've got to have to pay the price Hollywood demands in work and courage for success. But topside is the payoff on Pete: There his chestnut hair sweeps out over his intense face in a rebellious, mocking, untamed whirl that seems to say, "Hey, wait a minute! You're no man of the world, yet. This is the flag of youth."

yankee date-bait . . .

That's the way Pete stacks up in the looks department to me. A contradiction of poised manliness and prankish youth. Busting with promise, reflecting background and breeding and that whatever-it-is English gentlemen have that is catnip to the kittens in the good old U.S.A.

Luckily, Peter Lawford couldn't be better prepared for his break if he'd been born with a signpost to Hollywood tattooed on his chest. In fact, no English actor ever stepped into Hollywood stardom with the background Pete has. He's the real deal. If you know anything about Pete, you know he's the only son of Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, who live with him in Hollywood today. Sir Sidney was General Lawford and he won his title from the king by distinguishing himself on the battlefields of the first World War. Pete grew up in an atmosphere of wealth and top British society. He absorbed all its graces and manners like a dry sponge, and when his typically Empire-minded parents hauled him along on their travels all over the world (Pete made the complete globe circuit twice in his kiddie days) they hauled private tutors along, too. Pete never went to a school, public or private, in his life. But he was a cosmopolite from the minute he could crawl. He speaks French with the right accent and a mile a minute. He's expert at all games, tennis, swimming, and the social sports. All that hands Pete a natural grace and bearing, manners, presence, and a poise that he couldn't lose by now if he took lessons.

One night, not long ago, I walked into a studio preview at the Village Theater in Westwood, out from Hollywood, and spied a sample of this. Oddly enough, the Village is the very movie house where Pete ushered in his impecunious days when the war stopped all his family's money from flowing across the sea and left them flatter than flounders. But this night he was on the other side of the fence, definitely. In fact, as he came in to catch the M-G-M show, they had the ropes up and the cops out. Two policemen were walking up the aisle, one on each side of Pete, when I arrived. Then I saw this spunky little girl sneak under the ropes and fly at Pete, clutching her autograph book.

The police intercepted her first try and shoved her back in the crowd. But out she came again, undaunted, and this time when he stopped her, she kicked one cop in the shin. I had to laugh. Since the old Christie comedy days, police officers, perversely, have been funny to me, especially when the tables are turned. And this fearless moppet wasn't going to be denied. The other cop grabbed her and—she butted him in the stomach!

By that time the crowd was having a wonderful time cheering her on and the Misters John Law were pretty sore. The third time the little girl came out, arms flying, one bluecoat unsnapped his handcuffs and said, "Come on, Sister, you're going with us!" He meant it, too. That's when Pete stepped in and handled the situation perfectly. "May I talk to her, Officer?" he asked politely. They had to grumble consent.

First off, Pete scribbled the desperately desired autograph to soothe her. Then he took the little girl into the lobby with him and gave her a fatherly lecture. "You mustn't hit policemen, ever," admonished Pete, "because you'll get into trouble. Now," he promised, "if you'll promise to be good we'll sit together and see the show." Naturally, that girl was in Seventh Heaven and when the cops cooled down they were thankful Pete hadn't let their tempers run away. What would the newspapers have said about pinching a twelve-year old movie fan?

Pete's a gentleman, and he handles himself as a gentleman should. I know about a certain director who had Pete in a certain picture. Being nobody much himself, this unpleasant guy delighted to pick on Pete in front of the whole company. Pete didn't mind. When he made his mistakes, he said, "I'm sorry," and tried to do better next time. But there was no pleasing this tyrant. Finally, in one scene which the director loused up with his own blunders, he tried to make Pete the whipping boy. But he went too far.

"You blankety-blank so-and-so," he bawled, "you ruined that scene!"

Pete turned pale. "No," he said quietly. (Pete has the lowest, softest voice in the world most of the time and it sinks even lower when he's serious). "I didn't. You did." And that, he knew, was the truth. So did everyone else on the set. But that stung our unpopular friend into a fury. He slammed all the low-down cuss words he could in Pete's direction, and if Pete had wanted to, he could have slammed them right back, or what would have been far more satisfactory, knocked this little Napoleon for a row of pins. But he

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Recently, Helmut Dantine made a personal appearance in Philadelphia. Being an ardent fan, I took my friends and ran around to the stage door in a little dark alley, which we knew Mr. Dantine would have to pass through on his way back from lunch.

We had waited there a while, when a 12-year-old girl came running up to us "Has he come? Has he come?" We assured her he hadn't.

When he did come, she ran up to him and when she saw his good looks, she seemed stunned.

"Gosh, you're cute," she said admiringly.

The quick-thinking Mr. Dantine answered, with a slight grin and a touch of Viennese accent, "You're cute, too."

Carole Johnson
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

just ignored the insults and promptly walked off the set. Not until the director came and apologized did he come back.

I have a friend in Hollywood who has been around here a long time. Maybe too long. She gave a large party the other evening. Pete was among the many guests, and I ran across the hostess the next day. "The strangest thing," she bubbled. "Look—" and she showed me a note from Peter Lawford. It thanked her for the lovely evening. "He sent flowers," my friend said coyly. "What do you think it means?"

"Nothing," I told her. "He's just being polite." But when I left she was still convinced, I know, that Pete was making a romantic advance. She wasn't used to that kind of good manners.

Our manners in Hollywood are notoriously sloppy. That's why at every party, where I've encountered Pete he stood out like a light in a mist. And already he's one of the most popular young stags in Hollywood and his date book is as crammed as a debutante's—because Pete's the courteous, thoughtful kind of spare man who's welcome anywhere and in any circle. He hates name-droppers and poseurs. More than once I've watched a Hollywood professional pal, guy or gal, who just met Pete call him by his first name and chum up like a poor relative. And every time, too, I've seen Peter suffer. He still calls me, "Miss Hopper" (maybe just respect for my age) and it took Pete a solid year to melt to the point where he could call two of his good friends anything but "Mr. and Mrs. Cooper."

Finally Gary requested tactfully, "Peter, we'd be *very* pleased if you'd call us 'Gary' and 'Rocky.'" So he agreed.

Now, of course, being a gentleman and having a swell set of manners is no ticket to Hollywood fame and fortune. The Lord knows enough of our best stars have gone right to the top pushing grapefruits in girls' faces and grinding out cigarettes on Oriental rugs. Like mere good looks, it's not enough—but it helps. Particularly for a Britisher it helps in Hollywood. We've had some of the King's subjects on our hands who weren't gentlemen—just snobs. They've left painful memories, and our Hollywood skins aren't so thick as you'd think. But this guy Lawford simply can't miss when you analyze him on any handicap angle. The boy's as British as roast beef—right—but still, he's so Americanized that he can make it seem like hamburger. So take your choice.

british bostonian . . .

Pete's playing a Yankee in the picture he's making now, "Two Sisters From Boston." Now, like I said, I'm one of those (not the sister—the Yankee), so the day I watched him at work I bent a critical ear. Oh, I caught a limey lilt to a few phrases, all right; some A's that were too broad for Boston. But it got my okay and it will yours, too. I asked Pete how he managed it. "Really, Miss Hopper," he smiled. "It would be harder for me to do a British accent than an American! After all, I've been all over the U.S.A. I've been here most of the time since I was fourteen—that's eight years."

Now, most teen agers have a strong herd instinct. What the gang does is absolutely required. Anybody knows that. If you want to Americanize anybody quick—get 'em in the early 'teens and toss 'em in with a bunch of Bobby Soxers and Jaloppy Joes. They'll learn—but fast! That's practically what happened to Pete. World War II stranded him over here and his liberal education began. I shudder to think what would happen to Lawford if Fate plopped him back down for keeps with a bunch of Etonians and Harrovians in Jolly Old England again. By Jove, Sir, the things Pete would do just wouldn't be done—really! Jumbo malts, mile high cokes, drive-ins, burgers and fries, jackrabbit jalops, scooters, jive jumps, swing swoons, jitterbugs, and rat races—Odds Bodkins and Forsooth!

All Peter's best pals in Hollywood—as they've been wherever his U.S. rambles have taken him—are strictly local yokels. Mickey Rooney, Keenan Wynn, Van Johnson, Bob Walker—among the names you know—and a lot that you don't. It's the same way with his girl friends. Pete's taken them all for a whirl one time or another—Judy Garland, Lana Turner, June Allyson, Gail Russell, Marilyn Maxwell—you've read about them. But you don't read about the plain janes Pete has always connected with on the campuses of U.S.C. and U.C.L.A. He's been in solid along sorority row for years.

There's no tight little, right little Island set of Peter's age either, to bend him back on the British beam. The only bit of England he encounters daily is the old folks at home. Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford, however, as I pointed out, are not the provincial country squires that are forever England. They've been out and around all their lives and they're broad-minded.

So far I've been ducking the $64 question on Peter Lawford, because when you get down to cases on careers and start taking talent apart it's likely to wax dull and dreary. But let's tackle it:

Can Pete Lawford act in the star league?

We've got a little postwar reconversion of our own to do in Hollywood—and soon. I'm no Calamity Jane, but it stands to reason that sooner or later the honeymoon is going to be over for a lot of these brand new stars who have just shot up. Ever think how we've had a new male rave almost every month in Hollywood for the

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The gleam in my hair

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Jim proved she was right! For when we were married, he confessed that my gleaming hair was the first thing that caught his eye the day we met. *Why not let Colorinse make your hair lovelier, too.* Use it at home—tonight—after you shampoo . . . it's quick and easy to apply!

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past three years? Let's face it: The War.

They went away—the old familiar faces. And now they're back or coming back. Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Tyrone Power, Hank Fonda, Bob Montgomery, Doug Fairbanks, Bob Preston—gosh, this is almost a roll call! What will their return mean to the morning glories that popped out of every picture—the Dick Jaeckels, Farley Grangers, Bob Mitchums, Dick Cranes? Yes, and the Tom Drakes, the Van Johnsons, Turhan Beys, Dane Clarks—yes—and the Peter Lawfords?

no substitute for experience . . .

I've already given you some reasons why I think Pete Lawford's here to stay. But let's get to solid facts. I'm an old trouper off the boards myself and I think there's only one way to learn how to act. That's to act. Experience—the smartie who said there's no substitute for it wasn't just smacking his lips. And here again Little Lord Lawford tied into luck built for a horseshoe. When he was only seven, Pete got a taste of what it was all about. You've read about the visit to Elstree, the British Hollywood, and Monty Banks snatching the boy Pete off the sidelines for "Old Bill." That led to six other British kid star pictures and that tag they used to hang on him, "The Jackie Coogan of England." Nothing so unusual about that—there's been a Jackie Coogan of every country, I dare say. The amazing thing is that it ever happened to an Old School Tie boy like Peter. But it did—and it made him an early veteran.

Then there was the Hollywood hiatus with "Lord Jeff." So Pete's budding manhood did crack his voice and send him back to the showers—so what? He added another service stripe. Back East, he tackled radio in New York. And I wonder if you know that Pete Lawford has made himself exactly fourteen pictures since he returned to Hollywood. And that each part has been bigger and more important than the one before. That's slow seasoning but the kind that sticks.

What's Pete doing about it now? That's the first thing I checked on when I wrote "Watch Peter Lawford" in my little red book. Lillian Burns, M-G-M's drama coach, calls Pete her personal "ha'nt." He won't let her rest a minute. Every new script he draws he brings to Lillian and they dissect it like a surgeon before he's satisfied. The exhibition booth operators at M-G-M are threatening to strike soon if Peter Lawford doesn't stop begging them to run off old pictures at all hours of the day. He studies older stars and what they had and his favorite job is Bob Montgomery in "Night Must Fall"—remember? "That's for me in about ten years," dreams Pete. He's that wrapped up in his work and serious about it. His pet envy in town is Keenan Wynn, because Keenan knows 90 plays by heart from his stock days at Skowhegan and summer points in the borscht belt. When Keenan organized a Hollywood stock company of young players to do USO shows at the army camps, Pete was the first to join. Not only because he felt guilty about being a 4-F and wanted to do his bit, but because he grabbed right on to Keenan's theme for a private slogan—"just pictures aren't enough." Which is so-o-o-o right.

But even when Pete was still green on his deeper dramatics, he came through like a champion when the chips were down. That was in "White Cliffs of Dover" where Clarence Brown astounded everybody at M-G-M by picking 19-year-old untried Pete for a five-minute soldier death scene with Irene Dunne which could have wrecked a very fine picture if it flopped. But Clarence is a canny picker. "You can do it," he predicted, "if you work." So Pete worked—and under pres-

INFORMATION DESK
(Questions of the Month)

By Beverly Linet

You asked for it . . . and so you're going to get it. I mean the answers to the query as to who I think is the best, prettiest, etc. in Hollywood. It's sticking my neck out, I know, so if in some way we don't agree, or if I don't mention your favorites, pul-eezé don't hate me forever. Okeh?

Acting: Orson Welles—Margaret Sullavan
Looks: Pierre Aumont—Vivien Leigh
Cutest: Van Johnson—June Allyson
Dancers: G. Kelly, Billy Daniel, G. Rogers—Val Valentinoff
Singers: NO FAVORITES
Best Pix '45: "G.I. JOE," "ANCHORS AWEIGH"
Most Fascinating: Bob Mitchum — Lauren Bacall
'45 Performances: Bob Mitchum in "G.I. Joe," Jennifer Jones in "Love Letters"
Comedians: Danny Kaye—Keenan Wynn
Best pix of all time: "Wuthering Heights"—"GWTW"

There you are. Send your questions and a stamped, self-addressed envelope (with your zone number) to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C. 16, N.Y. Best luv—
Bev.

Edith Pell, N.Y.: . . . HOW DO I WRITE TO STARS LISTED AS "FREE LANCE" IN THE SUPER CHART? "Free Lance" is not an address, but means the player listed as such is independent of any studio. Write to such stars at the firm that produced their most recent film.

Marie Protano, Pelham, N. Y.: . . . CAN I HAVE INSTRUCTIONS ON STARTING A CLUB OF MY OWN . . . AND ALSO THE ADDRESSES OF THE CLUBS LISTED BELOW?

For complete details on starting fan clubs, drop me a note with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. This applies to EVERYONE interested.
Keenan Wynn Club: Pat Bemis, 15 N. Raymond, Pasadena, Calif.
Farley Granger: Glo Neal, 107-09 Monterey, Queens Village, N. Y.
Bob Mitchum: Freda Renner, 247 E. 122, N.Y.C.

Ida Musilli, St. Albans, N. Y.: . . . TELL ME WHO WAS STEVE IN "WITHIN THESE WALLS?" ALSO GIVE SOME INFORMATION ON VAL VALENTINOFF, NEW DANCER AND FILM DISCOVERY. 'Twas Mark Stevens as Steve, and you can write to him at RKO. His next pic is "From This Day Forward."

Val Valentinoff was born Bill Daixel in N.Y.C. on Mar. 23, 1919. Has hazel eyes, black hair, and is 6'2, 185 lbs, unwed. Because of his sensational success in the Ballet Russe, he's being considered for the title role in Republic's "Nijinsky" for which he is so ideally suited. For a stunning photo, free, drop him a line at 44 W. 53rd St., N.Y., and incidentally let him know what you'd think of him for the above part.

Adele Uberman, Bklyn: . . . MAY I HAVE A LIST OF SONGS FROM "STATE FAIR?" "Our State Fair," "It Might As Well Be Spring," "Grand Night for Singing," "Isn't It Kind of Fun." "That's For Me," "Iowa."

sure. His first Hollywood contract was running out and his option came up the week after he shot his bolt. No one had to tell him he'd be dropped like a hot rock if he didn't come through. But after it was over, Clarence told Pete, "You can be a star if you want to." And that's what I mean—Pete wants to—very much.

If Pete makes himself $10,000 a week, I don't think it will turn a hair of his level head. He's got an advantage that way over most young stars who come up from humble beginnings.

Pete's been used to money ever since he bit into his sterling silver baby spoon. He grew up with English "Nannies" and French tutors who followed him around wherever he went. The Lawfords had a flat in London and a country place in Berkshire, besides a villa at Monte Carlo. When they traveled they stopped at the best hotels. Pete was scheduled to enter Wellington and wind up like most wealthy British boys of family—in the army, his dad's old regiment, the 41st Royal Fusiliers. But persons propped in the lap of luxury like that often turn out to be the best sports when hard times come knockin' at the door, (as they sure did in Pete's case), I've noticed, and they've certainly got gilt-edged insurance against running wild with a sudden checking account.

no spendthrift . . .

Of course, Pete's not exactly getting rich—not yet. But already he's shown a caution about his dimes and dollars that would do credit to a Scotchman or even Charlie Chaplin. He's hired a Scrooge of a business manager who doles him out $25 a week—and whenever he gets a fat raise at the studio, this guy gets big-hearted and slips Pete another five. The rest goes into a savings account and bonds. You can trace Pete's studio prosperity right along with his snappy buggies. First M-G-M contract, he bought a motor scooter; the first raise, he upped that to a motorcycle. Third lift, Pete splurged on a Ford convertible—and the fourth one, which ought to come any day—well, he sighs he'd like a Cadillac—but knows he'll never buy it. He'd feel guilty.

Last winter, Frankie Sinatra, who's one of Pete's good friends, had to make a personal appearance trip to New York. He asked Peter to do the town with him.

"I'd love to, Frankie," Pete sighed, "but I can't possibly afford it."

"Don't be silly," said Frank. "I invited you. The trip's on me." He said they'd stay at the Waldorf and paint up the town. "Thanks," declined Pete, "but I still can't afford it." Pete has been on trips; he knows what they cost. He also knows you always have to keep up your own end of a thing like that or it's no fun.

If you call clothes an extravagance, then Peter Lawford's guilty. He dresses with Hollywood's best dressed men right now, although he's only 22. Has his suits and shirts tailored, buys imported shoes —when he can get 'em—and always looks like a London fashion plate wherever he goes. But to me that's a good sign. Give me an actor every day in the week who's vain about his appearance. It's a part of the glamor business and a flair for duds is a wonderful weakness. I only wish some of our Sloppy Joes in Hollywood had more style that way. Sun or no sun, I'm a little tired of seeing stars disillusioning their public going around like scarecrows because it's comfy.

There aren't very many Hollywood pitfalls of success that can trap Pete Lawford, if he's the boy I think he is. Alcohol won't—he's a typical British drinker with a whisky before dinner and maybe a brandy afterward. But he's never been "tight" in his life. Women? I'll say! Pete

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SHELVING

has given every glamor girl in Hollywood a flutter at one time or another. But unless my crystal ball is out of order, he'll never get his career tangled up in skirts like—well, say like Errol Flynn.

But being an Errol Flynn takes a special talent—either you have it or you haven't; and Pete hasn't. He hasn't had much of a chance yet! After all, he's lived with his mom and dad ever since he hit town—which probably has kept him out of some mischief. In fact, if you asked me to dig out the dent in Peter Lawford's armor on his quest for great stardom I'd fall back on the old but true standby: He could stand some emotional experiences. Yes, indeed, so far real love hasn't come into his life. In fact, Pete's been content to catch his crushes in between loves—their loves, not his.

Physically, Pete can afford to take his time reaching the top. He's got a lean, strong body that he's built up with swimming in Tahiti and sports all over the world, and he treats it well. That bad arm won't bother him unless he tries to play Tarzan. He's lucky, too; he has the sort of face that won't change much with the years and so far it hasn't even needed a daub of makeup. I was worried for a while whether Pete had a sense of humor, an ingredient I've always given a Triple A priority to in this crazy, unpredictable town. But even on that score I'm inclined to think Pete's not too British.

I was congratulating him the other day on his step up to stardom in "A Star From Heaven." That's the great animal picture M-G-M's to make from the true and marvelous story of the Marine Corps' famous flying horse, "Foxhole."

"Thank you very much, Miss Hopper," replied Pete, courteously as ever. "Yes, at last I feel I'm making progress. I played leading man for a dog in 'Son of Lassie.' I think a horse is a step in the right direction, don't you?" asked Pete drily.

But Pete Lawford's own private joke is tied with the career which is never out of his mind for a minute, make no mistake—

He went to a soiree one night where a certain big producer was staggering around, very much in his cups. After making the rounds, he came to Pete.

"Who're you?" he demanded.

Pete smiled. "I'm Peter Lawford."

The man rolled it over in his foggy brain. "Peter Lawford," he mumbled. It didn't register. "Well," he wheezed, "Peter Lawford, we have yet to hear from *you!*"

Whenever Pete starts to get too pleased with himself, he cracks, "Peter Lawford—we have yet to hear from *you!*"

And so we have, say I—that is, in a big way. But I predict that we will—and soon. And Heaven help Pete if he lets me down!

NOTE FROM HEDDA HOPPER

Dear Readers,

I think you know what fun I've been having writing for MODERN SCREEN these past months, and it hits me hard that something I've written upsets some of you. The article in question was entitled "Hedda Hopper's Secret Memoirs." I enjoyed writing it because I felt the anecdotes were so off the beaten track and so real you couldn't help sharing my pleasure. However, I made one terrible slip. This particular anecdote dealt with the filming of "Intolerance." I told the story exactly as it had happened, never dreaming that every word I wrote had a sacrilegious sound. Nothing could have been further from my intent. I am heartbroken, and to those whose religious feelings were wounded, go my profoundest apologies.

THE HARVEY GIRLS

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 49*)

to become an actor. He appears in one of the film's dining room sequences. Young Harvey, grandson of the founder, wanted to work in the pic for sentimental reasons. . . . "Harvey Girls" features the hottest fire scene ever to sizzle the celluloid. The set was blocked off and barred to all visitors. The instant a take was completed, firemen rushed in with wet blankets, fire spray tanks and chemicals to extinguish the flames. . . . It was after such a fiery episode that Preston Foster and John Hodiak retired to the sidelines for a chat. Foster reached in his pocket, pulled out a cigarette, and lit it. A fireman was on hand immediately. "Sorry, sir," he said, "but smoking is not permitted here." . . . Also worth watching is the roughest feminine brawl ever screened. Angela Lansbury, as queen of the dance hall beauties, mixes with one of the demure Harvey waitresses, and the rest of the girls pile in. One phase of the struggle won't be seen on the screen. As Angela and the waitress tangled, the waitress grabbed Angela by the hair. A sharp scream followed. But it didn't come from Angela. It was the actress who stood horrified, gasping at the mass of false curls dangling from her hand. . . . Marjorie Main was the first to report back to the set the next day. She grabbed a frying pan, took her position on the stage and prepared to go into battle. "Now let's see," she muttered, "just what *were* we fighting about?" . . . Chill Wills stuck his head out the dressing room door to discover the cause of his short-lived popularity. The former occupant's name was still on the door—"Van Johnson." . . . No one laughs when John Hodiak sits down to a card game. For a "Maisie" film, he received instructions from a card expert in the art of dealing stacked poker hands, and as a gambling house proprietor in his latest pic he learned to roll dice for a straight succession of 7's. . . . During an entire morning of rehearsals, Virginia O'Brien complained that the nightgown she wore didn't fit. She pulled and jerked and rearranged, without satisfactory results. Finally the wardrobe department was called and arrived on the set with scissors, needle and thread, etc. But it all proved unnecessary. Virginia, they discovered, was wearing the gown back to front! . . . For the real thing in the fight scene, John Hodiak spent evenings under the tutelage of a professional boxer. Foster found out about it, so he, too, hired a coach. But the script writers are on John's side. He HAS to win, for the sake of the story and Judy!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was in New York City and walking down Fifth Ave., when I bumped accidently into an elderly man. My books fell on the sidewalk. He picked them up and apologized. "My," he said, "you look like Elizabeth Taylor." I laughed and said, "Well you look like Monty Woolley." "My dear girl," said he, "I am Monty Woolley!"

Miss Gail Kramer
Meriden, Conn.

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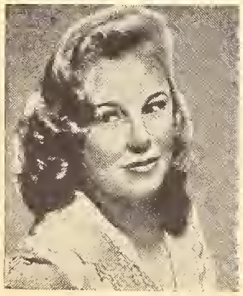

June Allyson

THE HARVEY GIRLS

(STORY)

(*Continued from page 49*)

painted board that was to hang over the main entrance.

Harvey House.

Judge Purvis eyed the sign distastefully from the saddle of his horse. He reined in, called to the hammering man.

"Mighty fine sign," he said.

"I think so," Jed Adams agreed.

"Hope it stays up there," the Judge said. "Ned Trent see it yet?"

"Trent runs the Alhambra," Adams said shortly. "I run the Harvey House."

"Your girls come in yet?" the Judge asked.

"The Harvey Girls are coming in on the next train."

"You sure set a lot of store by a bevy of hash slinging waitresses—"

"They're the backbone of the Harvey Houses," Adams retorted. "We serve food—and only food—and we serve it clean, fast and with a smile."

"You got something there, Jed," the Judge said gravely. "They're gonna need their smiles—"

Five miles out of Sandrock, the Harvey Girls began to gather their things together on the train.

Susan Bradley watched them. One of them swept by her and said: "Sandrock, just around the bend!"

"That's where I'm headed," Susan said.

The girl turned to her excitedly: "Do you know Sandrock? Do you live there?"

"No," Susan said.

"Going to work there? That's what we're going to do. We're Harvey Girls. We're going to open the new Harvey House in Sandrock."

"No," Susan said. "Not exactly."

"Then why on earth?"

"I'm going to get married," Susan stated calmly.

Of course it sounded very fine, saying it that way, and Susan told herself that's exactly what it was—very fine. Ohio was nice enough in its way, but it was such an old-fashioned place, so settled and smug. It wasn't anything like the West. What did the letter say: ". . . there is a dream here in this great land that not everybody sees. Mountains and sunlight and the cleanest wind in the world . . ." It was the letter, really, that finally decided her. You could be happy with a man who wrote a letter like that, you could marry him without a second thought . . .

Even if you never saw him.

That was the only little thing that could possibly be wrong with the whole idea. And it's worth the gamble, Susan said to herself; he'll be big and browned by the sun, with sandy blonde hair and steely blue eyes. H. H. Hartsey . . .

So she met H. H. Hartsey at the station.

"Mister Hartsey?" she said. Are you sure you're Mister Hartsey?"

"Guess I am," he said.

They walked to the end of the platform.

"Disappointed?" he said.

"Mister Hartsey—" Susan began.

"Guess you got a right to be," he said. "Fact is, I figured you older than you are. And heftier. And not so pretty. Guess we're both disappointed . . ."

"Are you really?" Susan said quickly. "I wouldn't want you to marry anyone you were disappointed in."

"M'am," said H. H. Hartsey, "it's not you I'm disappointed in. Fact is, you're too good for me. If I married you, every son of a gun in this neck of the woods would take a sudden and powerful dislike to me. They'd know I never could have got you fair and square—"

"Mr. Hartsey," Susan said, "now I know how you could write those wonderful letters. You've got a beautiful soul—"

"Fact is," said H. H. Hartsey, "I never did write those letters. Feller did it for me. Guess he thought it was kind of a joke—"

"A joke!" Susan exploded. "I've come two thousand miles for a joke. Who did write those letters, Mr. Hartsey?"

"Now, Miss—"

"Who wrote them?"

"Feller named Ned Trent," said H. H. Hartsey.

Ned Trent was drawing to an inside straight when Susan Bradley entered the Alhambra. He was peacefully figuring his chances of bluffing the company when the storm broke.

"Mister Trent?" said a female voice just behind him. "So you're Mister Trent! I don't know what a skunk would look like out here—but you look worse. You're a scoundrel, Mister Trent, and what's more you're just about the lowest thing I ever heard, saw or read about!"

She was on her way out when he caught up with her.

"Whoa," he said.

"Get out of my way!"

"What's it all about, Miss?"

"The trouble with our schools," Susan said bitterly, "is that they'll teach anybody how to write."

"Write? What's that—? Wait a minute. Wait a minute!" he said. "The letters. You're Hartsey's—"

"In person."

"I never thought—" he began. Then he scooped in his pocket, came up with a fistful of greenbacks. "Here," he said. "Go back. I'm terribly sorry. But nothing's happened except you've had a trip—"

"That's what you think, Mister Trent," Susan Bradley said. "No one's going back. I'll stay here and make you swallow every last chuckle you ever had over those letters you wrote. I'll make this the saddest joke you ever tried to tell!"

And five minutes later, across the street, in the neat, red painted building, there was one more Harvey Girl.

That was how Susan Bradley came to Sandrock and became a Harvey Girl. That was also how she met Ned Trent.

He came into the Harvey House one evening in his quiet way, his eyes slowly sweeping around the room until he found the table he wanted. He pulled up a chair gravely and waited for Susan to approach him. She didn't notice who it was at first and she swept the menu before him, smiling in the Harvey manner.

"Your order?"

"Steak."

"And how do you want it—" Then she saw the small smile on his face and her head came up in a quick sweep: "Mr. Trent! Welcome to Harvey House!"

It wasn't until she was back in the kitchen that she knew why he had come. Sonora Cassidy, cook extraordinary, was holding her head, moaning: "Steak . . . steak. There's no meat in the house at all. Gone . . . disappeared. It was here when I last looked and now . . . gone!"

"Wait a minute," Susan said. "You mean we had steaks and they're gone now?"

"Kidnapped!" Sonora said.

Susan looked thoughtful: "I think I know where they are . . ."

She was across the street almost before she knew where she was going. And before she herself knew what she was doing, she discovered two curious iron objects, one in each hand. She looked down at them curiously. Guns. Six shooters. Then she pushed open the doors into the Alhambra.

"Stick 'em up!" said Susan Bradley, late

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of Ohio.

A cowboy looked at her curiously; there was a gleam of amusement in his eye. He turned gravely to the crowd.

"The lady says stick 'em up," he announced.

"Now, look," Susan said, "I don't want any trouble. I'm from the Harvey House and we have a lot of hungry people in there. Some snakes have gone and lifted our meat. And I'm snake hunting now."

She pushed through to the back room. Sure enough, the meat was there. She poked her head through the door.

"I'll need some men to help me carry it," she said grimly.

The cowboy turned to the crowd: "Guess she's got the upper hand, men," he said.

So Susan Bradley, brandishing two long wicked guns, guarded three cowboys as they carried the meat back to the Harvey House for her.

"All right, men," Susan said coolly. "You can go now."

As they went out, the big-shouldered cowboy turned to her.

"Next time you go huntin', Miss," he said gently, "load your guns . . ."

The next day Susan Bradley was striding across the dirt road that separated the Alhambra from Harvey House. She pushed open the doors of the saloon.

It was dim inside, and empty. She didn't see the girl standing against the piano on the bare stage of the Alhambra: Em, who from one point of view was the chief attraction in Sandrock.

"Looking for somebody?" Em said.

Susan whirled: "Who . . . ? Oh, I didn't see you. Yes, I'm looking for someone. Ned Trent."

GLAMOR FOR TEENS

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There was a glint of anger in Em's eyes. "Why don't you leave Ned alone?"

"Leave him alone?"

"Don't fool yourself. Ned doesn't go for you personally. It's just some fool idea he's got in his head. I keep telling him to let Purvis do whatever he wants to get you Harvey hussies out of town—"

"Purvis?" Susan said. "Is Purvis the one who's been doing it? Not Trent?"

"Ned?" Em laughed shortly. "He's fighting Purvis tooth and nail. But don't be getting any big ideas from that. That's just Ned Trent—"

But by that time Susan was gone.

There was a place just out of town where she went when she needed a little space to think in. It was high on a plateau that stretched to the rims of the hills beyond. There was something about the valley, almost familiar. It was as if she had seen it before. She liked it there.

"Looking for something?" a voice said.

She almost jumped. He was stretched on a ledge just below her. His eyes were smiling a little. She smiled back and then clambered down beside him.

"So you know this place," she said.

He nodded.

"I wondered why it was familiar to me," Susan murmured. "This is the valley in the letters, isn't it?"

"They were just a joke—the letters," he said. "Let's leave it at that."

"The man who wrote those letters," Susan said softly, "wasn't joking. Maybe

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he thought he was, but he wasn't."

He didn't say anything, but his eyes held her, very serious now. They were suddenly very close. It didn't seem as if he had moved, but in one movement quick as the streak of light or the skip of a heartbeat, he was holding her, his eyes probing deep. And then he kissed her.

"You learn that in Ohio?" Ned Trent said.

It didn't mean anything, Susan told herself later. It just happened and that was all. There was always stories about Ned Trent and some girl. Wasn't Em, at the Alhambra, one of . . . his girls? As far as she was concerned Ned Trent was just another man.

She really believed that. So it made no difference in the fight between the Alhambra and the Harvey House. She fought the Alhambra even though it meant fighting Ned Trent. It was Susan's idea to have the dance. And it was really the dance that made the first big crack against the monopoly of the Alhambra. Even Ned Trent had to admit that—

Funny that they found themselves on the same high mesa overlooking the valley, the night of the dance. Only this time she saw him before he saw her.

"Lose something, Mr. Trent?" she said.

He didn't answer for a moment. Then he shrugged: "Yes, as a matter of fact. I lost the first fight in my life. I'm moving the Alhambra . . ."

"Moving?"

"The works. To Flagstaff. The Harvey Girls win, Miss Bradley."

"Good," Susan said. "You should have packed and gone long ago."

"Maybe you're right," Ned Trent said softly. "I should have gone the minute I laid eyes on you."

"It would have been better for me," he said slowly, "if I'd never met you, never seen you at all. I wouldn't have any memories then . . . or any dreams. And I'm a guy who doesn't like bittersweet memories, or hopeless dreams."

She never knew what would have happened then. For it ended there. It ended with a sudden explosive puff of something red and flaming below them. It was a moment before they realized it was Sandrock. And then Susan suddenly knew it was the Harvey House.

Susan worked desperately on the bucket line, tried to get the valuables out of the Harvey House before it tumbled. It seemed she moved in a steady nightmare of action. And Ned Trent was forgotten.

"Ned?" someone said. "He's beating the daylights out of Purvis for settin' the fire . . ."

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé curves away from Sandrock north to Flagstaff. Susan Bradley sat in the coach car feeling the heat broil down through the roof of the car.

"What are you doing on the train?" someone said.

She turned.

Em stood in all her finery, turned out as if for a ball. Em, looking like a Christmas gift, in this dreary, wasted country.

"I'm going to Flagstaff," Susan said.

"You don't say."

The chin lifted; her eyes flashed. "I'm going to Flagstaff to get Ned Trent," Susan continued. "And no one can stop me. Or stop me from trying, anyway."

"You don't say," Em said again.

"I'll do whatever he says. I'll be whatever he wants. I love him," she said simply.

"Sure enough," Em said. "I think you do."

Susan said challengingly: "And he loves me, too. What do you know about that?"

Em said thoughtfully: "I think maybe he does. At least that's what he said when he told me he was staying in Sandrock . . ."

That's why a curious rattler raised his

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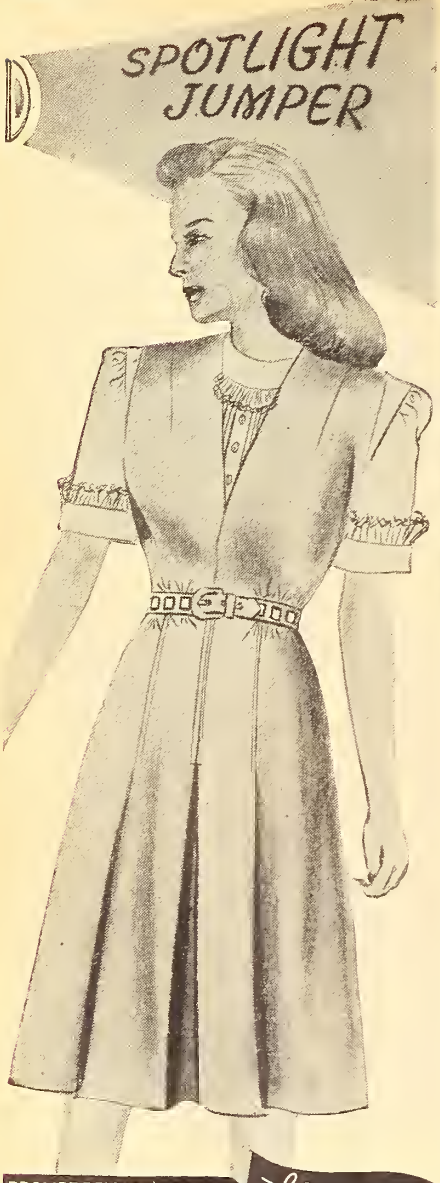

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head when the Flagstaff train jolted to a stop on the open desert. There seemed to be no good reason for stopping and yet the emergency brakes were screaming and the whole train slid to a slow halt. . . .

A horse and carriage swept past, pulled up beside the train.

Susan tumbled out, started to run to where Ned Trent was pulling the carriage to a stop. She ran breathlessly, her eyes finding his, calling welcome. And then she stumbled against a desert root and rolled across the small space to the foot of the carriage. And in a moment Ned had her in his arms, lifting her gently.

From the train window, Em watched. She turned and shrugged.

"It's the new style," she said. "The bride wore sand."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Judy Garland	*Susan Bradley*
John Hodiak	*Ned Trent*
Ray Bolger	*Chris Maule*
Angela Lansbury	*Em*
Preston Foster	*Judge Purvis*
Kenny Baker	*Terry O'Halloran*

CO-ED

(Continued from page 26)

correspondence, so never take it upon yourself to sling the first mash note. Also, even when the correspondence is under way, take it easy. Steer clear of the too, too purple stuff. The best love letters are warm but not sizzling, sweet but not ickey; newsy, intimate, nostalgic. Unlike us gals, who are inclined to swing from one "Darling" to the next when reading a letter from our love, boys look for encouragement, flattery, humor and gossip in your notes.

Invitations: The way you ask a guy to your club dance or roller skating party sort of sets the mood for the date itself. A frightened, faltering invitation on the phone can get things off to a grim start, whereas a few well-chosen words on paper can do wonders. All you need is a penny postcard and a little imagination. "Be a good skate and come roller-skating with us. The time: Saturday at eight. The place: Jane's house. The girl: (That's you). We've got Goodman, Dorsey and Shaw. All we need is (his name) to make our party lush. Can come? Then pick me up at eight o'clock on Saturday night." Sorta corny, but nice and informal. And that's what little boys go for.

Thank You Letters: These are the ones that so often go unwritten. "Thank you for a wonderful evening." "Thank you for that super corsage." "Thank you for saving my face the other night." There are so many things we should say thank you for, and we let the moment pass without doing anything about it. Obviously, you won't sit down and write the boy next door a letter every time you have a date with him. But if the boy is from out of town, why sure! And if—now and then—there's an evening with a local boy that is utterly out of this world, why not?

Just notes: Have you tried the dynamite of a short note surreptitiously passed in class? Forbidden but fun. When a lad gives a brilliant recitation, you pass him a note that says, "Nice going!" with your initials under it. Or maybe you'll write one to another chap that says, "Mow 'em down in the game tonight." Make them feel that you're one understanding, appreciative female in a million.

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CO-ED LETTERBOX

(Continued from page 26)

prettiest hairdo, and natch, your best face forward. 2) Instead of sitting in terrified silence all the way to the dance, enlist your little man's aid. Tell him frankly that you'd die if he got stuck with you and that you're not too proud to have him drum up a little trade while you're leaving your wrap. He'll think you're a good egg, and he'll do all right by you. Wait and see.

I just haven't a line like most girls. Please tell me how to go about acquiring one. T. H., Redwood City, Calif.

A stereotyped line isn't the most desirable thing in the world, you know. So instead of memorizing a lot of pat phrases, why not concentrate on broadening your horizons? Know something about politics, music, sports—you'll find that when you've got something to say you won't need a line.

My family makes me be in by eleven. Isn't that awfully early for a high school senior? B. C., Jacksonville, Fla.

"Early" is such a relative thing. What is the average curfew time in your town? If it's midnight, try to get your family to conform. If you just can't get them to see it your way, use your wits. Why not have your hamburger and coffee at this end of the evening instead of that? You could make supper out of it then, and get your date under way by 6:30 or 7. Very grown-up and lots of fun. There are ways and means, so don't despair.

There is a very cute new boy at school. How can I bag him before the other girls do? L. C., Grosse Point, Mich.

Be friendly with him, without forcing yourself on him. Speak to him in class. After you've made friends, invite him to your next party and be extra thoughtful about putting him at ease. The fact that you took the trouble to befriend him when he was lonely and sort of scared will give you the edge on all the other gals—then you take it from there.

* * *

If you're dying for someone to talk over your troubles with, why not try us? We'll listen carefully and sympathetically, and we promise to help. Want a personal, strictly-between-us reply? Then be sure to give us your full name and address. If you'd like your letter answered in MODERN SCREEN, *just initials will do. Here's where to write: Jean Kinkead,* MODERN SCREEN, *149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Last summer I had the pleasure of touring M-G-M. After visiting many sets, we were surprised to learn from our guide that we were going to see Frank Sinatra make a scene for "Anchors Aweigh." This special scene takes place in a hotel kitchen. A girl is putting an apron on Frank. The script called for him to say, "You remind me of my old lady." When he heard this, he said he would say "my mom" and nothing else, because, as he said, "I respect my mother." The script was changed!

Phyllis Coyle
Los Angeles, Calif.

Are you in the know?

The lathered lady is —

☐ Brushing up on beauty
☐ Banishing 5 o'clock shadow
☐ A little shaver

Borrow Dad's shaving brush, soap your face, and start brushing up on beauty. It's stimulating . . . and the thorough cleansing helps, if you've a tendency to blackheads. Now is the time to safeguard your complexion. And, to safeguard your *daintiness.* You see, *now Kotex contains a deodorant,* to help you stay daisy-fresh on certain days. Mind you, the deodorant can't shake out—because it is processed right into each Kotex pad, not merely dusted on! How carefree you'll feel with this new Kotex "extra"—and not one extra penny to pay!

Is this nifty giftie —

☐ A compact
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☐ Both

Here's a fetching new twist for the wrist—a bracelet-compact (complete with mirror). Dreamed up to give you a free hand, at sports or whenever a purse seems cumbersome. For free action on *calendar* days, remember to choose the napkin designed to give you chafeless comfort: Kotex. There's lasting softness in Kotex—unlike pads that bunch and rope. Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.* You'll have nary a care with Kotex.

It's a bright trick to go Christmas dating with —

☐ Mistletoe on your mind
☐ Baubles in your hair
☐ Your heart on your sleeve

Catch a beau with mistletoe? Or by letting him think you're a smitten kitten? Try a smarter way. Be original. Look charming. It's a bright trick to wear a wee cluster of Christmas tree ornaments in your hair. You can be charming on *all* occasions (even "those") when you're confident. Kotex keeps you so. With Kotex no revealing outlines can ruffle the smoothness of your frock, your poise. That's because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show. And the special *safety center* of Kotex gives *plus* protection—helps spare you embarrassing accidents.

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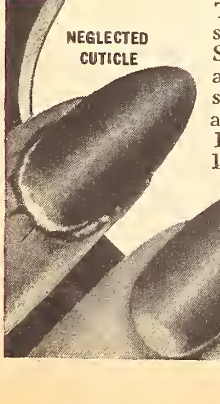

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IN THE MORGAN MANOR

(Continued from page 44)

grinned at the nurse. "Here comes Daddy, so I had to clean my plate," he chirped.

As everyone knows, Dennis Morgan has a number of characteristic facial expressions that have endeared him to his fans (and do they show to good advantage in Warners' "One More Tomorrow!"). One of these is a crooked grin, accompanied by the slight squinting of his right eye. Mrs. Morgan had grown so accustomed to it through years of marriage, that she was scarcely conscious of the mannerism, but one evening Jimmie observed in his best emcee voice, "I can make a crooked grin just like Daddy's." And he proceeded to give an unmistakable imitation. The rest of the family went into hysterics, so that act is now included on Jimmie's menu of company tricks.

morgan mimic . . .

He also walks like his father, carefully imitating the Morgan lounging gait, and—having heard Dennis sing the Riff song repeatedly in the shower—cuts loose in his version of the same rollicking tune.

Don't think that he doesn't appreciate the value of this antic; he knows exactly what he is doing—and loves it.

To quote his father, "That kerrikter is a ham. I don't understand why the stork didn't collect points for him."

Jimmie is a camera hound. The instant a photographer arrives to snap the Morgans, Jimmie is on the spot. He sees to it that he is decked out in a clean suit, and he shatters routine by insisting upon having his face washed. Then he swaggers forth and starts mugging.

The day following a recent photographic sitting was a busy one for Jimmie. Dennis watched the young man wandering through the garden, stopping, turning, talking. As Jimmie's sturdy back remained turned to his father, Dennis couldn't fathom the mystery: What was Mr. Imagination doing?

Dennis sneaked up behind his youngest offspring. From somewhere, Jimmie had "liberated" a rusty old padlock, one of the type with a wide, looped handle. Through this he was peering, then saying to some invisible subject, "Hold that. Click. Okay, stand there. Click."

To the best of the family's knowledge, Jimmie's perfect poise has been shaken only once. He had been cautioned about the dangers of the *eleven* small ponds scattered charmingly about the house bought by the Morgans in November, 1944. The two older children had been instructed to watch Master Jimmie when all three of them were exploring the grounds without adult supervision.

But, during one late summer afternoon, Stan started toward his rabbit hutch, and Kris went out to collect a few peacock feathers. Jimmie, a free soul for a trice, hopped into the nearest pond, which happened to be over his head.

Stan, glancing back over his shoulder, saw the whole thing and began to yell with whatever breath he wasn't using for running. The gardener's legs were longer, so *he* reached the pond first and fished out a besmeared Jimmie.

Lillian, perturbed over the danger of typhoid, snatched the young gentleman into the house and scrubbed his protesting person thoroughly, including mouth, teeth, and tongue.

When Dennis heard about the unscheduled dip, he shook his head. "That settles it," he said. "My dad and I will start tomorrow to fill every pond on this place. We can't wait until labor is available. Something must be done, *now*."

As for Jimmie's automotive inclinations: The instant guests arrive, Jimmie cases them for keys. He then says guilelessly, "What are those keys for?"

If the guests admit owning an automobile, Jimmie demands, "Is your car red?"

To date he has failed to locate the owner of a red car. His eagerness to find one stems from the fact that Dennis, during one of his hospital tours, caught sight of a bright red cast-iron sedan about two inches high, with a four-inch wheelbase. He brought this prize home to Jimmie, who promptly went on a one-boy hunt for a full-sized equivalent of his model. No one is quite sure what mental process is involved, but Lillian thinks that it has something to do with the little car needing the big car as a daddy.

Dennis is eager that no one get the impression that he is rearing, in the person of his No. 2 son, a modified angel. Jimmie, like any other imaginative child, is smitten occasionally with a disastrous impulse. To wit: A visiting boy friend, aged six, was standing at the edge of the Morgan swimming pool—fully clothed—one afternoon.

crime and punishment . . .

According to a reliable witness (Jimmie, himself), this visitor had neither said nor done anything offensive. It just seemed like a good idea to push him in—and with great speed. Luckily, the boy knew how to swim, and there were a dozen aquatic adults nearby. For that stunt, Mr. Jimmie found out how thin is the seat of a small boy's summer play suit.

Whereas Jimmie's attitude toward his dad is one of sunny adoration, Kris loves her father possessively. When Dennis took the family to Lake Arrowhead for a vacation, for the first two or three days, he managed to stay incognito. Then he was recognized. Thereafter, no peace nor privacy was to be had. Kris was eager to take a boat ride around the lake, and Kris was yearning to prowl among the curio shops with her dad, but it was a hopeless desire. Once outside his cabin, Dennis was besieged by people who wanted autographs.

At first, Kris was amused. It was lots of fun to be the center of an admiring throng, and she expanded in the sense of her adoration for Dennis being shared. Then the seconds stretched into minutes, and the minutes into hours—during which she had to stand around and wait.

To her mother she said bitterly, "All the rest of the kids I know can go places with their daddies—all except us. Daddy is *our* Daddy. Why can't he just stay with us? Why can't people let him alone?"

One afternoon when Kris hadn't been feeling well, Mrs. Morgan persuaded her to lie down for a nap. "I'll lie on the bed with you until you go to sleep," Lillian promised.

As they lay there, they watched the tracing of sunlit leaves on the ceiling, and Kris commented on how pretty the light was as it seeped into the room through the makeshift drapes that Lillian had installed.

Mrs. Morgan murmured agreement with Kris. "Yes, those drapes *do* cast a lovely light even if they are temporary."

The following afternoon, Dennis undertook to persuade his daughter to nap. She agreed, on condition that he lie beside her until she had fallen asleep. It seemed like a sound idea to Dennis, and as they were relaxing, Dennis observed idly, "Those drapes aren't bad at all—they make a delicate sun pattern."

Said Kris promptly, "They really aren't bad, considering that they're only *temperamental.*"

Dennis let it pass, but after Kris had gone to sleep, he hastened to Lillian for

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The Story Behind the Story

Mrs. Peninger, only 5 feet 1½ inches tall, had worn a size 9 when she was married. After her baby was born she went to 138 pounds! Heavy hips and thick waist above slim legs made her look all out of proportion. One day her husband reminded her how slim she *used to be*. That decided her. She enrolled for the DuBarry Success Course, lost 7 pounds the first week, kept on until she lost 26. Now with 6 inches gone from her waist, 8 from her abdomen, 7 from her hips, she wears size 9 again. Her skin and hair are lovelier than ever before. "I cannot praise the DuBarry Success Course enough," says Mrs. Peninger. "It has shown me how to be healthier and happier than I had thought it possible to be."

After

Before

For this true-to-life camera portrait Mrs. Peninger wore a glamorous evening gown created by the famous designer Kiviette.

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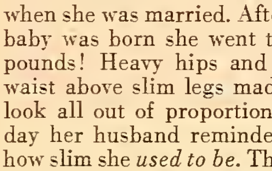

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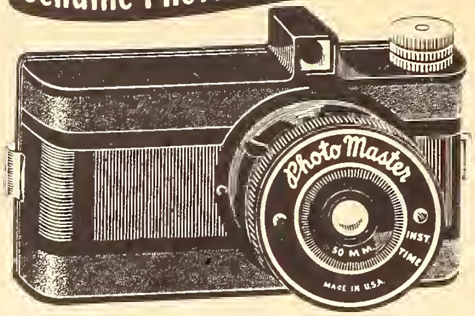

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an explanation. He was relieved to learn that the drapes were merely momentary—not moody.

When Dennis is away on hospital tours, which he was a good deal this summer and fall, he sends Stan and Kris individual postcards from each city he visits. He selects these cards with care; Stan's always picture some sport such as the local hunting, fishing, or swimming, since Stan and his dad are great outdoorsmen. (Stan's comment on his dad's athletic ability is brief: "Gosh, he's super.")

Kris' cards always depict horses. She doesn't ride yet, but she gives promise of being a rider to equal Elizabeth Taylor.

feet's too big . . .

Dennis' homecoming is always a time of high excitement. After this most recent trip, he handed Stan a silver-studded Indian belt that he had picked up in New Mexico; Jimmie accepted, with an appropriate whoop, a Comanche war-bonnet; and Kris ecstatically tore open her package to lift out a pair of beaded white moccasins.

Somewhat later in the evening Dennis noted, with misgivings, that Kris wasn't wearing the moccasins that she had originally tried on with such delight. "Changed your mind?" her dad asked. "Don't you like those Indian booties?"

"I love them," exploded Kris. "They're wonderful. They're the prettiest slippers I've ever had."

"Well, then, wear them!"

Kris' forehead creased. Resting her hand on her father's arm she said, "They're just a little too small for me, Daddy."

Dennis faced the fact that his daughter was growing up, and tossed off a wry smile at the thought. "After this, before I go shopping, I'm going to get a list of sizes," he promised. "Apparently I'm going to be shopping for two ladies, hereafter, instead of a lady and a little girl."

Kris' instant attempt to stand as tall as possible assured Dennis that he had said the tactful thing. She has the moccasins tucked away; she resisted strongly the suggestion that her Indian trophies be passed on to Jimmie.

back to civvies . . .

Last year, Stan—now eleven years old—attended a military academy. This year, however, he had a talk with Dennis to the effect that he would rather accompany Kris to the elementary school only a mile from the Morgan house. His reason for the change of scene was two-fold: He is now taking piano lessons again (which he couldn't do, and make the long daily trip to school in town), and—like all men who have been regimented—he wanted to get rid of that uniform. "It's just too hot." he said.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Jane Withers was appearing in person at a Cleveland theater several months ago. During her act, she asked for a soldier to come up and dance with her. Three got there at once. Jane started to speak, when suddenly a girl screamed. Soon others were screaming and applauding. The audience went wild! But why not? One of the soldiers was Lon McCallister!

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He plays piano by ear, but Dennis is trying to discourage him; since the boy doesn't need notes to toss off a fairly accurate rendition of a piece of music, he is inclined to consider study a waste of time. Incidentally, he sometimes accompanies Dennis; they do "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "Desert Song" with great gusto.

On the first day at his new school, Stan had a minor tizzy about his sister. When she and Lillian picked him up (his session continues an hour after Kris' classes), he fixed his sister with a fond eye. "Did you have any lunch?" he demanded.

"Sure. I had macaroni, milk, and chocolate ice cream. What did you have?"

Stan sighed deeply. "I had the same thing, but I sure didn't enjoy it. I kept thinking that Dad had given me all the luncheon money, and that you didn't have a cent. I kept worrying that you were going hungry, but I didn't know what room you were in, and I couldn't find you in the lunch room. I certainly am relieved that you were okay."

That sounds like fable. For an eleven-year-old brother to be deeply and solicitously fond of his seven-year-old sister is one for the book, but in the case of the Morgans, it's true.

young smoothie . . .

Kris, although the younger member of the firm, is maternal toward Stan. Since he was unfamiliar with the bus stop nearest home—during his first few weeks at his new school—Kris remained patiently for an hour, until Stan's classes were dismissed, and rode home with him. "I'd worry, otherwise," she told her mother, "for fear he'd get off at the wrong stop and have a long walk up the road. He might even be run over, you know."

Perhaps one explanation of the family cordiality is the fact that the children are gently coached in matters of tact by both parents. One afternoon Stan was in the playhouse, scanning old pictures of his mother and dad when they were appearing together in college dramas.

Naturally, the clothing was old-fashioned, and Lillian's hair was cut in the shingle-back bob of the period. Grinning, Stan observed, "Every time I see those pictures, I don't understand why Dad didn't faint when he saw Mother looking like that."

His mother stifled a smile and said, "What do you mean by that, Stan? That you like me better as I am now?"

Stan got it. Grabbing his cue, and glancing affectionately at his mother, he said, "Oh, I think you're lots prettier with your hair the way you wear it now."

"Even when I'm wearing pigtails?"

"Yep. Even in pigtails," said the blossoming Beau Brummel.

Soon, the Morgans will probably be installing a huge Christmas tree in the guest house on the grounds of their home, and each member of the family is adding the trimmings of his choice.

The children will open their toys around this tree on Christmas morning, and most of the holiday festivities will take place in this quaint, comfortable cottage.

But on Christmas, 1946, the merry Morgans hope to celebrate in the magnificent living room in the main house. By that time they think they will have located a suitable rug for the room, will have made a deal with a decorator who will have enough material, help, and equipment to build the massive furniture necessary, and will have moved in the concert grand piano that Dennis covets for his home. At present, however, the living room is utterly empty.

As you can see, 1946 is going to be a very happy and busy year for the Hollywood family Morgan.

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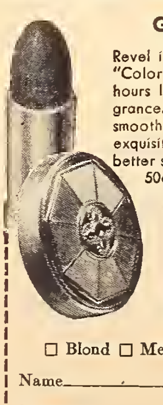
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LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

JUNIOR MRS.

(*Continued from page 42*)

have this woman to thy lawfully wedded wife . . ."

"I will," said John Agar firmly, and Shirley's eyes lifted for an instant to his face, to the lips that had framed those words.

"*Shirley, wilt thou have this man to thy lawfully wedded husband . . .*"

Shirley's voice was clear, her tone steady and sweet as she said, "I will." Afterward, as she repeated the long vow in response to the clergyman's prompting, she spoke each word with a sincerity to match the timeless poetry of the ceremony.

"I now pronounce you man and wife," intoned the minister. Slowly, Shirley turned from the altar, lifted her head to smile into her husband's eyes, and slid one satin-clad arm upward to rest on his shoulder. Their kiss was long and rapturous, a dedication of deepest love.

something old, something new . . .

As they started the recessional march, Shirley rested her weight on the wrong foot. Her sergeant-groom, having spent a good many hours in a column, cast a corner-of-the-eye look at his new wife, and Shirley—her face composed, but her eyes dancing with merriment—quickly changed step.

It was a charming and symbolic gesture, the bride adjusting herself to the pace of a new life.

Shirley had been eager to observe all the fanciful customs of bridal tradition. She wore something old and utterly priceless: A handkerchief ring, hand-wrought from gold by some romantic colonial craftsman. It consisted of a little finger circlet from which was suspended a chain four inches long; at the end of the chain was a clasp which gripped the antique lace handkerchief that had been given to Shirley by Mrs. Court Majors, who had also loaned her this unique bit of jewelry.

She wore something new: Her wardrobe from head to toe.

She wore something borrowed: A tiny antique gold cross pinned inside her bodice. This had been loaned to Shirley by a boy she had known all her life.

She wore something blue: A garter given her by one of her bridesmaids.

It was suggested that Shirley wear a penny in her slipper—"a copper for luck"—but remembering the long processional to the altar, the long recessional, and the length of time she would have to stand in the receiving line, she demurred. "I don't want to be thinking of a pain in my shoe," she said.

There were too many other things to think about: The time, last spring, for instance, when her parents had announced her engagement. At that time she had known John Agar for nearly two years. She and her parents knew the code by which he lived and the ideals for which he stood. He was a fine young man.

Both John and Shirley promised at that time that they wouldn't ask Shirley's parents for permission to marry for at least two years, perhaps three. John's future in the army, with the war raging at that time in Europe and the Pacific, was precarious.

Shirley, as well, had many things that she wanted to do before assuming the responsibilities and obligations of marriage. She said to her mother, "We have plenty of time. I want to enjoy the fun of being an engaged girl for a long time before getting married."

During this time John was stationed at Riverside, a city some sixty miles from

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$5.50 Each Ring

$9.50 for Both Rings

Exquisite 14K SOLID GOLD Engagement Ring with brilliant GENUINE Chip Diamond in heart design mounting. Wedding Ring to match, 14K SOLID GOLD with 3 GENUINE Chip Diamonds. Beautifully boxed.

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12 DIAMONDS

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$14.00 for Both Rings

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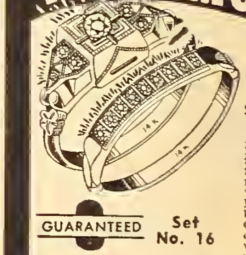
16 DIAMOND SET



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Los Angeles. He telephoned Shirley every day at an appointed hour. As there is only one telephone in the vast Temple house (wartime restrictions), Shirley used to stand guard for fifteen or twenty minutes before her call was due, fending off all would-be users. This instituted a family joke. Whenever a queue formed near the telephone, as it did on occasion, a non-telephoning Temple would inquire pleasantly, "All expecting John?"

In July, Shirley's entire life changed. She made a two-week hospital tour. During her senior year at Westlake, between doing homework, making a picture, and having dates, Shirley managed to take the essential rudiments of a Nurse's Aid course, and to be indoctrinated for hospital visiting.

She went into this work with the viewpoint of almost any girl. Shirley has exceptional intuition and insight—that's true; she has a poise and assurance beyond her years. But still, she was a seventeen-year-old girl in many respects.

She emerged from the hospital tour, a woman.

Those who were with her on the tour marveled at first at her calm tact, her warm and easy camaraderie. Then they began to take her for granted, as the boys had from the first. She was everybody's kid sister, the swellest in the world—no nonsense, no airs, no giggling uncertainty. Just a honey.

When Shirley returned to Los Angeles, she was unusually quiet for several days. Jack came in from Riverside the following weekend, so he and Shirley were invited to the home of one of their dearest friends, Katherine Ferguson, who was to be—in future months—one of Shirley's bridesmaids. For two hours that night, Shirley talked about her experiences in the hospitals. She had become deeply interested in the psycho-neurosis cases and said repeatedly, "I've got to do a great deal more work in hospitals. I'm going on with my education this fall, and I'll have to make a picture . . . but I've simply *got* to do more hospital work."

fateful decision . . .

Shortly afterward, Jack learned that he was to be transferred to Geiger Field in Washington. Until that time he had been a P.T. instructor, but with his transfer he was going into aviation engineering. "Which means," he told Shirley, "that I'm booked for overseas."

One August Saturday night, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Agar, Jack and Shirley went to the Hollywood Bowl Concert. Mrs. Temple had noticed that, instead of kidding and clowning as usual, Shirley and Jack were quiet and thoughtful. There was something preoccupied about their behavior, a tense and decisive air.

Mrs. Temple whispered to Mrs. Agar, "Have you noticed our youngsters? You know what we're to be faced with, don't you? They're going to want to get married."

Mrs. Agar smiled at Mrs. Temple. "The decision is yours, of course," she said. These two women had become friends, respecting and admiring one another sincerely.

However, after the concert, other topics came up for discussion, so Mrs. Temple dismissed her prediction from her mind.

Sunday afternoon she was entertaining a rather large party at a barbecue dinner. Since she is a perfectionist, she was trying to be everywhere at once, to see that everyone was comfortable, the table perfect, the supplies in good order, the cook happy, and all details in harmony. As she whisked through the center hallway on some urgent errand, she discovered Shirley and Jack standing in a shadowed corner, talking earnestly.

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the napkin with the triple-proved

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Their controlled eagerness told her what was to be. As she hurried up the stairway, she heard Shirley say breathlessly, "Ask her now."

Over her shoulder, the mother looked down at her daughter and Jack. The two faces were turned pleadingly upward; Shirley's eyes were limpid with an inarticulate entreaty; Jack's wide blue eyes were dark with supplication. Mrs. Temple looked from one pair of ardent eyes to the other; she said, "Not now . . . some other time." But her heart lost its purpose. She couldn't refuse them. "Come upstairs to my room," she said, leading the way.

Jack went directly to the point. He said that he loved Shirley with all the devotion in the world, that there had never been anyone like her, and there never would be. "I'm not a conceited guy," he added. "If I go away without being married to Shirley, she's likely to meet somebody else, and I might lose her. Being engaged is one thing. Being married is something else. It's pretty hard for a girl to stay at home when she doesn't have anything—a vow, sort of—to keep her there. You know that the wolves are really going to be howling the instant I leave town."

And Shirley said, "I know I promised not to ask to be married, but everything has changed. I'm not the same person I was when you announced my engagement. I've grown up. And, Mother, I can't bear the idea of Jack lying in a hospital somewhere, and my not being able to be with him because I wasn't his wife."

Mrs. Temple sighed. "We'll have to discuss it with your father," she said gently. Then she went into some of the problems of marriage. "Would you expect Shirley to follow you to army camps in case things change and you should remain in this country?"

Jack was quick to answer. "I don't believe in that sort of thing. No, I'd want Shirley to stay right here," he said.

"When I've talked it over with Mr. Temple, we'll have another discussion," the mother said. But there was something in her tone that told Shirley, who is her mother's alter ego, that her mother was in sympathy.

To George Temple, his wife said afterward, "With this horrible war going on, with everything in life so uncertain, do we have the right to make this decision for Shirley? Isn't she ready to make her own emotional decisions?"

They talked far into the dawn. "We'll be criticized by people who feel that Shirley should continue her education, and that no seventeen-year-old girl should marry," he said.

no war hysteria . . .

But, they agreed, Shirley's case was totally different from that of the average seventeen-year-old girl. She was old for her years; she had always lived a public life. She and Jack had known one another for two years, and the Temples knew the Agars well, so this was no whirlwind courtship, no hysterical hurry-up marriage. Jack would always be able to take care of her financially. Furthermore, Shirley was in a position in which the security of marriage and the dignity of wifehood were important. And she was desperately in love.

During the days that followed the decision that a marriage would take place in September, Shirley said, "I won't mind staying at home, Mommy. You said the other night that I couldn't have dates if I were married. Well, I don't want to go out with anyone but Jack. A date is no fun unless it's with an interesting person, and I'm not interested in any other

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man on earth except Jack."

During the six weeks Jack was in Washington, taking a special course, he telephoned twice a week, and wrote whenever he had an opportunity. But if he didn't telephone on time, or if a letter didn't arrive on schedule, Shirley didn't fret. There were not, and there have never been, minor quarrels between them. She and Jack had reached an important decision: Neither was ever to make any hard and fast rule about a trivial matter. There were to be a set of general understandings about the basic things, as there must be in every intelligent marriage, but there was to be no ball-and-chain restriction upon either partner.

just the tried and true . . .

When Jack received his overseas assignment, accompanied by a ten-day leave, including travel time, he telephoned Shirley and plans were made for a quick wedding. The invitations had already been engraved, with the date line left blank, so secretaries got busy with pen and ink, and the heavy white envelopes were quickly mailed out.

Shirley went to celebrated couturier Howard Greer to be fitted for her white satin gown and her traveling suit. One of the fitters said, "I imagine that every famous person in Hollywood will attend your wedding."

Said Shirley with quiet dignity, "I'd love to invite every celebrity I have ever worked with, if this were a party. But this is a sacred service, a wedding ceremony, so I want only the friends of my parents, and the people with whom I've grown up. I want my wedding to be just like that of a girl in Cleveland or Dallas or Portland." So the guest list included only Los Angeles' social folk, who comprise the bulk of Mr. and Mrs. Temple's friends, and Shirley's friends from the studio.

While Jack was in Washington, Shirley was the honored guest at a series of bridal showers. In each letter to her fiancé she wrote rapturously of the gifts she had received for their future home. Jack finally postscripted, "How come the bride gets all the showers? Pity the poor groom."

So, the night before the wedding, Shirley planned a surprise shower for Jack. The entire wedding party was invited to the Agar home for dinner, and each person brought a gag gift, delicately wrapped in shower fixings. With appropriate cries of admiration, Jack lifted from boxes and tissue such benedict-ine gadgets as a can opener, a chef's hat to be worn at barbecue parties, and a nice selection of aprons for washing dishes on the maid's night out.

After dinner, the wedding party went

"SUMMERTIME, AND THE LIVIN' IS EASY"

Maybe livin' was easy for some people, but oh, brother! you should have seen us wading through that avalanche of I SAW IT HAPPEN *letters you've been smothering us with lately. We read each and every one, you know, which is why you don't hear from us right away. But we still think your best bet is to give with that cheerful earful of what happened when you met a star . . . and if we publish your masterpiece, there's a five-dollar check in it for you, as well as the fun of seeing your story and name in print. So keep 'em coming to the* I SAW IT HAPPEN *Editor MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.*

If only this young wife
HAD KNOWN THE TRUTH EARLIER

Ignorance of *Intimate Physical Facts* never brought happiness to any woman!

Too many women enter marriage without realizing how important *douching* often is to feminine cleanliness, health and happiness—how important douching two or three times a week often is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems. And—so VERY IMPORTANT—the wisdom of putting an effective germicide like ZONITE in the douche.

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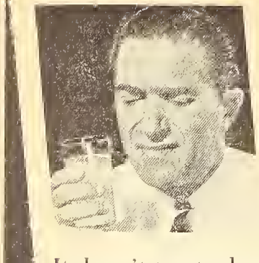

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● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATCNE today.

to the church for rehearsal, then Jack brought Shirley home. He was very formal. He took her to the door, patted her shoulder, said, "I'll be seeing you—in church." Then he hopped into his car and zoomed away, knowing that he was not to telephone or see Shirley until he met her at the altar.

The next day, she had a final fitting for her going-away suit at Howard Greer's; then, at four o'clock, she and her mother began to carefully pack her honeymoon wardrobe into traveling bags. The fragile blouses, the simple dresses, were folded in tissue.

The wedding party assembled at the church early, where they dressed and were photographed by a portrait lensman. Meanwhile, fans had climbed to the top of the dressing rooms and the pastor's study, and were making a horrible clatter on the roof. Someone came in from the street to say that 15,000 people were milling around on Wilshire Boulevard behind police lines. One of the bridesmaids said, "What a wonderful tribute! To think that fifteen thousand people want to share the most wonderful day in Shirley's life with her."

shirley is poised . . .

Mrs. Temple, biting her lips, looked across the study to meet her husband's eyes, but he had turned away, and in the soft light she could see his tears glistening across cheeks that he brushed as inconspicuously as possible.

That was more than she could take, so she slipped into the pastor's study, pulled out her compact and determinedly powdered her nose. In the other room Shirley's sweet, clear voice could be heard. She was by far the most self-possessed person in the wedding party.

The reception was held in the garden of the Temple home. The rose arbor had been turned into a bower within, and festooned without with garlands of roses; on the ridgepole perched a pair of porcelain turtledoves. In front of the arbor an area had been landscaped with wired long-stemmed red roses, and along the path, tuberous begonias had been set out. Here and there charcoal braziers sent up an autumnal fragrance along with a warmth welcome against the early chill of night.

In addition to the gifts given by her fans, Shirley received from the Agars a complete set of silverware with service for twelve, chosen from stock available under wartime restrictions. Each item was engraved with her new initial, "A."

Mr. and Mrs. Temple gave the newlyweds a magnificent sterling tea service. There was crystal service for twelve in Orrefors glass, and a full set of Spode chinaware. There was a 22-carat gold berry set, an electric iron, an alarm clock, a set of cook books, a half dozen white, satin-bound blankets, a white satin puff, a bride's memory book, three superb picture frames, three salad bowls, dozens of sterling silver vegetable and buffet dishes, and a breathtaking array of linen, chief among which was a fragile, appliqued set of place mats and a Madeira tablecloth.

affection by the carload . . .

One of the bridesmaids said to another, who appeared to be headed for the playhouse, "Where to, chum?"

"To view the gifts."

"Forsooth, have you ever visited Maison de Blanc or Zacho's?" asked the first, mentioning two of the finest of Los Angeles shops, the former selling exquisite linens, and the latter specializing in crystal, china and ceramics.

"That I have. That I have. But to be specific—so what?"

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CASUALS in genuine Capeskin soft leather, zipper fastened, and personalized with first name or initials sewed on.

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I enclose check ☐ money order ☐ for the following:
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COLORS: Red Black Brown Navy Green
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Combination: the above 4 "Casuals" $8.50 complete.
Individual "Casuals" 1 2 3 4

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out both places and half a dozen other establishments. Of course, if you're curious. . . ."

They went away arm in arm, toward the refreshment table.

It required nearly two hours for the receiving line to pass Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Agar, Shirley, Jack, and the eight bridesmaids. Then—at midnight—Shirley cut the three-tier wedding cake. Instead of the conventional bride and groom under the wedding bell, to garnish the top layer of the Martha Smith cake, a spun sugar basket filled with white flowers was the summit motif.

trick that backfired . . .

It was while the cake was being cut in the glare of a hundred bursting flash bulbs that one of the photographers tumbled backward into the eighteen inches of water in the fish pond. He saved his camera, but his glasses vanished amid the lilies. Bride and groom laughed until they couldn't be photographed but by then the photographers were howling, too. Jack Temple—the practical man—rushed into the house for a flashlight, but it almost required a navy diver's helmet to retrieve the fortunately unbroken glasses.

Some of the groom's wayward friends had plotted a little traditional bother for him, when he and Shirley were to make their exit. They studied the situation: Parked in the driveway was a handsome polished Cadillac, and beside it, innocently enough, a battered and dusty station wagon. "Let's decorate the Cadillac," they plotted gleefully.

So when Shirley and Jack came downstairs (Shirley breathtaking in a dove-grey suit with a blue plastron of velvet, and a blue velvet beret with a grey veil), and hopped into the Cadillac, a triumphant yell went up from the busy but triumphant ushers.

But Jack and Shirley slid through the Cadillac, and into the station wagon, scorched down the drive, through the electric gate and onto Sunset Boulevard before anyone else could get the gates open a second time to give chase to the canny couple.

The newlyweds drove to the Los Angeles Town House, where the bridal suite had been reserved for them. The next day they drove to Santa Barbara, then proceeded up the coast on tanksful of beautiful, unrationed gas.

After the beauty of the ceremony is over, and the wedding guests have departed, after the gifts have all been opened, catalogued, and acknowledged; after the wedding gown has been folded in tissue and tucked away for a daughter in years to be; after the honeymoon is finished, and marriage really begins—then, a man and a woman face each other and the future.

two together . . .

What that future holds for John and Shirley Agar is promising, if one knows what John had to say on the subject on the afternoon of his wedding day. He and Jack Temple had spent the day together. Jack Temple had undertaken to talk to his future brother-in-law about the problems faced by members of a celebrity's family. He also talked about Shirley, her personality, her attitudes, her faults, and her nobilities. He said, "So you see, John, there are going to be some hills to climb."

Answered Agar, looking the other man squarely in the eye, "And when we come to those hills, Jack, Shirley and I will climb them together, hand in hand . . . running."

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WORKS WHILE CHILD SLEEPS...TO BRING COMFORTING RELIEF

IT'S THE BEST-KNOWN HOME REMEDY YOU CAN USE FOR THIS ...JUST RUB IT ON
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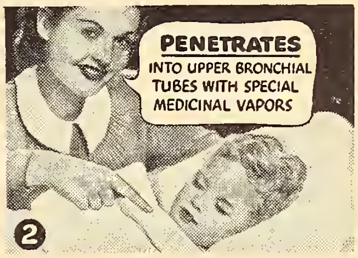
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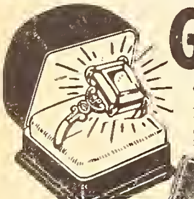

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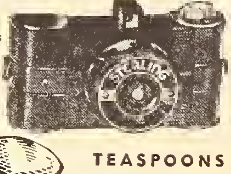

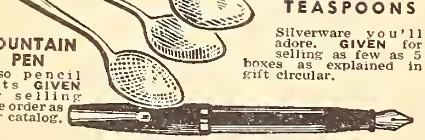

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DANA ANDREWS

(Continued from page 58)

fate hung in the balance, then dipped. "Okay—"

So began a period of perpetual motion. Mornings he worked for Twomey, to ease a little the burden of his debt. Then to Pasadena for a rehearsal, back to Los Angeles for a singing lesson, back to Pasadena for the performance, back to Van Nuys at two in the morning.

learning the hard way . . .

Twomey was content. "Only I can't take this Shakespeare. When you do a regular play, I'll be around."

He hadn't long to wait. Dana got one of the leads in Sidney Howard's dramatization of that shattering story of Humphrey Cobb's, "Paths of Glory." In fact, of the three principal parts, his was the standout—Langlois, the sensitive, ironic young Frenchman.

Through his singing teacher, he'd met Rudolf Amend, an actor who'd fled from Hitler's Europe. Amend was grateful for some service Dana had done him. "If you ever get a difficult part to play, I might be able to help you."

Dana went to him now. "I know I can't play this the way it should be played. Does your offer still hold?"

Amend worked with him as if both their lives were at stake—hour after hour, hammering his pupil into the mold of the Frenchman. On opening night, Dana could feel the waves of excitement spreading from him to the audience and back.

The play moved to its final scene. The sergeant assigned to lead Langlois to his death, eyes his bemedalled coat. "Anything you'd like me to bring your wife?"

"No." His own eyes drop to the medals. Slowly he removes the coat and hands it to the sergeant. "You can have these. I don't feel very brave just now—"

The curtain fell, and the audience went wild. Twomey came back and patted his shoulder. "Just a matter of time now." The critic whose opinion mattered most, wrote: "As for Dana Andrews, playing the soldier whose survival would have meant most to civilization, I find it difficult to restrain my praise—"

Irving Cumin, talent scout at Warners, looked him over. "Tell you what I think. I don't think you're ripe yet. Keep on working and come back in six months."

Oliver Hinsdell, M-G-M coach, called Bill Grady, casting director. From the outer office Dana could hear him say: "I've got that Andrews kid here. Unless I miss my guess, he's another Gable."

Grady disagreed. "You're a character man," he told Dana. "My best advice is get yourself an agent and play bits."

a character . . .

At RKO the guy shook his head. "Now that I've seen you close up, it's no go. I wouldn't even give you a test, they'd think I was crazy. You were good the other night, but you're a character actor."

In spite of the studio disappointments, he felt pretty cocky. His first real performance, and look what happened! "I find it difficult to restrain my praise—"

Gilmore Brown, managing director at Pasadena, has a cure for cockiness. "You were very good," he told Dana. "Now let's try something completely different."

They gave him the part of a polished young man. Having no polish, he flopped like a dead fish, which brought his head down to normal or slightly under.

For two-and-a-half years at the Playhouse, he beat his brains out, playing big parts and small, young men and old, learn-

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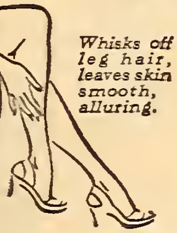
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ing technique, training away his crudities, waiting for nibbles that never came. Through it all, Twomey stood solidly behind him. "Just keep on working, don't worry about expenses, you're going to make it—" He'd call Irving Cumin. "Well, what about it?"

"I'm working on it—"

He was, too. The call finally came, only at the wrong time. Never one for half measures, Twomey'd suggested that Dana have his teeth straightened. Arrangements had been made when Cumin phoned. He'd talked the casting director into a test. What to do now? Ask them to wait, and the thing might fall through. Take a chance, and his teeth might lose him a contract.

In desperation, Dana came clean. "I'm about to have my teeth straightened. It'll take six or eight months. I'd rather wait if you'll give me your word to make the test then—"

"If I'm here," the casting director promised, "you'll get the test—"

"Will you put that in writing?"

"I don't have to. Irving's a witness. You'll get your test."

When the braces came off, he went back. "We're not making tests now," the casting director said. "If there's any change—"

You may have gathered by now that Dana's a patient man. But here's where patience snapped, and cold rage took over. Yet he spoke evenly. "You gave me your word of honor. What good is it?"

"Now, look, let's be reasonable—"

"The hell with you," said Dana, and strode out.

someday she'll come along . . .

Meantime, Mary Todd had entered the picture. . . .

It was Aggie who first broached the subject of re-marriage. "You know, Dana, some day there'll be another girl—"

"Are you worried about it?" he asked gently.

"On the contrary. I'd be worried if I thought you'd never marry again. But will you do me a favor? When she shows up, will you let me meet her?"

"It's a promise, Aggie."

They were rehearsing "First Lady" and blonde Mary Todd played the ingenue opposite Dana. She was a swell actress, with a lively mind and the kind of dry humor that you don't expect from a blonde. But Dana found himself nursing a grievance against her. Last spring she'd been delectably slim. Over the summer she'd put on thirty pounds. All his life Dana'd abhorred fat girls.

After rehearsals, the crowd would assemble for a soda, or at the Waldorf for coffee and sandwiches. By imperceptible degrees, the others ceased to exist for Dana. Mary blotted them out—

Back in the safety of his room, he'd talk to himself. "Andrews, this can't be happening to you. You're crazy to fall in love with a fat girl—"

Between Mary and the play, he got his nerves keyed up so tight, they jangled. But the fall of the curtain on opening night brought release from one strain. They all went out to celebrate. Emerging from the telephone booth, Dana bumped into Mary. Their eyes met—

"I've been wanting to do this for four weeks," he announced—and kissed her so she knew she'd been kissed, murmured "That's all, thank you," and marched back to the table. When Mary rejoined them, neither said boo to the other till Dana asked if he could see her home.

It's a long way from Pasadena to Santa Monica. Dana was busy driving. Mary seemed to be lost in thought. Conversation languished.

When they pulled up at her house, he turned to her. "I'm in love with you. What're you going to do about it?"

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So he told her, and they sat holding hands and talking till daylight.

Aggie met her when Dana took them both out to a show. Afterwards, he dropped Aggie at the house before driving Mary home. But she waited up for him—

"That's the one," she said. It was a statement, not a question. "Oh Dana, I'm glad. She's wonderful—"

"Isn't she though!"

new way to reduce . . .

The most important thing Mary and Dana talked about in the car that first night was love. The second was marriage. Naturally, they couldn't marry while Dana was living on the money of another man. Indeed, the path of true love became such an obstacle race that, before it was run, Mary'd melted to a slender 108 pounds.

The career—to abuse a word—seemed to be headed for plenty of nothing. For the first time Dana began to feel licked. Guys he'd worked with at Pasadena—Bob Preston, the late Laird Cregar, Vic Mature—had gone whizzing right by him into nice plump contracts. How long can you beat your head against stone? He had Mary to think of now as well as Twomey. Mary said: "Wait a while. Maybe the break's around the corner—"

That summer, while Pasadena was closed, he worked at Neely Dickson's Theater. An agent named Lou Golder left word for him to call. But Dana was a small operator. Except with a big agent, Dana felt he hadn't the ghost of a chance. Twomey was trying to interest Everett Crosby. Crosby turned them down—he didn't need any clients—

That's when Dana gave up. Mary was against it but, in the final analysis, it was Dana who had to make the decision. He went to Twomey. "I can't go on like this, my conscience won't let me."

Twomey's fingers drummed the table. "What about this Lou Golder—?"

"Oh, he called again, but you know as well as I do that nothing'll come of it—"

"Let's go see him anyway—"

Mr. Golder was keen about Dana. He'd seen him at Neely Dickson's and at Pasadena. "You may not know it," he said, "but you're the best man to hit this town since Spencer Tracy in 'The Last Mile.' I've already talked to a big producer about you—"

agent at work . . .

"What can we lose?" shrugged his friend.

Golder shoved the contracts over. Dana signed.

"Okay," said the agent. "Now come with me—"

Dana'd underestimated Mr. Golder. Not only had he talked to Sam Goldwyn, he'd made an appointment. What's more, Gregg Toland—Goldwyn's ace cameraman—and Reeves Espy, vice-president of the company, knew all about Dana. Lou had hauled them out to Pasadena to watch Dana perform in "O Evening Star."

Mr. G. may scramble his English, but his head works straight. He ordered a test for Dana with Sigrid Gurie. Dana was so unnerved that at lunchtime he neglected to remove a temporary porcelain cap. When they started shooting again, the cameraman said: "There's a little space between two of your teeth. I didn't notice it this morning—"

Dana turned green. "Holy mackerel, I swallowed my tooth with my oyster stew!"

In the projection room next morning he sat slumped between Mary and Mr. Goldwyn. The film started, and Dana's heart subsided. "They're running somebody else's test first." Then he heard his own lines and shot out of his seat—

"My God, do I look like that?"

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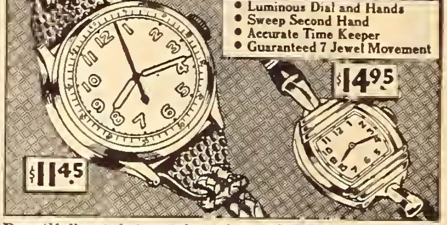

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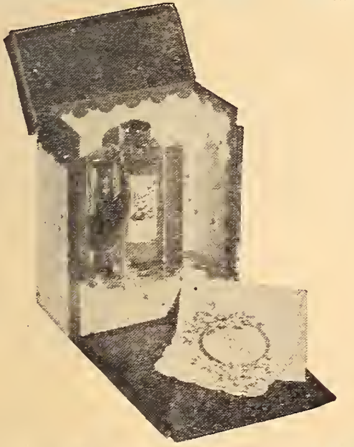

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"Why, don't you like yourself?" asked Goldwyn.

Dana muttered and was still. Then came Mary's turn. For the finale of every test, you're perched on a stool and turned around, so the camera catches you from every angle. On the screen, the revolving effect is curious. Mary howled—

"Now what's the matter?" Goldwyn asked patiently.

"He looks so funny!" she choked.

"The guy doesn't like himself! To the girl he looks funny! Maybe we shouldn't sign you at all. But I think we will—"

So the contract was signed. Mary and Dana could be married. *They* thought.

This was the period in Hollywood history when marriage was supposed to dim your romantic appeal.

Dana took his case to Reeves Espy, who said: "I wouldn't suggest it to Mr. Goldwyn right now. You've waited this long, why not wait a little longer?"

Mary wept, more in fury than sorrow. "Who do they think they are, running our lives for us?"

"Look, honey, let's just get married . . ."

"No! Not when you've broken in after all these years." She dried her eyes. "I can use the time to advantage. Pining and losing another couple of pounds—"

bachelor blues . . .

Weeks turned to months. Months of marking time. Drawing paychecks and making tests. No marriage, no pictures.

Till the day came when Dana had had enough. He phoned Mr. Goldwyn for an appointment. Mr. Goldwyn would see him at 10:30 tomorrow.

Mr. Goldwyn was detained by matters of importance. Dana waited and paced. 11. 11:30. And suddenly—clang, clang! The firebell! People shoving and yelling and running out to the lot—the leaping of flames, the din of fire engines closing in from all parts of the town—slithering hose, soot-smudged faces, torrents of water—and terror subsiding to pleasurable excitement as the blaze came under control.

Across a circle of faces, Goldwyn caught Dana's eye. The racket was still like something out of bedlam. "What did you want to see me about?" he yelled.

Dana cupped his palms to his mouth. "Not now. I want to beard the lion in his den—"

"Beard me here," Goldwyn shouted.

"OKAY! *I want to get* MARRIED."

For a moment the Goldwyn aplomb was staggered. "He wants to get married! Right in the middle of the fire!" But the fire was out, and the boss was feeling good. "Go ahead, get married."

Mary's family had lived in Santa Monica for thirty years. So that all the old friends might be included, they decided on a formal church wedding. The invitations were engraved when Dana was summoned to the studio and handed his first script, "The Westerner." He was also instructed to let his hair and beard grow.

Plans were hastily changed. They were married at Mary's home among a few intimates who understood why he looked like a beachcomber. Six-year-old David was responsible for a nice touch. He arrived clutching a paper bag.

"When Mary comes downstairs," he told Mrs. Todd, "I have to throw this."

"Oh, no," she assured him, thinking it was rice. "You throw it *after* the wedding."

He allowed himself to be persuaded. As the minister said, "I pronounce you man and wife," David started gravely down from the door, a self-elected flower boy, plucking orange blossoms from his bag and casting them before him. Having reached the minister, he extended a courteous hand. "I'd like to thank you for what you've done for Mary and Daddy."

Three days later Dana was on location.

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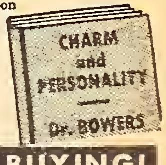

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Clothing ________

First thing the director said to him was: "We've got too many beards around here. Better shave yours off."

They rented a house right around the corner from Aggie's. This was the tough part. David's world had been bounded by Aggie. She was concerned only for David. Mary and Dana were concerned for her as well, and determined to make the changeover as painless as possible. At first David ran back and forth between both places, but stayed at his grandmother's. Then he started spending a night or two at the other place. Little by little the visits grew longer till he was absorbed into the new household. Nor was there any sense of separation from Aggie. Though she lives under another roof, she remains a cherished member of the family.

Meantime Dana was sweating out his career. Because his own pictures were few and far between, Goldwyn sold half of the Andrews contract to 20th-Fox. For the next few years, Dana was wrapped round a pendulum, swinging dizzily between hope and despair. Every picture he played was going to be it. Then he'd wake up and another dream would bite the dust.

It started with "Sailor's Lady." "When this comes out, you'll be in," said Allan Dwan. So it came out, and he sat on his ear for two months. Then "Lucky Cisco Kid." "You're on your way," they told him, and he took it big—till they farmed him out to Ed Small. Small said, "I'll send you back to them a star." But the star he sent back failed to dazzle Twentieth. It twinkled unseen till the spring brought "Tobacco Road." Not much of a part, but his first A picture.

"You look very good," said John Ford. "The studio'll be interested in you after this." So what did he get for that? "Belle Starr." And compliments from Irving Cumin. "You're a good actor. They should give you a lead."

And they actually did. In "Swamp Water." Only Mr. Zanuck didn't care for the picture.

Meantime, Goldwyn was preparing "Ball of Fire," running tests for the director, Howard Hawks. One of the tests was Dana's—the one Mary'd laughed at.

"There's the boy I want," said Hawks.

"He's a nice boy," said Goldwyn, "but he can't play gangsters."

Hawks, however, got his way. And Dana did "Ball of Fire." It came out at the same time as "Swamp Water." Hedda Hopper doffed one of her most spectacular hats to him. "A terrific actor!"

"That does it," gloated Dana. "Now I'm in." So what did he get? A stinker called "Berlin Correspondent."

get the girl . . .

"Oxbow Incident"—a fine picture—died at the box office. But the total effect was beginning to pile up, and Mr. Zanuck took notice. Dana was cast with Ty Power in "Crash Dive." The picture was a smash and so was the second lead. There was even talk that he'd overshadowed Ty. Fan mail started pouring in. "When are you going to get the girl?" screamed the kids.

Instead of the girl, he got a part in "North Star" that any tyro could have walked through. Capped by "Up in Arms" as stooge to Danny Kaye, the greatest comic in decades who'd have washed out not one, but ten straight men. Dana almost took a suspension on that one, and the only reason he didn't was because he'd met Lewis Milestone. Milly was plugging him for "The Purple Heart." Dana decided it would pay to be a good boy.

Well, you saw him in "Purple Heart," so *you* figure out why they stuck him into "Wing and a Prayer," as third to Ameche and Bill Eythe. That turned the trick. Dana'd been good long enough. He rolled

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his sleeves for battle.

The prize was "Laura." No one could play the reporter any better than he could and, so help him Hannah, he was going to get it if it meant tangling with everyone up to Zanuck. But the man Dana harassed with daily attentions was Otto Preminger, producer-director of "Laura."

no hero at home . . .

Otto finally gave him a hint of where the trouble lay. "Zanuck thinks you're a fine actor. But you've never played a romantic part."

Translated, that meant they questioned his sex appeal. Well, you can't go round assuring people you have it. But what about the fan letters, swelling in volume and clamor repeating over and over, "For heaven's sake, why don't they give you the girl?"

What finally broke them down, only the front office can say. But we heard of two things that may have contributed:

Along with the principals, Dana and Carmen Miranda made personal appearances in Philadelphia with "Wilson." "Purple Heart" had just been released. Nobody—least of all Dana—realized how hard he'd hit in "Purple Heart." Miranda, Knox and Fitzgerald got warm receptions. But when Dana walked out, the roof came off. . . .

There was also the Saturday afternoon when he ran into Mrs. Zanuck. "I'd like to ask you a plain question," she said. "I've always thought you were a swell actor, but certainly not the romantic type. When I see you face to face, somehow I change my mind. What makes that difference?"

First he said thank you. Then he tried to explain. "When you're cast as the tried-and-true pal who's turned down by the girl, that's how you have to play it. If you let any quality show that might attract her, you're a dishonest actor."

Mrs. Zanuck looked thoughtful. "That never occurred to me."

On Monday he got the part.

After all the years of waiting, "Laura" was it. The road had been far longer and rockier than he'd ever dreamed, but he finally made it. As one indication of the peak to which his stock had soared, the big-shot Feldman-Blum agency moved in with an offer to buy him from Lou Golder.

"Look," Dana said. "I love this agent I have. I know he can't do for me what you can do. But you'll have to satisfy him. I won't budge unless it's okay with Lou."

It was okay with Lou. They paid him fifty thousand.

It was okay with Feldman-Blum. They engineered a contract that made Goldwyn wince. But he signed. So did 20th-Fox.

All of which made it plenty okay with Dana.

that's my boy . . .

Along the way there's been sadness and happiness. Dad never saw his son on the screen. He died while Dana was making "Lucky Cisco Kid," and before either of the earlier pictures had been released to the public. But not before the hometown boy was being well publicized in the local prints.

"Never mind pretending, Dad," the kids would tease him. "We saw you turn over to the movie column for a squint at Dana's picture."

"I did no such thing," Dad would retort calmly, with Dana's picture staring him in the face.

Twomey lived to make a generous return on his investment and to see his faith in Dana vindicated. Dana was on location when he died. Three weeks earlier Mary had phoned. "Know what day this is? The day that pays off the debt." They wish Twomey could have had a look at

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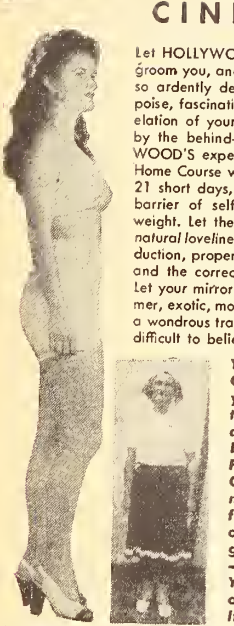

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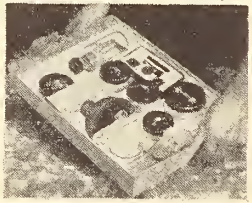

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Dana's new deal. He'd have got a bang out of it.

They bought their house in the valley from a man whose children were grown and scattered. "I don't need it any more," he said. "It's the kind of house for a family to grow up in."

The very minute you walk in, you know what he meant. It's the kind of house that gives you a sense of peace. Wide, cool rooms, furnished for comfort without ostentation. Polished wood and soft chintzes that don't jump out at you. High windows that bring the green lawns and shade trees indoors.

There are three children now to play with Michael, the cocker spaniel, under the trees—to grow up in the house.

The only trouble they ever have with three-year-old Kathy is when they reprimand David. The two form a mutual adoration society—a kind of Benevolent Protective Order of Andrews. Kathy's been known to shake a protesting finger at her parents. "You mustn't *talk* to David like that. David's a *nice* boy." Which, of course, breaks them up and plays hob with discipline.

stork race . . .

The only trouble they ever had with Stephen was when he was born. He arrived a week early. Waited till Dana's car was in the shop—till the night he took Mary's car to go see some Russian films with Milestone. There was nothing to worry about. The baby wasn't due. But Dana kept phoning home every hour.

Till Mary said: "Don't bother to call any more. I feel perfectly fine and I think I'll go to bed."

"All right, honey. I'll drop Milly and then come right home myself."

But at Milly's house, a frantic head was stuck out at the window. "Is Mr. Andrews with you? He's to call his home immediately."

Dana dashed to the phone and back to the car. It was raining. He skidded and escaped a collision by the skin of his fender. Mary waited on a couch downstairs, feeling anything but fine. He got her into the car and down to the hospital—just 14 minutes before Stephen squalled his way into the world.

Dana still breaks into a cold sweat at the memory. "God really had his arms around us that time."

That's his mother's expression. "God has his arms around us." She used it as frequently in the old troubled days as now when she lives in comfort with Mary and Dana. Baby Stephen's her special charge. Despite her protests, Dana insists on giving her a check each month. "I'll put it in the bank," she tells Mary. "Maybe Dana won't always be making what he does now."

Their only trouble with Mother is when they have chicken. Unless they watch, she still takes the neck and back. "Force of habit," she apologizes. "From the time when there was only one chicken and so many hungry mouths."

all's well with the world . . .

Kathy looks worried. "Were they very hungry, Granny?"

"Oh, just when they sat down. They never got *up* hungry."

"With just one chicken?" demands the practical David.

"Well, there were lots of other things. Bread and greens and potatoes. We did very nicely."

"I know," Kathy pipes. "God had his arms around you. Feels good, doesn't it, Granny?"

Over the heads of their family Mary and Dana smile at each other. It feels good, all right—whether you put it Granny's way, or some other. . . .

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GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 76)

P. S. Latest official count of the crowd at Shirley's wedding was 15,000 strong—wild and woolly!

* * *

With all the September brides—you'd have thought it was June bustin' out all over again—instead of Fall.

Next to Shirley's beautiful, dignified church wedding—Betty Hutton's marriage to Ted Briskin attracted the most attention. I wasn't there because it took place thousands of miles away in Chicago. But a personal spy reports on some inside happenings:

The gal who shouted her way to fame said "I do" so softly that she had to be asked to repeat it again.

Ted, who is twenty-seven, rich and good looking, had the yellow orchids with purple centers, which Betty wore in her hair and on streamers from her prayer book, flown in from New York.

And she was married—not in a brand new suit—but in a soft golden beige number that Ted liked best of all from her wardrobe.

Somehow I think it means something that Betty, who used to sing for nickels and dimes in beer parlors when she was a kid, and who says she is a born "exhibitionist," wept softly all through her wedding.

Most brides are so nervous they don't half remember the wedding service. But when Lindsay Durand, her matron of honor, asked the new Mrs. Briskin if she had heard what she had sworn to, Betty replied, "I heard every word of it—and my heart memorized what it heard."

* * *

Speaking of brides—the town was certainly puzzled when Diana Lynn showed up at the Mocambo one night with Pat Nearny—and the next day her close friend, Mona Freeman, announced her engagement to Pat.

They were married the following week, but all was well—Diana attended the wedding.

* * *

Still another bride was Kay Williams, the girl reported engaged to Clark Gable this time last year. She eloped with millionaire Adolph Spreckels to Arizona in such a hurry that the happy couple had to reverse the telephone charges when they called Kay's mother to tell her the news!

The bridegroom, who has but millions, was caught short on small change!

* * *

Cary Grant worked for three days in a Five-and-Ten-Cent Store. The scene was for "Night and Day" in which he plays composer Cole Porter.

Wonder if Cary was thinking of that certain "Million Dollar Baby?"

* * *

Word of Advice Department (and how I love to hand it out!) To—

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DR. WINFIELD SCOTT PUGH SAYS:

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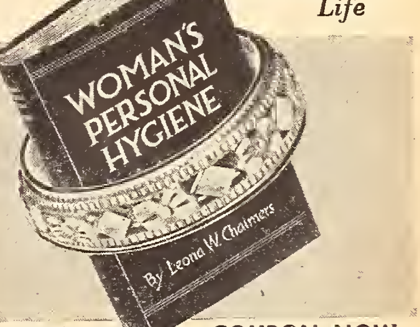

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you are coming along fast. But don't let it go to your head.

That very, very fine young actor who recently got into an amusing tangle with the police: Once, or twice, this is funny. But the fans have great respect and confidence in you—so don't abuse it.

Lauren Bacall: That new dignity and softness you have acquired since becoming Mrs. Humphrey Bogart is very becoming. Much more so than the wisecracks you used to indulge in when you were called "Baby." Keep up the new personality, Lauren. On you, it looks good.

Deanna Durbin: You must listen more often to the advice of your co-workers who have your best interests at heart. For instance, you had been told that your blonde hair is not as becoming as your natural tresses—and yet you insisted on being a blonde—with those thick, black eyebrows, too!—in "Lady On A Train." You weren't your same pretty self. Think it over, Deanna.

* * *

Much to his embarrassment, Zachary Scott has the longest natural eyelashes in Hollywood. Every morning the makeup department at Warners has to "powder" them down because they are so conspicuous.

This little procedure goes on in the makeup department while Ida Lupino, Bette Davis and Lauren Bacall lie back in their respective chairs having false eyelashes put on!

* * *

I've been having myself a vacation—a whole three weeks away from Hollywood and the news that makes the town tick. Mervyn Le Roy, who has made such swell pictures as "Madame Curie," "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo," and who will direct "The Robe," let my favorite doctor and me take his Arrowhead Lake home for my vacation.

But I guess I just thought I was getting away from Hollywood. The first weekend, we attended a cocktail party at the home of the neighboring Jules Steins, and in the party I saw such familiar faces as Dorothy Lamour (looking so very pretty even though she is "expecting" in December), Kay Kyser, Van Johnson and Alice Faye and Phil Harris.

Dorothy lives in San Bernardino, and she says the social spin between the Lake and "San Berdu" is just as hectic as the Hollywood pace ever was. When it gets too hot in the Valley, she and her husband, Capt. Bill Howard, come up and rent a boat and cruise around the lake for a couple of days at a time.

As swell as it always is to see the Hollywood "gang," I really enjoyed the quiet days of rest the best. Jimmy and I would take long walks (Jimmy being our golden cocker spaniel) and one day we stumbled on the most interesting set. It was the location for "The Yearling," the famous novel being produced by M-G-M. On the screen you will see it as a complete village—but Jimmy and I saw it when the workmen were busy constructing the make-believe houses and churches. For weeks and weeks a crew of more than seventy-five men had been laboring to create the perfect illusion of a Florida swamp town for the movies. Somehow it made

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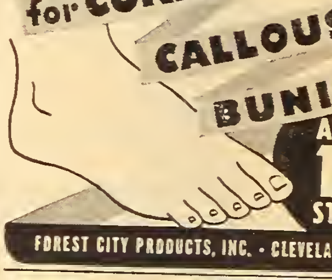

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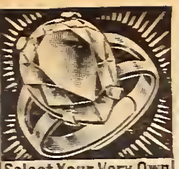

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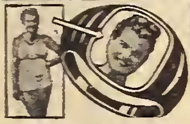

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me realize more than ever what an enormous amount of work and endeavor goes into the making of a movie.

* * *

Listen, kids, that new wolf cry you're using, "Hubba, Hubba," didn't start out that way.

It was originally used in "Winged Victory" when a pilot radioed another flyer to catch up with him quickly and close formation. The literal meaning of "Hubba, Hubba" is "Hurry Up!" See . . .?

* * *

Maureen O'Hara has been working in "Sentimental Journey" with a cute little nine-year-old girl named Connie Marshall. And Connie has an appetite what is an appetite. The youngster can hardly wait for lunch every day and is constantly telling Maureen what she is going to eat.

The beautiful O'Hara diets, so she said in slight exasperation one day, "Connie, aren't you packing in quite a few calories?"

To which the child replied, "Oh, you don't get fat while you're still growing up. It's only bad when you start growing OUT!"

* * *

Don't count Captain Bob Kearnin out of the Jeanne Crain romance sweepstakes. Let me tell you how they met.

Jeanne doesn't usually answer mail from smitten young admirers—but when the admirer happened to be a good looking young Captain in our Air Corps who wrote her really charming letters from France, she broke her rule. At first she just thanked him politely for naming his B-17 "My Jeanne" in her honor. Then they started exchanging more interesting mail.

Not long ago he showed up in Hollywood with twelve bottles of Parisian perfume and a half dozen evening bags for her. And it isn't the gifts that turned the tide in his favor. You should get a look at the Captain!

* * *

Van Johnson and the Keenan Wynns, who were the best of friends, aren't speaking. Nobody knows why—and it isn't important. But

I SAW IT HAPPEN

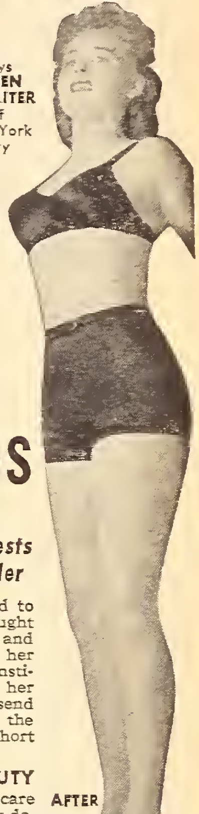
Some time ago while working as a receptionist for a dance producer on Broadway, he came out of the rehearsal hall and as usual I asked, "How did the rehearsal go?" He then responded, "Pretty good, there's a kid in there that makes all those other guys look pretty sick. He stands out like a sore thumb. I guess this is one time we'll be giving the women in the audience something to look at." That boy was Van Johnson, and don't ever get the impression that he is just a flash in the pan. He worked every inch of the way up and rightly deserves the break he's getting. My sincerest wishes for his continued success.

Jean Maccia
Beaufort, S. C.

Before and after

"I didn't believe it— UNTIL I TRIED!"

BEFORE



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I think Van is getting to the point where he needs a change of places, people and scenery. He's a good guy—a very good guy—and he is loyal to all his old pals. Van doesn't know the meaning of high hat or conceit. But he has been in a pretty steady groove for two years and a little rest from all the fanfare wouldn't hurt him.

* * *

Speaking of Van—it was a wonderful thing he, Bob Walker and Frank Sinatra did to make little Mary Brown's birthday party the happiest of her life.

Mary is Joe E. Brown's little daughter, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident last year—so seriously she has been paralyzed on one side ever since.

When Mary's birthday was approaching, she was a very sad little girl. Her parents said very little about it and seemed to have forgotten what a special day it is in the life of any little girl, well or sick.

Well, anyone who knows her father realizes that he would never forget. What he had been quietly doing was rounding up all of Mary's particular movie favorites to walk in with her birthday cake—and sure enough, when the big event came off—among those present were Van, Bob and Frankie.

JOE LUCKY

(Continued from page 51)

the cutting rooms, hectic commissary, barber shop and a few startled stars' dressing rooms. Finally he got hold of a sympathetic Sal in publicity, and stated his case for the umpteenth time. Luckily he added, "I was in Major Gable's outfit."

The gal knew her Gable. "Good gosh," she cried. "Come right on out to the set."

Clark was wrapped up in Greer Garson's arms for a rehearsal. He unwound himself from that lovely bundle, like ribbon off a Christmas gift, and jumped out of the lights with a happy roar.

"Sarge!" he cried. "How I've missed *you!*"

"Me, too," sighed the sergeant. "Maj—uh—Mister Gable, I got in New York and you'd gone to Hollywood. I came to Hollywood and you'd left for New York. But here I am again and—"

"Folks," announced Clark to Director Vic Fleming and his bewildered crew, the Misses Garson, Joan Blondell and scattered onlookers. "Meet the most popular guy in the whole Bomber Command—Sgt. Lansing of the paymaster's office."

"Yeah," grinned the GI happily. "That's right—and here it is, Major." He handed Clark a check. His last check. Amount $144.50. "Sign here, please," said the sarge.

Clark kept his pal around the rest of the afternoon watching scenes and talking over old Air Corps days between takes. When he'd breezed off at last, ex-Major Gable held up the close-out check on his army career and eyed it thoughtfully. When he spoke it was with a rueful grin and in a voice that wasn't just on the bubble. "Well," sighed Clark, "I guess that makes it official. I guess that means now I'm a civilian for sure!"

"Joe Lucky," as Clark always called himself, had skimmed through Jerry flak without a scratch. No rehabilitation problems. No neuroses, nothin'. He had

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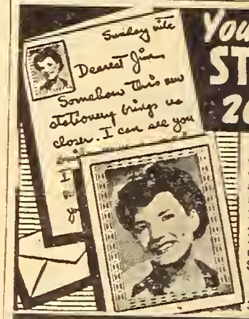
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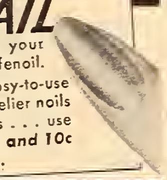

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a ranch home ready and waiting and faithful servants to welcome him back. He had old, good friends. He'd calmed with action the ache in his heart that Carole Lombard's memory left. He had no new real romances to make him worry with the absent worry blues. The usual back home headaches skipped him by.

no 'new' gable . . .

But there was a problem—and if you knew Clark Gable, you'd realize what an exasperating lulu it was. Clark's headache was in reverse. It wasn't he—it was other people. "He's changed," they decided. "He *must* have changed." Around Hollywood the word spread that Gable must be handled with gloves. He should be protected and guarded and padded with plush. His friends, some of them, his studio, too, fell for that line of reasoning at first. They wanted to make his Hollywood return smooth and easy—bless 'em—and their hearts were in the right place. Only Clark—well—

The first public premiere the guy braved was "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." To a certain M-G-M publicity man that spelled the riot squad, so he had everything arranged. He even had a diagram.

"You park here," explained the anxious guy, pointing his pencil. "On this side street, then right down this alley there's a back door—"

"Back door!" Clark exploded. "Hell, I never went through a back door in my life. Thanks, kid, but I'll play it straight."

The publicity man was right. It was almost a riot, but that didn't bother Clark. He strode through the mob with fans clinging to his clothes like barnacles, grinning like a cat. He came out the same way. He got a bit roughed up but that never did bother Clark Gable much. He's always had a simple formula for mobs: "Just keep walking." He figured it would work as well now as ever, and it did.

Clark has an allergy to any big treatment as a celebrity that no war, or anything else, could ever change. That same night, naturally, the photographers were on him like hounds. They trapped him at the theater door and asked for a pose.

"Sure," agreed Clark, "but who wants to see a tired ex-army officer, they're a penny a package! Let's get glamor in the shot!" He spied a couple of usherettes close by with all the qualifications. He eased in between them and draped his arms around their waists. "Okay," he told the flash bulb boys. "Fire when ready."

The next day he rambled on into the commissary where the hired help, who had to stave off a yelping horde of reporters and cameramen, were huddled at the long publicity table. Befo' de wah Clark ate half the time with those hard-bitten chums to escape from back slappers and studio brass hats. It was one place in the cafe where he could relax and eat. But this time not even the most hopeful press agent dreamed Major Gable would be anxious to buddy up. It was a sad situation, too, because the horde of Hollywood newshawks were snapping like wolves at their harassed heels, yelling "Get us Gable!"

It's hard to surprise a Hollywood press agent about anything, but the table almost tipped over when Clark rumbled up, shoved in between a stenographer and a still man and boomed, "Say—isn't there something you guys want me for?"

When they got back their breath, they yelled in chorus, "Hell, yes—pictures!"

"Okay," said Clark. "Let's make 'em."

unwilling hero . . .

That's pretty much the way it was all along. Whenever anyone around Hollywood tried to roll out the red carpet, Gable rolled it right back up. After a few days, the M-G-M gang began to catch on.

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But things would have been simpler for everyone concerned—including Clark—if there had been more sly guys around like Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery and Commander John Ford.

That pair of old Gable pals, like Clark, had been where the going was tough in this war and they still had their Navy uniforms on when Clark started "Adventure." On one of the first shooting days they strolled nonchalantly to the set, unannounced, and parked themselves in a couple of chairs just outside the spotlighted set. Clark was a little shaky, because after all he'd been out of that particular line of work for some time, and until a couple of days before he had never even met the luscious Greer. He was trying to catch on to the old technique again, when these two kibitzers sat down silently and stared—and stared.

Out of the corner of his eye Gable caught their steady, unswerving eyes on him with occasional raised eyebrows, nods and silent "take 'em" reactions. It got him jumpy. He waved hello but the boys just stared all the harder. They never said a word. Clark had plenty on and in his hands at that point and he couldn't break away in the scene. But when he finally muffed a line under the pressure, he broke away and walked over with his arms akimbo. Bob Montgomery and Jack Ford were making notes in a notebook.

"Hey," demanded Clark, "what are you sailors doing here?"

They looked up innocently. "Oh, nothing much, Mister Gable," said Bob. "But you see, we've been away from Hollywood a long time now and we're sort of rusty. Just thought we'd drop in and get some hot tips from the Great Lover."

Clark leaped on them and tried to wrestle them off the set but it was two to one and he really didn't want to toss them off anyway. Underneath he was pleased as Punch and the nerves were all gone. What he'd been needing was a good, old-fashioned Hollywood rib.

Three years of war haven't changed Clark Gable enough to put in your eye. Physically he's still a dead ringer for the pre-war Gable that was. The only noticeable difference is that the glossy black temples have whitened enough for the camera to pick up and, with understandable Hollywood license, the make-up department was putting the heat on Clark to touch them up with black before he went into action on the set. He had submitted with good natured protests, because—let's face it—after all he's 44 and he's starting out again—wham-bang—with those hot, young, rough lovin' roles. But at heart he hates even that concession to the years and to show you how much—the guy carried around a box of Kleenex and before he'd poke his face outside the stage door he rubbed all the blacking off to the last smudge—even if he was going across the lot to get an afternoon coke!

He was exactly as touchy as that fifteen years ago, when he first took a dubious crack at the movies. Only more so. In those days he was violent. A pal of those early days, "Shug" Keeler (who's still a pal) told me his yarn about Clark, which I've got to pass on, because it's true Gable. "Shug" was a young juicer around M-G-M in those days and he's now head electrician on Clark's picture, "Adventure." Anyway, it fell to Shug's lot to work on the first Hollywood screen test Clark ever made. He'll never forget the day Clark stormed into the test stage, frowning like a gorilla with the gout.

"By blankety - blank - blank - blank!" roared the tall, dark young guy, making the atmosphere beautifully blue. "I wouldn't stay in this dash-dash-dash business if they gave me a million dollars a day! By dash-dash-dash! I'm going back to

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the stage . . . and right now!"

"Hey, take it easy, son," soothed Shug. "You ain't going to make any $350 a week on the stage. Don't you know a break when you see one?"

"Yeah," growled Clark, sweating blood. "But look here what they've done!" And he yanked an angry hand up to his head, whirled around and jerked away a contraption of tape and collodion to free his God-given flappers. "They've pinned back my ears!"

They had, too, but not for long. Young nobody or not, Clark soon ended that monkey business with his famous features and kept his contract, too. He's never been sensitive one bit about his ear spread, although it's just as wide today as it ever was. In fact, the lone picture in his dressing room is a big caricature over the sofa. It shows Gable with a pair of head wings built for a B-29. It's one of his proudest possessions.

"getting the juice . . ."

It was Shug Keeler, by the way, who, away back when, handed Clark his favorite expression, "Are you getting the juice?" which he still tosses around today. Not even the specialized slanguage of the Army Air Forces pried Clark away from his best greeting, taken from the lingo of a Hollywood set electrician. "Getting the juice," means, roughly, getting the breaks, doing all right. A few weeks ago, when Joan Blondell had a birthday smack in the middle of "Adventure," the whole cast and crew really threw a party for her. A set artist sketched a big, life-size cartoon of the whole riotous affair with Clark squirting a huge lemon right at lovely Blondie, and the gold charm Clark gave her for her gift bracelet was a tiny lemon engraved, "Hope you keep getting the juice." Clark's at his happiest when the informality reigns, and he can have fun with the guys and gals he knows—and that's another way he hasn't changed a speck.

Vic Fleming, who came up with "Adventure" and solved the "what to start Gable off with again" headache at M-G-M, is one of Clark's very oldest personal friends and mentors in Hollywood. A man's man, like Clark, Vic made five of the best Gable smashes, including "Test Pilot" and "Gone With The Wind." It was mainly Clark's desire to get back in harness with his old friend that switched him at the last minute from "Lucky Baldwin" to Fleming's production. It was much more than chance, too, that gave M-G-M's production powers the happy idea of greeting him on the set with his exact old crew, prop, grips, cameraman and all. No wonder Clark bent his big, blue eyes around the set on his first day at work and cracked, "This looks like where I came in!"

same old technique . . .

In fact, about the only strange note in Clark's camera comeback was—if you can call her a strange note—Greer Garson. When Clark signed up with Uncle Sam, Greer was just another actress around M-G-M, hardly the queen of the lot she has become in his absence. Clark knew about her, of course, but he'd never even met her, much less made love to her on the set, and there were some anxious wrinkles among the studio brass hats, who wondered if a rusty star, back from battle, could win Greer's respect in the acting department. They could have saved their complexions, because Greer wasn't acting when she gasped after their first session—"Whew! What a whirlwind to work with!"

It was Greer Garson, though, who indirectly handed Clark his most embarrassing moment since he came back to Hollywood. His face still turns salmon pink

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when she teases him about it—although Heaven knows it wasn't Clark's fault. It happened like this: Lieutenant Richard Ney, who, of course, is Greer's ever lovin', happened to be on duty with the Navy out in the South Pacific when Clark and Greer teamed up in "Adventure." Dick's heart was in the right place and feeling the event was auspicious for all concerned, he wrote to Clark, care of a friend, enclosing twenty-five bucks and asked him to buy Greer some roses for her dressing room. Well, somehow the message got lost in the shuffle around the studio and lay in a studio executive's desk for weeks, during which time Dick Ney came home on leave—and the first thing he asked his wife was, "Did you get my flowers?"

"Why no," said Greer, tilting her copper brows, "*what* flowers?"

The lieutenant explained. Greer shrugged. They both agreed something must have gone goofy and forgot it.

Then, after Dick had spent his leave and returned to duty, one day the exec who'd muffed the message, ran across it and saw Clark on the lot. "By the way," he said, "here's a message for you." Clark ripped it open and when he read what he read, saw the date, and realized what had gone on, he bellowed like a stuck steer.

"Why," he yelped, "I'll bet Dick Ney thinks, 'yeah—that jerk, Gable, kept the twenty-five bucks for himself!'"

The only thing to do then was for Clark to rush over to his favorite florist and shoot the works. Greer got orchids and roses and gardenias, too, several times the $25 worth, and a note, "Better late than never—from your Lieutenant and your embarrassed leading man."

Greer Garson isn't the only party in Hollywood who has tagged Clark Gable for the great actor that he really is. And Clark's acting enthusiasm has tickled the hearts of his bosses, who wondered just what frame of postwar mind he'd work up to tackle the old familiar job again. The way he tore into his comeback job left no doubts whatever in anyone's mind that Clark now means what he says when he says, "I'll stick around as long as they'll have me!"

He told his pal, Vic Fleming, when he started "Adventure," "Vic, I don't know how good or how lousy I'll be in this—but I'm sure going to give it fits." Clark kept his word. He worked for sixty-five days straight without a holiday and at least five nights out of seven he was home with the chickens sweating out his next day's lines. He never held up a scene and he scored a perfect attendance record on every nine o'clock call.

Clark's first public appearance, socially, since he came back took place not in Hollywood but New York. It was a big Cafe Society cocktail clambake up on Park Avenue. Errol Flynn was there and a double dozen other, even younger, Adonises were the center of the fluttery females. Naturally the Flynn had them falling on the rug at every flick of his handsome eyebrow—until in walked Clark, with his New York girl friend, handsome Mrs. Dolly O'Brien.

In very short order, according to eye witness reports, Errol and the wolf cubs found themselves passé and Clark stole the show from then on out.

I hate to break a lot of young, bleeding hearts, but frankly, teen-agers haven't a Jap's chance with Gable. He loves to joke and laugh with a lovely teener, but when it comes to anything approaching a real romance—Clark acts his age, and there again he's back running true to form. Clark's first two wives were as old or older than he. He has always liked women who know the score. Mrs. Dolly O'Brien, the wealthy New York society matron, is a friend of Clark's of long standing and

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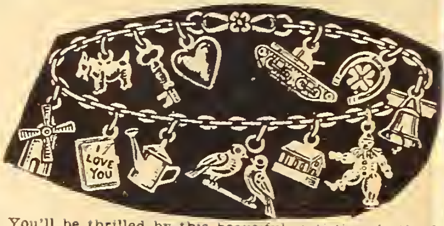

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Virginia Grey is a Hollywood actress he has known for several years. And while Anita (The Face) Colby, may be a bit younger, she's certainly no bobby socker. Clark's distaff interests boil down to that trio at present, but if you can believe people who ought to know, he doesn't boil up dangerously to any one of them.

Virginia Grey lives in the San Fernando Valley, not far from Clark's ranch, and slips into the pal-gal classification pretty perfectly. They've put on blue jeans and checked shirts a bunch of times to take in the Valley barn dances together with other Valley gentlemen rancheros like the Don Ameches and the Robert Youngs.

As to Anita Colby, she's a dynamic, bright and witty gal, besides owning a face whose beauty is, to coin a phrase, out of this world. She has a solid sense of humor and dresses divinely.

Clark perked up the minute he saw Colby and the story of how they met shows that Gable hasn't lost his eye for the opposite sex.

Clark took in a party at David Selznick's. There he met Anita Colby and Pat Smart, a society girl at whose house Anita was living. He went with a couple of his closest friends, Director Howard Hawks and his chic, stylish wife, "Slim." Nobody noticed anything unusual about the evening, except that Clark was plenty willing to stay later than usual. But the next morning, he called up "Slim," as he often does, just to chat about this and that.

"Lawsy," he told Slim, "that was a real beeg party last night, wasn't it?"

"Um-hm," agreed Mrs. Hawks, "what's on your mind?"

"Oh, nothing," coughed Clark. "By the way, who was that beautiful girl?"

"As if you didn't know," said Slim. "What girl?"

"As if *you* didn't know," laughed Clark. "No kidding, who is she?"

Slim told him. She also said, "And stop worrying. You're dining with her next Sunday."

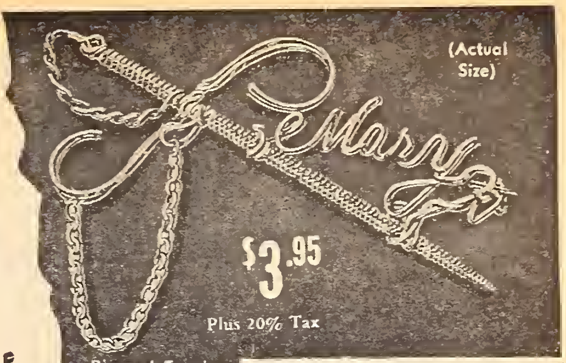
"Are you crazy?"

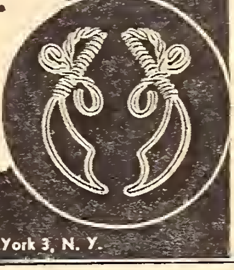
"Look in the right coat pocket of your gray suit," suggested Mrs. Hawks calmly, "and you'll find out all about it."

Clark investigated the gray suit. In the pocket was a note from Pat Smart asking him to dinner. Clark went to dinner next Sunday and Anita was there. Some time later they stepped out to Mocambo but Clark didn't like it. Halfway through the evening he had to go outside to get a breath of fresh air. He stalked up and down the sidewalk with a gent friend, airing his views. "I ask you," complained Clark, "is that fun? A bunch of people crowding out on a floor, bumping behinds and trying to suffocate?"

Basically, of course, Clark is a man's outdoor man. His dream now, as it was when he and Carole were hunting all over the West for a cattle ranch, is to head for the open spaces when, as he grins, "they kick me out." He has a sizeable chunk of gorgeous Rogue River property up in Oregon that he sits and dreams about and seldom visits. But he hadn't been back in Hollywood long before he did what he could about getting his great collection of guns and fishing tackle greased and heading for the bushes. Before he started "Adventure," Clark tore off to Mexico to shoot game birds with writer William Faulkner, Howard Hawks and "Slim." And the first weekend vacation that came along after his 65-day shooting stretch, Clark spent deep sea fishing off Santa Monica with Brian Donlevy and Director Walter Lang.

His daily life sticks to that natural outdoor pattern, too, out on the Encino place that Clark and Carole planned together and to which Clark came home alone. He likes to fiddle around with it and he





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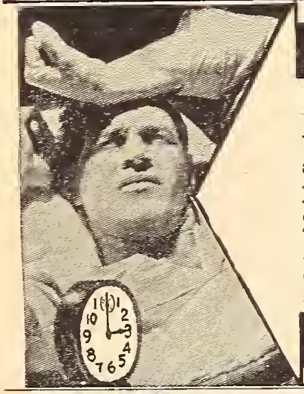

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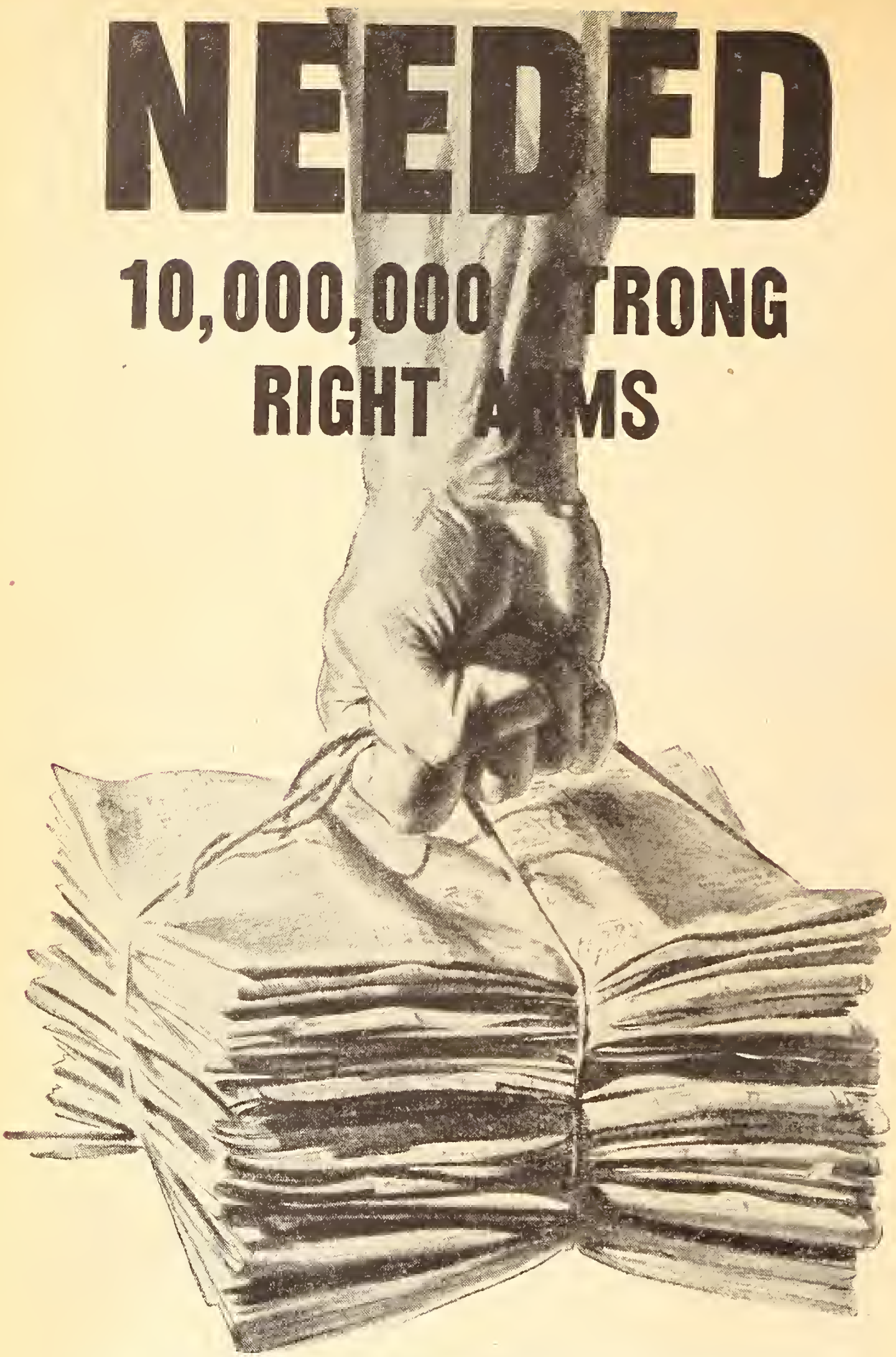

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Meanwhile, demand for domestic packaging paper comes from scores of reconverted industries. Jobs and shipments of new goods depend on *paper,* the essential protection of almost everything made in our factories.

That's why you should designate one place as your Salvage Corner. Collect all your waste paper there before you bundle and turn it in. If you're in doubt about how to get it picked up, call your local newspaper or Salvage Committee.

A simple home baler will help you salvage all your wastebasket scraps. For a folder describing how to make and use the home baler, address *Paper Salvage, Washington 25, D. C.*

MODERN SCREEN

This advertisement prepared by the War Advertising Council. Space contributed by this publication.

spends most of his time there.

Clark has thought often of selling his place. Once, naturally, when Carole died; later, when he joined the Air Forces, and more recently when coming back home he found it too far out for his B-book. Each, time he looked around Beverly, Bel-Air, Brentwood for a possible new nest, but nothing ever clicked, so he's still on his twenty acres, with a maid, cook, a hired man and the girl who really runs his life, Jean Gorceau, his secretary, who used to work for Carole, then Clark and Carole, and now Clark.

Memories of Clark's happiest wedded days hang heavy about the ranch, for there is still much of Carole there. That's perhaps a mixed blessing, warmly reminiscent, but also saddening to a man whose life must go forward, not back. But his emotions have levelled off by now with the realization that that sort of thing is wrong from all angles. The children of Clark's big M-G-M boss, Nick Schenck, now ride the Tennessee Walker back East and the other day, Clark packed up and moved Carole's things out of her room and completely refurnished it as a guest room.

When he came back from overseas, Clark found his acres badly in need of face lifting. So it's true enough that for the year he has been home he's been kept busy attending to this and that. But, truthfully, Clark's interest in soil toil is not what it's cracked up to be. He really likes the atmosphere more than the actual labor—and Farmer Gable is not always the most practical hick in the world.

He bought a team of plow horses, for instance, just because he thought they looked more picturesque pulling a plow than his tractor (which does the job twice as easily at half cost!). He went bargaining for a mule a few weeks ago and took along a farmer neighbor who knows his Missouri hay-burners. The dealer had three mules to show. Clark picked out the worst one in the lot. But even when his neighbor pointed out the defects and suggested a better choice, Clark grinned and shook his head. "No," he said, "I want this one. I like the expression on his face." Three times in three days that mule wandered into the pond, got stuck and Clark had to tug him out with a rope on the tractor. But that's okay with Clark. He prefers laughs on the place to profits—always did.

Clark likes the same kind of fun he always did with the same kind of friends. Big nights with Clark are the dinner-to-dawn poker sessions at his place or Bill Powell's, drawing to inside straights and losing his shirt, usually. Bill, Clark, Bill's wife, Diana Lewis, director Walter Lang and his wife, "Fieldsie," usually make up the gamboleering quorum. In fact, almost all of his friends are the old ones, including Slim Hawks, whom he calls "Mother," for some reason. She calls him "King."

"What do you mean," Clark came back the first time, "King Kong?" But the name stuck and today all his friends call him that—"King" Gable. It's a joke, of course, but behind the nickname lies a hint of sincere regard.

Maybe Clark's closest friend is Al Menasco, of Menasco Motors. They've been pals for years, held together in large part by Clark's never-wavering, deep love of anything that roars and runs. He's been motor-happy ever since he can remember, and even the roar of a bombing wave never gave him his fill. First purchase he made when he came back was a motorcycle. Howard Hawks and Vic Fleming bought them, too, and from then on it was a case of who could get his hands on a new scooter with a new gadget to make it speedier. The morning the government released what's left of the new 1942

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BROOKS COMPANY, 393 State St., Marshall, Mich.

cars, Clark grabbed himself a green Chrysler. "Give that guy a couple bottles of beer and a new motor to fool with and he's in Heaven," sighs Slim Hawks.

Oddly enough, though, Clark has surprised even his close friends by his sociability since he came back to Hollywood. He takes in about every party he's asked to, and that's plenty. He's not bashful, either, talking about the war. When he's asked about it he smiles and says, "Sure" and everyone gets all set for a set of hair-raising personal thrillers. But when the conversation's all over it dawns that Clark hasn't said a word about himself. He's talked about the boys he flew with. They're his heroes.

One of the best tales he tells is about his pilot on the B-19 that used to wing him over Jerryland. "Tex" his name was, and the way Clark describes him, Tex made movie heroes look sick.

Anyway, it seems "Tex" always lugged a little black bag with him whenever he took off on a mission. He'd ride through flak and Messerschmitts without turning a curly hair, but he treated that little black bag like it was made of Dresden china. Clark thought it certainly must be some memento of home, something that meant a lot in Tex's heart. He never opened his mouth about it. After all, there are some things guys don't talk about—

Came a leave in London for the two of them and Clark asked Tex out for an evening of pub crawling. The pilot showed up, carrying, as usual, his little black bag. As usual, too, Clark pretended not to notice. They waltzed into the Savoy and got the best table in the house. Tex placed his little bag gently on the table and started to draw back the zipper. "Well," thought Clark, "here it comes at last." He felt a little embarrassed. It must be something intimate and personally dear to him.

Tex stuck in his big paw and pulled out —a bottle of pure, homemade, Texas lightning. A quart of moonshine corn whiskey!

Clark can take a lot of kidding about his war years, and grin when his girl friends call him "Major, dear," but he really takes the experience very seriously. He thinks it's the greatest thing that ever happened to him. He thinks the "kids" he saw in action are the greatest inspiration he's ever had, in Hollywood or anywhere else. The war didn't cure Clark's natural restlessness, though—not by a long shot. With "Adventure" under his belt, Clark already has itching feet. One day he's going fishing in Alaska, the next hunting lions in the Kaibab Forest. The North Woods of Minnesota was another idea and the latest project is to auto through Mexico. Nobody, not even Clark, knows where he'll really head, but when his job is finished he says one thing is certain, "I'm gonna climb in that Chrysler and go!"

Will he come back? His secretary, Jean Gorceau, smiles at that question. "Of course," she says. "Clark will always be getting the heck out of Hollywood—but this is his home. He'll always come tearing back, too—probably just when I'm right in the middle of cleaning house!"

No More Autographs!

We're honestly at a loss as to how to show our appreciation for your kindness to Naval Aid Auxiliary these past months. Those quarters you sent in for autographs made life a lot pleasanter for some pretty unhappy sailors whose families were in trouble. Now, however, the emergency is over, and we're discontinuing our policy of asking you to get your autographs through NAA. But we did want to take time out to thank you for all the quarters you sent in . . . and we raise our hat (and heart) to your generous spirit.

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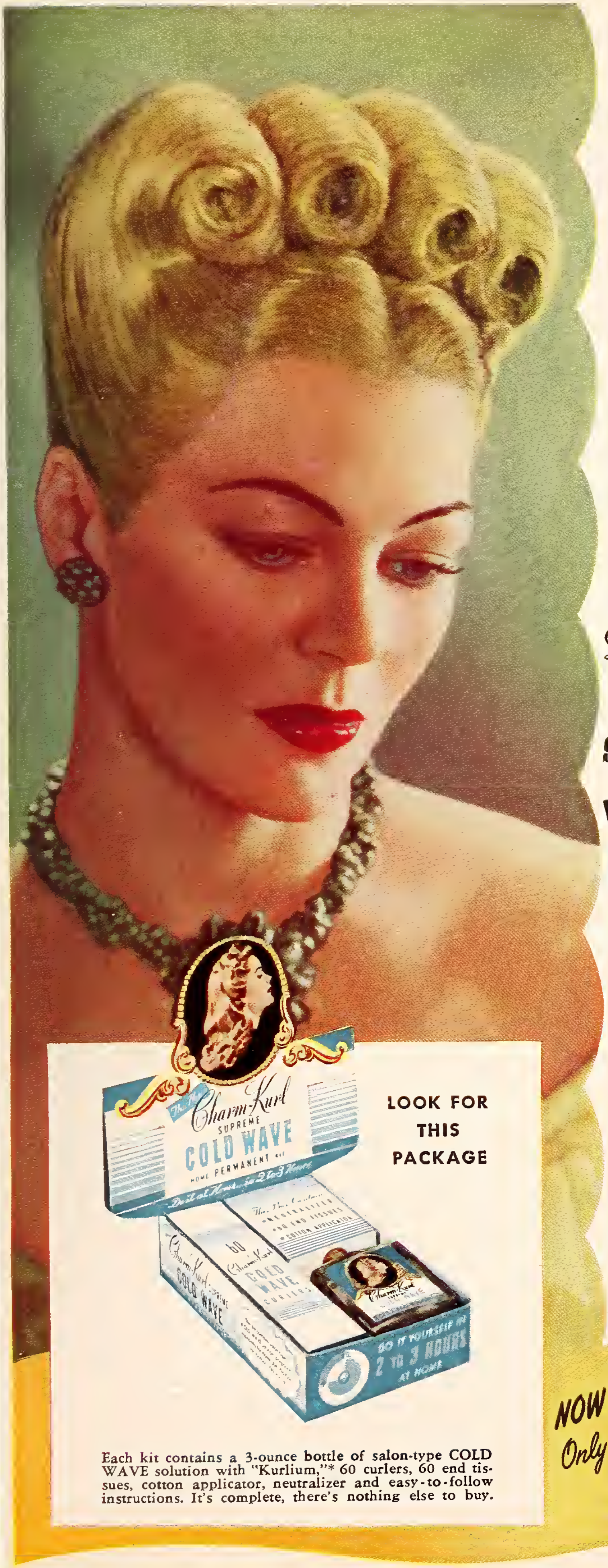

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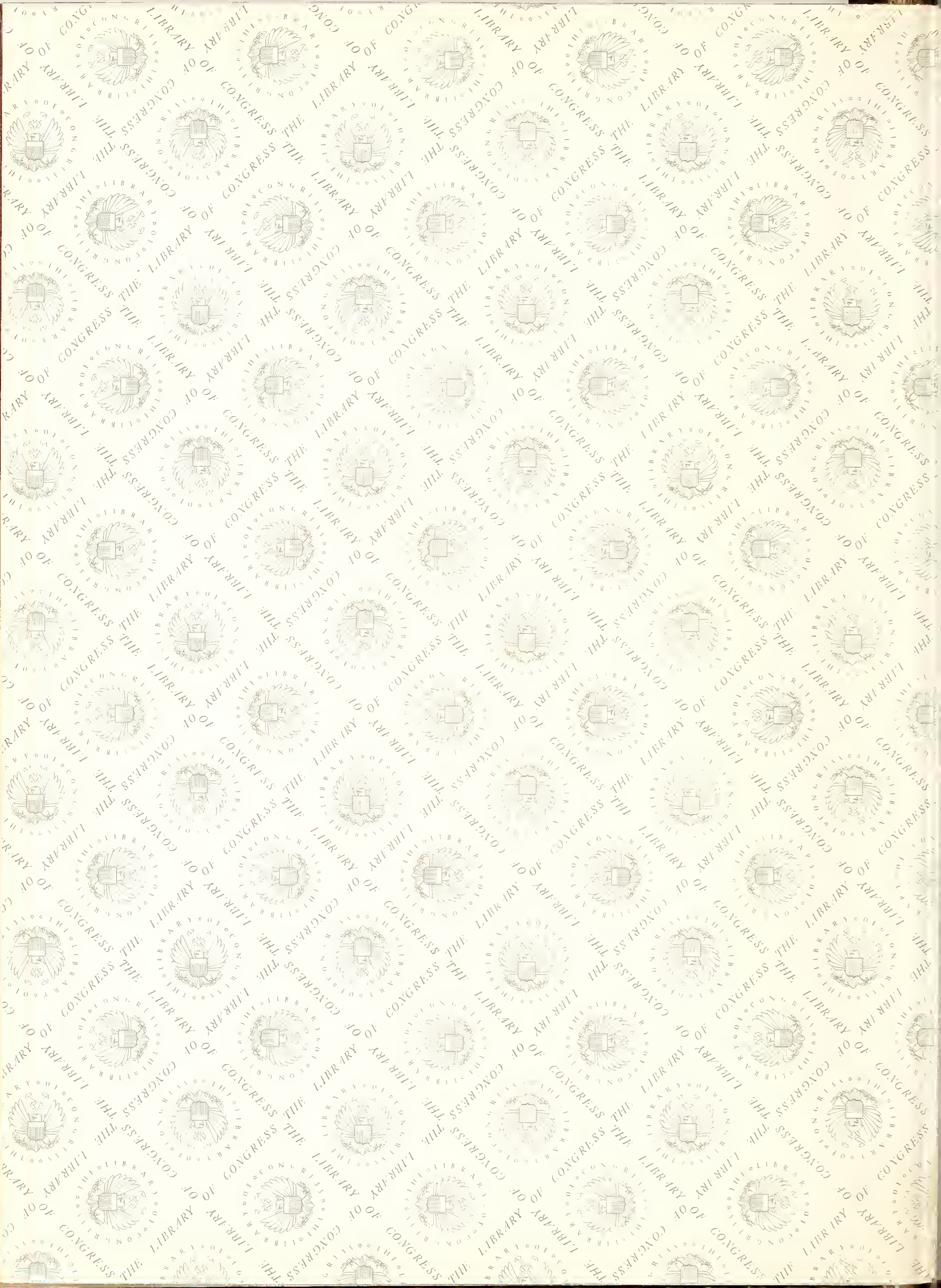
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